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# THE CAPTAIN

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FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."



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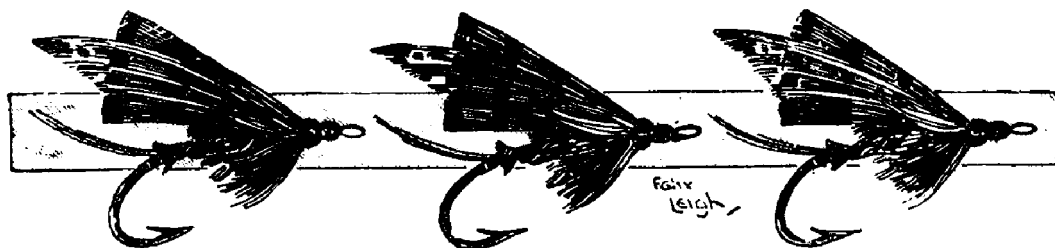
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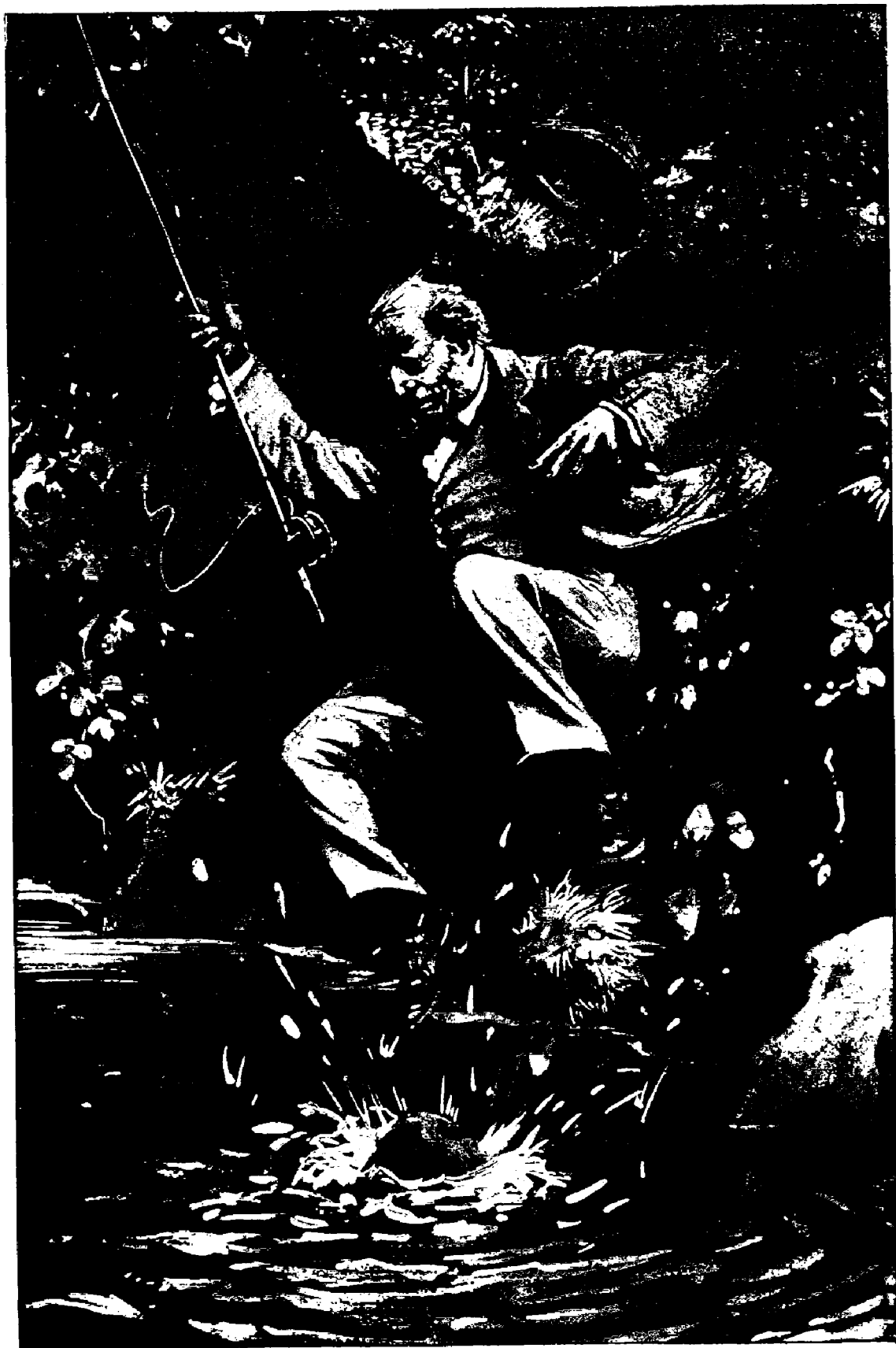
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THE BANK GAVE WAY, AND IN WENT HIS LORDSHIP.

# THE GREEN GRASSHOPPER



YE ISAAC WALTON

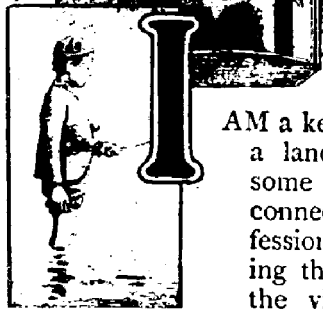


A Piscatorial Tragedy



By J. Crooke

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner



I AM a keen sportsman, and a landscape painter of some repute. It was in connection with my profession that I was spending the early summer in the vicinity of a well-known trout stream, and

here occurred the memorable adventure I am going to relate.

I had taken up my quarters at the old village inn, whose sign of the rod and creel is so well known to artists and anglers. And very popular is the jolly host of the "Isaac Walton" (as the inn is named), a garrulous old fellow, yet one of those men who can tell a good story, and has a fund of anecdote to draw upon. Artists and anglers alike give him freedom of speech, for he is often extremely entertaining.

So soon as he saw my fishing tackle, mine host of the "Isaac Walton" grew strangely excited.

"I welcomes you, sir, as one who has heard of our famous trout!" enthusiastically cried he.

"No," said I. "Can't say that I have."

"*What!*" said he. "*Never heard of our big trout?*"

"So, then, you have the proverbial big trout here, as they have elsewhere?" laughed I.

For a moment he was dumbfounded.

"Never heard of our big trout?" he repeated.

"Might I make so bold as to inquire where you come from, sir?"

"From London, as my luggage labels would have shown you."

"An' perhaps, sir, you may not belong to an angling society?"

"No" said I. "I am an artist, not an angler."

"Then that accounts for it, sir!" with an air of decision, which plainly showed his own satisfaction.

"Well," I inquired, "and after all, what is there so interesting about this particular trout?"

"A great deal more than you appear to be aware of, sir. Anglers have come from far and near, brought by reports of our famous trout of the Greenvale waters. All sorts an' conditions of men have had a try for him—an' ladies, too; an' even *then* that old fish has been ungallant enough not to get hooked! From time to time some of the best London anglers—representatives of first-class angling societies—have been down, an' gone away disappointed. A fish is like a horse, sir; you can't make the latter drink, or the former bite."

"And he is really a fine fish?" I asked, wishing to draw him further, for I was becoming interested.

"A prize, sir; a prize for the angler who lands him! Then there's the old Squire (he don't fish himself) sits at home an' chuckles when he hears of some celebrated angler's discomfiture. He only wants good men to try their hands, so 'tis no easy matter to get a pass."

"I expect the fish has been hooked so many times that he has grown shy?" I suggested.

"Only once, sir, only once. That *did* shy him, as well it might! But I'll tell you the story.

"Two years ago the Bishop of B—— came down here *incog.*—dressed just like an ordinary gent, you know, sir. I knew him before he were made a bishop, an' he knew me. So I told him about our big trout; for I knew him to be a keen angler, an' a good one.

"On the day that he set out to capture the big trout I had the honour to accompany him. There's never been a more memorable day in my life. The bishop hooked that fish the first cast, sir, an' he's never been hooked since!

"The fun began, an' ran on fast an' furious. The play the bishop made with that fish was a sight fit for any angler to behold. I kept on applaudin'—an' something else when I thought he were going to lose his fish. Once only during that exciting time did his lordship address me. I've never forgotten his words, so much like a prayer were they: 'My good man, if you *would* keep quiet!' An' mum I was to the end of the battle.

"The big trout had fought up-stream an' down-stream; an' I, possessed of the landing net, sprang into the shallow, an' held myself in readiness to lift out the big trout whenever he became exhausted—which I didn't get that chance, more's the pity!

"If he'd got to die, the big trout meant dying game. Twenty minutes of exciting play had already passed, an' still the big fish seemed as lively as ever. The bishop wanted to get him down stream into the shallow, an' the fish aimed for his retreat under an old willow stump. Sometimes one had the advantage, an' sometimes the other. I'm too impatient to make a good sportsman, sir, an' I did grow impatient on that occasion. So I told him at last he'd play with the mouse (meaning the fish) till he lost him, an' it was then his lordship begged for my silence.

"But the end was at hand. The bishop had got close to the edge of the bank, to work with a shortened line, rendered necessary by the near proximity of the underwood. Just then, as ill-luck had it, the bank gave way, an' in went his lordship with a splash bigger than the great trout had ever made when rushing for a fly.

"I was forced to laugh, sir—I couldn't help it. But I soon saw his lordship was like to drown. So I springs out of the shallow, an' runs along the bank until I comes to the pool. Then I reached down the landing-net, an' he grabs it. An' so I landed the bishop, sir, just as I'd intended landing the big trout!

"An' the bishop, he stands on the river bank, water streaming from his saturated garments, whilst he wrung his hands with vexation an' disappointment. I did feel sorry for him, an'

his laments were very sad. In the end, I fished for his rod, an' got it out at last. Then I reeled up the line in a thoughtful sort of way, there being a chance that the big trout might still be on the hook, but the line came in slack to the end.

"I don't believe, sir, the poor bishop ever got over the terrible disappointment of that unlucky day. However, he didn't go an' die, an' have a monument raised to his memory—though that'll come later for the many good deeds he's done—but he said that after such a muddle as he'd made he'd never cast a fly for that big trout again. Nor has he, sir. An' so the prize remains for other rods to win."

"A good story," said I. "But I fear I must not aim to grasp so great a prize."

"An' why not, sir? Your chance is as good as the rest. 'Twill be something to be able to boast of that you've cast a fly for him."

"I agree with you," said I, and turned away.

And then I heard him say to his wife: "Some people neither travel nor keep their ears open. He's never heard of our big trout!"

"Then he can't be of much note himself!" was the not too flattering reply.

But when, a few days later, I was able to show my host a pass for the Greenvale waters, I rose considerably in his estimation. He described the big trout's haunt, and gave me so much meant-to-be-useful advice that I set out on conquest bent as well primed with piscatorial knowledge as though I had a printed guide in my pocket.

I made direct for the fountain-head, *i.e.*, the big trout's haunt. To reach it I had to plunge into a great wood, and use the river for my guide. I worked my way up-stream, and followed the bank as well as I could; but I had to make many détours, as mossy glade or thick underwood alternated. Each time I stood on the river bank I hoped I had hit upon the big trout's haunt. After many disappointments my object was at last attained. There was no mistaking the spot—an ideal one for a big fish. It was as my host had described it. The river took a short turn, was deep and sluggish, and abounded in pools and shallows. But the surroundings of the pool were such as to render a cast difficult, and very delicate play would be required if I were fortunate enough to hook the big trout.

I felt at that time that next to landing the big fish myself I would like to have witnessed the bishop's discomfiture. Better still, those twenty minutes' scientific play by a skilled angler must have been a sight to behold! Alas! where such a champion of the rod had failed, how poor must be my chance of success! And

then, again, I recalled the humorous side of the innkeeper's story. Also the disgust and dejection of the London "cracks." They had not set the Thames on fire by a trip to Hampshire waters!

Before attempting operations I took careful note of the big trout's haunt—its peculiarities—those little spots which meant a tangled line and a lost fish. I noticed that the rush of water after heavy rains had ploughed deep into the river-bed, and hollowed out the opposite bank to a considerable depth. A heavy growth of brambles and underwood shaded the overhanging bank. Below the pool was a shallow formed by the deposit of gravel washed from the river-bed.

I had stood for some minutes watching the waters of the pool, and at last the well-known "rings" appeared which marked a trout's rise. In a moment I was roused to action. The wish to emulate those champions of the rod who had already met failure as good sportsmen spurred me on to my own momentous cast. I grew sanguine. What if I were destined to succeed where so many had failed! Ah! if I could only gain a glimpse of the big trout so as to gauge his might and weight! And my wish was almost immediately gratified. Suddenly a big fish shot clean out of the water, from the impetus of a rush at a tempting May-fly that had fallen, light as a scrap of gauze, upon the surface of the pool. He fell back into his native element with a flop that was music to my ears, whilst the glimpse I had caught of his magnificent proportions caused my eyes to flash and my fingers to tremble with keenest excitement and expectation. Without further hesitation I set up my tackle.

I found numerous difficulties in the way of my making an effective cast. The near proximity of the underwood compelled me to use a shortened line. I had a mind to "dangle" my fly, but the shadow of my rod would have fallen on the surface of the pool; and, then, it was not a sportsmanlike procedure.

My first three casts were failures. The line entangled, and splashed the water in a way that would have alarmed any fish. Then I lost my temper. Immediately afterwards my line became fast in the underwood behind me. It took a long time to disentangle the foul. Whilst engaged upon this (to an impatient angler) most disagreeable task, the snapping of a twig and the rustling of the underwood on the opposite bank attracted my attention. For no particular reason I stepped into concealment. The sounds continued, and seemed to indicate the passage of a person

through the underwood. At last the rustling ceased at a point a few yards below me, and close to the pollard willow which overhung the pool.

A grave suspicion shot into my mind—someone was on the opposite bank who had designs upon the big trout. I watched the bushes intently, and this is what I presently saw: the briars thrust carefully aside by a small, sun-browned hand; then the freckled face of a boy appeared, lit with the glow of keenest expectation. Immediately afterwards a hazel wand was quietly thrust forward, and a baited hook at the end of a few feet of line lowered gently into the water.

In an instant I had grasped the situation, and sprang excitedly from my concealment.

"You young rascal!" I began. "How dare——" But I was too late. The big trout had made his rush and been securely hooked.

"At last!" cried the boy.

There was no systematical play of the fish, no music of the reel, no deft handling of rod or line; every angling law was disregarded. The boy's tackle was strong and rustic—he simply hauled the big trout through the opening he had made in the briars as unconcernedly as he would have landed a disused kettle or an old shoe!

In the meantime, boiling with indignation, I discarded my own tackle, sprang into the shallow, and waded across. I then pushed through the underwood towards the spot where the boy had disappeared. I easily found him; he was deep in admiration of his prize—a monster trout of between 4lbs. and 5lbs. weight.

"You young poacher!" I cried. "What do you mean by it?"

At first the boy looked somewhat disconcerted, but, quickly recovering himself, he replied: "I've been trying for him, sir, these past two summers, but nothing I could put before him was sufficiently tempting. Ain't he a beauty?"

"Yes—but—I question your right to do as you have done. You are poaching."

"No, sir; it's my privilege."

"Your—what?"

"It's this way, sir: Father's head keeper here, and often has to catch a brace of trout for master's table. As father ain't no hand at the job, he usually passes it on to me; and now I've been and succeeded where so many—even a bishop—have failed."

I choked down my indignation, for I had an idea.

"And the fish will really go to your master's

table?" I asked, meaningly.

He was a sharp boy, and he understood.

"You want him, sir?"

"Well, it does seem a pity he should be cooked and eaten when he would look so nice in a glass case."

"You are right, sir; he is yours. The Squire might not like it if he heard that *I* caught the celebrated big trout. Take him, sir, and tell your own story of his capture."

"One moment," said I; "what bait did you use?"

"A big, green grasshopper, sir."

I sighed with exceeding sadness, for I had learned that even the big trout had his vulnerable point.

\* \* \*

On my way back to the "Isaac Walton" I had leisure to reflect on the events of the afternoon. I was possessed of the big trout—the coveted of so many anglers—but its possession gave me little satisfaction. I had rescued it from the pot—for what? To make it a

"specimen"—nothing more! Alas! for the departed greatness of the big trout. He had taken his last "rise," yet not become elevated to fame. Had he succumbed to the Bishop of B—— he would have been exalted with a honoured name, whilst all that I could give him was a preservative and a glass case!

The innkeeper manifested genuine (if selfish) sorrow over the departed greatness of the big trout. To him I related the true circumstances of the capture, and to him alone; it was done to clear myself in his eyes of having perpetrated a terrible crime. He vowed that his living was gone from him, for who would now visit the "Isaac Walton"?



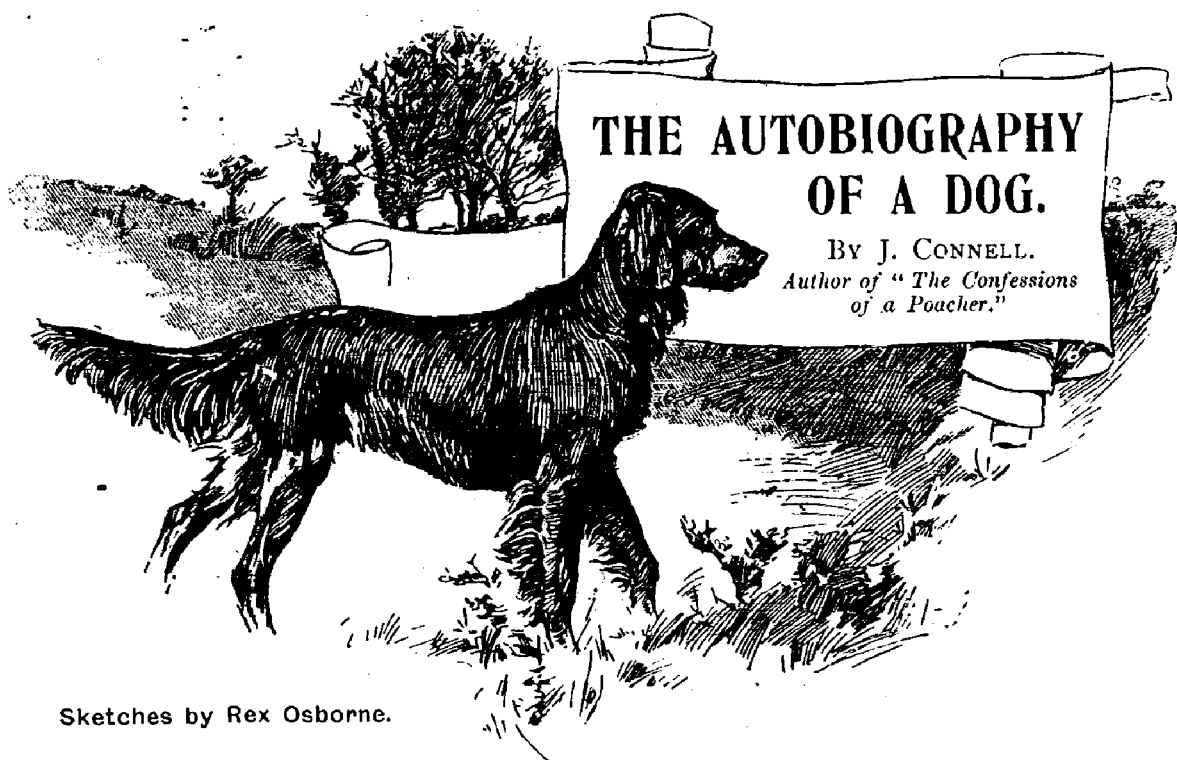
"AT LAST!" CRIED THE BOY.

So I seized the opportunity to make a little proposal to him, and in the end won his complete pacification. *He* has the big trout, beautifully stuffed, and it is *the* attraction of the "Isaac Walton." I have heard that he makes a good thing out of the exhibition of the big trout.

I hear also that he does not now tell his customers the story of the Bishop of B——, but another story, a truly remarkable one—of a certain London artist, "Who *could* fish, sir, an' the proof's there in that case—an hour an' forty-five minutes' play, without a foul, an' a fish as died game!"

And I blush—modestly, if you like.





Sketches by Rex Osborne.

## CHAPTER I.

I AM a dog of the Irish setter breed, and my full name is Finn M'Cool. I am called "Finn" for shortness. I am, to the best of my belief, very well bred. On this point I, personally, possess no evidence that would satisfy the Court of Chancery, but, inasmuch as I was born in the kennels of Lord Vegetable Marrow, it may be taken for granted that my family is not of mushroom growth. The earl never admits to terms of intimacy either man or beast that cannot boast a pedigree at least as long as the Atlantic cable, and all my relations have been, or still are, his special favourites.

My remembrance of my earliest days is, of course, somewhat hazy. I know, however, that my mother gave birth to eight of us within a few hours, and that when my eyes opened we occupied a commodious apartment containing plenty of clean straw, and lighted by a window in the roof. Here my brothers and sisters and I frisked about as soon as we were able. My mother was extremely fond of us, spent most of her time licking us, and growled and looked angry when anybody came near. The kennels were situated about 400yds. to the rear of the earl's residence, the name of which was Hogwash Hall. When I was about eight weeks old the earl gave a ball, and to this all the best families of the county were invited. The kennels were the favourite meeting place of the stablemen and gardeners, for smoking and gossiping purposes, and for a couple of weeks before the ball they talked of little but the approaching event. I did not then know that it was destined to

influence my whole future career. When it was over they pronounced it a great success.

It happened that some of the visitors who came from a distance remained a few days at the Hall, among them a young lady of some thirty summers named Miss Juliet Boxwood. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, she took a peep at everything within walking distance, and among other places visited the kennels. The moment she saw me she took a fancy to me, and begged to be allowed to adopt me. She praised my coat, which was longer and more glossy than that of any of my brothers or sisters, and pronounced me to be by far the finest of the litter. I learned afterwards that his lordship was approached almost immediately, and that he, contrary to the advice of his head gamekeeper, made her a present of me. During the remainder of her stay she visited me three or four times each day, brought me milk and biscuits, and nursed and kissed me. Even at this early age I felt very keenly the absence of the gift of speech. There were many observations which I strongly desired to make, but when I attempted to give them utterance I could only get out barks and growls. Even then I possessed the intellect necessary for the task (more than has fallen to the lot of most two-footed animals, such as geese and men), but my vocal organs were defective. When "Miss Juliet," as she was called, expressed her intention of taking me away with her I protested most vigorously that I had no desire to leave my mother. She, however, caught me up, pressed me to her bosom, and smothered my remarks

with kisses. I was very much annoyed, but felt rather flattered. A circumstance which did much to reconcile me to the change was a marked alteration in the demeanour of my maternal parent towards her offspring, including myself, during the last few days. It became clear to me that a change of some sort was inevitable, and at length I took kindly to the thought of becoming the companion of Miss Juliet. When the fateful day arrived, I was put into a basket containing clean straw, and placed in the carriage of my mistress. After a drive of about three hours we arrived at Mistletoe Mansion.

The year which followed was the happiest of my life. The mansion, which contained thirty-eight rooms, stood in a park of over six hundred acres. I had the run of the entire place. Miss Juliet simply adored me. During the first few weeks I slept in her bedroom, and after that, as I was rather restless at night, there was a bed made up for me just outside her door. As I grew big, she was given to boasting of the splendid guard she possessed. Whom or what I guarded her from was a mystery to me, as nobody seemed to have the slightest desire to deprive her of her liberty or independence. She was an unclaimed treasure. It pleased her, however, to think that I guarded her, or that she needed guarding. At all events, she made a continual fuss over me. She combed and brushed my coat for an hour at a time, and was never tired of showing me to her friends and comparing me with their dogs, to the disadvantage of the latter. I had the best of everything in the way of food, and two or three servants were discharged for having accidentally trodden on my toes. A considerable time was consumed in selecting a name for me. From my very earliest days I displayed a strong inclination for fighting. Even in my mother's nest I indulged in it. I completely mastered my brothers and sisters, invariably taking precedence at feeding time, and to this the kennelman attributed the thriving and sleek appearance which caused Miss Juliet to take a fancy to me. Hence,

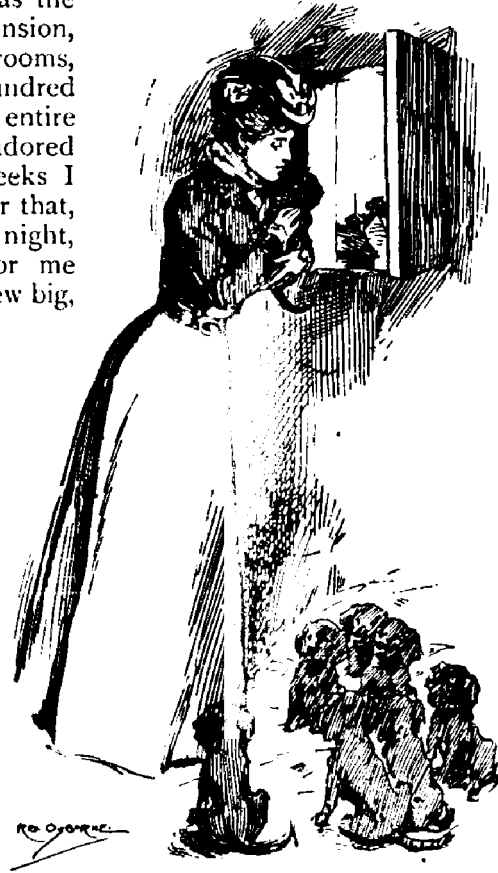
it was decided that my name should be suggestive of battle. The names of Plutarch's heroes were considered one by one, and Took's Pantheon exhausted—but in vain. As I was of Hibernian extraction, it was ultimately decided to call me after the ancient and unconquered Irish warrior, Finn McCool.

I was soon taken for walks in the park, and when the weather grew warm I was taught to swim in a beautiful lake which it contained. When about six months old I became aware of the possession of a great gift. I had noticed for a considerable time, that, during our walks

through the grass, birds rose in front of us, and sometimes rabbits and hares. One day I came across a scent, which I followed with little difficulty, and soon started a pheasant. This awakened a new sensation, which was extremely enjoyable. I felt that I could run scents all day long without getting tired. As a matter of fact, whenever I went out afterwards I spent all my time in searching for scents, or, as one of the gamekeepers phrased it, "working the park." My indulgent mistress watched me for hours bolting game. After a time I found myself able to catch rabbits, and occasionally I secured a hare. The keepers were unanimous in informing my mistress that I possessed "a splendid nose," but assured her that too much liberty was spoiling me, and that their statement would be found to be true when the time came for "breaking me in." She paid very

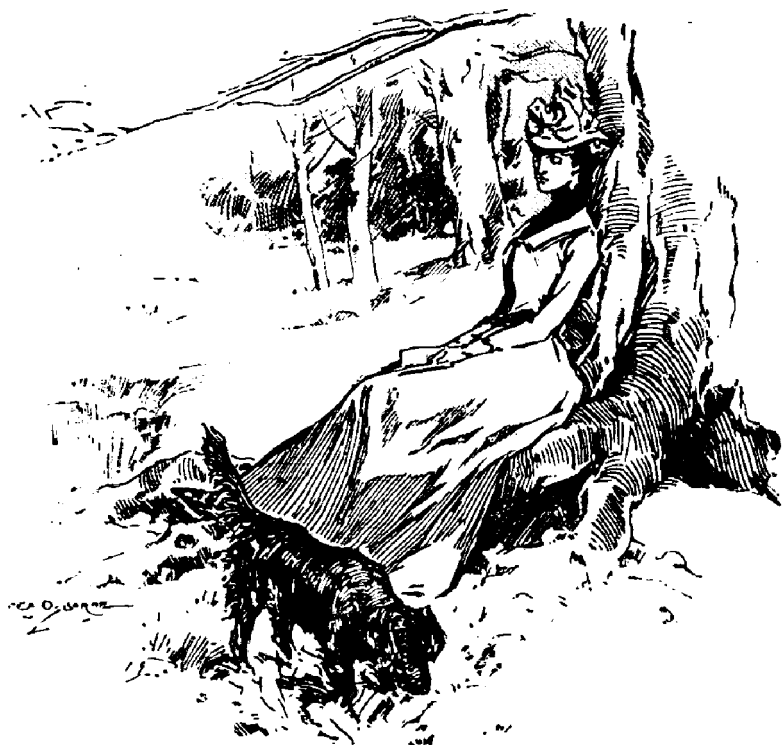
little attention to them. During most of the summer and autumn she sallied out every morning, soon after breakfast, equipped with the latest novel. She selected a seat in a quiet nook, near the edge of the lake, and whilst she read I hunted. When I caught anything I carried it back, and laid it at her feet. This continued until we both grew hungry, when we returned to the mansion for luncheon. In the afternoon we generally indulged in a repetition of the enjoyment of the morning.

Those were the happy days of youth, and, as



SHE CAUGHT ME UP AND SMOTHERED MY  
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I now know, were too good to last. I was extravagantly fond of my mistress. Indeed, I could not very well be otherwise, for never was animal petted, pampered, or flattered more than I. Whilst she frequently indulged in unsympathetic criticism of her neighbours, particularly of the young people of her own sex, she had nothing but fond words and caresses for me. I had access to her presence at all times. We were almost inseparable companions, and seemed "to live but to love" each other. This state of



I SPENT ALL MY TIME IN SEARCHING FOR SCENTS.

bliss continued until I was about fifteen months old. Then my troubles and trials began.

## CHAPTER II.

THE Boxwood family consisted of Mr. Boxwood, Senr., who was an invalid, and had to be wheeled about in a small carriage; Mrs. Boxwood, a portly and good-natured old lady; Mr., or, as the servants and neighbours called him, "Master" Tom Boxwood; and Miss Juliet. Master Tom was very fond of hunting and shooting. He kept greyhounds, and also setters and pointers, but they were all housed close to the residence of the head-keeper, and were never seen in the park, except when required for use. It happened that I was out with my mistress on several of these "shooting

days." At first the noise of the guns frightened me, but after a time inquisitiveness got the better of fear, and I ventured near the shooting party. I saw the dogs ranging over the ground, and when any game arose I noticed that the sportsmen knocked it over. Here, I thought, was an opportunity for me to distinguish myself. The other dogs travelled at what appeared to me to be a snail's pace, and every now and then stopped altogether. I resolved to go into it with a will. Taking my place by the side of the others, as if to start fair, I put an amount of energy into the business which caused the sportsmen to laugh. I travelled at about five times the rate of the other dogs, soon found a covey of partridges, and flushed them; but, unfortunately, too far away from the guns to permit of any attempt being made to shoot them. The order was immediately given, "Pick that dog up." Quite unconscious of any sort of guilt, I allowed myself to be caught. Puzzled and crestfallen, I was led back to my mistress, who took me indoors. At dinner, in the evening, I took my usual place by the side of her chair, and found, to my surprise, that I formed the subject of the company's conversation. It was agreed, on all hands, that my pedigree was superb, and that it was absolutely necessary that I should be at once "broken to the gun."

At first my mistress did not take kindly to the idea, but as she was in a minority of one, and it was pointed out that the course proposed would be better in every possible way, both for her and myself, she consented. A few days later one of the under-keepers called for me, and led me to the kennels.

By this time I had begun to wonder what "breaking-in" was like. I had a strong desire to stand abreast of my tribe in everything, and so looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the educational process about to begin. Alas! I little dreamed of the brutality with which it was to be conducted. On the morning following my first night in the kennels, the man who had led me there appeared, placed a strong collar on my neck, and, having brought me out into the yard, tied me to a post with a hempen rope. My surprise at what I considered his quite unnecessary roughness was turned into alarm when I saw him approach with a heavy

carter's whip. I did not have to wait long for an explanation of his intentions. With all the strength he could command and for fully five minutes he flogged me unmercifully. My poor body was a mass of bruises when fatigue caused him to desist. After resting for some little time he approached me once more, and, with frightful yells and execrations, again beat me savagely. After this he placed me indoors and went away. In the evening he brought me food and water, the former of which I was much too ill to touch. Next morning I felt sore from head to foot. My cruel trainer came in early, inspected my untasted food, and went away. A couple of hours later he returned, led me again into the yard, and repeated the barbarity of the preceding day. I began to fear that he would kill me. I tried by shrieks and means to excite his pity. I looked into his eyes, and tried to tell him that I was ready to obey him in every way he desired. My attempts at talking, however, he mistook, or pretended to mistake, for snarling, and he lashed me all the more in consequence. When he was tired he again placed me in my kennel. I soon found myself in a state of fever. I longed for the presence of my beloved mistress, who, had she but dreamt of my condition, would have rescued me from such humiliation and outrage. I passed another restless day and night without tasting the food which stood within reach. Next morning my condition was so serious that I felt that a repetition of the previous day's performance would mean death to me. With agonised and despairing feelings therefore did I look forward to the appearance of my tormentor. He came in due course, and once more led me into the yard. I thought my end was come, and heartily wished to be shot. Much to my surprise, however, he unfastened the cord from my collar and turned me loose. Weak, ill, and bruised as I was, hope arose within me, and I made a dash for the gate. Vain endeavour. I found it closed. The yard

and kennels were surrounded by a high wall. I rushed, first for one point, and then for another, only to find myself a prisoner. My captor seemed amused at my terror, and when at length I relapsed into despair he coarsely exulted in my humiliation. After the lapse of two or three minutes he cracked his whip several times, and began ordering me about. He said, "Come over here," or "Go over there," and when, in order to obey, I was obliged to pass near him, he generally dealt me a savage blow. I understood his language quite well, and was perfectly willing to obey if allowed to do so quietly.

Like the human schoolmaster of a century ago, however, he thought that education could not be imparted without brutality, and having flogged me in order that I might learn, then flogged me in order that I should not forget. The lesson lasted about half-an-hour, and ended by his opening the door of my kennel, and dealing me a parting blow as I entered it. For several days this performance was repeated, but, much to my relief, the brutality diminished as time went on. After seven or eight lessons there was still much shouting and whip-cracking, but few blows were struck. Then I was taken out in the fields, along with an old and well-trained setter, to learn my actual work. As soon as I found myself loose I was seized



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with an irresistible impulse to see my mistress, and at once dashed off as fast as my legs would carry me toward the mansion. I paid no attention to the angry remonstrances of my trainer, who yelled to me to return, and never paused for breath until I reached the bedroom which I had so long guarded. My mistress was not there. I searched the drawing-room, the library, and, in fact, the whole house, without finding her. I then scoured the garden and the grounds, with the same result. Crestfallen and nervous I again entered the house, only to find myself captured, and handed over

to my relentless pursuer. Trembling and despairing I was led back to the kennels, tied to the well-remembered post, and flogged as brutally as before. For several days my education was again conducted in the yard, until I was so cowed and spiritless that I did not even howl when struck. After that I was again taken into the fields, with the dog already mentioned. I made no further attempt to run away. I was so disheartened that during the first two or three days I could not learn anything. My sense of smell seemed to have left me. I could think of nothing but that terrible whip, which constantly hissed and cracked above my bruised back. At length my trainer became more humane.

with all the liberty and license which it involved. It happened that on this very day a shooting party assembled at the mansion, and the next morning I was afforded an opportunity for the display of my abilities. I gave unbounded satisfaction. The guests and Master Tom agreed that I was the best setter they had ever shot over.

Towards evening a carriage drove towards the party, and when it drew near I saw with inexpressible delight that it contained my beloved Miss Juliet. Instantly forgetting duty and glory, and all wet and muddy as I was, I threw myself upon her. I covered her with kisses, and conveyed to her in the best



He addressed me in a comparatively kindly voice, encouraging me to follow the example of my canine companion. This I soon did to the best of my ability. As terror departed, I occasionally forgot my instructions, and dashed at feathers or fur, but was invariably and instantly recalled to a sense of duty by a yell from the wielder of the merciless thong.

I shall never forget the feeling of rapture which swelled my soul when one afternoon, on returning to the kennels, I heard my trainer inform the head keeper that I was now thoroughly broken. I thought that all my troubles were now over, and that soon I'd again enjoy the society of my beloved mistress,

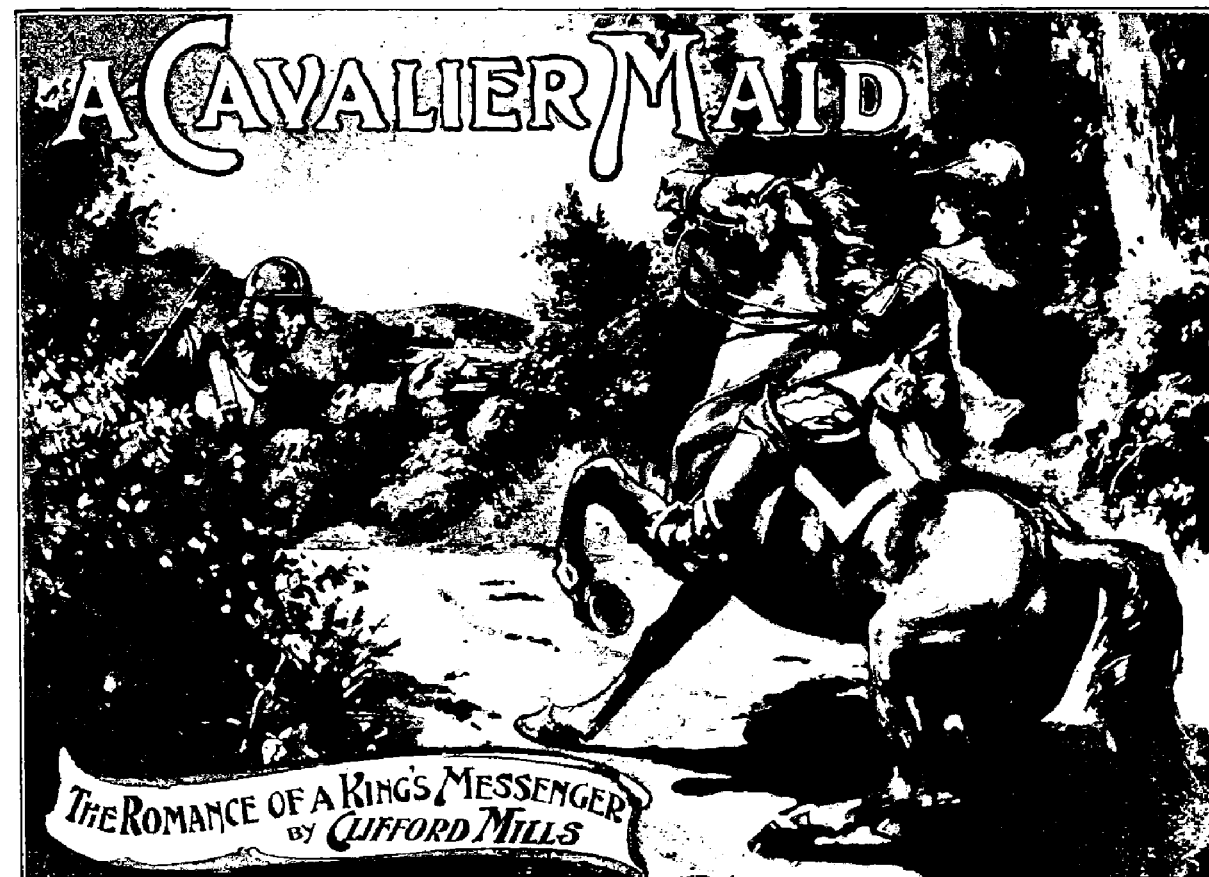
manner my voice permitted my joy at seeing her, and my longing to give up everything for the sake of her company. She caressed me most tenderly, and the scene brought tears to the eyes of several gentlemen present. As the day's work was nearly over, I was allowed to proceed with her home, where we were soon followed by the now hungry company, and, after being feasted, flattered, and toasted, I laid me down once more to sleep on the sheepskin rug which adorned my mistress's door.

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(To be continued.)



INTO OUR MIDST RUSHED A MAN, HIS FACE BLACKENED AND BLOODSTAINED.—(See page 15.)



Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

## CHAPTER I.

### IN THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY.

**I**N my lady's glance I detected both malice and amusement, as she kept me dallying at the tangled skein of her embroidery.

Twice had mine eyes sought hers beseechingly. "Cousin," I at length implored, "may I not to my room?"

But she held up a warning finger. "Patience, mademoiselle," she whispered, in merry mockery, and bade me listen to the converse of those around.

Dear heart! I had heard enough. Could it indeed be I, Etienne Glanvil, that thus sat midst this concourse of rebels, listening with calmness to their traitorous boastings? Alas! 'twas true. The afternoon sunshine, glinting through the mullioned window 'neath which I sat at my lady's feet, flashed its beams upon the steel head-pieces, and with golden finger of scorn pointed out the orange sashes of the King's enemies who thronged the room.

Since St. Valentine's Day had the army of Fairfax been marching westwards from Crediton, scattering and routing the King's troops with such success that now, at sunset, their outposts had driven back the Cavalier army to within half a mile of the town of Torrington.

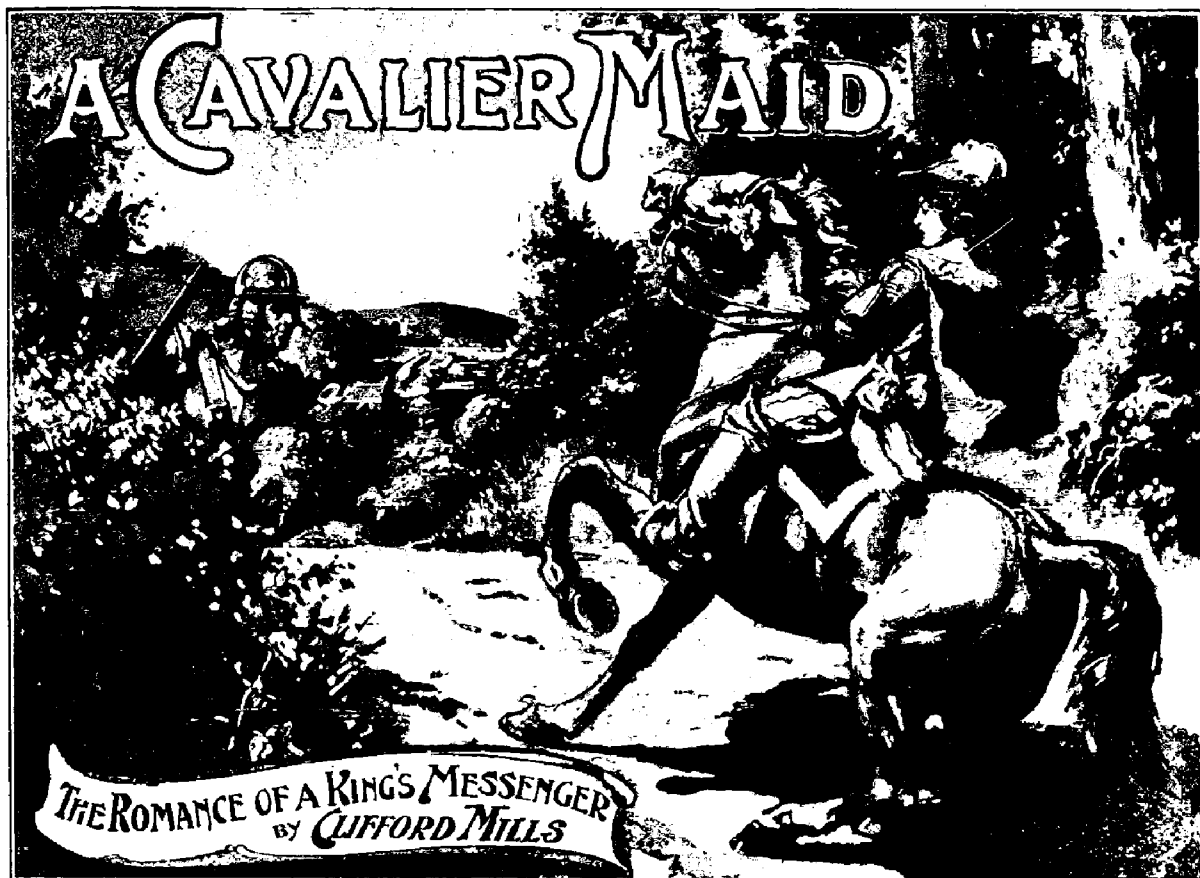
Alas! saving myself, none other at Stapleton was there who did not rejoice at the success of the Parliament, from Sir Geoffrey Stapleton, its owner, down to the smallest stable lad, who, out of compliment to the newly arrived Roundheads, had stuck their badge for the coming fight—a sprig of furze—into his greasy cap, and ran hither and thither shouting, "Death to the malignants!"

Not a voice that cried, "God save the King!"—not a loyal heart in all the throng! But when, speaking of His Majesty, they robbed him of that kingly title Heaven alone had bestowed upon him, I could no longer endure. Trembling, I rose to my feet, letting my lady's skeins fall unheeded to the ground, and confronted them.

"Nay, sirs, the *King!*" I cried, scornfully; "the *King!* Ye have taken from him his throne and



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all that thereto pertaineth, but you cannot make him other than your King—that will he ever be—as you, for certes, are but traitors !”

At this they all turned and regarded me in much amaze, while my lady, laughing shrilly, “Peace, cousin,” she cried ; “little fool !”

“Nay,” laughed a burly officer, who stood near, his eyes upon me ; “check her not ; ’tis, in truth, but that pretty spirit of loyalty embodied, which, ’tis said, we have lost in England.”

And amidst the general laugh that followed, I, with heaving bosom, escaped from the room. Outside in the shadowy hall I encountered Giles Harrison, in all the bravery of his newly acquired uniform of captain of the Rebel Horse. Bowing coldly, I passed on.

At the bend of the staircase he overtook me.

“Mademoiselle,” he cried, “this is but a sorry welcome to Stapleton !”

He stood in my path, the light from the window above falling upon his breastplate of polished steel and leathern doublet, and lighting up his dark, restless face.

“Indeed, sir !” I said, scornfully. “Then must it be so, seeing that I would wish thee and all other rebels a hasty departure !”

He laughed without malice. Like all at Stapleton, he was prone to treat my avowed adherence to His Majesty’s cause with amused contempt.

“So, mademoiselle,” he cried, “I return to find thee still a malignant and our enemy.”

But I answered him not, being too sore for words, and passing onwards gained my room. Once there, I flew to the casement, and looked with eager gaze to where, scarce a mile away on yonder hill, rose the fair town of Torrington, to-night the citadel of the brave and gallant army of the King.

Dear heart ! what content would I have had to be there, if only to help burnish the head-pieces of those who were to fight for the King. But instead must I linger in the camp of his enemies, having no other shelter but that offered me for charity’s sake in the house of my distant cousin, Sir Geoffrey Stapleton, staunch Parliamentarian. And once more did my thoughts fly with quick reproach to that cruel Latour, who had thus left me to exist on the cold charity of distant relatives, and I here needs must take his miniature from its place and look into the haughty, handsome face of this great noble of France, whose hardness had broken my mother’s heart.

“Hadst thou been a boy, Latour would have claimed thee,” Sir Geoffrey had said bluntly when he had brought me (on my father’s death, now two years ago) a friendless orphan of sixteen, to Stapleton. For all knew the grief it had been to the great soldier, the Marquis de Latour, to have

had no son to inherit his military renown—a renown that had commenced even in his youth, when he had fought at the side of the adorable Henri of Navarre. Maid of Honour to Queen Henrietta Maria, my mother, his only child, had, while at the English Court, met and married my father, a Devonshire gentleman of scant fortune. But the Marquis de Latour, who had other plans for his daughter’s hand, had from the day of her marriage disowned her.

One hope of reconciliation had he held out. “Come to me,” he wrote to my mother, “with the grandson of Latour.” And, alas ! I, my parents’ only child, had been a girl, to my mother’s never-ending sorrow.

Never to the day of her death had she tired of telling of the greatness and bravery of this cruel Latour, and many a time had she bidden me remember that, poor though I was, some of the noblest blood of France flowed in my veins.

Ah me ! Ill times were these now to think of noble birth or rank, seeing that the King himself was driven from his throne. Yet, nevertheless, was it no small blow to my pride when my Lady Stapleton had but yesternight named Giles Harrison as possible suitor for my hand.

Giles Harrison, forsooth ! who, being body-servant and secretary to Sir Hugh, had cunningly used the unhappy quarrel of our country as an extraordinary means of improving his position, so that he, who once fed at the servants’ table, was to-night one of the chief officers of the Roundhead Troopers quartered at Stapleton.

I fear me I forgot my dependency when I reminded my cousin Lady Stapleton that it was not like that one of my birth would so forget herself.

“As you will,” she had cried, disdainfully, “but Sir Geoffrey hath told me that Giles Harrison is marked for high favour, having but lately furnished the Parliament with information of most grave import, and, is, moreover, already trusted by General Cromwell with much business of a private nature.”

Then, as I cried out in horror at so abominable a recommendation, “Poor Giles !” she laughed contemptuously. “So must he look lower than our mademoiselle !”

For “Mademoiselle” was the nickname that, half in jest and derision at my partly French origin, my cousin’s wife had bestowed upon me when first I had come to Stapleton. And, strange enough, so it seemed to me, seeing the English maid I was at heart, and in rearing, the name clung to me, and as “Mademoiselle” was I known to one and all.

Before the night was an hour old, the fight that

had begun with a few shots in the fields was raging fiercely.

The hedges of the closes beyond, that lay between the rebels and Torrington, were outlined in fire as the muskets blazed and flashed across them, the sound of the shot mingling with the cries of the men in combat.

As I listened and hung through my casement for better view, I would one instant be filled with fond hope, then, crushing its too flattering promise, search the gloom for reason by which I might read success to those for whom were all my prayers.

But the dark night withheld from me the answer I strove with aching eyes to find, and at last, weary and heartsick with apprehension, I sought the hall below.

Here I found a mixed assembly of servants and village folk, to whom the father of Giles Harrison, "Crazy Ezekiel," as he was called, was holding forth at great length. Well known to all about was he, and as much feared as had been his wife, the Spanish woman, of whom such tales of the evil eye were still told. To-night the assembly listened to him, open-mouthed, with interest.

"A sign from Heaven," he was saying as I entered, "ye ask! Rather shall ye receive a sign from hell, which clamours with hungry mouth for this army of papists yonder, men of Belial, servants of an idolatrous King!"

So speaking, his eyes blazing, his tall, spare figure quivering with the excitement his traitorous sentiments had aroused within him, he paused, and in the silence that followed came a sound most terrible. The distant roar as of a thousand cannons was borne to our ears on the night breeze, and the house trembled and shook to its very foundations. Terror-stricken, the crowd screamed aloud and fell on their knees in a panic.

I had but one fear. The roar had scarcely died in low mutterings ere I had gained my room, and was looking from thence to Torrington.

Over to the north of the town arose a dull, red glow, into which bright sparks and blackest smoke poured and rushed as if from the mouth of a fiery mountain. Then, even as I gazed, the red light faded, and over Torrington there fell the gloom and silence of death itself.

As, spellbound by terror, I hung through my lattice, above the hubbub of those below I heard my lady's voice calling me.

Outside in the corridor I found her, her face as white as her wrapper, a light held in her shaking hand.

"Cousin," she cried, wide-eyed with terror, "what means this? The Horse went away to

the fight an hour ago, and with them Sir Geoffrey."

Striving to calm her fears as best I could, I led her to her chamber, and presently, at her request, went below to seek for tidings.

But I had barely gained the hall when the outside doors opened with a clash, and into our midst rushed a man, his face blackened and blood-stained. For a space all hung back, aghast and speechless, whilst he, with red and lashless eyes, peered blindly upon us as an owl will blink in the sunlight. Then, staggering to a seat: "The church!" he cried with a groan; "'tis no more!" and swooned as he spoke.

A cry of consternation rose from all, for, though the face we had not recognised, the voice was Sir Geoffrey's.

The next moment Sir Geoffrey's henchman, pushing his way amidst the gaping crowd, rushed across the hall and fell on his knees beside his master.

"Now, Heaven be thanked!" he exclaimed, brokenly; "for never did I think to see him again alive. Hardly had I left him in the churchyard, when the church, in which we had placed the prisoners our party guarded, blew up. Never have I seen so fearsome a sight; all around us fell the lead, stones, and timber of the church, beneath the ruins of which I feared was my dear master, along with those malignants who have upheld the man Charles Stuart."

As, half stunned by his tidings I hastened hither and thither for restoratives for my lady, and dressing for Sir Geoffrey's burns—which latter proved happily not serious—my heart ached for those poor servants of the King who had thus perished so cruelly. Alas! for the issue of a fight that had commenced with so fatal a catastrophe. Well might hope dwindle in my breast. Nor had I long to wait for confirmation of my worst fears.

As I passed by the porch on my way to my chamber, a mud-bespattered dragoon flung himself from his panting horse outside, and entered.

Longing for, and yet dreading his tidings, I approached him, and asked how went the fight.

"Marry!" said he, with a grin at his own wit; "it goes as fast as horses' legs can carry it out of Torrington."

"They have lost!" I cried, starting back as if from a blow. And at my words he turned and stared at me curiously enough in the lamplight.

"Nay," said he, "for Fairfax hath gained the town, and the malignants fly for dear life in the darkness;" and leaving me standing at the foot of the staircase, he passed on into the hall, and I heard him cry his tidings to those within.

So the worst had happened. As I crept to my

room I heard a mighty cheering at the King's defeat go up from the base hearts below.

Sitting at my window disconsolate, I watched the grey dawn rise over the woods beyond. Twice a party of horse rode beneath my window on their way from the fight. Grim and set were their faces under their helmets. On such heavy looks one might have wagered a defeat, but truly indeed was it said that neither victory nor failure had power to alter the calm demeanour and steady discipline of this strange new army of fanatics.

So I thought, watching them, while over the land the day broke and the sun rose to be welcomed by the birds, which sang in the trees with a gladness that seemed like mockery to my heavy heart.

Later on, having breakfasted with my lady, who had recovered her usual high spirits, and spared me not in raillery concerning the fight, I went at her bidding on my way to the kitchen, where I had much trouble in accomplishing mine errand, so hard pressed were the servants in providing for the ever freshly arriving Roundheads.

Outside in the courtyard was a company of troopers, in the midst of which strutted my young cousin Hal, a pretty lad of seventeen summers, with such a fine conceit of himself that, had I been less sad, I could have found merriment in the sight.

But as I turned to leave the kitchen, being anxious to quit such company, he caught sight of me, and running in, would have snatched my arm. "Well, my pretty malignant!" cried he, drawing all attention to me; "we've settled thy friends out yonder!"

"Nay, that remains to be proved," said I, scornfully eluding his grasp.

"Hoity-toity! What a spitfire!" he laughed, mockingly. "They should have had thee at the fight out there! You might, perchance, have taught some of the conies not to run to their holes so soon."

The men round the fire, pleased at this sally, laughed loudly, and, gratified by the amusement he had created, my cousin turned to me.

"Not so fast!" he cried, stopping me as I strove to escape. "Gentlemen, may I present to you Mademoiselle Etienne Glanvil, a most unflattering kinswoman of mine, who would dub you traitors and see you all hanged if she could procure it! Now own, wouldst thou not?" and he pinched my cheek with such intolerable impertinence that I forgot all but the indignation I felt at such treatment, and cried out that hanging was too good for traitors.

And with hot cheeks I turned and fled through a side door that led to the rosary. But even here

was sign of the times. Down the moss-grown paths a Roundhead sentry paced. His back was towards me, so with all haste I gained a door in the wall, half-hidden in a tangle of ivy and mosses, and passing through it, entered the shrubbery beyond.

For, indeed, I longed for solitude, where I might, free from mocking eyes, weep out unrestrainedly my poor heart's sorrow.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE KING'S LETTER.

NOW I knew a spot in the woods yonder which Nature in most sweet mood had fashioned to her liking. Here, through the tall trees' sheltering shade, the sunbeams never fell too fiercely, the wind in unkind manner never came. A little stream that flowed between high banks rippled o'er its rocky bed in measures most musical; while around a dell all carpeted with thickest moss grew ash sapling and drooping hazel, giving so soft a shelter to the woodland flowers, they deemed 'twas spring here when, outside, winter storms were raging, and in such pretty ignorance bloomed in safety.

Here might one sad at heart find comfort, and hither did I turn my steps. Having climbed the high bank that bordered my bower, I pushed aside the tangle of bramble and hazel boughs; then stood, arrested by sudden fear. For, at the sound of my approach, a man, who sat beneath, had started to his feet.

I saw his hand seek his sword; then, catching sight of me, where I stood looking down from the bank above, he swept his hat from his head with the most courtly grace in the world. The next instant he swayed before my eyes, and with a dull groan dropped like a log.

So startled was I by this that I stood, as it were, rooted to the spot, looking down to where he lay so still beneath me.

It flashed on me then that perchance 'twas a foolish thing I had done, to come thus far alone, seeing the country was in such a state of strife and tumult, and so thinking would have gone as quickly as I had come, when on a sudden my eye caught, hanging about the stranger's neck, the medallion worn only by those gentlemen who served the King. As I noted this I forgot my alarm in fear for his safety.

Furtively, I glanced to right and left of me; then with trembling fingers did I disentangle the clinging briars from my gown, and in all haste scrambled down the high bank to where he lay motionless beneath the hazel boughs, the blood flowing from a wound in his throat. Slowly it

welled up over the lace at his neck, and down to the mossy bank upon which his head was pillowed.

Scarce daring to breathe, I crept with groping hands to his side, and with a shudder let my fingers glide above his heart. But they shook, and at first hope died within me—when 'neath my hand, I felt, feeble but true—the throb, throb, that told-me he lived.

In all my life I ne'er had known more contentment. Oh, that I might save him! Full of new-found apprehension, I sprang to my feet and looked around. Though it was near the roadway, I remembered with joy how cunningly Nature's hand had screened this sweet place from view. Nay, but I would save him!

I bent and loosened his cravat, and with strips torn from my kerchief bound his wound. Alas, what maiden, in these troublous times, but had had occasion to learn such aid to the wounded? Yet still he lay as if death claimed him, not a quiver of the eyelid showing he lived.

Then my glance fell on his hat, which lay hard by, and, catching it up, I scrambled along the bank of the stream. But, as I stooped to fill the dusty beaver, there fell from it a packet that had been concealed somewhere beneath feathers or lining. With hasty hand I caught the missive ere it had time to touch the swirling waters, and, tucking it for safety in the bosom of my gown, contented myself by dipping the remainder of my kerchief into the water; and with this, having regained his side, did I bathe the stranger's face.

Soon, maybe, but to me the moments seemed hours, he opened his eyes and stared at me in feeble wonder.

I was bathing his forehead when he looked up, but I ceased on that instant, for, indeed, it appeared to me then an untoward thing for a maid to be doing to so perfect a stranger—though, as a Christian, surely I could not have done less.

Slowly he raised himself on his elbow and regarded me in bewilderment, and I noted then how goodly a man he was to look upon, and that, no longer a youth, he wore his better manhood with distinction. Then his hand went to his bandaged wound, and back came his eyes to my face where, as mine fell 'neath his gaze, the blushes were gathering.

"So," said he, smiling, "I have found a friend?" And gaining his feet, "Madam," said he, bowing, "I am almost persuaded that in Devon the fairies minister to poor mortals."

"Sir," I answered, "in Devon, as elsewhere, gentlewomen are ever 'ready to tend the sick when duty presses them to do so."

I spoke haughtily, as is the way of a maiden when confused, feeling I would fain excuse the service I had done him, and yet, withal, a secret content in my heart to think I had thus tended him.

Waiting his reply, I glanced up to find his gaze upon me. But no sooner did my glance meet his than, with the tenderest grace, he fell to apologise for such a freedom.

"You will, madam, I trust, pardon my wonderment," he said. "For the last two hours I have been closely pursued by two most persistent villains, who at length, lying in ambush in the narrow lane beyond, came upon me ere I was aware. After a short encounter the cowards made off, leaving me, however, a trifle wounded and bereft of my good horse, which, affrighted at the onset, hath galloped I know not whither. Thus, somewhat spent, I sought these woods for shelter, not without apprehension of meeting here further attack. Instead of such, I find, madam—I find yourself. 'Tis no small marvel my surprise is only out-balanced by my gratitude."

"Sir," I replied, blushing at such over-thanks, "'twas indeed nought," and pointing to the medallion at his neck, I added: "We would serve the same cause, I trow—my father wore the like."

"'Tis so? I could have sworn it," he cried joyfully, his blue eyes kindling. "Then am I indeed lucky to have thus fallen upon friends. Those villains did ill choose their place of attack."

But I held up a warning finger.

"Nay, sir," said I; "rather are they cunning villains. This place is a stronghold of the King's enemies."

"Enemies?" he echoed. "Nay, but you?"

"Sir," I replied, hanging my head at the shame of it, "my father died fighting for His Majesty, but nevertheless, I, his daughter, have no shelter but that offered me by the King's enemies; but be assured," I added, with my heart in my voice, "that were I a man I would sooner die than accept the like," and my lips quivered as I turned aside from him.

"Dear lady," said he, presently, in gentle tone, "these times are sad for all true souls, yet, methinks, a tender gentlewoman, so placed, who loves the cause, has harder lot than any."

Into the silence that fell between us, a little robin, perched on swaying twig athwart the stream, poured forth clear notes of gladness. I watched the sweet bird with tenderness, while all around there seemed to fall a strange, wild charm of joy and coming spring.

"So fair a spot," said he, and of a surety his voice had caught the same witchery that did enthrall me, for all at once it was with running brook and

singing bird, "should listen but to words of hope, or else were heresy indeed. Dear lady, am I overbold to ask, to bear as favour of one who has so graciously ministered to my poor needs, the little posy of violets that nestles at thy throat? Trust me, it shall adorn no coward's beaver."

But I stood silent, with bowed head, before him, all in a new-born shyness that sorely puzzled me.

"Why," cried he at length, "will you not wish me at least God-speed? Must I away without a word?"

Then I looked up. "Nay, sir," I said, "that would I not, if word of mine be any contentment to thee." And, unfastening the posy, I placed it in his hands. "Indeed, sir," I said, "do I wish thee God-speed, and the King kindest fortune."

"Amen," he answered, softly, bending over my hand as he took it, and at that instant did I catch the sound of approaching horses. Startled, I looked to him, but he stood undisturbed at my side, in tender contemplation of the violets.

Without a word I sprang to the bank, and there, passing the bend not a quarter of a mile away, was a company of troopers coming slowly towards us.

The sight brought back all my fears for the Cavalier's safety, of which I could but deem him strangely callous, seeing he was cut off from all help. It was not unlike, I thought, that the villains of whom he had spoken had told of his whereabouts to the troopers at Stapleton, and even were it not so, the woods, I had no doubt, would ere long be searched for stragglers.

Truly there was no time to be lost! So springing down with all haste, "Sir," I said, shyly enough, "I know not thy mind, yet if thou hast knowledge which way my Lord Hopton hath retreated from Torrington——"

Here he broke in upon me with such a cry of amazement, I stopped and gazed astonished. "Come you not from the fight?" I questioned, a doubt for the first time crossing my mind.

"The fight?" he cried. "Nay, what tidings are these? I come from the King to Hopton at Torrington."

"Alas! sir," I answered; "then has ill-fortune reached Torrington before thee! The fight there has raged the night through, and this morn Fairfax holds the town."

But he regarded me closely, incredulity in his glance.

"Torrington *fallen*--nay, lady," said he; "this is some rebel's boast."

"Alas! sir," I faltered, sorrowful enough to be the imparter of such ill-tidings, "'tis indeed but too true. There are those who say," I added,

sadly, "that the brave Lord Hopton was most ill-supported by his foot soldiers, who decreased sadly by desertion as the fight waxed."

The words had scarce left my lips ere he uttered a cry of anguish, and throwing up his arms in despair, cried: "Torrington fallen!—Torrington lost!—then am I too late! The cowards! The cowards!" he cried; "they have undone us!"

Suddenly there came a sound that sent my heart to my mouth in fear. For someone was moving in the wood near us. I could hear distinctly the steps cautiously approaching through the fallen leaves with which the copse was strewn.

"Sir," I whispered, dismay in my voice, "they are searching the woods. Alack! sir," I cried, wringing my hands, "the Roundheads will take thee."

He raised his head and listened. Watching his face, I saw something like despair cross it. Then his hand flew to his sword, which he as quickly relinquished, and, turning to me with a glance at once stern and entreating,

"Madam," he said, "'tis not for myself I fear discovery, but for that which I carry, which, should I be taken, alive or dead, must not be found by these rebels."

As he uttered these words in earnest, hurried tones, there came to my mind the remembrance of the packet that had fallen from his beaver, which still lay in my bosom forgotten till this instant.

"Sir——" I cried, but the words I was about to speak froze on my lips, for standing close to my side, though partially concealed by the branches, was a man watching us.

The Cavalier, however, not seeing the cause of my hesitation, was hastily searching his beaver.

"The base traitors!" he muttered. "Marry! we will outwit them yet." The next moment, with a cry of consternation, he dropped the hat and looked around. "The letter——" he gasped, "Madam—the King's letter—it has gone!"

In vain I strove by glance and gesture to give him warning of the spy. Distracted by vexation at his loss, his eye was seeking eagerly each corner of the dell.

"The King's letter!" he cried. "It was but the moment before I caught sight of thee that I did assure myself of its safety!" he said, coming back to me in despair.

As he spoke he stopped suddenly, catching sight of my face, which was full of confusion; as I looked up at him I saw doubt creep into his eyes, and scorn—yes, scorn of *me*—wreath his lips.

Reading his thoughts, I cried out in horror of so detestable a misjudgment, and at that moment

the spy broke through the bushes. As he did so, my scream rang out, for it was none other than Giles Harrison that confronted us, sword in hand.

"Why," cried he, his eyes glittering, "thou art indeed clever, mademoiselle!"

### CHAPTER III.

STEPHEN GALE.

THE Cavalier, whose sword had flashed from its scabbard with no less haste, would now have rushed upon him, but no more time had the two to glare with angry eyes at each other before an officer of dragoons appeared on the top of the bank by which I had entered the woods.

At sight of him and his men, who speedily followed, the Cavalier dropped his sword to his side, and with a bitter laugh addressed me:—

"Madam," he said, with quiet scorn, "'tis well planned!" and the Roundhead officer now calling on him to surrender, he did so with disdainful calmness.

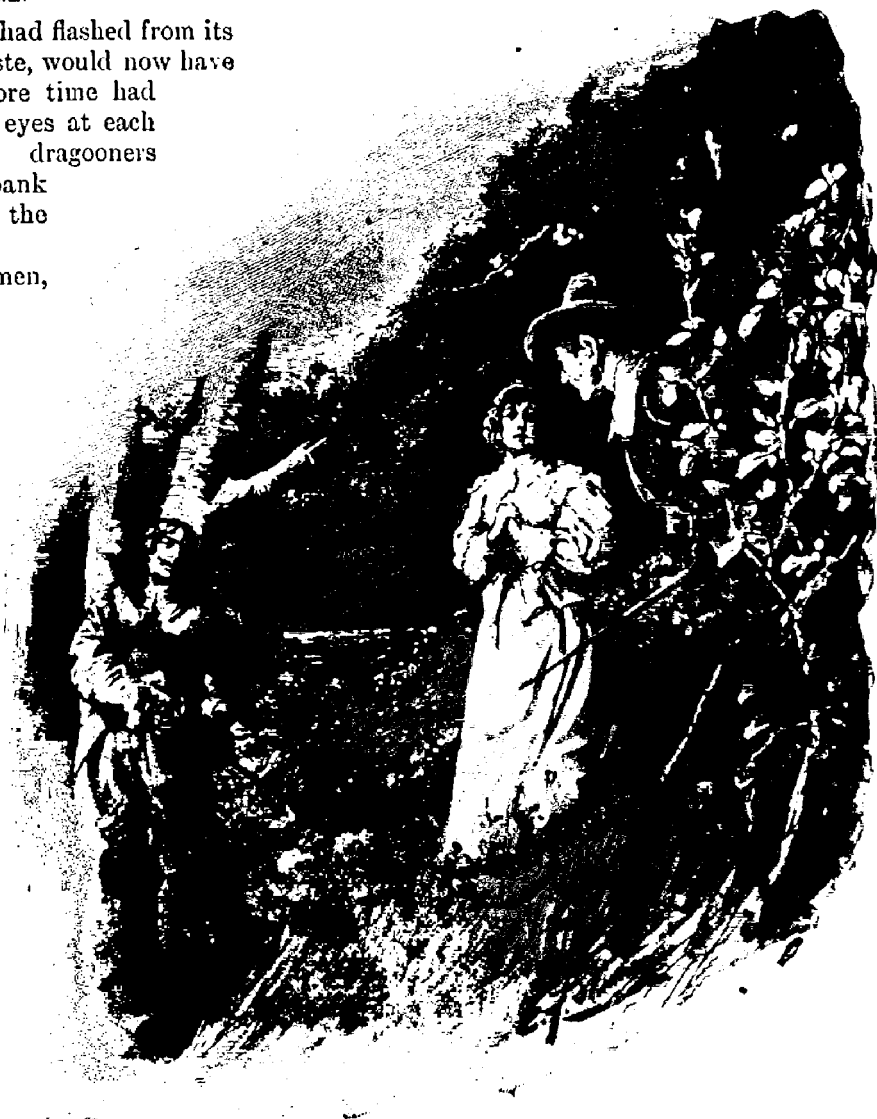
Alas! though my heart cried out in protest, that I must let him depart thus misjudging me, yet, for the sake of the cause we both loved, I stood dumb before him, bitterly realising with what a nicety the garb of guilt fitted my late actions.

Giles Harrison, who had from the first sought the Roundhead officer's side, still remained with him in close converse, and in a tremble of fear and apprehension I leant against the mossy bank, with burning cheeks and fast-beating heart. Alas! I could but feel that my very attitude was giving the Cavalier confirmation of his worst suspicions, yet for the life of me I could not think of another method to save the despatch.

But as the party, with their prisoner in their midst, moved off, I ventured to look towards the Cavalier. Straight into his eyes I looked, im-

ploringly, but, alack! of what avail is innocence if it be dumb? Set in contempt was the glance he returned me; and scorn clothed each feature, as, a captive and unarmed, yet the proudest and noblest figure of them all, he rode off.

Giles Harrison's voice broke harshly upon my sadness, and my heart gave a bound of fear. Why had he not also gone forward? Did he know or suspect what lay in my bosom?



"THOU ART INDEED CLEVER, MADEMOISELLE!"

"So," he said, "have we captured the King's messenger, but what of the King's letter, mademoiselle?"

I shot a hurried look to where he leant by a tree, his sidelong glance upon me, as he pulled the yellow catkins from a bough overhead, and tossed them into the stream. But nought could I guess from the mocking face he wore.

"To think," he cried, with angry insolence, "that the haughty mademoiselle should thus demean herself to entertain a gallant in the wood—and so well, mademoiselle, that after his meeting thee, my men, who were after him, have contrived to secure, unperceived by either of you, the dispatch this malignant carried in his beaver!"

What meant he? Was he fooling me? Looking to his face I found it working strangely, his eyes' burning glance upon me.

"'Tis true," he said, his voice rising. "Has not this malignant himself confessed it? Did I not hear him assure thee, even in reproach, that the moment before he caught sight of thee the letter was safe in his keeping?"

So this was his reading of the riddle. I almost forgot my indignation at his presumption, in relief, seeing such saved me from his suspicion of possessing the dispatch.

"What a tale for my lady's ears!" he cried, mockingly. "Mademoiselle's bright eyes ensnaring the game for us—mademoiselle thus unwittingly befooling a King's messenger!"

Mine eyes flashed at his audacity, but I did not reply. In truth, what mattered *his* mockery if the missive escaped?

"Mademoiselle," he said, more softly, coming nearer to me, "do you not see how go the times? Think you this army of pretty gentlemen—day-dreamers; disorganised by the ever-changing policy of an inconstant, intriguing King—shall win the day? Nay! as the wheat before the sickle, so will the King fall, and all they who trust in him."

"Enough, sir!" I cried scornfully, but he confronted me, his head thrown back, his eyes glowing.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, a strange ring in his voice; "a river flows between us truly, but the bridge may be crossed. Cross it, mademoiselle, now—now—to the side that means safety—power—renown! You shall not repent it, for I will prevent that. Yes, I—I, mademoiselle, if thou wilt!"

"You!" I exclaimed in horror, starting from him. "Oh, that thou dost dare!"

"Dare!" he cried. "Have a care, mademoiselle! I am no longer the servant you despised. Yes, mademoiselle, yeoman's son though I am, yet have I turned the scales against a King and spoilt his army!"

My laugh of scorn rang through the dell. "Alas! Giles Harrison," I said, "a midsummer madness hath seized thee."

But he caught my wrist roughly. "Fool!" he cried. "'Tis true! Did I not by stratagem learn the King's mind was bent on a hasty retreat into Cornwall, and have not my creatures prevented

yonder messenger from reaching Torrington in time to stop last night's battle?"

I started at his words, remembering the Cavalier's passionate assertion, that a hasty retreat would have saved destruction.

"You!" I gasped, incredulous. "'Tis not possible!"

But he laughed at my dismay. "Yes, I, mademoiselle!" he cried. And springing up the bank he left me with a backward glance of insolent triumph.

Such a shock was his news to me that I stood where he had left me, overcome by vexation and astonishment. To think that Giles Harrison had thus triumphed, and now made boast of his traitorous doings!

So far I thought in desperation, and then what did I do but laugh softly as my seeking fingers closed themselves upon the King's letter—the letter he imagined safe in his men's keeping, the presentation of which to the traitors was to bring him such coveted credit.

Ah, dear, but I laughed not long as I thought on all! For Giles Harrison would soon discover his men's failure, and then, I doubted not, I should be suspected.

Sitting down to think, I remembered with what intent I had sought this place—to weep! Ah, me! time for that when despair was mine, but now—now to save the King's letter!

Alas, in all the ways my mind searched eagerly for help, I found no hope of assistance, so at last I courted chance and turned my steps homewards.

Returning the way I had come, by a hill steep and thickly wooded, I walked on in deep thought, my feet treading softly on a carpet of pine needles with which the wood was strewn, and so reached at last the heart of it.

Here, where the shadows and solitude were greatest, I came suddenly upon two men in angry converse. With all haste did I conceal myself behind a tree, alarmed to find myself in such ill company, in so lone a spot.

Peering forth fearfully, I saw that the elder of the two was a thick-set, ill-favoured fellow, whilst the other was a man of slimmer build, with a beardless, boyish face.

"Coward!" cried the elder; "thou didst basely desert me this morning, letting me bear all the attack of that cursed malignant. Hadst thou kept faith with me, we would have completed the business." And in a mighty rage he shook the fellow, till the latter groaned and gasped in a manner fearful to hear.

Relaxing his hold for a second, his victim cried out:—

"Mercy brother! I have tidings that will

make thee, and can put thee on a regular hornet's nest of malignants in Torrington, for which information Giles Harrison will overlook this present failure."

"So!" exclaimed his brother, "this was thy intent, had I not overtaken thee, to save thyself and leave me in the lurch!"

And he bent over the other with such evil in his eyes that the latter, without further waiting, burst forth:—

"'Twas at the inn at South Moulton, where I did keep watch at the back lest the Cavalier should give us the slip—thyself watching at the front entrance. As I crouched in the hollow beneath the staircase a maid came flying up from the cellar below, and, plucking the malignant by the sleeve, drew him aside into the passage where I lay hid. 'Sir,' she whispered, 'my master is a villain, and liest to thee; no King's man is he! Be on thy guard, for about at the entrance yonder are two rascals with the intent of waylaying thee. Tarry not, and if thou hast need of a trusty soul in Torrington, forget not my brother, Stephen Gale—his house stands eighth in the lane to the right of the church—many a service hath he already done the King's men—'

"Much did I crane my neck and stretch mine ears to hear further, but though the wench spared not her tongue, not a word more could I catch because of the commotion that dolt of an inn-keeper and the villagers were making in the tap-room beyond. As it was, the closing of the door opposite startled me, and rushing from my hiding place, I reached the yard, just in time to see the malignant turn his horse with all speed into the roadway beyond. Thou dost remember with what haste I ran round to thee then, crying that our man had escaped us."

"This is a fine tale," growled the elder; "yet as I now have learned this news, I do prefer myself first to acquaint Giles Harrison with it."

But no sooner did he so speak, than the younger, having contrived under cover of his narrative to secure his brother's dagger, sprang up, knife in hand.

I waited to hear no more. Leaving them much occupied in reviling each other, cautiously I slipped from my shelter and ran unseen by them across the wood.

As with fast-beating heart I climbed the hill, I found myself repeating: "*Stephen Gale!*" "*Stephen Gale—a trusty soul!*" So this was where chance had led me, nay, rather had kind heaven guided my steps and discovered for me the only man who could now aid me. For I would seek this Stephen Gale, and that right speedily, before these willains had time to be on his track.

Thinking thus, hope rose within me, yet I went not without many a backward glance of alarm. The consciousness of what I carried in my bosom had brought with it ready fears—it was the King's messenger rather than I, Etienne Glauvil, who, with cautious steps, stole through the wood to the house.

For before I could hazard entering Torrington, must I return to my room, there to obtain money and some disguise. The town, on such a day, strictly guarded as it would be, might be open for the country folks to gape at, but for me, cousin of Sir Geoffrey Stapleton, to be seen there alone, unattended, would be deemed an action so unaccountable, that if detected I had small chance of finding Stephen Gale.

But in a dark cloak and hood, with such a cap as the serving maids wore, to conceal my ringlets, I might hope to pass unsuspected.

Avoiding the front entrance, I sought a side door and re-entered the house unperceived by anyone.

As I passed along a corridor I looked down into the courtyard below, from whence arose a perfect babel of voices.

For gathered there were troopers, dragooners, and foot soldiers, who, one and all, clamoured of the recent fight.

A little apart from the rest, near the clock tower, guarded by a sentry with smoking match and ready musket, was a disconsolate crowd of weary-looking men, who, as they wore round their right arm a folded handkerchief—which I knew had been the badge of the Cavaliers in the recent fight—I adjudged to be the Royalist prisoners.

Not a sign could I see of the Cavalier, and much did I marvel where they had lodged him. Alas! though at remembrance of his misjudgment of me my heart sank, yet I had much comfort in the thought that the King's message, for the safety of which he cared far more than his life, had yet a chance of escape from falling into the hands of the rebels.

Stealing softly towards my chamber, I was to my discomfort hailed by my lady, who expressed herself vexed at my absence.

"All the morning long have I sought thee," she complained; "but a short while since came word from His Excellency that he doth intend in person to assure himself this noon of Sir Geoffrey's condition, and," said she, "I would have my hair dressed before these warriors arrive; these clever French fingers of thine shall invent some new device to ensnare their admiration."

Alas! nought was there but to do her bidding; and with an anxious heart I followed her into her chamber.



As I curled her flaxen tresses my thoughts flew fast, for, oh! much did I deplore this unlooked-for delay. Outside in the corridor already might Giles Harrison be waiting, and no comradeship could I expect of my lady, whose whole aim it would be now, I knew, to secure the favour of the victorious rebels.

Catching sight of my face in the glass, she cried out at my pale looks, saying such white cheeks would scare the most ardent admirer. "What matter?" cried I, with spirit, "seeing there are nought but rebels or rogues left in the country-side."

"Why, coz.!" laughed she; "despise not thy face; 'tis that and thy tender years alone which keep so outrageous a malignant as thyself from correction."

"I do verily believe," she said presently, as she rose, "that thou hast the heart to dare much hadst thou the chance to serve the King!"

"Indeed, cousin," I replied, firmly, "that I have; be not deceived!"

"Well, do thy worst, mademoiselle!" she cried. "We give thee leave. Oh, despair not," said she, airily, patting my cheek, "a mouse once helped a lion!" and, her hand just above the King's letter, she looked into my eyes and laughed with light insolence

## CHAPTER IV.

### HIDE AND SEEK.

**I** LOST no time in seeking my chamber, though not without much apprehension.

But no one did I encounter, and I began to hope that duty had called Giles Harrison from Stapleton. As far as I could judge, my lady had heard nought of my adventure, and this would not have been the case had Giles Harrison been long in the house.

Still, it was not to be accounted on, for none knew better than I the extent of my lady's duplicity, and for aught I could affirm her latest bantering had been but to make my approaching failure the more galling.

Once in my room, I searched even its small dimensions for possible spy, then barring the door, I sat down and drew with eager fingers the precious packet from my bosom.

It was little one could hazard of its importance from the outside. Of written characters there were none, but it was both carefully and curiously sealed.

With tender care I replaced it, remembering, with a thrill of rapture, whose august hand had perchance penned it. And then commenced the preparations for my journey.

In the oaken chest before me were all my small possessions, and from these I presently selected a dark cloak and hood. Of money I took my all, a purse of gold pieces and a handful of silver. But no cap such as I needed could I find, nor aught that would serve for its substitute.

I was planning in my mind how best to procure one from the maids without arousing suspicion, when through the window I saw approaching the house the three people whom in all the world I had most wish to avoid—Giles Harrison and his two abominable spies.

As I noted them I stood appalled, for of surety the secret was out, and here was I caught like a mouse in a trap. For a second my heart failed me, then with hasty fingers I flung on my cloak and pulled the hood well over my head. Catching sight of myself in the mirror as I did so, from out my white face reflected therein there flashed at me the eyes of Latour.

For the first time I saw the likeness to my heroic grandfather of which my mother had so often spoken. Oh! for a little of the courage of Latour! So thinking, I unbarred the door and stepped out into the passage.

The corridor in which I slept had a door at either end, the one leading to my lady's and the chief guests' chambers, the other to the kitchen and servants' quarters. By one of these doors therefore would my enemies approach.

Breathless I stood and strained my ears for sound of their coming, but for some moments all was quiet; then a slight sound startled me, and glancing up I saw that the latch of the door which led to my lady's room was being lifted slowly and cautiously by someone without.

The very caution of the action roused my worst fears. Before the door had creaked on its hinges I had flown, not to my own room, where first they would seek me, but into one near at hand, the door of which stood ajar.

It was unoccupied. So much I saw with thankfulness, when with dismay came the conviction that this room in which I had taken refuge was none other than that occupied by Giles Harrison when engaged at his secretarial duties to Sir Geoffrey.

Alas! there was no going back, steps were already sounding in the corridor. In desperation I looked round for shelter, and observing that a cupboard filled one corner of the room, into this I hurried, pulling the door to upon me as best I could.

For a few seconds I was too alarmed to be fully conscious of what was going on around. Then from the passage did I hear a light tapping, above which rose my lady's voice, importuning for admission to my chamber. Another moment,

without further warning, someone crossed the threshold of the room in which I stood.

Looking furtively from my hiding place I saw it was Giles Harrison. My lady quickly followed him.

with a pout, "in thus for ever watching her."

"Vanity!" he cried in irritable tones. "Is this a time to talk of petty womanisms! If you wish for my aid in the future, my lady, seek mademoi-



"WELL?" SAID HE, RUDELY, "YOU SEE SHE IS NOT HERE!"

"Well?" said he rudely, "you see she is not here!"

"Oh, Giles!" laughed her ladyship. "What a man art thou to see a mountain in a mole-heap! You flatter mademoiselle's vanity," she added

selle and detain her, yes, by force if necessary, but detain her."

But he had gone too far even for my lady.

"Mercy me!" she cried, in much indignation; "art mad? What a coil about a white-faced

wench! How has the fool crossed Giles Harrison's path. I wonder!" and flouncing, she hurried in much wrath from the room.

No sooner was she away than Giles Harrison, going to the door, called out into the corridor, and the next moment he was joined by the two Roundhead spies.

They closed the door behind them, and thus I found myself closeted with three of the most disreputable rogues in the kingdom. Giles Harrison was the first to speak.

"The girl has gone!" he cried, giving vent to the ill humour that was shaking him. "Henceforth, I tell ye, I will do my work myself, and trust no such cowardly, lying, slipshod fools with my errands. Had I not thought the missive safe in your hands, the girl would not thus have cozened me.

"To think," cried he, hastily pacing the room, "that she had it upon her, and I let her go—a plague on her French cunning that did deceive me."

"If, as you say," remarked the younger spy in cringing tones, "this malignant, seeing the plight he was in, did confide the letter to this

lady, think you that she has gone to this Stephen Gale of whom we have told thee?"

Giles Harrison jumped round as if a musket shot had struck him. "Zounds!" cried he, "for once thou speakest truth, and thither hath she been sent by him of certes, while we but waste the time in argument," and with that he strode from the room in no little excitement, his men exchanging glances of satisfaction as they followed him.

Left thus, though I could not but feel discomfited at the correct surmise the base spy had formed of my intents, yet I stayed not myself on that account. It was in truth a contest between those abominable traitors and myself who would first find Stephen Gale, and I vowed that no dallying should make me the loser.

So minding me of a private entrance to the courtyard in the clock tower, known only to members of the household, I hurried there with all speed. But I had in mine haste forgot how ill were the time for such journeyings, for scarce had I pushed my way through the screen of ivy which concealed the secret doorway from all outer view, than I stumbled upon a soldier who slept beneath.

*(To be continued.)*

## A TUG OF WAR.

The Loyal Thumpers v. The Bold Busters.

COMRADES in arms, but rivals keen at games,  
The "Loyal Thumpers" came to test the claims  
Of the "Bold Busters"—in the Tug of War  
For championship—by just one tussle more;  
'Midst laugh and chaff the opponents forward strolled,  
Yet with a hint of martial emphasis,  
Till face to face, all men of stalwart mould,

They gripped the rope . . . "Boys, are you ready, say?"  
All heard the words, "Ay, ay, sir!" answered they;  
"Then HAUL, my hearties," was the brisk command.  
They pulled and strove with muscle, foot, and hand;  
But neither gave—still, still they tugged and strained;  
One mightier effort, full of fire and vis,  
Snap went the rope! Great Scot! and what remained?—

These two teams stood quite straight and proud, like this.

Just two groups who lay strewn like this.



# "Villains."



Some Essays by "Captain" Readers.

Sketches by Walker Hodgson.

THE tendency of these days is to seek to excuse Shylock. Nevertheless, after giving all due recognition to his devotion to his nation and his wife's memory, and making allowance for all his wrongs, which were neither few nor small, there is enough of evil left to justify our calling him a villain of the deepest dye. Otherwise, how could he have

## "SHYLOCK."

By Elsie Simmons.



"SHYLOCK."

planned the murder of a fellow-merchant under the semblance of friendship? His hypocritical words, "I would be friends with you, and have your love," etc., show a depth of cunning that renders the meditated crime ten times more repulsive. In him the quality of patriotism had degenerated into a narrow grudge against all who were not of his own nation—the love of soil into mere avarice. The words, "I did dream of money-bags to-night," give the key to Shylock's character.

His daughter's desertion touched him only as it meant the loss of gold. He would gladly see her dead at his feet if only the jewels and ducats were in the coffin. Of parental affection he seems utterly devoid. Home was to Shylock's daughter Jessica, "hell," and this from the lips of a Jewess—a member of a race among whom domestic ties are held so sacred—is no mean testimony.

It is true that Shylock takes his stand on the letter of the law in claiming the bond, but no one could make this the ground of his vindication. Implacable hatred, and not a sense of justice, governs his actions. Portia puts forth all her eloquence in hope of touching his heart, and not till she sees the utter uselessness of further argument or persuasion does she pronounce sentence. At the end of the trial we may see the bowed figure of a man defeated and alone. Shylock's words at the close of the trial are inexpressibly sad: "Let me go hence"—not home. He has a house, but a dwelling without love is not home.

The lust of revenge and avarice were his sole motives in urging his claim, yet when these were defeated, we cannot withhold a tribute of admiration to his strength of purpose and self-reliance.

Charles Dickens portrays in intensified form the various characteristics of mankind, and, as his characters are primarily intended to show one trait

## "URIAH HEEP."

By W. Griffiths.

only in excessive development, it is to his works we most readily turn for an outstanding instance of the personification of any quality. From Dickens' wonderful gallery of exaggerated types of characters we are, in glancing over the villains, at once attracted (to use a paradoxical phrase) by the very repulsiveness of Uriah Heep. Heep is a villain of the worst type, whose villainy is intensified by his hypocrisy.

Most villains have some redeeming point, or

there is recorded in their favour some action that we cannot but admire. Heep has nothing to plead in extenuation. From his first appearance as a "umble" person, a feeling of contempt for him



"URIAH HEEP."

hilanthropic master, covering his dishonest actions with a mask of hypocrisy not easy of penetration.

As regards his love for Agnes, one cannot help comparing the two to Beauty and the Beast—Agnes, the personification of all that is true and beautiful in woman, and her grovelling admirer a beast in the most hideous sense of the word. When David Copperfield struck him in righteous indignation on hearing from his own lips of his love, he suffered the pain with provoking calmness, preferring, like all cowards of his type, to wreak his revenge with less personal risk. The whole character is one that cannot be detested too much. The clammy hands, ill-formed figure, shifty glance, and insinuating, abject, self-abnegating manner of the man are such that one experiences an exceptional feeling of repulsiveness on reading of him and his villainy. Surely the something for which Micawber had waited so long turned up when he was enabled to denounce the iniquitous Heep, and bring joy once more to the Wickfield family.

For the making of a villain three things—so

far as may be judged—from the most popular of English authors—are necessary. He should be, above all things, a superlative liar; he should be entirely unrepentant

### "FAGIN."

By John Petrie.

—for remorse is an emotion unworthy of any eminent villain, in fiction or out of it; and he should be possessed of a genuine thirst for blood. As possessing all three to a perfectly atrocious extent, and as a person who stands out lucidly from all competitors in the profession of infamy, my predilections are all for Fagin, of "Oliver Twist."

Fagin is a type, exaggerated perhaps, of the man born without any sense of moral principle, and oblivious to any consciousness of right or wrong. When there was a right thing to be done and a wrong thing to be done, it was as natural for him to do the latter as it would be for the individual of even ordinary honesty to do the former. He sinned instinctively, and against the promptings of his instinct his conscience was absolutely powerless. Probably it had become atrophied by disuse long before we meet him in his house of horrors, schooling young thieves and betraying worn-out ones to the gallows.

For the sturdy villain who can take hold of his courage with both his hands, and risk his life openly to obtain the gratification of anointing his path with blood, we are apt to have some sneaking respect, but

to a man of the Fagin type, who, possessing an absolute contempt for human life and a vulture-like craving for blood which he dare not gratify, from mere physical fear, even this is denied—thereby giving proof of being immeasurably the greater villain, whilst



"FAGIN."

possessing what I have mentioned as the third attribute of villainy to the greatest degree. That Fagin was a liar, ingenious and plausible, there is evidence in every page in which he figures, for he lies throughout the book, from the time he helps to beguile Oliver into his

den by lies, to the time he shrieks with fear, and makes his last efforts at deception in the condemned cell. That he was unrepentant is patent abundantly, for there is not one word to show with any degree of conviction that, had life been granted to him even at the last moment, by some strange miscarriage of justice, his remaining years would not have been passed as villainously, if more cautiously, and in this unrepentance he displays himself as, in my opinion, the greatest scoundrel in fiction or in history.

It is somewhat difficult to decide upon a character in which are adequately displayed the

### "PROFESSOR MORIARTY."

By William Vaughan.

qualities a person must possess in order to occupy the position of being a distinguished villain. First of all, villains may be divided into

two classes—violent or brutal villains being assigned to one, intellectual or clever villains to

the other; and obviously in the latter class the greatest villain will be found.

The villain who, in my opinion, is the greatest I have read of is Professor Moriarty, the person who brought the career of Sherlock Holmes, when in its zenith, to an abrupt and



"PROFESSOR MORIARTY."

deplorable end. A character such as is depicted in the last of those fascinating "Memoirs" forms really a splendid end to an entrancing series of absorbing tales, the only fault of which is that this character might have been developed a little more, and have been the centre of other adventures.

Professor Moriarty was an extraordinary man, being naturally clever and with great faculties, and it was only to be expected that the education he received should have developed them and have qualified him for the highest position in whatever career he followed.

However, when we find in him hereditary

tendencies to crime, the diabolicalness of which increased as his mental powers were unfolded and extended, he becomes an object capable of the most fearful transgressions of all that is right or lawful.

His career is indeed difficult to describe, since he was never the actor in the crimes he planned, but was the centre of numerous agencies, upon whom, if the crime were unravelled, the punishment was visited.

Until the investigations and marvellous powers of Sherlock Holmes were brought to bear upon the matter, the existence of such a person as this professor was never thought of, which shows his genius. He is compared to a spider in its web, the numerous quivers and vibrations of which are each known and understood by that insect: but a more appropriate comparison is, I think, formed in likening him to the brain of a man; like that he was unseen, unheard, and, in fact, unknown, until the actions of his many agents denoted, like the actions of the various parts of the body show, that there must exist a central governing force, and in this force we find the greatest villain in fiction—Professor Moriarty.

Wackford Squeers, a character in Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," was one of those scoundrels whom, we hope, have long

### "SQUEERS."

By Charles Murray.

been exterminated from Britain. He kept a private school, which he called Dotheboys Hall, in Yorkshire, into which



"SQUEERS."

he admitted little boys at a charge of twenty guineas annually.

Squeers was most unprepossessing in appearance. He was under medium height, his only eye was of a greenish grey, and he squinted. At the commencement of the story he was over fifty.

Dickens says that when Squeers tried to laugh "his expression bordered closely on the villainous." He truly was a villain. The manner in which he treated his pupils was fearful. He lashed them with canes until they were mad with terror, and starved them (unknown to their parents) until they were half dead. Breakfast at Dotheboys Hall was a thick mixture of bran and sawdust (by mistake called porridge). It was taken with a small piece of black bread, which did service as a spoon and then as dessert. The dinner, administered to the unfortunates by Mrs. Squeers with "the school spoon," was a thick compound of treacle and brimstone. Squeers admitted to Nickleby, his assistant, that it was given with a double purpose—"to purify their young bloods," and "for cheap and effectual nourishment."

Squeers' educational system was unique. He would ask a pupil to spell "winder" (window).

"W—i—n—d—e—r."

"Quite right ; go and clean one."

One boy, named Smike, was treated with especial cruelty. This lad knew of no relatives, and the cost of his keep at Dotheboys Hall was supposed fully to equal the worth of his services, so he got no salary. The poor fellow was at last so cruelly treated that he ran away. After much searching he was found and brought back. Squeers was just beginning to thrash him unmercifully when Nicholas Nickleby interfered, and, after much provocation, gave the brutal schoolmaster a severe hiding.

Squeers was ultimately apprehended on a charge of theft, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Soon after the sentence his Dotheboys Hall pupils rebelled against Mrs. Squeers, then sole manager, and the school had to be broken up lest the authorities should make unpleasant inquiries. Squeers, most appropriately, died in gaol.

## ALL HOLLOW.

I stood beneath a hollow tree, the blast it hollow  
blew ;  
I thought upon the hollow world, and all its  
hollow crew,  
Ambition and its hollow schemes, the hollow  
hopes we follow ;  
Imagination's hollow dreams—all hollow, hollow,  
hollow !

A crown it is a hollow thing, and hollow heads  
oft bear it ;  
The hollow title of a king, what hollow hearts  
oft bear it !  
No hollow wiles, nor honey'd smiles, of ladies  
fair I follow ;  
For beauty sweet still hides deceit—'tis hollow,  
hollow, hollow !

The hollow leader but betrays the hollow dupes  
who heed him ;  
The hollow critic vends his praise to hollow fools  
who feed him ;  
The hollow friend who takes your hand is but  
a summer swallow ;  
What'er I see is like this tree—all hollow,  
hollow, hollow !

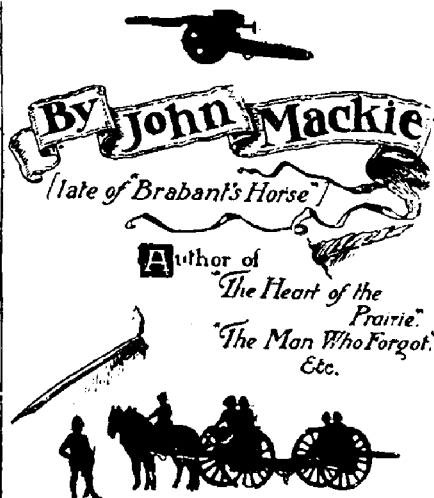
HAROLD H. CUDMORE.

# Tales of the Trenches



THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.

From a snapshot by C. R. Francis, B.H.



Illustrated by  
George Soper.

## V.—HOW THEY PULLED THROUGH.

THE Long 'Un, Macnamara, and a strange officer of Light Horse lay in a narrow donga, down the middle of which an ever-widening streamlet of muddy water trickled. They were as wretched and dilapidated a trio as could well be found, for it was the fourth day of the great fight, and during that time they had never once unlaced a boot, drank other than the dirtiest of surface water scooped up by the help of an old jam tin, and eaten nothing save one biscuit and a half of sawdust-like nutriment.

Of course they had neither washed nor shaved, and were covered with blood-coloured mire from head to foot.

The only one of the three who was not wounded was Macnamara, and that resourceful individual was enjoying a most excellent opportunity of working off his superfluous energy. He had to make his way down the donga every fifteen minutes or so to wake up the three dead-tired and famished men who kept the squadron horses from breaking out at the far end, and then come back to prop up the Long 'Un, who, in addition to having been shot through the shoulder, had also become delirious by a recurrence of the fever that of late had been hanging about him. The officer simply lay back with half-closed eyes in a state of apathy. His left arm was in a sling which the thirsty one had ingeniously constructed from one of his puttees.

The latter deepened the channel between the two by means of his hands, and then climbed up and peered over the bank, which in no place was more than 12ft. high.

"Sorrow be on them!" he exclaimed aloud. "Shure, an' thim Boers be jest punishin' our bhoys. It's nothin' but shrapnel an' solid shot from daylight till dark, an' every toime as they cocks an eye over the sides av their trenches it's as much as their lives are worth. If they 'tacks us again to-night, faith! an' I wouldn't like to lay the odds on our chances av pullin' through."

The boys he spoke of were Ours and the Cape Mounted Rifles, who held a semi-circular, low, and broken ridge some three or four hundred yards distant. The Boers had grown tired of trying to drop their shells into our narrow donga, and thus killing or stampeding the horses, and, instead, had turned their attention to pounding our men by a heavy big-gun cross fire. The Boers outnumbered us by six to one, and if the reliefs did not soon arrive we knew it would be a case of blowing up our guns and wagons, and fighting our way out. We had made up our minds not to hoist the white flag.

Just at that moment a feeble voice hailed Macnamara from below. It was the officer, who seemed to have roused himself from his apathy, and was fumbling in one of his side-pockets with his uninjured hand.



"An' what is it I can be doin' for ye, captin?" asked the Irishman, stepping up to him.

"I'm afraid I'm a great nuisance to you, Macnamara," replied the officer, "but if you could fish out my pipe and tobacco from this pocket for me, and start them going, I'd be obliged. It's the first time I've fancied a smoke since I was winged two days ago, and struck your hospitable donga. Are you sure that despatch was taken to the right quarter?"

"Shure an' I tuk it meself, captin. It's yer moind ye can be makin' aisy about that. Faix, an' nearly kilt I was in the doin' av it. 'Tis glad I am to see ye bucking up; but it's dhivil a scrap av baccy I can find in yer pockets, an' it so scarce whatsoever."

Macnamara's face lengthened, for his search had been thorough and fruitless.

"Oh, well, never mind; and thanks all the same," said the officer, again closing his eyes. "It was just a fancy I took, but I can do without. Do you know, Macnamara, this is the anniversary of my wedding-day?—just three years ago to-day."

"It's half baccy and half tay, sorr," remarked Macnamara irrelevantly as he filled the officer's pipe from a slender store tied up carefully in the corner of a pocket-handkerchief.

"Tea! Great Scott!" ejaculated the officer, "have we got down to that?" To in any way hurt the generous one's feelings was the last thing the officer would have dreamt of, but the words had slipped from him unthinkingly.

"Well, I'll not be sayin', sorr, it's 'zactly what you've been accustomed to shmoke, but it's many an officer would be only too glad to get a fill av that same at the prisint moment, and it's wonderful, altogether, how it aises the shmoke-hunger. Just thry it, yer hanour."

Macnamara handed the pipe to the officer, and abstracting a match from a tiny bottle, held it until his superior had lit up. The latter wisely refrained from making matters worse by trying to mend them.

Just at that moment the Long 'Un groaned and moved uneasily. Like the other two, his sodden garments clung to his skin, but a little stream of water, tributary to the main channel, and unseen by the faithful Irishman, had wormed its way under his back, causing an unpleasant chilliness in the neighbourhood of the spine.

The Irishman broke down a portion of the bank, and dragged the Long 'Un on to the comparatively dry earth. The latter for the moment seemed somewhat to regain his wandering senses.

"Where's the sun, Mac?" he asked, wearily, "and is it never going to stop raining? It

seems as if I'd been lying in this confounded grave for years and years!"

"Only three days, me bhoy, but it's not many more ye'll be here, for the reliefs'll be comin' up imaygit. An' how is the head av ye, me bould bhoy?"

"Feels as if the top were coming off, Mac. Splitting's no name for it. Suppose it's the awful row those big guns and shells make—they never seem to let up for a minute. Almost wish one would drop in here and put an end to it all. Give us a drink, Mac."

But by the time Macnamara had scooped up some water that was comparatively free from mud in the faithful jam tin, the Long 'Un had wandered back into the land of dreams and shadows, and would not touch it. He declared it was the blood of dead men.

"Take it away—take it away!" he cried, with an impatient gesture. "There's blood on the clay, blood on our clothes; it's raining blood—there's nothing but blood everywhere. The sight of it's making me sick," and he shuddered as he turned over on his face.

"It strikes me our friend's in a bad way," remarked the officer in an aside to Macnamara. The smoke was evidently doing him good.

"He'll be worse before he's bether, I'm afraid," observed the Irishman, with a sober look on his face. "If there was only somethin' we cud do fur him!"

But there was nothing they could do, and they knew it. Their position was squalid and miserable in the extreme. The sky had become overcast, the cold rain pattered down on their dirty, sodden khaki, and their stomachs craved for nourishment or a hot drink of any kind, but craved in vain. Lower down, the wretched horses, some of them with ugly bullet wounds, and still saddled and bridled, pulled great bunches of hair from each other's manes and tails in sheer hunger, just as sheep crop the wool off one another's backs when caught in a snow-drift; and, to cap all, there was about an inch of water in the donga, which was of a significantly reddish brown hue. The uncertainty of their existences was rather a thing to contemplate with satisfaction just then. The officer alone seemed to derive some consolation from his pipe of tea and tobacco. It actually seemed to have given him new life.

"Macnamara," he remarked, after a long pause, "this is the grandest smoke I've had for many a long day. I've heard of fellows at a pinch smoking all sorts of stuff, but I'm blest if ever I knew that tobacco and tea made such an excellent mixture!"

Macnamara blushed with pride at such commendation.

"Shure, sorr, an' I'm thinkin' meself there's worse than that same. Pull hard at it, yer hanour, pull hard, an' there's another fill where that comes from."

"Thanks, Macnamara, thanks. This will last me till to-morrow, when, perhaps, we'll be able to get a little more ship-shape."

He was more like a scarecrow than an officer, with a five days' stubble upon his chin, and bedraggled clothes clinging to emaciated limbs.

"It's gettin' down to the Red Cross tint ye should be, sorr, when it gits dark. It's but a sorry place this, an' if it rains much more we'll be flooded out. Besides, ye'd get looked to, an' get a bite or a sup an' dhry blanket, an' that's more than ye can git here."

"No good, Macnamara. I passed it the other day when on my way to the Cape Mounted Rifles. Such a shambles I never saw. Poor fellows lying round about on the ground, three or four deep, waiting to be operated on, ten times worse than myself. No, I'd only be in the way. The surgeons are worked to death. I'd rather stay here with you. Hilloa! Was that big guns in the distance, or thunder?"

The besieging Boers had stopped firing with the approaching dusk; but far off, many, many miles away, they could hear a hollow rumbling.

"I've heard that off and on this last half hour," commented the Irishman, "but can't quite make it out. If it's the reliefs, shure an' I wish they'd hurry up, or we'll be all kilt or die from lack of nourishment entoirely. But, Heaven save us all, sorr, fwat's tuk now wid the Long 'Un?"

The Long 'Un's head was evidently not sore now, for he had raised himself into a sitting position, and in a feeble, quavering voice was singing as if to an imaginary audience. He was hatless, and the wet streamed down his sun-browned cheeks, one of which was smeared with the clay on which it had rested. Only his eyes were ominously bright. The right sleeve of his tunic had been cut off close to the shoulder, showing the wrapping of blood-stained bandages. He was the ghost of his former self—altogether a pitiful object.

"Shure now, me bould bhoy," said the Irishman, coaxingly, "an' that *is* a powerful soine song. Do you think it's a dhrink av wather ye cud be doin' now, an' then p'rhaps ye'd be able to lie down an' get some slape, for it's the want av it that's throublin' ye?"

But the Long 'Un seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for anyone in the flesh. He had his own audience, which was visible only to himself. It stood to him in the light of a ghostly father confessor, and in the quickly

falling night, when nothing but his face and the stained white of the bandages on his shoulder showed dimly through the grey, he rehearsed aloud what he had kept to himself for many a weary day.

"I say, Macnamara," remarked the officer, "do you know I feel mean listening to this! It's something he wouldn't tell us for the world if he were in his right senses. Can't you stop him? It would be hardly safe to leave him."

The Long 'Un had been addressing someone who was evidently a woman, and what he was saying to her was part of that old, old story—as old as the hills themselves.

"By Jove!" the officer ejaculated, a few minutes later, "he must have been pretty hard hit and sweet upon that girl! Poor chap! And she seems to have cared for him after a fashion! Dorothy he calls her. That's the name of my wife, and I've been thinking about her all day."

And farther into the land of phantasies the Long 'Un strayed, but his were something more than mere imaginings. They were the very real scenes he had rehearsed to himself again and again in the silences.

Yes, there could have been no mistake about his love for her, but very likely he had not sufficiently realised that she was young and inexperienced, and had perhaps mistaken a strong liking and admiration for something that was more potent still. While he had been engaged to her it had been a fool's paradise, and latterly he had been wilfully blind, for she had told him that she had not understood herself, and that they had better be as they had been before—good friends only. He had said then, as so many men have said, trying to save themselves—and to deceive themselves—like drowning persons catching at straws—that it does not matter if the love were only on one side, that the rest would come through time. Yes, he might have known better, and perhaps he did know better, but that was only what millions of poor mortals had done before him. And then there came that day when she told him that the mistake which she had made had now come home to her. She told him of the man who had come into her life and struck the right chord in her being. But it was not until she had come, with all honesty of purpose, to tell him once and for all that the past was dead and done with, that she had promised to become the wife of this other man. No, he could not blame her. She had always been perfectly straightforward with him, but she had not known her own heart in time to save him from the after-suffering.

But he had not given way, and perhaps he was the better man now for what had happened.

And there was the fighting. Yes, that was good. There was no place on earth where one could forget so well as on the battlefield.

It had grown dark now, and only the three-quarter moon shone fitfully through the moisture-laden clouds. The two listeners moved uneasily when the Long 'Un's voice sank into an inarticulate whisper. For a minute neither of them spoke. It was the officer who at last broke the silence.

"What is your comrade's name?" he asked, in a strangely quiet voice.

"We calls him the Long 'Un," was the reply, "but Fenton — Jack Fenton — was the name I'm told that he 'listed undher — an' a bether an' a squarer man shure ye'll not meet in a day's march."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the officer, "and to think that we should meet for the first time like this!"

But Macnamara had gone to refill the jam tin with surface water, and therefore was not in a position to add two and two together.

Suddenly there came the sharp crackle of rifle-fire from the ridge where the Cape Mounted Rifles lay. It grew fiercer and fiercer; within a few minutes there was a deafening fusillade rolling along the ghastly stony ridges. It was evident that the Boers, being now aware that the reliefs were approaching, were making a last determined effort to break down the defence and take the position. The officer rose, and moved impatiently about. It was galling to be laid on the shelf while his men were face to face with the enemy.

As for Macnamara, he told himself it was just like his luck to be cooped up in a donga with famished horses and wounded men, where one was liable to be blown into little pieces by the

enemy's shells at any moment, without being able to participate in the sport. But there was his comrade, the Long 'Un, and this strange officer to look after; he was glad to think that he could be of some service to them. It was significant to note how the Long 'Un's comrades always treated him as if he were of superior rank to themselves.



AND FARTHER INTO THE LAND OF PHANTASIES THE LONG 'UN STRAYED, BUT HIS WERE SOMETHING MORE THAN MERE IMAGININGS.

But the two had not long to chafe, for, with but little warning, a great thunderstorm came up from the south, and, drowning the sharp crackle of the Mausers and the Lee-Metfords, broke over the encompassing hosts. It came in the form of a vast whirling column, black as ink, from which shot jagged tongues of fire. Nearer and nearer it came, until there was one continual

blaze of light. The edge of the great storm struck the position, and men had to lie flat on their faces to prevent themselves from being carried away. The Red Cross tents were caught up like litter on the breath of a whirlwind, and carried high into the air. The long-suffering wounded who lay on the ground cowered and shivered as the great rain-drops began to patter down faster, and ever faster, upon their scantily clad bodies and writhing limbs. The windows of heaven were opened and the rain literally descended in great sheets. It hissed and seethed, and lashed itself into snow-white foam, while the lightning played fantastically upon its ghostly face. The gods in their anger drove their chariots furiously over the echoing roof of the world. It was as if the end of all things had come, and armed men, who faced each other in deadly strife, cowered to earth with a paralysing terror at their hearts.

In the donga a wild and indescribable scene was in progress. The torrential rains poured in on every hand. It was as if a waterspout had burst at its head, for the tawny-crested flood came down it like a shoreward rolling wave, hissing, boiling, and eddying as it rounded the sharp bends.

Macnamara showed a ready presence of mind. He threw their rifles and slight impedimenta upon the bank, and, catching the Long 'Un under the armpits, sang out to the officer:—

"Give us a hand here, sorr. It's dhrowned like rats in a dhrain we'll all be if we don't get out av this. Let's up to the place where they bruk the banks down to git the big guns acrost—it's only a few yards."

Half carrying and half dragging the Long 'Un they negotiated the knee-deep flood and laid him on the veldt in a horse-shoe bend overlooking the donga. The officer leant over his body as if to shield it from the stinging rain, and Macnamara ran back again to help the men get the horses out of the death-trap. Better that the poor terrified brutes should stampede over the veldt, and into the enemies' lines, than that they should trample one another to death and be drowned in that gruesome ditch.

The Irishman ran down the donga to where the three troopers were, and jumped in beside them. He shouted into their ears as best he could, and then began the work of getting the horses out. By this time they were up to their waists in water, and it took them all their time to prevent themselves from being carried off

their feet. The horses, poor brutes, were mad with fear, and it was very dangerous work trying to save them. They crushed in on one another, and some were borne to the ground and trampled under foot until they were drowned in the pitiless flood. Some of the saddles shifted and got under their bellies, and frantic was the plunging and kicking to get rid of them. Some managed to rear, and were forced backwards on top of the other horses. It was a scene of the wildest confusion. The Irishman, at the imminent risk of his life, dived in amongst them, and by vigorous action tried to separate and move them one by one down the gully. At last he succeeded in getting two or three to leave the densely packed mass, and the horrible stampede began.

"Catch a horse apiece," he yelled to the men, "and head them down to where the donga gits shallow, an' thry an' kape them widin the lines, but don't lave them whatever yer do."

Macnamara himself showed them the way, and the men followed his lead. The terrified, frenzied mob surged along the swiftly rushing mill-race, and about two hundred yards farther down, where the banks were low, and the brown waters coursed into the vlei,\* they leapt out on to the veldt.

While this was going on, the Long 'Un was lying in a couple of inches of ice-cold rain-water, and the officer was bending over him, trying to shield him from the drifting rain. The prostrate man lay with closed eyes, as if asleep. He, at least, seemed utterly oblivious to everything around him. Suddenly he opened his eyes and stared hard at the officer. The lightning flashes made one continuous blaze. The officer noted that the insane light of fever had left the sick man's face. In a pause between the thunder-claps, the Long 'Un put his hand to his head, and asked:—

"Have I been very mad?"

"You've been a little feverish, Fenton. I wish to goodness we could get you out of this to where you could have some proper treatment."

The Long 'Un looked keenly at him, but he did not seem to notice the stars upon the shoulders. If he had seen them, perhaps it would have made no difference.

"You look as if you wanted looking after as much as I do," he remarked, quietly. "But you know my name—might I ask yours?"

"Dalrymple, of the Fifth," was the reply, "and I'm sorry to have found you somewhat down on your luck—as we both are now."

\* A small lake.



BY THE FITFUL FLASHES OF FIRE THE ENEMY NOW BECAME AWARE OF THE REAL STATE OF AFFAIRS, AND THE MAUSERS BEGAN TO RING OUT AGAIN.

My wife always had the greatest respect for you, and hoped I'd meet you out here."

The Long 'Un was about to say something when a trooper who had been sent down from the trenches came towards them. He brought an order from the commanding officer to the non-com. in charge of the squadron horses. But the non-com. had been killed, and the Long 'Un, being next in seniority, was responsible. The squadron horses had to be run off somewhere to where there was grass, otherwise they must perish by shot or by hunger. It was just possible that if they were driven westward, between the river and the flat-topped kopje, they would manage to pass safely through the Boer lines and on into those of the relief column. It was, indeed, a hazardous undertaking, but there was nothing else for it.

To the officer's surprise, the Long 'Un staggered to his feet. But he had known men to rally unexpectedly like this on occasions, and do wonderful things just before collapsing utterly. By this time the men had succeeded in checking the rush of the frightened animals, and had rounded them up in one of the links of the donga. He went forward to the group, and caught a horse for himself.

"Now strip everything off the others," he said to the men.

"You don't mean to say you're going to attempt to run the blockade!" exclaimed the officer. "You haven't got the strength, and you're wounded as it is. It's madness, anyhow."

"It's madness to stay here, and you can do anything when you've made up your mind to it," was the reply.

"Then I'll go with you."

"I'm sorry you can't, sir. There's someone whom you've got to think of. As for me, it doesn't matter a pin-point whatever happens."

In spite of the officer's protestations, the Long 'Un scrambled into the saddle and briefly explained the situation to the men.

"Now, who goes with me?" he cried.

"Ivery mother's son av us!" exclaimed the Irishman.

"Sorry I can't shake hands with you with this arm in a sling," said the Long 'Un to the officer. "But I hope we'll meet again."

In another minute they were driving the horses towards the flat-topped kopje in lee of the long ridge. Sometimes, when the lightning flashes ceased, it was so dark that they could hardly see the ground beneath them. Still they kept on in their wild, headlong course. Doubt-

less the Boers, as the officer commanding had rightly suspected, had sought the shelter of the steep ridges, and left the flat country comparatively unguarded for them to pass through. In twenty minutes more they had reached it, and it was just a toss-up whether or not they would all be shot down or taken prisoners. But, fortunately, the lightning flashes had ceased, and they rushed on for several minutes in cover of the darkness. The gradually diminishing rumble of the thunder as it rolled away to the east drowned the drumming of the horses' hoofs. They charged helter-skelter right into a large herd of Boer horses, which, seized with sudden panic, broke away and rushed on with them. The two or three frightened horse-guards, seeing, as they thought, a regiment of cavalry charging down on them, fled for their lives. By the fitful flashes of fire the enemy now became aware of the real state of affairs, and the Mausers began to ring out again. But their aim was wild in that uncertain light, and, moreover, they were too late. The worst of it all was, the "verdomt Britishers" had run off with one of their best herds of horses.

The Long 'Un, now that the excitement of the last hour had somewhat waned, began to feel the reaction, and swayed in his saddle. But they had struck a good, broad road, which they knew led right in the direction of the relief column, and the travelling became easier. At last they passed out of the storm zone altogether; the rain ceased, and the three-quarter moon came out again. In another half hour they knew they were out of danger, but still they urged on the now quietened horses ahead of them. A sickly, watery dawnlight stole into the grey heavens, and the stars began to go out one by one like the lights of a great city before the sun gets up. It looked a very wet and weary world indeed.

"I can't go another yard, Macnamara," cried the Long 'Un, as they rode side by side. "The fever has left me as weak as a kitten. I'll go to sleep in the saddle and fall off and break my neck if you don't stop!"

Then, as they crossed a little rise, they suddenly ran into one of the outposts of the relief column.

"Heaven be praised! We've saved the squadron horses and got a few remounts besides!" exclaimed the Irishman, as he reined up and lifted the swaying man from the saddle. "An' now, me bhoy, you'll be sound aslake betwane dhry blankets before you can say Jack Robinson."

And it was as Macnamara said.

# THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD J. NANKIVELL.

## THE STAMPS OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

AS a country for the beginner, British South Africa has many attractions. It is a comparatively new stamp issuing state; most of its stamps are within the range of the moderate collector, if we except, as we may, the highest values of the first issue, which run up to £10. Its issues are all well defined and straightforward; and they are particularly interesting in design. In addition to all this, there is the interest which attaches to the territory itself, its legendary past, its interesting present, and its very problematical future.

To begin with, it is reputed to be the land of the Ophir of the Bible, and for that reason there are those who believe it will some day be the great gold-producing country of the world. In British colonisation it is regarded as a great experiment. Its acquisition is due to a British lad who, after a short career at Oxford, was advised to go to South Africa to strengthen, if possible, an extremely delicate constitution. South Africa thenceforward became his home. At first it was a struggle, but he eventually amassed a large fortune in the Kimberley diamond mines. Then he plunged into politics, and rose to be prime minister of Cape Colony. Believing in the gold-producing possibilities of the country to the north of the Transvaal, he was instrumental, in 1889, in securing a royal charter for a British South Africa Company to develop those territories which now stretch from the Transvaal on the south to the Zambezi on the north, and from the Portuguese possessions on the east coast, across the continent to Damaraland on the west. All this vast territory, as yet but little known, is administered by the British South Africa Company, under imperial supremacy.

We stamp collectors call it "British South Africa" because its stamps bear only the designation of the company, but the map-makers and people locally and generally are already naming it Rhodesia, after its astute and ambitious founder, Cecil Rhodes; and there is little doubt that Rhodesia will be the name of the future. Some day the Chartered Company, having done its work as a pioneer, will, like other chartered companies, give place to imperial rule, and the stamps will then be the stamps of Rhodesia. Till that final stage of

Colonial development is reached, the stamps of the British South Africa Company must possess a peculiar interest, for they are marking the stages of our imperial growth, and for the lad who studies his stamps they are pages in the history of our empire.

The British South Africa Company got its charter in October, 1899, and in December of the following year the first postage stamps of the company were issued.

The design is said to have been the subject of much discussion, but in the end heraldic ideas carried the day, rather than the usual stamp portraiture.

If some Yankee stamp manufacturer had been entrusted with the work of designing the stamps, we should probably have had portraits of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and Lobengula.

Instead, the first stamps bear an heraldic design which is a veritable *multum in parvo*. There are gold discs, representing the gold to come; there are ears of wheat foretelling the agricultural development of the country; the oxen refer to the necessary beasts of burden, the wavy lines typify the broad rivers of the Zambezi, the Limpopo, and others that traverse this South African Canaan, and the galleys the shipping that will be employed thereon; the frisky-looking creatures on either side of the shield represent the wild animals of the country: the lion is, of course, of the British dominion variety, and other portions indicate a reference to the heraldic bearings of the Duke of Abercorn, the first president of the company.

**1890.**—The first stamps were engraved and printed by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co., of London, on what is termed bank wove paper. This paper was watermarked "W.C.S. & Co.," the initials of the paper maker, and the words, "Pure linen wove bank." This will explain any peculiar watermarks which you may find on these stamps. As the watermark is not a Government watermark, we collectors do not catalogue it or pay any attention to it, and I only mention it to explain what may otherwise puzzle the young collector. In all there were twelve values, ranging from 1d. to £10. The high values were required for legal documents, etc., but some have been used for postal purposes,

and as they are available for postage they are essentially postage stamps. In gold-producing countries high values are frequently used for transmitting parcels of gold, hence the postal use of the high values in British South Africa, for there are already several mines at work searching for such gold as may not have been cleared out by the Queen of Sheba and those of other days.

The 1d. to 10s. values are all of Type 1, and the pound values of the larger size of Type 2. The perforation is uniformly 14.



TYPE 1.



TYPE 2.

I append the ruling catalogue prices for the information of CAPTAIN collectors:—

Unused. Used.				Unused. Used.			
s. d.				s. d.			
1d., black	...	0	4	5s., yellow	...	17	6
6d., ultramarine	2	6	1	10s., deep green	35	0	17
6d., deep blue...	2	6	0	1d., deep blue	50	0	30
1s., grey brown.	3	6	2	2, rose red	...	...	...
2s., vermilion	7	6	5	5, sage green	...	...	...
2s. 6d., purple	12	6	15	10, brown	...	...	...

**1891.**—In the early part of this year the local authorities urged the directors at home to issue more low values, as they were urgently needed. In the first series it will be noted the 1d. and 6d. were the only representatives of the usual low values. In order to supply immediate requirements quantities of the 6d. ultramarine were surcharged in black ½d., 2d., and 4d.; and some 1s. brown were surcharged 8d. in large bold figures covering nearly half the stamp. These provisionals were much sought after by collectors, and for years they were retailed at 20s. the set, but now that the dealers have exhausted the stocks they laid by, prices have gone up enormously. Used copies are extremely scarce.

				Unused.	Used.
				s. d.	s. d.
½d. on 6d. ultramarine	...	...	...	7 6	20 0
2d. " "	...	...	...	60 0	—
4d. " "	...	...	...	50 0	—
8d. on 1s. brown	...	...	...	35 0	—

**1891-4.**—As soon as the provisionals were despatched, permanent low values were at once prepared for issue. The same design was used for this purpose, the original value was removed,

and in the blank thus left there was printed whatever value was needed. The printing of the value was separately done in a different colour from the rest of the stamp. In addition to the low values, 3s. and 4s. values were subsequently added. Perf. 14.

		Unused.	Used.
		s.	s. d.
½d. deep blue, value in vermilion	...	0	1 0 2
2d. sea green, value in vermilion	...	0	4 0 4
3d. grey black, value in green	...	0	6 1 0
4d. chestnut, value in black	...	0	8 0 6
8d. rose lake, value in ultramarine	...	1	6 2 6
3s. brown, value in green	...	6	0 7 0
4s. grey black, value in vermilion	...	17	6 20 0

**1895.**—In this year the pretty little stamps of the first issue were replaced by a larger stamp of bolder design, printed in two colours. It will be seen from our illustration (Type 3) that the same heraldic features are preserved, and to the inscriptions are added the words, "Incorporated by Royal Charter." The effect of printing such a design in two colours, and in such extraordinary combinations, is anything but pleasing, and the further combination of two colours printed on coloured paper added to their ugliness. The engraving and printing is the work of Messrs. Perkins, Bacon & Co., who engraved and printed the first English penny stamps. In the printing the figures



TYPE 3

NOTE: This is distinguished by ribbon crossing leg of supporter.

and words of value were worked in one colour, and the centre and rest of the design in another colour. In the case of the earlier stamps, it was complained that the bank paper did not stick well. Consequently, this new series was printed on ordinary and thicker paper, and more strongly gummed. The series comprised no less than fourteen values, and this, too, without going beyond 10s. in high

values. The stamps were all of one uniform size, and perf. 12½.

Centre in first colour.				Unused. Used.			
PERF. 12½.				s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. slate and violet	...	...	...	0	2	0	2
1d. scarlet and emerald	...	...	...	0	6	0	4
2d. grey brown and mauve	...	...	...	0	5	0	4
3d. chocolate and ultramarine	...	...	...	0	6	0	6
4d. ultramarine and mauve	...	...	...	0	8	0	6
6d. purple and pink	...	...	...	1	0	0	9
8d. olive green and violet on buff paper	...	...	...	2	6	2	6
1s. od. green and blue	...	...	...	2	0	0	9
2s. od. indigo and green on buff paper	...	...	...	2	9	2	6
2s. 6d. brown and purple on yellow paper	...	...	...	3	3	3	0
3s. od. green and mauve on blue paper	...	...	...	4	0	3	6
4s. od. red and dark blue on green paper	...	...	...	5	0	5	0
5s. od. chestnut and green	...	...	...	6	6	3	0
10s. od. slate and vermilion on rose paper	...	...	...	12	0	10	0



**1896.**—But before the stamps of the new design just enumerated could reach Buluwayo, the Matabele War had broken out, and the commercial centre of Buluwayo was cut off from Salisbury, the seat of government in the northern territory. The new stamps reached Salisbury, but got no farther till the back of the rebellion was broken. Meanwhile, Buluwayo had run short of 1d. and 3d. stamps. To provide these values, 1,200 of the 3s. value of the first issue, and 1,200 of the 4s. value of the same issue, were surcharged in black "One Penny" in one line, and the original value at the foot was cancelled. Three thousand of the 5s. value were also surcharged in black with three bars, "Three Pence" in two lines. These stamps were soon snapped up despite the endeavours of the postal authorities to keep voracious stamp collectors at a distance. Thereupon, considerable quantities of Cape of Good Hope stamps were obtained, and overprinted "British South Africa" in small sans serif type, in three lines.

#### SURCHARGED ON STAMPS OF THE FIRST ISSUE.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d. on 3s. ...	—	85 0
1d. on 4s. ...	70 0	70 0
3d. on 5s. ...	20 0	25 0

#### CAPE STAMPS SURCHARGED "BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA."

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. black ...	0 9	1 6
1d. rose ...	1 0	2 0
2d. brown ...	1 6	1 6
3d. claret ...	3 6	4 6
4d. blue ...	3 0	4 6
6d. violet ...	3 0	5 0
1s. yellow ochre ...	17 6	8 6

**1897.**—In this year the low-value stamps, up to and including the 8d. and the £1 of the Perkins-Bacon series, were re-engraved by

Waterlow & Sons. The design was slightly modified, and generally improved. The work of the two engravers may easily be distinguished, but most clearly by the ends of the ribbon over the words "Justice" and "Freedom." In the Perkins-Bacon engraving the ribbon crosses the leg of the animal above, and in the Waterlow re-engraving it does not cross the leg, but is curled up between

the two legs of the animal. Whilst the extraordinary ugly combinations of colour are preserved in the re-engraved series, they are considerably softened in tone.



TYPE 4.

NOTE: This block is distinguished by ribbon not crossing leg of supporter.

#### Centre in first colour.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. olive, black, and violet ...	0 2	0 1
1d. scarlet and emerald ...	0 6	0 9
2d. grey brown and mauve ...	0 6	1 0
3d. red brown and ultramarine ...	0 5	0 5
4d. ultramarine and mauve ...	0 6	0 6
6d. purple and pink ...	1 0	0 9
8d. olive and violet, on buff paper ...	1 0	—
£1 black and red brown on green paper ...	35 0	—

**1898.**—The unsatisfactory bi-coloured series is now being supplanted by a more pleasing design, still preserving the same heraldic

features, and very closely resembling the design of the first issue, so closely, in fact, as to be almost a re-drawing in some of the low values. Figures of value are added in the upper corners, and the stamp is slightly larger than the first issue, and therefore considerably



TYPE 5.

smaller than the ugly Perkins-Bacon series. The stamps of this new series are being issued as the stock of the previous issue is being used up. The perforation is now 14½, but as the Waterlow stamps show great variations in perforations, other gauges will probably be found. Up to date eight values have appeared. The pence values are all of Type 5, the shillings of Type 6, and the pounds of Type 7.



TYPE 6.

Unused.	Used.	Unused.	Used.
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
½d. green ...	0 1 0 1	1s. ochre ...	1 3 —
1d. rose ...	0 2 0 2	5s. orange brown ...	— —
2d. bistre ...	0 3 0 3	£1 dull lilac ...	— —
4d. olive green ...	0 6 —	£5 dark blue ...	— —
6d. mauve ...	0 8 —	£10 blue lilac ...	— —

A word in conclusion as to buying the current stamps of this most interesting British possession I hope my good friends, the dealers, will forgive me for putting CAPTAIN boys in London up to a wrinkle. It is not generally

known, but it is a fact all the same, that all current stamps of British South Africa may be purchased at face value at the offices of the company, 15, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C. Availing themselves of this knowledge, a few shrewd collectors, who got wind of the issue in



TYPE 7.

time, bought at the office at face value sets of the rare provisionals of 1891. The sets then cost them 1s. 2½d. They now catalogue up to £7 12s. 6d., and yet some good people say don't waste your money buying new issues. Of course, windfalls of this sort are not frequent, but this instance by no means stands alone. Anyway, pence put into new issues of interesting postage stamps pay boys better in the long run than if invested in lollypops and ginger-beer.

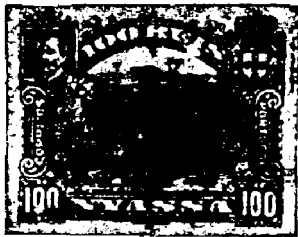
### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

We have a few gorgeous novelties to chronicle since our last number went to press, but there is still a dearth of new issues generally. There is no sign yet of King's Head stamps, though there are plenty of rumours as to what we may expect.

**BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE.**—The current English halfpenny stamp is reported to have been surcharged in the same style as the ½d. vermilion for use in this Protectorate.

**CHILI.**—A 30c. stamp has been added to the current set of the Waterlow design, with the large head of Columbus.

**PORTUGAL (Nyassa).**—I am indebted to Messrs. Bright & Son for a full set of new and pleasing design for this Portuguese colony. There are thirteen values in all. The 2½r. to



NYASSA

2½r., centre	red-brown,	frame	grey-black.
5r.,	violet	"	"
10r.,	myrtle green	"	"
15r.,	chestnut	"	"
20r.,	scarlet	"	"
25r.,	orange	"	"
50r.,	slate-blue	"	"
75r.,	lake	"	"
80r.,	purple	"	"
100r.,	brown	"	"
150r.,	orange-brown	"	"
200r.,	blue-green	"	"
300r.,	grass-green	"	"

50r., inclusive, are all of the giraffe type, and the 75r. to 300r., inclusive, of the dromedary type. All are printed in two colours, the frame being in every case a grey-black. The perforation is about fifteen, but is best described as irregular. The effectiveness of the design and

the irregularity of the perforation point to the work being that of Messrs. Waterlow.

**VICTORIA.**—In the June number of *THE CAPTAIN* we gave details of a new series for this colony, which consisted mostly of old plates brought into use to replace the stamps bearing the words "Stamp Duty," as those latter stamps were to be relegated to fiscal use exclusively. Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. now send us news and samples of some further changes. All the old plates that were brought into use which did not bear the word "postage" have had it added to the inscriptions on the design. The stamps requiring alteration are the ½d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 1s., 2s., and 5s. Whitfield King & Co. send us the ½d., 3d., 6d., 1s., and 2s., but I presume the 2d., 4d., and 5s. will be similarly treated. However, for the present, I must list only those which are known:—

#### CURRENT SERIES, WITH POSTAGE ADDED.

- ½d. emerald green, design of 1873.
- 1½d. brown on yellow paper, design of 1878.
- 3d. orange brown, design of 1866.
- 4d. bistre, design of 1881.
- 6d. emerald green, design of 1865.
- 1s. orange, design of 1873.
- 2s. blue on rose paper, design of 1881.

I am indebted to Mr. E. L. Browne, Melbourne, a reader of *THE CAPTAIN*, for a specimen of the lately current 1d. rose "Stamp Duty," printed in olive green. It was available, and was used, for postage as well as fiscal purposes, till June 30th, after which it was available for fiscal purposes only.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Pidnem.**—Only the practised eye can tell the difference between typographed and lithographed stamps. The typographed are printed from plates, the lithographed from lithographic stones. *Pelure paper* is a very thin silky paper; *Ribbed paper* shows ridges like corrugated iron roofing in miniature; *Batonné paper* is paper ruled in small squares, such as foreign notepaper; *Laid Batonné* has the little squares filled in with laid lines; *Wave paper* shows no lines of any kind, the texture being perfectly plain; *Tête-bêche* means that one stamp in a sheet is printed upside down; *Percé en arc* is a method of perforation in small arch-like cuts; *Percé en scie* perforation is like the teeth of a saw; *Grille* is a design of points or dots in a square embossed on a stamp. **C. J. M. (EAST MOLESLEY).**—The Surrey Philatelic Society (secretary, Mr. C. J. James, Cyprus Villa, Sutton) runs an exchange packet, which should answer your purpose. The subscription is 2s. 6d. **E. W. H.**—Your label is not a postage stamp, but one of many private carrier stamps in use in Germany. **R. L. Wingate (SEATTLE).**—It is impossible to say what your English stamps are worth without seeing them. You do not even mention the values. Send a sample of each. **Leslie G.**—Your Sudan 2m. is catalogued at 1d., and the 3m. at 2d. The kreuzer stamp is an Austrian. For the rest you had better get Whitfield King's catalogue, price 1s. 3d. post free; address Ipswich.

# HOW WE GOT THE HONEY

## A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

*By Henry Kenilworth.*



FIRST of all, where was it, and how did we find it? Well, it happened we were spending a summer holiday in Yorkshire, the East Riding, about eight miles from the coast, where farm lands and purple moors contend which shall hold sway, and end by shaking hands and interlacing in a friendly way. We were walking down one afternoon from the moors to the farm along a road with deep ruts and grass between, by the side of the fields, and here and there in the hedgerows were some old and gnarled oaks, twisted by the winds of many a winter, and stooping, like old men, towards the ground. Suddenly one of us, named Paulo, stopped and said, "Listen!" His ear, quick to catch the slightest unusual sound, had noticed a low humming, which probably would have escaped the rest of us. We all stood still, and then he said again, "Listen—and look out!" We scarcely knew what to look out for, but before we had time to ask, Paulo said:—

"By Jove! there they are, and they must be wild bees. This is capital! I've never found a nest in England before."

We instinctively followed the direction of his eyes, and there, about ten yards in front of us, near the top of one of the worn old oaks, we saw a steady stream of the little black-looking labourers passing to and from a small round hole in the trunk of the tree.

"Capital!" he said again, in the tone of a delighted boy, as if we had all just landed for the first time on Crusoe's island, and were going to begin hunting for our food for the rest of our natural lives. "We mustn't hurt the bees, but if we don't get a good share of the honey, my name's not Paulo."

"Well, how shall you set about it?" inquired a member of the party. "The tree is not by

any means dead; the trunk is only hollow in the middle, and as sound and hard as a wall all round; and look at the hole—it's not more than an inch and a half wide. What could you get into it?"

"Never you mind; we'll do it," said Paulo; "only we must consider possibilities. I wonder how long they've been here? It looks like a strong nest, and the tree's a pretty big one, and old. If there's much space inside there may be any quantity of honey. We must look round and see if there is another hole anywhere, and how thick the wood is."

He proceeded to examine the tree carefully, and lay his ear to the trunk in different places, and gently give it a tap here and there with his stick.

"By Jove, hark at them!" he said, as there seemed to be an extra hum when he tapped the tree. "There must be tons inside!"

Having satisfied himself that there was no other hole except the one at the top, he said to the rest of us:—

"Come along! We must go down to the wheelwright's. I've a plan in my head, but it may take us more than one day to carry it out. But it's well worth our while!"

"And so say all of us!" I cried, for by now we all saw we were in for a good thing, and should have rare times before the end.

Our party consisted of Paulo, his son Mark, his nephew Alick—both about fifteen—an older nephew, Bernard; his sister Hilda, a lively girl of twenty; and myself.

When we got to the wheelwright's we all stood round the door, where several great waggon-wheels

leaned up against the wall ; and Paulo went in to see if the man had what he wanted.

"Can you lend me a large auger, about 2ft. long, to make a hole an inch across?" he said.

"Yes," said the man. "But what might you want it for?"

"Just to bore some holes in some wood. How much will it be? And shall I pay now, or when I bring it back?"

"Oh, it will do when you bring it back. If you don't damage it I sha'n't charge you much. But how long do you want it for?"

"Two days, about."

"And what wood are you going to use it on?"

"Oak."

"Well, all right. Bring it back when you've done with it, and we can settle then how much it will be."

"But I would rather have some idea," said Paulo, with a twinkle in the direction of the door.

"Well, sixpence, if it's all right when you bring it back."

"That will do, thank you. Good-day."

We returned to the farm where we were staying, and after tea Paulo produced from his ordinary resources a small saw, about 1ft. 6ins. long, and only 1½ins. wide at the handle, tapering to a point at the other end—of the sort known as a tenon saw. Then he told us to come round among the farm buildings and find a cart-rope and eight or nine nails—the biggest we could lay hands on. By this time it was getting towards evening, and when it was approaching dusk we set off again for the tree, which was about a mile away from the farm.

"What are you going to do?" I said to Paulo.

"You'll see when we get there," he said, for he rather loved to nurse his projects in his own mind till the time for their execution.

When we arrived at the place there were still a few bees going in, but not many, and we knew they would soon all have settled down for the night. When the last one seemed to have disappeared, Paulo quickly scrambled up into the tree, which was not very high, taking with him a clod of turf, which he gently placed over the hole where the bees had entered, and gave it a friendly thump.

"Now we can get to business," he said, and called to one of us to throw up the rope, which he proceeded to fasten round a sturdy bough near the little hole. Then he made a running noose, so that he could sit in it and pull himself up or down the trunk, and told us to give him the big auger.

With this he began to bore holes in the tree, first in one place and then in another, carefully examining the point of the tool after each operation.

I can see the look of the white shreds of wood as they fell on the ground, to this day.

He had bored four or five holes, and was just saying that the thickness of the sound part of the trunk seemed to be about 7ins., when all at once we saw the tool go right in up to the handle, and Paulo said quietly, "I'm into something now."

And as quickly as he could do it he began turning the auger the reverse way, and at length pulled it out, and immediately stopped up the hole, as he had stopped all the others, with some wet earth.

"By Jove, it's a mass of honey!" he said. And, sure enough, we saw the steel was sticky and covered with dry bits of bark and rotten wood and pieces of the honeycomb itself; and we smelt the goodly smell, and hardly knew where we were, whether in the land of Canaan or on Crusoe's island, or with the Swiss Family Robinson, or Masterman Ready.

"Do you think there is much?" I said to Paulo.

"Much? Can't you see? Why, there are tons, of course. Look at the thing; it has been a foot and a half into pure honey, and there are at least 3ft. between the hole and the top where the bees go in—that is, 3ft. by 1½ft. of solid honey. Just listen!"

We obeyed him, and by this time we could all hear what was one of the most curious sounds I ever heard in my life. It seemed as if the whole sturdy old tree was one big humming top. Not a bee could get out, and the whole huge swarm was by this time aware that something unusual had happened. The auger had gone right into the middle of the comb, and a hundred sentinels had reported the fact not only to headquarters, but to every cell in the enormous fortress. The occupants must have been puzzled how to account for it and what to do. However, they could not get out, so we were able to consider the situation at our leisure.

We were still almost as puzzled as the bees themselves, for we could not see what Paulo's plan was. There was the tree full of bees and full of honey, and there was the little hole at the top, and a number of still smaller ones made by the boring; but how the honey was to be got at and the bees subdued was still a perplexity to us.

However, Paulo knew his own line, and he did not keep us waiting long before he showed what it was to be.

When he had rested long enough from the hard work of turning the auger in the green wood, he proceeded to mark two other places for holes, so that the three holes would be the points of a triangle, of which the three sides would be about 6ins. each in length.

As soon as he had finished the third hole, which

was the topmost one of the three, instead of stopping it with clay he called to us to hand him the small thin saw, and, putting the point into the hole as far as he could get it, he began sawing downwards, towards one of the other holes.

It took a long time to get through even a single inch ; for, as he said, the wood was 7ins. inwards and full of sap, and the position he had to work in was by no means easy. We had some doubt as to whether any bees would make their way through the hole where the saw was working, but happily they made no attempt to do so, and very probably there was no room. When we saw the narrow slit gradually making its way downwards we began to understand what the plan was. Paulo meant to saw round the whole triangle, and so make a fair-sized block that would come bodily out of the side of the tree opposite the honey, and leave an opening large enough to cut out as much as he wanted. Still, there was the problem of the bees themselves, which rather exercised us, though we had seen him deal with an ordinary wasps' nest, and guessed he would have some scheme such as he had used on occasions of that kind.

When the saw had been at work for an hour and a half there were still only two sides of the triangle cut through — the right-hand side and the base — and then Paulo said, "We will leave the last side till to-morrow night, and then we can finish the whole thing together ; we must bring down at least three or four buckets, and I hope we shall use them all."

He then got the rope and tools ready to take away, and after stopping up the places where he had been sawing, he said, "They may as well do another good day's work, and put a little more into the hive"; and with that he removed the turf from the bees' original entrance and left them to enjoy a quiet night, and then we all went back to the farm with great expectations as to what the morrow would bring forth.

It was a fine September morning, and in the course of it we went down to look at the scene of our operations, and see how the bees were going on. They appeared to be none the worse for that one long thrust of the auger, and were as busy as ever, flying in and out in an incessant stream.

"I hope they will keep at it," said Paulo. "They will want all they can get to carry them through the winter when we have taken our share."

The marks of the boring and the saw scarcely showed at all in the rough bark of the tree, but to us they meant a great deal, especially the two narrow slits made by the saw. The

third one would take about half an hour to accomplish, and then the solid little block would move and be readily drawn out from its place, and then——!

It was like the moment just before the launch of a ship, when you expect to see what has stood so still all its life suddenly move forward.

We got through the day somehow, and, arming ourselves with three large buckets and the rest of our equipment, we set off about sundown for the fifth act. As soon as we had seen the last little honey-maker go in Paulo cut another turf and proceeded to seal him safe in with all his swarthy host, and at once began the final sawing operation. It was a thrilling moment when he got down to

the left-hand bottom corner of the triangle. Before he cut through he took a large gimlet from his pocket, and bored it into the centre of the block, "just for a handle," as he explained to us.

Then, with the thinnest possible remainder of wood still uncut, he came down from his perch and went through another interesting preparation, which at once showed how he meant to deal with the bees.

He took from his capacious pocket an old-fashioned gunpowder flask, which he had preserved from the days of his boyhood, and,



A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY: "ALL QUIET!"  
*Photograph by Mark Draper.*

pressing back the spring with his thumb, he poured out nearly as much powder as filled the palm of his left hand. Then he mixed a little water with it from the ditch, and with his knife kneaded it up into a large fuse, about the size and shape of an artichoke, through the middle of which he arranged a thin piece of stick like a match.

He took great pains to get this fuse to the right consistency, so as not to be too wet or too dry, and the last thing in the process was to tightly roll it in some dry powder in his hand, especially at the end where he meant to light it, so that it might get a good start.

He then made another exactly like the first, "in case of accidents," and it was not long before we had good reason to value his foresight, and appreciate his use of it.

When all was in readiness—the rope hung properly, the gimlet standing with inviting ease to lay hold of, and the big nails fixed like steps so that he could quickly get up to the bees' main entrance, he took the saw and went to work on the last thin remnant of the left-hand side, which he had purposely left to keep the block firm.

It was a breathless moment when we watched the saw come right-down and the two openings meet. The front ends met first, and there was still a second or two before the saw cut finally through, but then in a moment our straining eyes saw what they had been expecting. The whole triangle gave a little move, the solid three-cornered block, which had been standing firm and immovable in that stout old oak for perhaps three hundred years, gave the smallest possible drop downwards, closing up the bottom slit, and making the two side ones look a shade wider than before.

"It's all right," said Paulo, handing the saw down, and at once taking hold of the gimlet. "Now, you look!" and for a second he boldly pulled the block out, and then replaced it as quickly as a photographer handles his shutter on a sunny morning. All that actually happened was that the humming top for an instant sounded louder, and Paulo and the rest of us in the dusky light just saw that we had struck the very centre of the mass of honeycomb, which looked dark and rich and heathery to our plunderous gaze. For that brief minute we knew some of the sensations of the primitive man, the child of the forest, and thought his life had its compensations, to say the very least.

Paulo replaced the block and pressed it inwards, so that it remained firm, and then told us to pass him one of the fuses.

He took it, and then climbed by means of the nails to the top of the tree, where the bees went

in. He sat down (for the trunk was quite thick enough, and not many boughs were left), and then took a match from his pocket and held it to the end of the fuse; there was a sputter and flare, and in a second Paulo lifted up the piece of turf, pushed the burning fuse into the hole, and clapped the turf on again. "Hush!" he said. "Be quite still."

We stood motionless and listened, and could hear the fuse burning itself away merrily.

The sound was something more solid than hissing—almost a muffled roar—and we knew the amount of condensed smoke inside that old tree must be prodigious. Presently "it ceased upon the midnight with no pain," and the silence was wonderful.

"That will give them a good sleep," said Paulo, "but it won't hurt them—they can resume their operations to-morrow. Now for ours."

He came down a few feet, and got into the loop of the rope, opposite the gimlet.

"Get the buckets ready," he said; and then, making himself as steady as the rope permitted, he suddenly pulled out the block and handed it to me, saying, "Stand where you can reach me, and hold on to that."

A little cloud of smoke came out of the hole, but less than you would expect. In the minute or so which Paulo left after the fuse stopped burning, it seemed to have become absorbed into nowhere.

As soon as Paulo's right hand was free he thrust it straight into the hole, and brought out a large piece of deliciously fragrant honeycomb. There were a number of drowsy bees on it which seemed quite still and motionless, and Paulo carefully and lightly brushed them off into the hole again, and then passed the comb down, telling us to put it into one of the buckets and cover the top over with paper. Then, as quick as lightning, in went his hand once more.

But to our great surprise it was not withdrawn, and we became aware that there was something stopping him.

"What's wrong?" I asked anxiously.

"Why, there's a loose piece of wood fallen from somewhere, and it's got between my hand and the opening, against my wrist, and I'm wedged—I can't move!"

"The dickens!" I said. "But you must. The bees will all be alive again in a few minutes, and then——"

It was only too true. There he was, his hand jammed in the hole, the air getting in and beginning to revive the swarms of stingers, and no possibility of our being able to give him the slightest help.

"Keep cool," said Paulo. "Our heads must

save us—don't let's lose them. It's all right. I know what to do!"

As he spoke he managed to get his hand on the top side of the piece of wood, and, giving an immense shove down with his strong wrist, he succeeded in pushing it by main force right into the lower part of the honeycomb, where it remained embedded. At the same moment we heard the sound of an ominous hum rising within the tree, and growing rapidly louder.

"Give me the block and gimlet—quick!" he said.

"Here you are." And in a moment it was back in its place and everything sealed up again.

"Now then, the other fuse—look sharp!"

We handed it up, and in less than a minute Paulo had it alight and into the top hole, and the turf over it once more.

The humming died away as the fuse roared; then silence a minute; then Paulo was back at the triangle, and presently pulled it out of its place again and handed it down.

"Are you going at it again?" I said.

"Yes, of course. But I hope to goodness there won't be another block!"

And, fortunately, there was not. Again, and again, and many times again, as if he were unloading some big ship, did Paulo hand out great pieces of dripping honeycomb, hurriedly brushing off the still sleeping bees, and saying every time, "Put that in, and that, and that, and that," until at last our three buckets were filled.

"Is there any more?" I said.

"Yes, tons; but we've got our share—we'll leave the rest for the original collectors. Give me the block."

He took it, put it back in its place, unscrewed the gimlet, and then gave the triangle a huge

thump to make it stick. Then he went up, unloosed the rope, threw away the turf, so as to leave the hole open, and quietly came down by the nails.

"Come on," he said. "We may as well get home. Three buckets full. Now for home!"



WHERE THE FUSE WENT IN AND WHERE THE HONEY CAME OUT.

*From a photograph by Mark Draper,*



## IN THE CLUTCH OF KASHMIRIS.

By F. P. GIBBON.

Illustrated by Clement Flower.



I HAD a rather uncommon experience over in Kashmir last spring. Since I left India as a kid I had only seen my father two or three times, so between leaving school and going up for Sandhurst he arranged for me to pay him a six months' visit. He's Commissioner of a district in the Punjab.

When I'd been out there a month or two he got a few weeks' leave, and we had some decent shooting in Kashmir with Captain Gresham of one of the Sikh regiments. Kashmir is a half-independent kingdom, under native rule; the scenery is grand, and there's first-rate shooting in the more remote districts. We hadn't time to go right up into the big mountains where the best sport is, but still, we had some good fun. One day we'd been rather unlucky, and had nothing to show. As we turned back towards our dak bungalow near the village of Zarkhan, my boot-lace broke.

You wouldn't think there was anything wildly exciting about that, but it was the cause of as much excitement as I want to have. I happened to be a few yards behind my father and Captain Gresham, and the *shikharis* were in front, but they never noticed that I'd stopped. The lace had broken right in the middle, so I had to take my boot off to patch it up, and as I rose I saw something move in the undergrowth

some little distance away. In the excitement I didn't observe that the others were out of sight. The country was hilly and well wooded, easy to get lost in, and I behaved like a silly lunatic. You see, I wanted to have something to my own gun for once, and I thought this might be big game, so I followed.

Whatever the animal was, it was in no hurry, and when we came to a more open place I caught a glimpse of him; he was a black panther. I was pretty well scared then, for they're about as bad as tigers; but somehow I seemed fascinated, and so I kept on stalking him. He hadn't seen me yet, but he evidently knew someone was about. As he seemed inclined to make for some dense undergrowth, I let fly, fearing he'd be lost. I missed, and he turned, saw me, and came straight for me. I had time to slip another cartridge in. My word! Talk about a big, black, bounding beggar! By the time I got the rifle to my shoulder and was trying to find the sights, there seemed to be a few hundred black demons coming for me with gaping red jaws and bared teeth and claws. I was funk'd above a bit, and I just remembered wishing that bootlace hadn't broken when I pulled the trigger, and somehow I managed to hit him full in the chest. Before he could spring, I let fly with the second, and jumped to



one side. This time the bullet caught him under the eye and did for him, for he rolled over a few yards from where I stood.

He was a magnificent animal, and I was jolly lucky to get off scot-free, for I was anything but steady when I fired.

The others evidently didn't hear the reports, for they must have been a good way off, and the wind was blowing strongly from them. I started to run after them, hoping to be able to get the skin, and of course took the wrong direction, being a trifle flustered. It seemed to go right at first, but after a bit it began to twist about up and down, and at last it led into a narrow, wooded valley, with a kind of cart track—or what they'd call one in Kashmir, where there are no roads to speak of, except the road to Srinagar and Gilgit—high up above the river-side. I had been running for a good time, and I must have been miles wrong.

After a time I passed a rope-bridge over the ravine. This *jula*, as they call them, was badly in want of repair, the hand-ropes made of twisted birch twigs being broken in places, and so was the foot-rope. It looked as if it would collapse all together under a dog's weight. Further on I caught up with a couple of cultivators, father and son—great, well-built Kashmiris with faces I didn't take to. The Kashmiris are a rather handsome lot, and generally peaceable and friendly, but they're beggars for cheating you. Captain Gresham was always running them down because he thought they were such a waste of good material—that such big men ought to be first-class soldiers like his Sikhs. Knowing that the average Kashmiri would never dream of doing anything worse to a sahib than cheat him, I wasn't afraid, though I didn't altogether like their looks, so I asked the way to Zarkhan.

I spoke English on the chance of their understanding. I can make out their lingo a bit, because we used to have a man from Kashmir when I was a kid, and as one of our *shikharris* on this trip was a Kashmiri, the dialect came back to me. But all the same, I could hardly speak it.

The younger man understood, and he replied civilly enough that I was quite out of the course. I then asked if they could give me anything to eat, and guide me back, saying I'd pay them well. They agreed, and said that they lived not far away, and there I could rest and have some food. It was getting dark, but I was very hungry, and I went with them, and we soon came to a collection of huts.

Being Mohammedans, there wasn't such a fuss about meals as with Hindus, and I was soon walking into some grub. One or two of their

friends popped in to have a look at the lost sahib, and I gathered that they were all related to one another. They asked me a few questions, but I shook my head, and didn't let on that I understood their *bat*, and I could see they kept glancing at my rifle in the corner. It was double-barrelled, and a real beauty. I was a fool not to have kept it to hand, though that would have seemed beastly ungrateful while I was eating their food.

Soon I began to understand that they were discussing its value, and, of course, up there a rifle like that is worth its weight in gold. One of them remarked that probably the young sahib had much money. I felt queer. For some time I could not catch what was said, but presently the oldest man there—brother of Hashim Beg, the first old man—observed, in a loud tone, that if there were bloodshed in his village he would be held responsible, and he would not allow it. They all looked quickly at me as he said this, but I managed to go on eating as if I'd no interest in their talk, and feeling safe they went on. They were between me and the rifle, or I'd have taken the risk and gone for it.

"If only we could lose him again, so that he'd never be able to get back," said Hashim Beg, "then his blood would not be on our heads."

"You are a fool," said his brother.

They sat thinking for a few moments, and, you may guess, I was doing a little thinking too, but they had most success.

"Listen," said Akhmad, the chap who spoke English, "could we not take him to the broken *jula*, and tell him the way lay across that, and make him go first? He would surely be killed, and his body washed down by the river, so that no blame could reach us."

"But how if he refused to cross?" another objected.

"We could give him his choice between a knife and the *jula*. He is an Englishman, and would prefer to risk the *jula*."

"That is a good plan," said Hashim Beg. "For we need not shed his blood."

I had broken into a cold sweat. They rose, and Akhmad said:—

"Come, sahib, we will show you the way."

I stood up, trembling, and made a step to snatch at the rifle, but Akhmad was too smart for me. He reached out, and said politely:—

"The sahib is tired. I will be his *shikhari*, and carry his rifle."

I declared that I was not tired; but he insisted, and I did not dare show that I was suspicious. So, still seeming very friendly, they

closed round me, and we set out. I heard Hashim Beg say to his son:—

"Do not bring the rifle, lest we be seen with it. It must be buried until the search is over."

So Akhmad dropped behind and hid the rifle. But I saw this, and thought it time to make a stand. We had gone about five hundred yards when Akhmad rejoined us, and I said:—

"You've forgotten my rifle."

The scoundrel pretended to be quite astonished.

"Sahib, I am a fool. I have indeed forgotten it. But we have a long journey before us, and

brought instead of the rifle? A *pheran*, one of those long woollen gowns the Kashmiris wear!

Dropping all pretence, two of them held me, whilst they slipped this over me and fastened a woman's veil across my face, so that if anyone met us they wouldn't notice that anything was wrong. They'd just slip it off when they meant to make me cross the *jula*, so that it would look as if I'd been killed by accident. They were downy birds, these five. I think some of their ancestors must have had Black Mountain blood in them—not Kashmiri.

Akhmad placed his knife against the small of



I MANAGED TO GO ON EATING AS IF I'D NO INTEREST IN THEIR TALK.

must not turn back. We shall send it to you to-morrow, and doubtless the sahib's honoured father will reward us."

But I wouldn't budge. So Akhmad and his vile old dad said they'd go back for it. The other three had matchlocks and knives, and explained that they carried arms because there were many thieves in the district. I thought they were not far wrong this time, but said nothing. I was thinking of risking it, and making a dash, when the two ruffians came back. And what, pray, do you think they'd

my back, and the others fingered their match locks, so I had to go on; and presently we came to the rope-bridge.

"Your road lies over there," said Akhmad.

"Lead the way," I said.

"We cannot cross; we are much heavier than you."

"Then I shan't go."

"Then we shall slay you. We give you the chance of crossing in safety."

Precious small chance it was; in fact, it

meant certain death. Still, they'd guessed right. I'd try it rather than be knifed; and if, by a miracle, I got across, they'd know about it later. There'd be a row in that village.

"Off with the *pheran*," said Hashim Beg, "and take his money."

And my heart sank again.

"*Khabardar! Khabardar!*" one of them whispered excitedly, meaning: "Look out! Be careful!"

They glanced up the road, and my heart gave a jump. For, by the faint moonlight, we could see two small men coming along with quick little steps. Akhmad and another ruffian made me sit down between them, and each gripped an arm, and Akhmad held his knife against my heart underneath the robe, whispering that he'd do for me if I spoke a word.

"They are Gurkhas of the Bodyguard," Hashim Beg whispered. "They are returning to their regiment after leave, and have not their rifles."

You may imagine what I felt like. The strangers could not pass without noticing us, but I and my two guards were in the shade, and they would not detect anything wrong unless I shouted. It was my last chance, but dare I do it with that knife against my breast! Besides, it was like clutching at a straw, for they were only two little fellows practically unarmed, and was it likely that they would be willing to tackle five big, strong ruffians, armed with matchlocks as well as knives? Also, the Gurkhas, being men who had enlisted in the Kashmir Imperial Service troops under British officers, were strangers and foreigners, and would have the whole countryside against them in case of a fight.

Well, they stopped to pass the time of day with old Hashim, and I had a good look at them. They looked jolly little fellows; it seemed hard to believe that these were the famous and terrible Gurkhas. Their faces were smooth and round, and they were larking and laughing no end as they came down the road; altogether, they looked like a couple of lads in knickers, except that they wore turbans with tassels instead of the round caps that our Gurkhas always wear. They carried no rifles, but wore the *kukri* on their right hip. This knife is the Gurkha national weapon which all our Gurkhas are allowed to carry, and they can do wonders with it.

At last the Johnnies—as Tommy Atkins calls the Gurkhas—said "Good-day," and began to move off. And then my blood ran cold! I felt Akhmad's knife quivering whilst the soldiers were there, and I knew that he was frightened of them, and I could see that the others were,

and that gave me courage. I said to him, "They'll kill you if you hurt me," and then I risked the knife, and yelled, "*Help! Help! I'm an Englishman!*"

I wrenched my left hand free as I shouted, and clutched Akhmad's wrist. The brute was scared, and the knife only slit my jacket as I knocked it down. The Gurkhas had spun round like a shot, and I saw the shimmer of their drawn *kukris* as the moonlight caught the steel. They meant fight, and the little beggars looked as keen as terriers at a rat-hole. There wasn't a sign of fear on their honest, round mugs, though outnumbered five to two, and each of the five about as big as both Gurkhas.

I wrenched myself free from the cowards who held me, and, throwing off the *pheran*, placed myself beside the soldiers, as they ran towards us.

"They mean to murder me," I said, panting.

"What? Murder an Englishman — those *sheep?*" cried one. "Shall we kill them all, *sahib?*"

Akhmad gave a howl at this, and fled up the hill-side. A Gurkha dashed after him, and soon I heard an awful yell that made my blood run cold.

"It's all up with Akhmad," I said to myself.

But he hadn't killed him. He'd just knocked him down, and presently came back dragging him through the bushes and along the road. As soon as the one Gurkha had started off, however, old Hashim Beg, who had a bit more pluck than the others, yelled:—

"We are four to two! Shoot them—shoot them!" And he swung his gun round, and was just about to pull the trigger when the other Johnny ran at him and slashed at his head with his *kukri*. At the same time I flew at the nearest chap to me, and gave him a left-hander over the nose and another in the eye, wrenching his musket from him before he could recover. The other two just rolled on the ground, shrieking for mercy. I looked at Hashim Beg, expecting to see a sickening sight, but the little man had changed his stroke just in time, and had caught him on the temple with the horn handle of the *kukri*, instead of with the razor-like blade, and the old scoundrel lay stunned.

The Gurkha stood over him, threatening the others with his up-lifted weapon, but they'd had enough. They hadn't the pluck to use their fire-arms, for that *kukri* just filled them with terror. They couldn't have been more frightened if there'd been a whole regiment, so there they lay screaming, "*Marf karo, sahibs, marf karo!*" meaning, "Have mercy, have mercy!" I could hardly help laughing, for you couldn't imagine such abject cowards as those three big ruffians

howling in terror, and begging for mercy from that brave little man.

I collected all their weapons, and when the younger Gurkha, Rannu Thapa, thought he'd swept the ground enough with my friend Akhmad, he hurled him beside the others, and I spun my yarn.

"I speak English," said Juddbir Thapa, with a bit of a swagger. He was a man of about thirty, Rannu being nearer twenty. "I've served my time in the 5th Gurkhas."

When I'd finished, they glared at the five Kashmiris until they started howling again.

"Oh, never mind that," I said. "I want to get back."

But the little beggars were aghast at the idea of leaving a breech-loader behind; it was as bad to them as artillery deserting their guns. So Rannu Thapa, taking one of the muskets, made Akhmad trot back to the village with him—and that was above a bit plucky, when you remember that he didn't know how many of Akhmad's interesting relatives mightn't be there; and what's more, he didn't care! He'd weighed up the family better than I had done. But I believe Rannu would have gone just the same



I FLEW AT THE NEAREST CHAP AND GAVE HIM A LEFT-HANDER OVER THE NOSE.

They were more than a bit frightened of those Johnnies.

"Make them all cross the broken *jula*," Rannu suggested, and both laughed gleefully at the idea, but I wouldn't allow this, and asked them if they could guide me to Zarkhan. They replied that they could not, but they would jolly soon make the Kashmiris guide us, so they ordered the five to get up and set off, and they didn't dare disobey.

"But where's your rifle, sahib?" Juddbir Thapa asked.

even if they had been Yusufzais. The rest of us stayed by the *jula* until they returned with the rifle, and then we all set off.

We reached the dak bungalow about two o'clock, and found that my father and the captain were still searching the district with a large party. We locked the Kashmiris up, and sent messages to the search party. We then learnt that as soon as I had been missed they had turned back, but had been unable to find any trace of me, I had run away so quickly. They found the panther and secured the skin, however.

Next morning the prisoners were handed over to the authorities, and, giving the Gurkhas a good reward, my father sent them off, laughing and singing, and jolly as could be, in an *ekka* to Srinagar, with a letter of recommendation to their officer at Gilgit, who chanced to be a chum of his.

The five Kashmiris were sentenced to a good term of imprisonment.

Probably you want to know why Kashmiris are such awful cowards? Well, these five were uncommonly venturesome for Kashmiris. You see, they've had their spirit broken. Hundreds of years ago, Akbar, the Grand Mogul, ordered all Kashmiris to wear the *pheran*—a woman's garment—in order to destroy their manliness. They were Hindus,

then, and were so persecuted that most of them turned Moslems. Then, as we foolishly gave Kashmir—one of the finest countries in the world—to a Dogra chief fifty years ago, instead of a money reward, and as the Dogras are Hindus, the poor beggars were persecuted still worse. So they've suffered both ways, and been ground down terribly until we began to interfere a few years ago. Now they've a better chance, with a few British officials looking after their interests.

I sent a couple of good sporting rifles to Rannu and Judbir Thapa, as they told me they were great hunters, and you bet I am going to try for a Gurkha Regiment, if only I can get into the Indian Staff Corps.

## OUR WINTER GAME.

BY D. MCCOLL, JUN.

GLORIOUS pastime that beguiles  
Strife of strength and skill;  
Game that stirs our sea-girt isles  
To their furthest frill!

Welcome winter weather cold!  
Welcome dullest days!  
Let the bounding leather hold  
All our sympathies.

Players fleet, and sure of eye,  
Steady, firm, and cool;  
Moving with swift strategy,  
Of devices full.

Playing all as gentlemen—  
Strong, but always fair;  
Playing for an honest win—  
Sportsmen, heel to hair!

Forwards passing man to man,  
Sure as a machine;  
Centre always in the van,  
Dodging in between.

Outside dashing on the wing—  
Dribbling straight and fast;  
See him shoot with deadly sting.  
Saved, the danger's past!

Try again with heart and soul;  
Combination tells.  
Hip hurrah! A leading goal!  
Loud the cheering swells.

Myriad faces massed in rows—  
Eager every eye!  
Keener still the contest grows;  
Plaudits burst and die.

Will they equalise at last?  
Minutes drag like days.  
Hark! The whistle's final blast,  
Doubt at length allays.

Blood runs faster as the fight  
Stirs our British souls.  
Playful strife the way may light  
On to other goals.

Flourish still our winter game,  
Still extend its sway!  
Learn we union, effort, aim,  
From the field of play.

# A MATTER OF LUCK.

BY D. LECHMERE ANDERSON, *Author of "Lucius Sully," etc.*

Sketches by Rex Osborne.



**I**MAY be that my star was in the ascendant, for the scheme conceived in order to render me a laughing stock turned out trumps for me, literally tossing me from an unknown junior into goal-keeper of one of the finest clubs in England. Times have gone hard with the old Wrangton, but ten years ago few teams could stand against it. The scheme did more than that, though; it made Nell my wife a year or two sooner than she otherwise would have been, for

I was barely out of my apprenticeship, had little affection for my trade, and a liking that practically amounted to a passion for football. Time after time I resolved to break it off—each new season was to be my last—after it was ended I would settle down to work and make a home for Nell; but football was in my blood, and even love seemed powerless to drive it out. The day came when I had to choose between them.

No man followed the fortunes of the little village club to which I then belonged more closely than Nell's father, but he it was who bade me make my choice.

"I like you, Jack," he said, "and Nell loves you, but I can't give my lass to one who makes his play his work. If you wish to win her you must give up socker; that's so, and there's my hand upon it to show I mean my words."

"Needless to ask my choice," I replied, grasping his outstretched hand.

"You mean Nell?" he said, almost patnetically. "Oh! Jack, the game will never be the same to me. Where will the C— find another man to keep goal like you?" and the sigh that followed his words came from his heart.

"It is your own fault," I answered, laughing, "but my place will soon be filled; Ridgeway has hankered after it for many a day."

"Ridgeway!" he exclaimed, disdainfully. "There's another place you occupy which Fred

Ridgeway would like to win, and that's Nell's heart. 'Tis a pity, lad, you are not as rich as he; then you would not have to give up the game, but there's no use fretting, 'twon't make you richer; the only course for you is to keep your word as I keep mine, for, mark you, Jack, break it and I go over to Ridgeway's side. I won't have my lass throw herself away on a man who does not think her worth the working for."

That night I tendered my resignation to the club, and in some way my reason for it must have leaked out, for, save Ridgeway, none of the fellows bothered me to play. At last even he appeared to realise I meant to keep my word.

The fever of the game was on me, but I thought of Nell, and resolutely, each evening, turned my feet away from our practice ground. No one, except a drunkard striving to escape from the fiend that masters him, can understand the torture that I suffered.

I thought that I had conquered it, when a letter came to me that brought back the old desire with redoubled strength. The writing swam before my eyes as I read, for what it contained meant, not only the game to me, but Nell.

The letter was from the secretary of the Wrangtons. I remember each word of it:—

DEAR SMEATON,—Having heard a great deal of your skill in goal, it is the desire of the Committee that your services should be at the disposal of the Wrangtons as understudy to Ford, our goal-keeper. If the proposal meets with your approval, I shall be pleased if you will meet me at Screwtown on Saturday week, where we play the "Cherubs." All necessary formalities can be arranged then; in the meantime keep yourself in practice, as you may be required to give an exhibition of your skill. Don't trouble to answer this, as I shall be away from home.

My breath came quick and short as I finished reading. My chance had come—come when it was all but too late; already my four weeks' rest must have made me stiff and rusty. Bitterly I regretted the days I had frittered away in work. Not to lose further time, I seized my clubs and commenced to practise.

"Understudy to Ford——" my clubs swung to the words.

"Understudy to Ford——" my muscles grew firm and pliant, the heavy clubs flew circling through the air. Tiring of them, I turned to the punch-ball suspended near a corner of the room. Straight from the shoulder my arm shot, as the ball rebounded I headed it away—back

wards, forwards, I drove it, hither, thither, my blood glowing savagely beneath the blows it dealt me, as now and then I missed my mark.

"Understudy to Ford——" I muttered, savagely, as twice in succession the ball proved master.

A laugh behind me caused me to hesitate, and, on the instant, the globe struck me full upon the cheek. Hot with anger I turned to see Ridgeway regarding me complacently.

"Glad to see you still keep yourself in practice," he said, with a covert smile upon his lips. "Some day I shall have to give you your place again."

It was upon my lips to tell him that the place I hoped to fill was between the Wrangtons' sticks, but I never liked him, and his presence at that moment irritated me. If I was to tell my good fortune to anyone it should not be to him. His coming had put a chill upon my ardour. For the first time the possibility of failure occurred to me. I grew sick at the very thought of it, and then and there I determined to say nothing of the offer, not even to Nell, until success had attended my application, or failure had sent me back to work again.

"What did you want with me?" I asked coldly, for I resented his having entered my room unbidden.

"The fact is, Smeaton, we have a cup-tie match on Saturday, and the boys thought, for the sake of old times, you might give us a hand.

After what I have seen," and he glanced towards the punch-ball, "I won't take no for an answer. We begin practice to-morrow; even you will not be the worse for it."

His words, meant to be gracious, irritated me still more.

"You know why I gave up football," I said, hotly.

"I certainly have heard a rumour," he stammered, "but surely you do not mean to give in to a whim——"

"You want me to play," I interrupted, "so that I may break my word. Do you think I am blind? The man who has coveted my place in the team these three past seasons would not be willing to give it up for love of me, but he might for hate. I know your secret. I know why you wish me to break my word."

His face grew pale.

"What do you know?" he asked, faintly.

"That were I to play you would be the first to tell the news—at Manor Farm," I added, for I was unwilling to bring Nell's name into our argument.

"You wrong me," he replied, with a tone of relief in his voice

that I failed to understand, "as you will see when you put me to the test."

"That will be never."

"You will think differently to-morrow," he retorted as he turned to leave the room; "a man does not practise as you were doing if he has given up the game."

His words made my determination the stronger. Had it not been for them I might have gone to



"GLAD TO SEE YOU STILL KEEP YOURSELF IN PRACTICE," HE SAID, WITH A COVERT SMILE.

Nell's father and sought release from the promise I had given. That he would have granted it willingly I had little doubt, but the desire to say nothing prevailed, and, rightly or wrongly, I made up my mind to abstain from all play until the fateful day.

Screwtown, where the match between the Wrangtons and the Cherubs was to be played, is only ten miles from where I lived, and every footballer in the little village talked of the great event.

The match was only a friendly one, but in the League matches between the teams both issues had been drawn, and feeling, in consequence, ran high as to which would prove the victor in the coming struggle. Needless to say, my sympathies were all with Wrangton.

When at last the day came, three-fourths of the inhabitants of the village seemed to have journeyed to Screwtown. Nell and her father accompanied me. My heart throbbed high with pride as we entered the spacious park and saw the vast concourse of spectators. The field was perfect, level as a billiard table—but until my errand was accomplished I could think of nothing else. Making a rambling excuse I left Nell under her father's care, and set off towards the great pavilion.

Occupied as my mind was with my own thoughts, I could not help noticing that something was wrong. Groups of men wearing the Wrangton colours stood talking in excited whispers.

Wondering what was amiss I entered the pavilion and asked for the secretary.

His face was clouded as I approached, the letter in my hand.

"What is it?" he asked curtly.

"You asked me to meet you here," I stammered; "my name is Smeaton of the C——."

"Smeaton of the C——" he repeated after me; "I must apologise, but I don't think I ever heard your name before."

"Then you did not write this?" I gasped, and I thrust the letter into his hand.

He glanced at it carelessly, then his face flushed with anger.

"Certainly it is on the club paper, but it is a forgery; someone has been making a fool of you."

I felt my lips tremble, but, pulling myself together, I answered, firmly, "I am sorry to have troubled you."

"Stay!" he cried, as I was about to leave the room, and coming towards me he placed his hand upon my arm.

"Hard as nails," he said, his colour rising; then, almost anxiously, "Any speed?"

"A hundred in ten and a quarter seconds."

"You mean it, and you can play?" he cried excitedly.

"Try me," I answered, my voice sounding strange in my own ears.

"Stay here," he said, and without a word of explanation he left the room, to return a minute later with one I recognised as Tatwell, captain of the Wrangtons.

They were talking earnestly as they entered, but seeing me their voices fell away.

In silence Tatwell examined me. Suddenly his face lightened. "So far as training goes the man is perfect," he cried.

"You think he'll do?" asked the secretary.

"Training is not everything. Can you play, lad?" and before I knew what he was about to do he threw a ball at me. Involuntarily my hand shot out and drove it hard against the opposite wall. It rebounded to his feet. With a cry to watch my goal, he shot it hard to my left, but I was ready, and catching it in my hands was about to punt it with all my force. My right foot was drawn back.

"Stop!" he cried, laughing; "you'll bring the house about our ears."

My spirits bounded, for his tone told me he was pleased with my performance. Still he was not satisfied, for, taking the ball with him, he retired to the further wall of the long room, and throwing it on the floor, ran dribbling it before him.

I kept my eye on his and tried to read his purpose, yet he took me unawares, for, instead of shooting with his right, he sent the leather flying with his left. I nearly lost it, but managed to touch it with my fingers and just stop it in its course. For a second it lay within ten inches of the wall. With a bound he leapt towards it, but I was before him, and, stooping down, I succeeded in hurling it past his side, then, driven by his weight, I crashed against the wall. He caught me by the arm and saved me from falling.

"You'll do," he cried.

I could not trust myself to speak.

"I was sure of it," cried the secretary, with a sigh that bespoke intense relief.

"It is fortunate it is only a friendly," continued Tatwell, "but although it is, he had better sign on at once. It may prevent disagreement; you can arrange terms afterwards."

I listened in amazement; my limbs shook under me.

"You do not mean that I am to play to-day! Before them all?" I asked, pointing to the open window, from whence the murmur of thousands sounded like thunder in my ears.

"Certainly. Don't you know why?"

My face showed that I was ignorant.



"Ford has broken his leg. Got out of the train before it stopped, and slipped between foot-board and platform. Poor Ford, I doubt if he will play again," and a shadow passed across his face, "but hurry—it is time that you were dressed."

I was in a dream. Of how I got into my togs, or how I was introduced to the boys who were to become my lifelong friends, I remember nothing, nothing at all until I found myself leaning sick and dizzy against one of the sticks.

One of the backs kicked the ball towards me; I hardly knew which way it came. Stiffly and uncertainly I tried to stop it. It curled past my nerveless fingers and rolled into the net.

"I shall disgrace you all," I cried. "It is impossible for me to play."

"Nonsense," said the back, encouragingly. "Think of it as a game at home."

"If only I could," I answered, with deep dejection, when my glance happened to fall upon one of the spectators. Even at the distance I recognised him as Nell's father. He had risen to his feet and was staring in my direction, then with excited gestures he pointed me out to Nell. I laughed aloud at the thought of his astonishment; then my gaze fell on my sweetheart, and at the thought of her all trace of nervousness left me.

I waved my hand towards them. The flutter of her handkerchief showed that she had seen and recognised me.

"Someone you know?" asked the back.

"My sweetheart," I answered, proudly.

"I'd be ashamed not to play well if my girl was watching," he cried, as he hurried to his place, for the whistle had sounded and the ball was off.

Fortunately for me the Cherubs did not give me time to think; from the first minute of the game up to the close, the ball was constantly within the Wrangton ground. Again and again I had to defend my goal. Whether the shots were difficult I cannot say, but the Cherubs won the English Cup that year. Again and again I managed to clear my goal. Nell tells me how the spectators cheered and cheered again, but to my ears we played in silence.

Although I believed Ridgeway had written the fateful letter, I was too elated to harbour malice against the man who had been the means of bringing success to me. A month or two later my

suspensions were confirmed. Coming across an old acquaintance in Wrangton he hailed me with the words, "By the way, Smeaton, I hope there was nothing underhand about a letter Ridgeway sent here for me to post to you not long ago?"



THEN, DRIVEN BY HIS WEIGHT, I CRASHED AGAINST THE WALL.

"Nothing," I answered, drily; "it merely offered me my post."

"I don't understand," he answered.

"No? The next time you see Ridgeway tell him what I said; perhaps he will give you the clue."

Of course, Ridgeway had hoped the temptation to practise would make me break my

word, and that, unable to keep the secret, I would brag about the offer I had received, and so make myself a laughing stock in Nell's eyes.

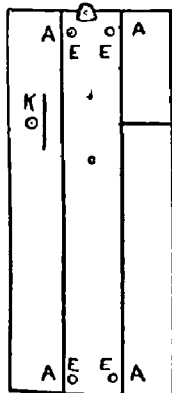
Probably he believed the letter had gone astray, and what his feelings must have been when he saw me between the sticks I leave my readers to imagine

## HOW TO MAKE A CHEAP CLOCK.

**A**

INGENIOUS and inexpensive timekeeper may be made by any boy for a few pence and a little labour. Buy a sheet of millboard — the thicker the better — size 27ins. by

22ins. Cut off a strip 10ins. by 27ins., and shape it as in Fig. 1, the top part to be 10ins. square, and the lower 17ins. by 4ins. Next, mark off the remainder of the millboard into three equal parts of 4ins. each, as shown in Fig. 2, then, with a straight edge and a sharp knife, cut half through the lines AA. This will form the two sides and back of the case. The funnel (B) should be made of tin, with a square top to fit over the millboard, and have a very small aperture at the point; any tinman will make this for 3d. or 4d. The spindle (C) must be 3½ins. long, 3½ins. deep in front, diminishing to 2ins. at back, have a screw-shaped groove from end to end, and work on a small axle, projecting 1in. in front for the hand to be connected to, and ½in. at rear. If the young horologist has not a lathe at his disposal, the spindle can be obtained from a turner for a few pence. The weight may be made of an empty stone ink-bottle, from the neck of which the cord passes over the bar (C), round the grooves of the spindle, and out of the hole (K). A small weight, such as a bullet, must be fastened to the other end. A piece of canvas should be glued round the edges of the case, and the whole painted with a good coating of Brunswick black, over



II

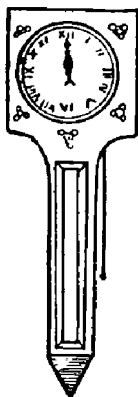


Fig I

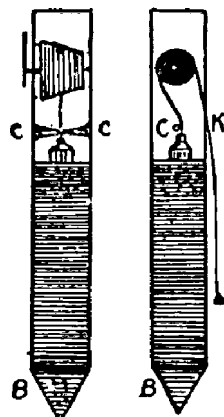
which any design may be made either with gold lines, coloured pictures, etc.

The dial should be of white paper, 7ins. in diameter, and the hands cut out of the spare millboard and then gilded. Four small reels (E), such as are used for silk, should be glued on the back, to keep the case from the wall, and a ring fastened to the top to hang it by.

It is now ready for the motive power, which is obtained by the falling of sand, as in the hour-glass. The sand must be first well washed, dried, and sifted, to remove all stones, then poured through the case-top to within 2ins. of the cross-bar (C), the weight resting on the surface. As the sand runs through the funnel point the weight will descend with it at the rate of 1in. per hour.\*

A gallon of sand will be more than sufficient to fill the case, and as it falls it should be caught in a vase placed beneath for that purpose. In winding up the clock the inside weight must be raised to the cross-bar by pulling down the bullet end of the cord, and the sand poured through a paper funnel into the top of the case, care being taken to set the hand to the right hour. A clock of the dimensions here given will work for about twelve hours, but by lengthening the sand-box, the working hours will be increased in proportion. It will save time and trouble to have a double supply of sand and two vases, and use them alternately.

JAMES HARRISON.

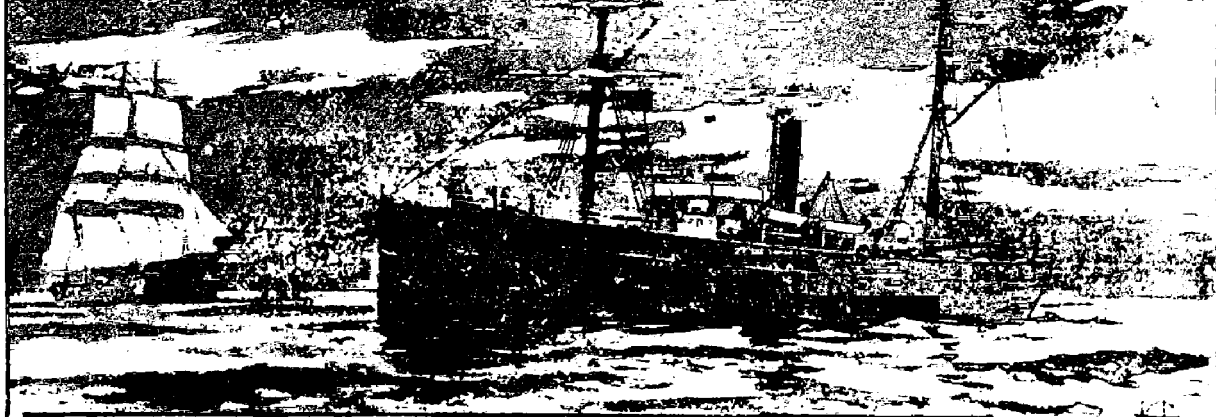


III

IV

\* NOTE.—The flow of sand will be perfectly equable from the time the case is filled until it is nearly empty, which is explained by the fact that the sand lies in a succession of conical heaps, only the first of which presses on the bottom, the others throwing their weight on the sides of the case.

# IN DEEP WATER



## A TALE OF THE MID-ATLANTIC,

### CHAPTER I.

BREAKFAST, SHIPS, AND A SECOND  
MATE.

"**H**AM done to a turn, eggs boiled to a second, the morning paper creased down at the shipping news, and myself to look upon when you lift your eyes! What more could any man want?"

John Channing raised his grey old eyes from the column he was scanning; and as he met his niece's laughing glance it occurred to him that he was the happiest old man alive.

"My dear, you are very good to me," he said, simply, as he surveyed her laughing blue eyes—which, indeed, were all one could see at first, for they compelled the gaze, so that her oval face, firm yet delicate mouth, arched eye-brows, and wealth of wavy, rebellious hair were not observed till afterwards. When the magic of her eyes was removed from the beholder, it became possible to observe, for the rest, that Edith Hopewell was a beautiful girl.

"Well then, uncle, be nice to me," she answered, pouring out a cup of tea for herself from a small china teapot, which was her special property at breakfast, "and just read out the shipping to me instead of grumpily absorbing it in silence like that."

"There's nothing of interest this morning, dear," he said, "except that there is no news of the *Mary's* arrival at Rio. She is a week over-due. We shall have to pay extra rates on her after mid-day to-day."

By Stacey Blake and W. E. Hodgson.

"Last week's storm," said Edith, speaking with the authority that is born of knowledge, "would sufficiently account for her losing three days; then she must have met bad weather out of the Channel. She is not a flyer."

"No! I'm not afraid of her, though. She is as sound an old tank as we have. She was launched the week your dear mother died. That's why I changed her name and, instead of the *Petrel*, which she was to have been named, I christened her the *Mary*, after your mother. That was eighteen years ago, my dear."

"Which is quite old, as ships go now."

"Yes, but the *Mary* was *built*. Bless me, they hammer 'em together on the Tyne by the mile now, and cut 'em off in lengths as they want 'em! Yes, sir—the *Mary* is stuff, good stuff. She was *built*, sir."

It was often his way to address her as "sir" when they talked business. It was one of his curious habits. He had talked business with men for half a century, and in his old-fashioned way he called every man "sir."

No woman had come into this old man's life before. He would have been lonely but for Edith Hopewell.

"Yes, sir, the *Mary* was *built*," he murmured again.

His thoughts ran back for a moment to bygone days, when freights were good and the name of Grimm, Channing & Grimm stood in the shipping market as the very synonym of all that was safe and reliable. Things had altered now somewhat, perhaps more than he was aware. The repute of Grimm, Channing & Grimm was no longer what it was, and the vessels that were of yore sought out eagerly by the foremost shippers were now relegated to the second and third-rate carrying trade.

In the eyes of seamen, too, it used to be considered a stroke of good luck to be shipped on board one of the firm's vessels, for none were so well founded, none so honestly provisioned; but that was in the time of old Thomas Grimm, when he and John Channing founded the firm that was called Grimm & Channing, but which became Grimm, Channing & Grimm when the former's son came into it.

The old man died, and John Channing became senior partner, but the firm still retained its old name, if not its old reputation.

As Mr. Channing advanced in years, the management of the business fell more upon the shoulders of Martin Grimm, till practically from the offices in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, E.C., he came to direct the whole fleet of steamers that bore "G. C. & G." on their funnels, while Mr. Channing maintained but a passive interest in the firm's operations from his home at Hampstead.

"Why, isn't the *Creole* due to sail to-night?" Edith said, as if the thought had just struck her. "And the second officer—have you found anyone for that berth?"

There was just a little eagerness in her tone, but when the old man looked up she was gravely tapping the top of an egg with a spoon. She had begun to pick off the bits of shell before her uncle replied.

"Yes, I have a little surprise for you," he answered, watching her. "Who do you think is going as second mate of the *Creole*?"

"I cannot tell. I have had two days' holiday," she answered, carefully picking off a morsel of egg-shell from the cloth. "How could I know what indiscretion you may have been guilty of in my absence? Let me see! It is Burkes. No, you will want him for the *Sultan*. Perhaps young Thompson—he might be good enough; or the young man who came here last week with the sealing-wax still hot on his papers."

"All wrong. It is Grant Heath. Isn't that a surprise for you?"

"Uncle! you darling!"

Then she stopped short and frowned. "Yes," she said, with a judicial poisoning of her tea-spoon,

and a critical frown creasing her forehead, "I should think Mr. Heath is a good man, though he has not been in steam before. Has he gone yet?"

"He went last night."

It was in her mind to wonder why Grant Heath had not come to say "Good-bye" to her. She experienced a momentary thrill of disappointment, then felt ashamed of having betrayed any interest in him. She remained silent.

And the old man opposite, so wise in other things, so simple in all that pertained to a woman, read nothing of the meaning of her tightened lips nor of her silence. How shall an old man read the heart of a woman?

Few women can read their own hearts, quite. Edith Hopewell was conscious of a vague little feeling of annoyance; there was a little chill of an indefinite sadness in the thought that Grant Heath had gone away without a word. That was all.

"Yes, I am glad to be able to give him a chance," continued Mr. Channing, after a pause. "When I sent him up to Grimm with my letter I told him that he must thank you for the berth."

"You didn't tell him so!" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes. I am not sure that I should have taken him, considering that he had only been behind canvas before, but for your emphatic belief in him."

"I don't know that I had any particular belief in him," she answered, crisply. "His sister asked me to put a word in for him."

"Really! That's how you impose on your poor uncle!"

"Impose? Uncle, how dare you! You have not a better seaman among all your skippers than Mr. Heath."

"I know it, dear," answered the old man, with a gesture of repentance. "Just pass me one of Mrs. Simmons's cakes."

"They are not Mrs. Simmons's at all. I made them myself, but you don't deserve one."

"Made them yourself?" he repeated, with ponderous surprise. "Is my little girl learning to cook?"

"Yes, and I am going to unlearn all I know about your horrid ships," she returned, petulantly.

Martin Grimm had once facetiously said that she knew more about ships, Board of Trade laws, freights and harbour dues, than any two clerks in his office, and this remark, placed amid the drawing-room generalities and the usual insults to the feminine comprehension called compliments, that the junior partner largely affected, made her, with strange perversity, hate her familiarity with things maritime, in the acqui-

tion of which all other feminine accomplishments had suffered, and she had secretly resolved to take a serious course in the respective arts of cooking and needlework, not to mention sundry other domestic accomplishments.

"No, no, dear—you mustn't do that," he said, looking at her affectionately. "What should I do without you? Don't I write with your hands? Don't I see with your eyes? I am getting very old."

After breakfast they went to the room that was called the study, where letters were written, skippers interviewed, and other business matters conducted. Over his after-breakfast pipe he dictated several letters, which Edith took down and wrote out at length. Among them was one addressed to Martin Grimm.

"This is rather important," he said, weighing it in his hand. "It ought to be in Grimm's hands before mid-day. I can't depend on the post."

"Suppose I run up to the City with it, uncle?"

"Yes, dear, if you would."

So, presently, Edith Hopewell was on her way to the offices of Grimm, Channing & Grimm, in Great St. Helens, E.C., little knowing what was to follow, or what she was about to learn; never dreaming that she was on the threshold of an event so terrible that her womanhood and courage would be tried to the last ounce.

When she arrived at the office, she learned from the pale-faced clerk, who had grovelled so long before his employer that his servility forbade his ever glancing up honestly while he spoke, that Mr. Martin Grimm had gone to lunch, but would be back shortly. Pending the junior partner's arrival, she was shown into an ante-room which led from Martin Grimm's private office.

Presently, upon the entrance of another clerk, the white-faced servile creature left, neglecting, in his hurry to get away, to tell the new arrival of Miss Hopewell's presence in the ante-room.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE TEMPTER.

"WELL, now, Hudson, we can talk here."

Martin Grimm sat down in his office chair and swung round to his desk to pick up a pen. It was a little trick he had, to play with a pen while he talked. Not a few skippers were familiar with the habit. He usually gave his orders with a tap of his pen, whose movements varied according to the nature of the orders. When matters pleased him, he tapped daintily. When he took to stabbing his blotting-pad as he talked, the wise

ship-master who knew Mr. Martin Grimm usually looked out for squalls. In person, the junior partner was small and not too broad, with a narrow face and clean, straight features. He had dark eyes, set, perhaps, a little too closely together to be quite honest, and they had a way of shrinking behind their eyelids which sometimes gave him a sleepy look—or, perhaps, there was something of cunning in their half-veiled glances.

"Yes!" answered his companion, in a husky voice that was of the sea, "I reckon we can talk here as well as anywhere else."

There was not quite as much respect in his voice and gesture, when he dropped into a chair and let his cap fall to the floor, as is common between ship-master and owner.

Death and danger are said to level men, but villainy does as well.

Captain Hudson of the *Creole* was a lank, bony-framed man with a power of black, stubbly whisker sticking fiercely and rigidly from under his chin, and a skin like tanned leather from exposure to wind and sunshine and dirt in every part of the world. He was dressed in very creased shore-going clothes that had the brand "ready-made" writ large upon them, and before speaking again, to show that he was perfectly at ease in his owner's office, he took out a gaudy silk handkerchief, breathed into its colour the fragrance of his oft-moistened lips, and then cast it dexterously down on the top of his cap.

"You wanted to say a few words to me, Mister Grimm," he said, watching the other beat a tattoo with his pen on the desk.

"I was wondering what you thought of the *Creole* as a ship," answered Grimm, thoughtfully.

Hudson looked up, but did not meet the other's eyes. "Depends on the point o' view. She's sound enough in a way, but she's got a few rusty spots, and the engines—well, they're holy terrors. She ain't a liner, ain't the *Creole*."

"What do you mean by 'the point of view'?"

Hudson paused a moment, and looked down at his silk handkerchief for inspiration.

"Frinstance, the underwriter, who, looking at the *Creole* on paper had insured her for a big sum, wouldn't, in my bopinion, 'ave got such a soft thing on as, say, the howner of the vessel."

"The *Creole* and her cargo are insured fully at ordinary rates for this voyage."

"Oh!" murmured Hudson. Then he paused and blinked at the silk handkerchief, and, as an after-thought, added: "In case I was asked, I should say as you wouldn't get them terms again."

The pen beat a stealthy tattoo on the desk.

"Of course, I don't want to lose the *Creole*," said Grimm, softly.

He tapped his pen delicately, with insidious

softness. He lifted his eyes, and saw the ship-master furtively watching him. They looked into each other's eyes, and they saw that they each looked into the eyes of a rogue.

"And to you."

Hudson expressed no surprise. It may have been that he half guessed what was coming, or that the idea was familiar to him. He took out



"YET SHE'D BE WORTH MORE TO YOU AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC THAN IF SHE SAILED HOME ALL SNUG,"  
SAID HUDSON

"Yet she'd be worth more to you at the bottom of the Atlantic than if she sailed home all snug," said Hudson, not removing his eyes from the other's gaze.

one of those little laced pouches of red and black leather, which are got up the Gulf of Finland, and, taking from it an ample portion of tobacco, thrust the plug into his mouth ere attempting to

reply. Martin Grimm, in the interval, lighted a cigarette, and waited while the succulent tobacco stimulated the ship-master into speech.

"No," said Hudson, "I don't think I'm on for the job. Scuttling a ship ain't no prize-packet. The risks is great to begin with. It's easy enough getting rid of a ship, but it ain't so easy gettin' out on her safely. Some of the crew is sure to be lost men, and I might be one on 'em. Again, if 'arf a whisper of the business leaked out, it's good-bye ter my ticket, ter say the least of it."

"Scuttle the ship? Captain Hudson, you mistake my meaning altogether. I should hesitate before I thought of imperilling the lives of your crew and yourself. What I intended to convey was that in case the *Creole* did not come back it would not only be profit to me, but of considerable advantage to you."

"Which seems ter me ter amount ter the same thing."

"No, no; there are subtle differences," answered Grimm, puffing out his cigarette smoke in a thin stream, and tapping briskly with his pen-holder. "Of course, in case you think there is no chance of the *Creole* striking a rock or meeting with any misfortune, then, I suppose, instead of being worth £2,000 and independent of the sea for the rest of your life, you will continue to command some rotten tramp till you die."

"Is that the price you are willin' to pay?" asked Hudson, under his breath.

"That is what it would be worth to you."

"You would put that on paper?"

The pen beat cautiously; the cigarette smoke came in rings.

"I hardly think that is necessary between men of—between men knowing each other."

"Then I don't sec wot 'old I should 'ave on you. No, it's no bargain, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"It's money down."

"I will pay you half down." There was a momentary look of black cunning in Martin Grimm's veiled eyes as he spoke.

"You will? And the other half?" gasped Hudson, with a gleam in his eyes.

"When the job is completed."

Hudson nodded his head in approbation. "Them terms'll do. What about the old man—Mr. Channing, I mean? Is he in this?"

"Well, what do you think?" said Grimm, with a contemptuous little laugh.

Since he had come into the principal management he had severely altered a few of the old-fashioned methods prevailing in the firm, and he quickly made it clear in the offices of Grimm, Channing & Grimm that an ill-provisioned under-manned ship brought greater profit than

one in which an ample crew and sound food ran away with the expense.

"Mr. Channing" he continued, "is somewhat old-fashioned in matters of business."

"Yes; I've 'eard say that in 'is time," returned Hudson, with a little chuckle which seemed to indicate that he was about to venture on some humorous effort, "the f'recastle 'ands used ter be fed like ladies: plum-duff twice a week, an' soft bread when they was in port."

"They don't get it now," said Grimm, viciously stabbing the blotter with his pen point. "But there is another matter to consider. Do you know your new second officer?"

"I've heard that 'e ain't been in steam before—that's all. Name's Heath, isn't it?"

"That's it. Grant Heath. He's a friend of Mr. Channing's."

"The dooce 'e is! A kid-gloved swab, I'll be bound."

Martin Grimm showed his teeth a moment. "With as many airs and snuffing virtues as a sky-pilot."

"Is that so?" snorted Hudson, sticking out his hairy chin aggressively. "A friend o' the old guv'nor's, eh? 'E's no friend of yours, I 'opes," he added, with a leer.

The look that flitted across Martin Grimm's face was sufficient indication of what nature the reply would have been had he completely voiced it.

"No," he said, with curious emphasis. "Grant Heath is no friend of mine, and he is going to be a thorn in your side. You can bet your last half-penny that if he gets wind of the business, even the slightest suspicion, he will do his best to mess up the whole affair."

"Friend o' the howner's, eh?" murmured Hudson, as if the idea stuck in his mouth with a nasty taste. "If any mealy-mouthed, kid-gloved son of a blue-eyed preacher comes doing the gentleman on my ship—my stars, sir, I'll give him a dog's life!"

Mr. Grimm nodded sympathetically. "What should you do if he found out?"

"But 'e won't find out."

"No, no, of course." He was again tapping his pen with a curiously stealthy movement. "But accidents do happen at sea, don't they?"

Hudson was watching him with strange intentness, as if the other's craft took him all his time to fathom.

"And" continued Grimm, "accidents sometimes make ship-masters rich."

"Look 'ere, sir—wot are yer gettin' at?" asked Hudson, hoarsely, only half guessing his employer's idea.

"I mean," said Grimm, snapping his teeth so that some of his words ended in a little hiss, "that Grant Heath must be got rid of."

The ship-master stooped and picked up his silk handkerchief. "I'll risk pilin' up, the old *Creole*," he said, in a husky whisper, "but I draws the line at mur—"

"Hush, you fool! I spoke of accidents. Sometimes men are blown overboard on dark nights, Mr. Hudson, and sometimes—particularly if the crew happens to be a mixed one—a few dagoes among them, for instance—when the men get drunk, as they will sometimes in spite of all discipline, officers who remonstrate with them are not looked upon favourably. A mate was stabbed to death, Mr. Hudson, a day out of Lisbon, not long ago, because he got into the fore-castle with a drunken crew and tried to enforce obedience. The crew aboard the *Creole* is—?"

"Mixed—very mixed—dock-sweepings most of 'em."

"I think we understand each other, captain. You would like that two thousand made into three?"

"Is that what it means?" gasped the man; "another thousand if he don't come back?"

And hesitated. Sam Hudson was a bad man, and his record had been black enough. But no man is as bad as his worst crime, even as no man's virtue rises to the level of his best act. He had not stopped at deeds of violence before, but there was something different in this. It was one thing to take money for scuttling a ship, it was another to—

"No, I'll not promise the other," he said, hoarsely; "I'll give no promise."

Martin Grimm was making out a cheque to "Bearer," upon a West London bank. He wrote all but his own signature in a round, clerkly hand. His signature he wrote with another pen and different ink, adopting his usual hand.

"There is your money," he said, pushing over the slip of paper. "I have paid you half. The other part you can claim when the job is complete."

"You've made it out f'r fifteen hundred," faltered Hudson, glaring at the cheque.

"Yes. Aren't you going to earn the third thousand?"

Hudson gripped the paper awhile; he sat rigidly in his chair. There is some little possibility of good in every man. That little possibility in Sam Hudson had tried hard to push itself to the surface a moment ago, before he saw those figures. Once he made a move to hand the cheque back, but greed held his fingers tight.

"This ain't like the usual cheques, Mr. Grimm," he said, as his fingers were clumsily folding it.

"No; it's on my private account," answered Martin Grimm, softly.

Hudson put the cheque in his pocket.

"There's no more instructions?" he asked, in his husky voice.

"No more," replied the other, rising.

They went out by a way that did not lead through the clerks' office.

"You've cut the time rather short," said Grimm, looking at his watch. "You've just fifty minutes to catch the 2.40 from Euston."

"I shan't have too much time in Cardiff, either. I land twenty minutes before the dock gates open."

And then he went.

Martin Grimm saw him disappear round the corner. Then he smiled.

"So you want your money beforehand, do you, my lad? Good! Mine is the first trick."

He walked to the nearest telegraph office and wired the following to his bank:—

*"Have lost signed open cheque. Pay nothing from my account till advised."*

*"Martin Grimm."*

And Hudson, before catching the train, knowing that he would have no opportunity of cashing the cheque himself, slipped it into an envelope and posted it to his wife, who lived in a gloomy little house in Greenwich, bidding her get the money and make herself comfortable with it, for here was this bad man's one virtue, his love and unbounded respect for the faded woman who bore his name. He did not know that the slip of paper was valueless as the spoken promises of the man who had written those opulent figures upon it.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CHECK!

THERE are very few varieties of that ancient remark as to there being a multitude of mischances between the drinking vessel and the drinker, which is a pity; for, not only in the imaginary scenes which mimic or distort life—according to the skill of the dramatist—are the slips between cup and lip made to produce dramatic moments, but when Fate and Chance set the stage and scenes, and the play is real life, the same circumstances are made to work effect. For the slip between cup and lip is one of life's favourite situations. It is growing a little hackneyed now, but it is always dramatic, for the time-worn actors pass off the stage and the new ones come, and each gives his fresher personality to the old situation.

At the very moment of Martin Grimm's triumph, when the first trick of the game was almost in his



hands, an unseen player was waiting to play a trump card.

It was the veriest chance that brought Edith Hopewell to the office that morning. She came sometimes, but seldom alone. The gallantries of Martin Grimm were too pronounced to be anything but avoided by her.

From the ante-room where the dutiful clerk had placed her, she had unwittingly heard every word that passed between Grimm and Hudson.

Upon becoming aware of Grimm's presence, it had been her first impulse to go out and hand him the letter she had brought; then there was another voice—the voice of the man whom she heard Grimm address as "Hudson." She knew the skipper of the *Creole* was called Hudson. From their tone it would seem that urgent business was under discussion, so rather than interrupt—for full well she knew the importance of every minute to a ship-master about to sail—she sat down and waited till, as she judged, Hudson had received his final sailing orders. In no sense could her overhearing any business discussion of the firm be considered eavesdropping, since she was for the most part, as her uncle's secretary, perfectly familiar with the affairs of Grimm, Channing & Grimm.

But this business was of a different character. She had listened with little or no interest to the opening remarks, nor did the insidious suggestions of Grimm when he was trying to probe the extent of the other's scoundrelism fall upon her ears with any sinister import. It was only bit by bit, as the voices reached her, that she realised the nature of the plot. Even then, though her ears heard the uttered words, her mind refused at first to believe. Yet, as she listened, almost breathless with horror, the fearsome truth was forced upon her whether she would or no.

She was constrained to rush out and confront the villains; then she was persuaded that cunning must be met by cunning, so she held back and listened again with growing horror and fear. As she heard the whole dark compact, she was almost too stunned to think or act. She sat limp, nerveless, incapable of coherent thought.

They were plotting to sink the *Creole*, and, if she understood aright, to get rid of Grant Heath.

Then suddenly she shook off the paralysis that had seized her, and, with no definite purpose in her mind, she opened the unlatched door and stepped into the outer office. It was empty. They had gone.

She waited a moment, turning over in her brain what her immediate action must be. Should she stay now and face Grimm? or would it not be better to go and seek her uncle's advice? She determined on the latter immediately. She flung

down on the desk the letter she had brought for Martin Grimm, and then passed out into the street. Whatever she did would have to be done before the sailing of the *Creole*. There were but few hours left. So at the moment Captain Hudson was making his way, on a metropolitan 'bus, in the direction of Euston, and Martin Grimm was pencilling a wire to his bank, Edith Hopewell was hastening in a hansom cab with all speed towards Hampstead.

The heavy responsibility of the knowledge she held, the awful possibilities of disaster and death that one little failure on her part might entail, the dread that while John Channing's honour (for it was the honour of Grimm, Channing & Grimm that had been bartered away) was imperilled, and the very life of Grant Heath in utmost danger, she alone could move to save, weighed upon her like a ghastly terrorism.

It was as if she had lived years since morning. It seemed that the great change which had suddenly come upon her by reason of the dreadful thing she had learned, could only have happened by lapse of great time.

At the end of an apparently interminable period, she reached Hampstead. She ran into the house, feeling strong and more hopeful. In the hall she was met by the housekeeper, Mrs. Simmons, who, in low tones, with grave face, was talking to a grey-haired gentleman, who, as he conversed, brushed his hat with great precision. The housekeeper looked up as Edith entered.

"This is Miss Hopewell, Mr. Channing's niece," she said, and then she stepped back as if she would leave the other to speak.

"I am Dr. Snell," he said, mournfully regarding her, still smoothing his hat assiduously, as though his profession demanded such exceeding shininess in his head-wear. "I am sorry to say that your uncle has been taken seriously ill—a stroke, in point of fact, with a touch of brain fever." He paused, then said, as an after-thought: "But we must hope for the best."

Edith stood like a statue. Her tongue was changed to dry wood. Her lips, slightly parted, were colourless.

"Yes, he was taken very suddenly this morning after you went," murmured Mrs. Simmons. "He is unconscious now."

"Take me to him," said Edith, in a voice that she scarcely knew for her own, yet with no tears, no other signs of emotion.

The old housekeeper raised her eyes to the doctor for orders or advice, but that individual was busy on his hat, sadly smoothing it, as if the quantity and quality of his patients depended upon its brightness; so she mounted the stairs, and Edith followed.

"Yes, sir, the 'Creole' is a good ship, well-manned, with a trustworthy skipper."

"He is delirious," murmured Mrs. Simmons, and she knelt down by the bedside and sobbed softly from her heart. She had reason to know the goodness of this old man who lay there, with fevered brain, babbling about his ships, for since when, fifteen years ago, Tom Simmons, commanding a barque of 500 tons, owned by Grimm, Channing & Grimm, had gone with his ship to his long rest off the Goodwins, when homeward bound with hides from Buenos Ayres, she had been taken into his household, and had since ruled there.

"No, sir, freights are not what they were; for instance, the 'Creole' sails to-night, and she'll——"

He broke off, rambling into inconsequent sentences that were without beginning or end.

Edith looked at him. This old man with the broken brain could not be made to understand. He could not know that the good name of Grimm, Channing & Grimm had been bartered away, and that in a few hours it would be too late to save it.

Perhaps strength comes with responsibility.



"I MEAN THAT I KNOW EVERY DETAIL OF THE INFAMOUS COMPACT BETWEEN YOU AND CAPTAIN HUDSON."

There was no uncertainty in Edith Hopewell's mind as to the course she must pursue. It lay plain before her. There was her uncle's honour and Grant Heath's life to be saved.

She entered the offices of Grimm, Channing & Grimm at a quarter to four in the afternoon. Martin Grimm was busy dictating letters, but when he learned that Miss Hopewell awaited his pleasure, he dismissed his clerk and gave instructions for the lady to be shown in. The intervening moments he spent in putting a little comb through his moustache, and in twisting the ends to an alluring angle. He was bent over his desk as the door opened, but as she entered he smilingly arose.

"My dear Miss Hopewell, I am charmed to see you," he exclaimed, holding out his hand, which she calmly ignored.

He looked at her in surprise. Her face was pale and set. There was something about her mouth that he had not seen before.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with softened voice. "Are you not well?"

"I am well," she answered, with cold composure, "but I can dispense with the pleasure of shaking hands with you."

"Ha, really!" he replied, a little disconcerted. His assiduous advances had never been received with anything but coldness, but he was not prepared for discourtesy. "It is my loss. What is my loss is gain to somebody—and who? Surely not the young seaman who—ha, I forgot, he is promoted!—let me see, second mate, isn't it? I do hope he will get on well in his profession. He may be a first mate in six or seven years, when he will receive quite £8 a month."

"You are referring to——"

"Your friend Mr. Heath," he replied, with exquisite politeness, while he watched her out of his veiled eyes.

"My friend Mr. Heath?" she repeated slowly, with hesitation. She was reminded that Grant Heath had gone away without a word to her—her friend? But she caught the sneer on Martin Grimm's face, and she replied: "Yes, my friend Mr. Heath; you seem interested in him."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"You are interested in him, Miss Hopewell. Is it not enough to say that I necessarily am likewise? He sails on one of our ships, the *Creole*, to-night. In your multifarious knowledge of our ships and our business, Miss Hopewell, I suppose there is no need to tell you anything about the *Creole*, her tonnage, cargo, crew, or destination?"

He spoke banteringly.

"Yes, I know about her destination," she said, keeping her eyes upon him.

"Which is?"

"The bottom of the Atlantic."

He started back with amazed fear on his face. His lips went pallid—a grey shadow seemed to come under his eyes.

"What do you mean, Miss Hopewell?" he said, in a husky voice that seemed all out of control. "You are joking, eh?" he added, with a mirthless little laugh.

"I mean," she interrupted almost fiercely, "that I know every detail of the infamous compact between you and Captain Hudson. I was in that room behind you all the time you talked. I heard every word."

He turned to her with his cool, polite manner. The effort cost him much. His hands trembled, and the shadows under his eyes seemed to grow deeper, but his voice was firm, and he forced a little sneer into its tone. It was necessary to find out what she knew. He was too cunning to commit himself without need.

"So you have been eavesdropping, eh? Yes, we have been discussing business, Captain Hudson and I. You have probably overheard some terms, which, not understanding, you may have misconstrued. Captain Hudson's conversation is—ahem!—a little technical. Ha! ha!"

The girl looked at him contemptuously.

"Mr. Grimm, you insult my intelligence," she said. "It does not require much knowledge of the technicalities of seafaring to understand what an owner means when he bribes a skipper to scuttle his over-insured ship, and further pays him blood-money for——"

"Hush!" gasped Grimm, hoarsely. "What are you going to say?"

"That you have conspired to murder Grant Heath, and that you have agreed to pay Hudson an extra £1,000 to do the deed."

He went swiftly to the door and locked it. "You have no proofs," he hissed.

"The bank will have proof that you paid Captain Hudson a cheque for £1,500."

He gave a hard little laugh.

"I am not so great a fool," he said. "The only writing on the cheque that can be considered mine is the signature. The figures and the rest are written in a different hand. I have wired to the bank, warning them that I have lost a signed open cheque, and instructing them to stop any cheque that may be presented. They will think that Hudson, if he presents it, has either found or stolen it, and filled in the name and amount himself."

"So there is no honour among thieves," she said, with fine contempt, "and you have begun by duping your accomplice. But what does it matter? You gave it to him. I heard every word you spoke, and see, I am here to foil you!"

She stood there with flashing eyes and heaving bosom, her whole body quivering with fury.

"I am here to save the man you would destroy," she cried, all her polite repose gone, and Martin Grimm knew now, what she did not know herself, that this woman loved Grant Heath, and he himself hated Heath the more now that he knew of her love.

"And what will you do?" he asked, fencing desperately. "You can prove nothing."

"I can go to the underwriters and tell them that this is the last voyage of the *Creole*—that she is not intended to return—that you have paid her skipper to scuttle her!"

"No, you must not," he whispered hoarsely, all his bravado gone. "What would you have me do?"

"You will wire at once to the *Creole*, instructing Hudson that all your special orders are to be cancelled."

"I will do so," he said.

He wrote something on a telegraph-form and handed it to her. She read:—

"Hudson, s.s. '*Creole*,' Bute Dock, Cardiff. Consider all special instructions given you to-day cancelled.—Grimm."

She nodded.

He rang his bell for a clerk, and handed the form to him. "Stay," he said, "here is a letter for you to post at the same time." He hastily wrote across the envelope, stamped it, and handed it to the clerk. It was the white-faced servile creature. When he got outside he saw the writing on the envelope of the letter, and saw that it was no address at all. It was simply a written order for himself, and it said:—

"Go to the telegraph office, but do not dispatch this telegram. In a few minutes come back and say you have sent it."

The clerk was used to these peculiar ways of Mr. Grimm. He lighted a cigarette, and, after a short time had elapsed, went back to the office and told the lie as he had been instructed.

"But there is another thing," said Edith. "You will write down more fully the same on paper, sign it, and give it to me. I shall go to Cardiff and hand it to Captain Hudson myself."

He hesitated a moment, then he shrugged his shoulders and took up a pen. After all, the *Creole* would have left before she could get there. A few non-committing words on paper would be nothing. He only wanted this girl's silence for the time being. Afterwards did not matter.

"To Captain Hudson, s.s. '*Creole*,'" she dictated. "In confirmation of my wire of this afternoon, please take this letter as final with regard to the matter we arranged this morning. The special

instructions I gave you are to be cancelled. Owing to difficult and unforeseen circumstances, our arrangements cannot be carried out.

"Martin Grimm."

She folded the paper and put it carefully in an envelope; then went out of the office without a word.

It was dark when she arrived at Cardiff. She made her way down to the unlovely docks with the precious paper in her pocket, and there she learned with bitter disappointment that the *Creole* had passed through the dock-gates at six o'clock that evening.

Sad, and sick at heart with the brooding fear of coming evil on her, she returned to London by a night train.

What could she do? The *Creole* would touch at the Azores, but dare she entrust her precious letter to the post? She felt the risk was too great, and she plainly saw there was only one thing to do. The letter must be taken by hand to Fayal, where the *Creole* touched, and there delivered to Hudson. A mail steamer would go faster than the old *Creole*, and, providing one were sailing within a short time, it would, no doubt, be possible to reach the Azores before the doomed ship. If a trusty messenger could only be found to take the letter! And yet, as she thought, the impossibility of finding such an one struck her. She might have gone herself—that is, the journey was nothing to her, for she had been familiar with ships and travelling since girlhood—but her uncle was lying there ill, unconscious, perhaps dying. Yet, again, she thought, it was to save his honour—and to save Grant Heath, and by the time she reached home very early in the morning a sort of half resolve had come into her mind.

"He is still unconscious," said Mrs. Simmons, "but no worse. The doctor has hopes. I have been anxious about you, dear."

She looked very tired and weary. She had been sitting up the whole night with the sick man.

"I have been to Cardiff. Something dreadful has happened. I do not know what to do."

She sank down with a despairing gesture, and told her whole story, while the ship-master's widow listened with quiet understanding.

"Do you know, dear, what you must do?" she said, when the other had finished. "You must go to Fayal yourself."

"But my uncle—"

"It is the firm's honour—and that is his own—which is at stake. You will be serving him better by going. He cannot help himself. If this dastardly thing is accomplished, his name will be sullied while it lasts. You can save him, and it is your duty. And there is Grant Heath."

Edith Hopewell rose up, the light of resolution in her eyes. "I will go," she said.

Within twenty-four hours the Mexican liner *Tabasco* was ploughing her way down channel for the West Indies *via* the Azores; and Edith Hopewell was a passenger on her.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ON BOARD THE "CREOLE."

OVER the unlovely environment of the Cardiff Bute East Dock, the slushy, grimy night had fallen, hiding all the ugliness of crane, coal-tip, and shed in wet gloom. A light here and there streaked the blackness, and though the hour was late, from somewhere in the immediate darkness there came the sound of a clattering crane at work unloading ore from a dingy tramp fresh in from Bilbao, and, from the gloom beyond, the sullen rattle and roar of a coal-spout filling up the bunkers of some vessel about to sail.

Unmindful of the slanting rain, picking their way over the maze of railway lines, between sheds, alleys of merchandise, and all the litter of the dockyard, went two men. The first one carried a portmanteau of ample size, while the latter bore on his back a well-corded box, which, to judge from his laboured breathing, was of no light weight.

"Wot was the ship you wanted, sir?" he gasped. "The *Creole*, did you say? I think that's 'er under the spout."

The other turned. He was a young man, something over middle height, and squarely built.

"I think, my lad, that box will be getting you down," he said. "Just pull up under this shed a minute while I go forward and explore. I'll leave my portmanteau with you, too."

The gentleman carrying the box dumped it down under the shed against a bale of hemp, sat down upon it, cushioned his back against the hemp, and with great deliberation felt in his right waistcoat pocket for a plug of tobacco which rested there.

"A nice young feller," he muttered; "well spoken, but I should think a bit too much kid-gloved for the *Creole*. The old man ain't much use for 'is sort," after which observation he got to chewing out the divine flavour of the weed which required all his soul to appreciate. He had carried officers' luggage down to the docks for three-and-twenty years, and he was wont to mark their individualities and contemplate thereon.

Meanwhile, Grant Heath felt his way forward, guided by the roar of the restless coal-spout filling up the bowels of the ship whose black form he

could see blotted vaguely against a big, white-painted, timber-carrying brig from the Baltic, which lay behind.

The ship was in darkness. No watchman was visible. The decks, he could see, were a chaos of coal, odd stores, and wire cables, lying hither and thither in the utmost confusion, and over all came the filthy drizzle, making black mud of the coal-dust, turning the whole scene into one of squalid misery.

"*Creole*, ahoy!"

The newcomer shouted loudly enough, but his voice was drowned in the fearful roar of the coal being shot down the iron spout. He could hear the shouts of the coal-trimmers from somewhere within the ship, and occasionally a gleam of light from their candles showed for a moment out of the narrow hatchway of the starboard bunkers, but there were no other signs of life. Either the crew were all ashore spending their advance-notes, after the fashion of their kind, or they were, consistent with the British seaman's rooted objection to working in port—notwithstanding that after signing on, he gets charged against him, double pay for every day's work he doesn't do—sleeping or carousing down below.

The new second officer of the *Creole* did not waste any more time or voice in shouting, but, groping his way across the uncertain gangway, he landed on a particularly rusty iron deck, whereon pattered the rain, running like ink into the scuppers. His seaman's eye scanned the untidy deck. He saw the ill-coiled cables, tarpaulins lying about, peg-ropes, canvas bags, lengths of wire, and great heaps of coal here and there. He groped his way amidst this chaotic disorder with a feeling akin to disgust. This was his first introduction to steam. He had only put his autograph to his second-mate's certificate a few weeks before. His five years odd upon ships that sail had made him accustomed to something smarter than this.

He groped his way aft, but finding no one, he came amidships again, tugging at door after door without result. Finally he reached the galley, whence a confused murmur of voices filtered out, and seizing the door-handle, which turned easily, letting the door spring open suddenly, he saw three figures in a haze of steam and cooking. The smoke-grimed, dirty lamp above gave out more smell than light, the narrow space laden with the odours of filthy tobacco and the combined fragrances of frying haddock and sundry sausages, which a man, yelling lustily in song the while, was turning with a long galley-fork, besides a pot or two of boiling beer, made the atmosphere almost suffocating, for the skylight was closed, by reason of the flying coal-dust from the bunkers,

and no particle of air was allowed to penetrate this thick foulness.

"Who the blazes is at that door?" cried a voice out of the gloom, breaking off for a moment a hoarse song which seemed one of perpetual request that 'Lucy would linger longer.' "Come in, mon, and shut out the cauld."

between their fingers, and pots of beer on a bench beside them. While these hoarsely sang, a very inferno of noise came from outside, with the clattering of the coal, and its attendant sounds; but the harmony and beery happiness of the galley rose above such trifling circumstances, and they sang on through the stifling reek, too supremely



"I'M LOOKING FOR THE CHIEF MATE," SAID GRANT.

Grant stumbled in and shut the door, whereupon the three voices returned to their song, and the man at the stove prodded the frying delicacies in time to the tune. There were three of them in all, the one attending the culinary operations, and two others sitting on stools with cheap cigars

happy for any circumstance to damp their spirits.

"I'm looking for the chief mate," said Grant, taking advantage of a momentary lull in the music and the thunder of the coal outside.

"Well, then, I reckon it's a long time yer'll 'ave

ter look, sonny," replied the man at the stove. "The mate's ashore, the old man's gone up ter see the owners, the crew's in town 'avin' a bust-up, an' there's only Mr. McPherson there, an' 'is second aboard, wi' me as watchman."

"Oh! you are watchman. What are you watching?"

"This fine bit o' supper, which is done to a turn." He slipped the frying-pan from the fire, which, through the ring of the stove, sent a glow all over the galley, and Grant was able to see something of the visages of the three men. One, a grizzled Scot, whose hair seemed to have been saturated with many years of spraying oil, and who was dressed in shore-going clothes of a cheap and shiny nature, rose and looked at him.

"I'm the new second mate," began Grant. "I've just come aboard, and I've got some luggage."

The other put out a grimy paw, and seized Grant's hand. "I'm vera sorry," he said. "I thocht ye were one of the forrad shell-backs. Just have a sma' twa fingers to keep out the cauld. Your name'll be Meester Heath, eh?"

Grant assured him that such was the case, and he added again that he had some luggage on the wharf which he wanted getting aboard.

"I'm called McPherson. I'm the chief engineer, and I'm responsible for the working of the paised rattletraps they miscall engines on board this craft. Yon's my second, Meester Watson, whose besettin' fault is a vera sad likin' for alcoholic steemulants. Ye have a wee bit luggage, laddie, eh? Here, Jarvis, gang ashore and fetch Meester Heath's traps," he said, turning to the watchman, who was now preparing to serve supper.

"There's a porter with them under the first shed," added Grant. "Here's a shilling for the man."

"Maybe ye havna supped," said the engineer, slipping out the haddock on to a dish, and dipping some slices of bread into the sausage gravy. "Tak a bite with us. Losh! When we get tae sea there'll no be time for such luxuries, for the tucker aboard this old tank is no sac guid, ye'll find. What was yer last ship, mon?"

"A 500-ton barque, the *Lady Mary* of Sunderland," answered Grant, helping himself to the dish of sausages, for he was hungry, having eaten nothing since he left London that evening.

"Losh! Then ye'll not have been in steam before. Ye'll find it vera different. I canna think why any on us ever comes tae sea."

"Cause yer don't 'appen ter be fit fer hanythink as is respectable," said the second, with his mouth full of sausage. "This is goin' to be my lawst v'yage. There's a little green-grocer's shop as I'm goin' to tike to in Deptford."

"Ye made that observation sax voyages ago," retorted the chief, "and ye've been makin' it ever

sin'." He drank deeply at his boiled beer before he resumed, the other making no reply.

"Sae ye'll no ken the old man or any of 'em?" he said.

"No!" answered Grant; "I come aboard a perfect stranger."

The other nodded his head, and with great deliberation took a sausage from the dish, placed it upon a piece of bread, and began to eat it with the aid of his clasp-knife and thumb.

"It's no' f'r me tae gie 'em away," he continued, "but the navigators aboard this craft ain't worth a kick, and if it wasna that a few reliable men were doon in the engine-room, I dinna ken what wad happen. The skeeper is the kind of mean grubber as 'as lobster salad and fresh butter for 'is ain tea, and gies the men weevly biscuits and scouse for theirs. No, the auld man is no' sae guid, and his navigation isna fit for a barge. I dinna think the mate is sae bad if he's kept sober, but losh! he's vera thirsty is Meester Talbot. I dinna ken what sort of a lot of shell-backs they got forrad. A mixed lot ye'll be sure—dagoes, Dutchmen, and any other scum they can get by the lugs. If it's pals ye want, Meester Heath, ye'll only be able tae find 'em ameedships."

Grant thanked him for his goodwill, but the engineer took no notice of him, rambling on without break on the subject of the short-comings of everyone and everything aboard the *Creole*.

Presently the watchman came into the galley again, and reported that the mate had come aboard, whereupon Grant, finishing his repast, went aft to make himself known to the first officer.

The interview was brief. He had just time to observe that Mr. Talbot was a man with a slightly groggy face, and stubbly iron-grey whiskers set around a mouth that seemed not ill-humoured, and surmounting a body that was squat and wide and stiff, when Mr. Talbot wished him "Good-night."

"I'm powerful tired, Mr. Heath," he said. "The old man won't be here till to-morrow. I reckon you can sign in the morning. That's your berth on the right there. Tell the watchman to keep an eye on the fore-wires, and call me if she is to be moved. S'long!"

When Grant Heath got to his berth, he took out of his chest such belongings as he needed, together with the picture of a sweet-faced girl. It was a portrait of Edith Hopewell. It had not been given to him. He had abstracted it from his sister's album. Then he went peacefully to sleep, knowing nothing of the tragic voyage that awaited the *Creole*, profoundly unconscious of how soon he himself would be facing death.

(To be continued.)



# SOME PICTURE POST- CARDS.

BY FRANCIS ARTHUR  
JONES.



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF  
CORNWALL AND YORK.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.  
(From the "Empire" Post-card.)

**P**ICTORIAL post-cards originated in Germany some twelve years ago, and, like all great things, began in a very small way. Who actually started the idea is not known, but it is generally believed that about the year 1888 a few post-cards bearing pictures of celebrated places first began to find their way into Berlin. Now, Germans are nothing if they are not thoughtful, and when Herr Meyer, or Herr Kauffman, or Herr Hoffman, saw his son Fritz treasuring a pictorial post-card sent to him by a companion, and, moreover, heard him say that the picture represented the Colosseum, and that the Colosseum was at Rome, he took a couple of pulls at his pipe and one at his schoppen, and exclaimed: "Ach Himmel! What a capital way of learning geography!" and he patted Fritz on the head, telling him to collect all the picture post-cards he could, and when he grew to be a man he'd know more about places outside the Kingdom of Prussia than ever his father did. That was the beginning of the craze. To-day it would be difficult to find a family in Germany without its pictorial post-card album; many, in-

deed, possessing as many as half a dozen. Last year hundreds of millions of picture-cards passed through German post offices, yielding to the Government an average income of £3,000 a day. When the German Emperor made his celebrated tour through Jerusalem, in 1899, some financial genius in the Fatherland hit on the novel idea of arranging with one of the retinue to send

pictorial post-cards from every stopping point to those collectors who cared to pay the trifling sum of 3 marks. The success of this modest attempt at "turning an honest penny" was simply astounding. About ten cards in all were posted to each subscriber, and thus a permanent record of the historical tour was obtained. Some idea of the number of collectors who took advantage of the offer may be gained from the fact that the originator of the idea alone cleared 150,000 marks, or over £7,000.

The ingenuity of the German designer of pictorial post-cards has lately over-stepped the bounds of good taste, and the German Post-master-General has found it necessary to issue a mandate forbidding the delivery of post-cards made in the shape



"I KNEW HIM, HORATIO; A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST,  
OF MOST EXCELLENT FANCY."—Hamlet.  
(From Messrs. Tuck's "Shakespeare" Post-cards.)





A REPRODUCTION  
FROM THE  
"HERALDIC" SERIES.

of beer-glasses, pots, triangles, and also those with holes for the nose and eyes, like masks. Nevertheless, they are being largely sold in the streets of Berlin and other towns in the Fatherland. Thousands are said to have been confiscated by the

dage, and produced a very fair representation of His Majesty. Directly it was found to be in circulation, a raid, by the Sultan's orders, was made on the photographer; the stock was confiscated, and the plates destroyed. Since then no one has produced another.

In Russia the collecting of pictorial post-cards is carried on to a very great extent, and many Russian cards have found their way into this country. The designs are, for the most part, typical of the land over which the Czar rules, and include the Russian eagle, portraits of the Czar and Czarina and other members of the Imperial family, sleighs, wolves, snow scenes, etc., etc., all beautifully executed in brilliant colours. Both the Czar and Czarina are enthusiastic collectors, and are said to possess one of the finest and most unique col-

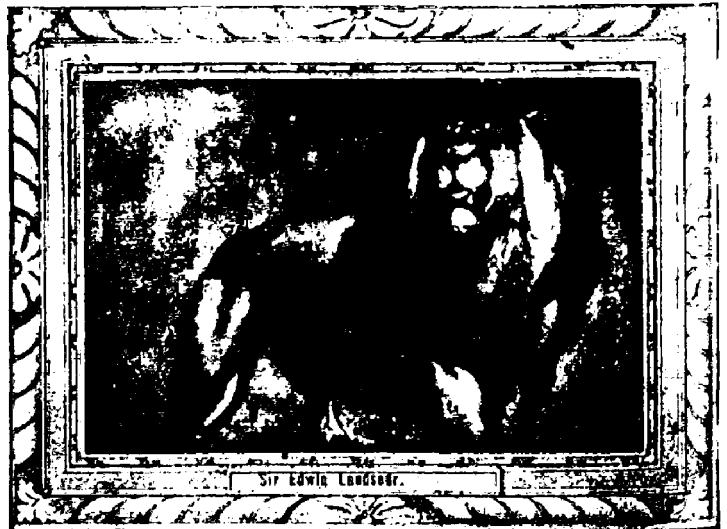
lections of picture post-cards in the world. In number they exceed thirteen thousand, and some idea of their value may be gathered from the fact that the entire collection does not include a single duplicate, and that all the cards, with few exceptions, have been addressed personally to their Imperial Majesties.

postal authorities, and are now lying in packets at the head offices. Those that have passed through the post, and escaped the vigilant eyes of the officials, are being sold for fifty times their original value.

In Turkey, especially in Constantinople, the mania for illustrated post-cards is as rampant as anywhere else, and the country is simply flooded with cards made in Germany, Austria, and France, showing every possible aspect of Turkish life and scenery. This is resented by the Sultan, and orders have now been issued that the entry is to be prohibited of all cards which bear views of Mecca or mosques, pictures of Turkish women or other people whose photographs are not allowed to be sold. This last refers to the Sultan, who will not permit a single photograph of himself to be taken. Some time ago an enterprising photographer found an old print of the Sultan as a Prince, without a beard. He cleverly added the missing appen-



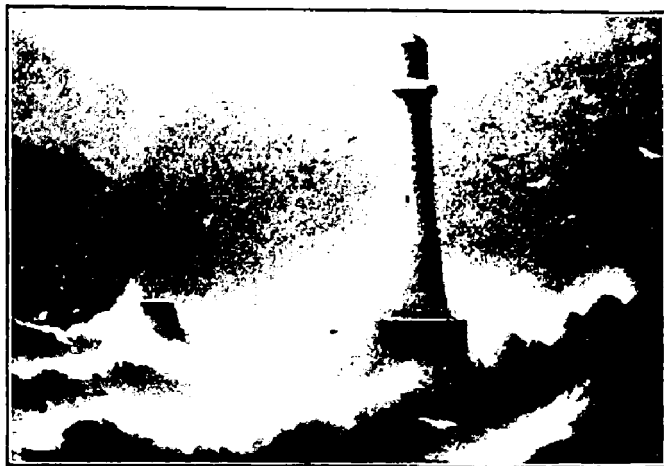
ANN HATHAWAY'S  
COTTAGE, STRAT-  
FORD-ON-AVON.  
(From "Rural  
England" Series.)



STUDY OF A LION, BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.  
(From "Tate Gallery" Series.)

A pretty story, which may or may not be true, is related of a little English girl who addressed a picture post-card to Nicholas II. on the occasion of his last birthday, wishing His Majesty many happy returns of the day, and at the same time asking him to be so kind and gracious as to send her a Russian card in return. The Czar was delighted, and promptly despatched a very beautiful post-card to his juvenile correspondent, bearing his autograph as well as that of the Czarina.

It may not be generally known that the advent of the pictorial post-card in this country was the means of enlarging our inland post-cards to their present useful dimensions. On the continent the size of the post-card has always been sufficiently large to enable a correspondent to express himself with a fair amount of fluency; in England, however, when one used a "P.-C." it was necessary to confine oneself to a kind of postal telegraphy—"Shall be home Thursday. Meet me at Waterloo 7.30. —Tom" sort of thing. The pictorial post-card changed all that. It was about six years ago that they first began to make their appearance in this country, but the specimens of English printing were so poor, and the pictures were necessarily so small, that Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, the well-known art publishers, began to consider whether something could not be done to make



THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.  
(From the "Rough Sea" Series.)

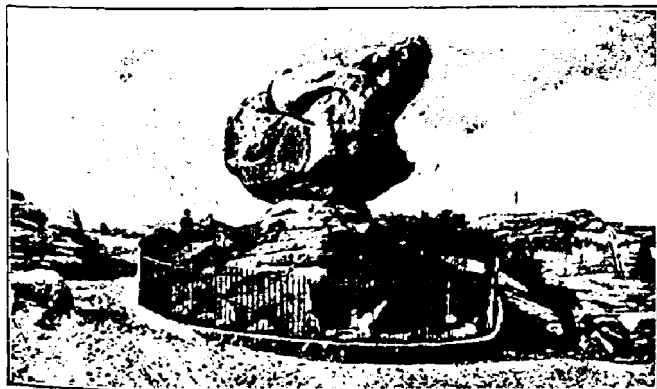


ENOCH ARDEN.  
(From the "Tennyson" Series.)

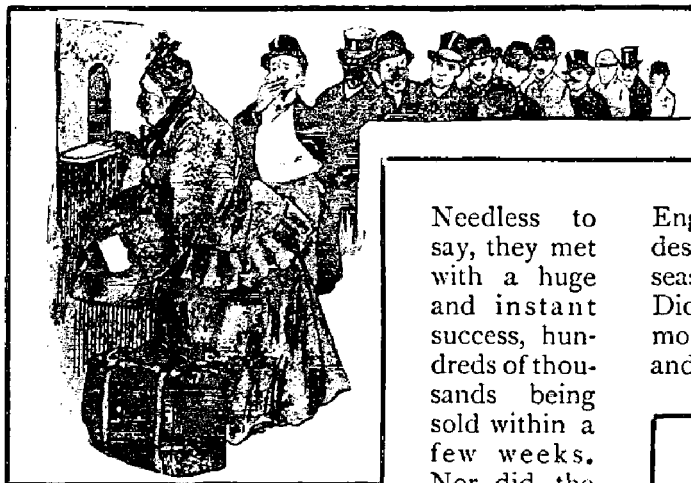
the English cards as beautiful and original in design as those published on the Continent. Until the size of the card was enlarged, however, they determined not to move in the matter. All their preliminary efforts were directed towards securing the right to use in Great Britain the same sized post-cards permitted for sending abroad. It was a long and exhaustive fight. The Government, having placed large contracts for post-cards, were not very anxious to grant Messrs. Tuck's demands, and it was not until the close of 1899, and after reams of arguments had been written on both sides, that the postal authorities at last gave way, and the enlarged post-card became

an accomplished fact.

Then Messrs. Tuck went to work in earnest. In November, 1899, they issued their first series of pictorial post-cards, which were so quickly sold that it at once became evident that at "Raphael House" a great rival to the Christmas-card had arisen. A large staff of artists and designers was engaged, photographers were sent all over the country to secure pictures of famous places and picturesque spots, and the art galleries of Europe were ransacked. Then came the South African war, and a unique opportunity was afforded Messrs. Tuck of issuing subjects of a patriotic and Imperialistic character.



TUNBRIDGE WELLS—THE TOAD ROCK.  
(From the "Kent" Series.)



*Sorry to keep y-  
waiting*

Needless to say, they met with a huge and instant success, hundreds of thousands being sold within a few weeks. Nor did the publishers omit to antici-

pate events. Thirty-six hours after the relief of Ladysmith was known, the famous "Paardeberg-Ladysmith" post-card was issued, the entire printing being sold out within a few days. The day following the relief of Mafeking appeared the Mafeking Relief card, bearing a portrait of the gallant Baden-Powell; while a couple of hours after the news of the capture of Pretoria was announced in London, a card bearing Lord Roberts' portrait under a Union Jack, with the legend, "With the Flag to Pretoria," was being sold by thousands in the streets of the Metropolis. This determination to be "abreast of the times" will be more appreciated when it is mentioned that many of these pictorial post-cards take from three to six months to produce.

The number of designs issued by Messrs. Tuck during the last two years exceed three thousand, and include famous pictures from

English and Continental galleries, heraldic designs, cathedrals of Europe, views of rough seas, characters from Shakespeare, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, etc., all bearing appropriate mottoes, patriotic designs, portraits of the King and Queen and other royalties, etc. Many of



*I went off  
so suddenly*

the designs are by famous artists, and a single series of these cards costs hundreds

of pounds to produce. The coloured series, naturally, are the most expensive, for they are printed in no less than sixteen colours, and take from six to eight months to perfect. No pictures of a religious nature appear on Messrs. Tuck's cards.

Whether there is any particular reason for this I do not know, but if there is, it is probably simply due to the fact

that, as there are so many thousands of other subjects to choose from, Messrs. Tuck think it just as well to keep Biblical subjects, at present, at all events, from the mundane post-card.

One of the most popular series issued by Messrs. Tuck & Sons, called the "Write-Away" series, was originated by Mr. Adolph Tuck, the business manager at Raphael House. It is intended, Mr. Tuck says, for shortening the labour of correspondence, though whether it altogether answers its purpose is perhaps a



*When you are  
disengaged*

*My time has been taken*

question. In lieu of a motto, an unfinished sentence (in Mr. Tuck's handwriting, by the way) is reproduced at the head of the card, the accompanying picture harmonising with the sentence in a very clever way. As a good deal of ingenuity is required on the part of the correspondent to fit in his remarks with those already expressed on the card, plenty of



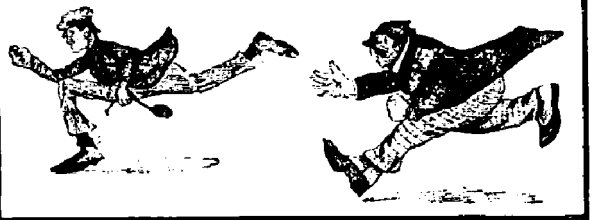
*Are you engaged*

a museum may be got out of a collection of these "Write-Away"

series after they have passed through the post. One particularly clever card shows an old lady at a railway booking-office, placidly keeping a long line of city men waiting while she sternly demands whether there is any train leaving for Margate before the next one! This sketch (worthy of the great "Tom B.") is headed: "Sorry to keep you waiting!" Another one shows a thief running off with a watch, and being hotly pursued by the infuriated owner,



while the appropriate heading reads: "My time has been



taken——." One of the most amusing, however, depicts a barber about to operate on the head of a totally bald customer, and bearing the significant words: "I scarcely know how to commence!"

Another excellent series of pictorial post cards issued by Messrs. Tuck show the various residences of the

King and Queen. A capital photograph of Windsor Castle, taken from the river, is repro-

*I scarcely know how to commence*

duced here, as well as Osborne House, Marlborough House, Balmoral, Sandringham, and St. James's Palace. This series paved the way for others of a similar character, and



*Sorry to put you off*

it is now possible to obtain pictorial post-cards bearing photographs of the royal residences of nearly all foreign

monarchs. These will doubtless be followed by "The Stately Homes of England," and we shall soon have every well-known castle and hall reproduced on our post-cards. Indeed, there is no reason why, if we inhabit a respectable dwelling, we should not have pictures of it printed on our private post-cards. That

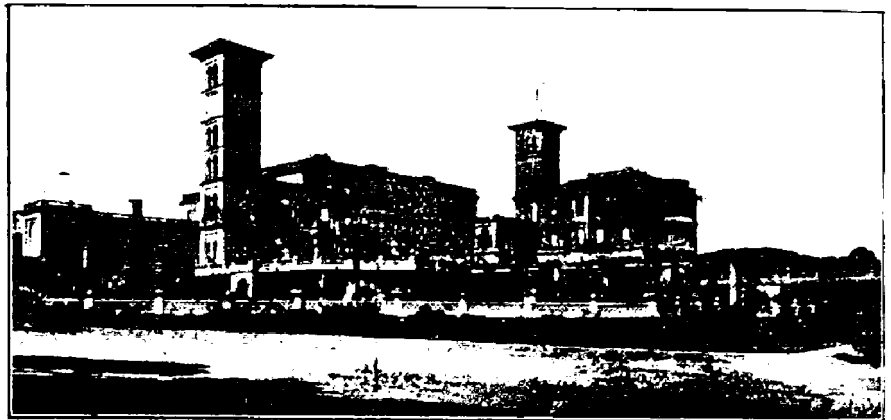


WINDSOR CASTLE.

happy time will doubtless come, but, let us hope, not just yet!

A few words must be said about the Prize Competition inaugurated by Messrs. Tuck in connection with their pictorial post-cards. A thousand pounds will be distributed in prizes, ranging from one hundred pounds to three guineas. These prizes will be received by those competitors who can show the largest collection of Tuck's pictorial post-cards; but in order to obviate any unfairness, through rich competitors being able to buy some thousands of cards, and thus secure the prizes, every card, to be eligible, must have passed through the post. This at once raises the competition to a high

level, for even those who enter and fail to secure a prize will have obtained a good deal of instruction and amusement from the contest. The question, whether only those cards addressed personally to the competitors would be eligible, was answered by Mr. Tuck in the negative. "In order not to limit the zeal of collectors," he said, "we have decided that any of our post-cards which may have been given to them by friends or acquaintances are equally eligible, so long as they bear the post-mark of the town in which



OSBORNE HOUSE.

they were posted." The competition has been divided into six sections, and a competitor may enter for one or more sections. Section 1 is for the largest collection of post-cards, irrespective of subject or design; section 2, for the largest collection, with the exception of local views and general scenery; section 3, for the collection containing the largest number of designs, curiosity of views, etc.; section 4, for the best collection of Empire, patriotic, and heraldic designs; section 5, for the best collection of "Write-Away" cards;

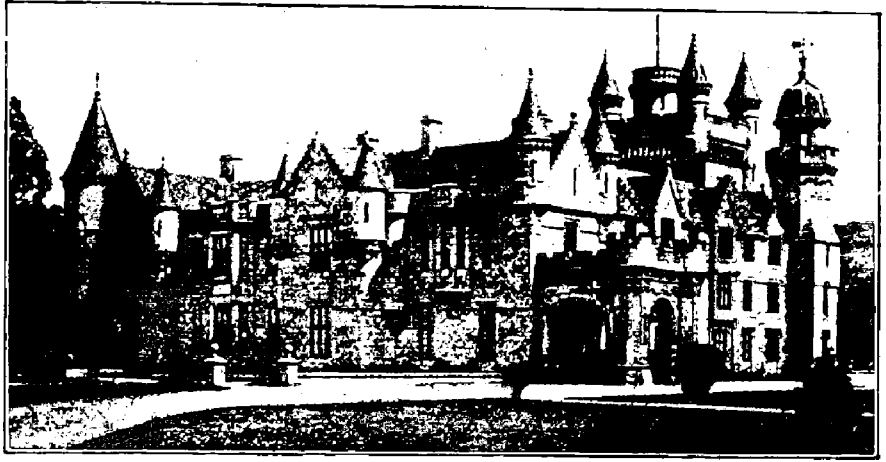


MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

*Photographs from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' "View" Series.*

and section 6, for the collection of cards stamped with the greatest number of different dates on which they have been posted, and the greatest number of post-marks of different towns or postal districts, villages, railway stations, etc., in which they have been posted.

It will, therefore, be seen that there is a section to suit everybody; and as the competition does not close until March 7th, 1902, there is plenty of time in which to get your collection in order. The rules, etc., can be obtained from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Raphael House,



BALMORAL CASTLE.

collection itself at all, in the first instance—only a description of it; and, if that description warranted the bestowal of a prize, she would then be required to send the collection for inspection and as a guarantee of good faith. This is a very great concession, and will probably be fully appreciated by competitors.

Pictorial post-card collecting is proving a formidable rival to philately.

It is prophesied that in ten years' time the pastime of collecting pictorial post-cards will have become a universal one, and that there will

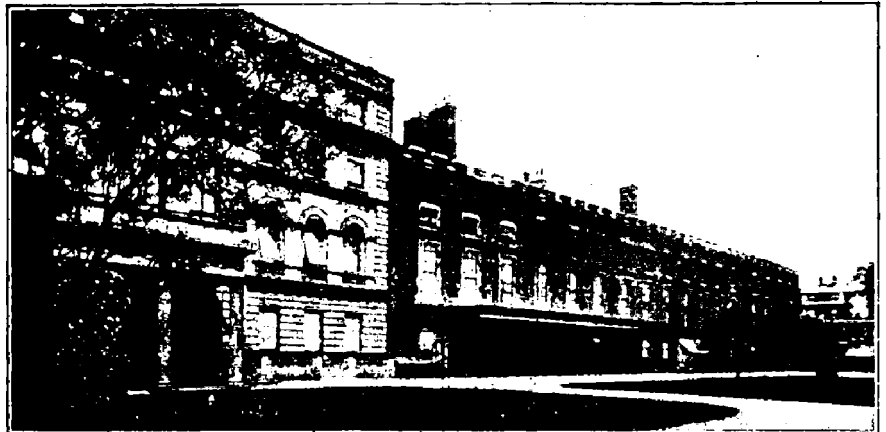
London. Mr. Tuck told me that just previous to my visit a lady had called to inquire about the competition. She said she had a good collection, which she valued very highly. Supposing she won a prize, would her cards be returned to her? Not even for the entire thousand pounds would she part with her collection!

Mr. Tuck assured her that if she won a prize—and he sincerely hoped she would—the cards would be returned to her in perfect safety. In fact, she was not required to send the

be more people engaged in their production than those now employed in the Christmas-card trade.



SANDRINGHAM.



CLARENCE HOUSE AND ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

## CARRUTHERS' CRICKET BALL.

BY ONSLOW DEANE.

SKETCHES BY VICTOR VENNER.



STORY which I am about to relate was told to me one afternoon during the early part of last May while the Surrey and London County cricket match was in progress at Kennington Oval. For its proper

digestion, a considerable grain of salt is, in my humble opinion, necessary; and its veracity, I fear, is rendered still more doubtful by the fact that a diligent search amongst the records of the game has failed to bring to light any bowling performance similar to that which I am about to set forth. I am, however, but a poor authority on the ancient history of cricket; and if the earnest assurances of the hero of the story prove to be false, I can only plead that I am the victim of a gross deception—a deception the more heartless as I was induced to part with five shillings that I could but ill spare for the copyright of the story.

It so happened that on the day I have named business was deplorably slack at the office of the house-agents who enjoy the privilege of my services. As the result of this stagnation, our Mr. Barton, the junior partner of the firm, told me, when I left for lunch at one o'clock, that I was at liberty, after showing a client over a house in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, which we then had on our books, to spend an hour or so in watching the cricket at the Oval. Our prospective tenant, fortunately, did not detain me long; and being thus enabled to reach the ground some little time before the luncheon interval was over, I first selected a good seat, and then, after lighting my pipe, proceeded to take stock of my neighbours at my leisure.

The person that most attracted my notice amongst the spectators near me was a gentleman who was sitting on my right-hand side—a queer-looking, elderly individual, attired in a black frock-coat, shiny from long wear, a pair of trousers baggy at the knees and ragged at the extremities, and a silk hat which might have been the fashion ten years ago, but whose glory

had been sadly dimmed by the stress of many winters, and a succession of heads of varying shape and size. But the well-worn coat covered a kindly heart, for although he caught me in the very act of inspecting him, he merely nodded affably without showing the least sign of irritation, and proceeded to enter into conversation.

"Fine weather this, sir, for the beginning of the season," he remarked, sidling up in my direction. "Come to see 'W.G.' or Bobby Abel?"

I had to admit that my visit was purely a chance one, but nevertheless confessed to a desire to see Grace make a century.

"He retains his form in a truly remarkable manner," I concluded, repeating once more an already well-worn truism.

"You're right there!" exclaimed my new-found friend, enthusiastically. "He is still one of the best bats in England. You should just have seen him at the Crystal Palace last week. He's good for a few hundreds yet, though, of course, it isn't quite as easy to him to make runs as it used to be. Years and weight are bound to tell their tale; and he can't get up and down the pitch at the same rate he did twenty seasons ago. But I well remember," he added, reflectively, "when his was by far the most difficult wicket to take in the whole country. I have bowled at him frequently in my time—that's many years ago now—but I never got him out but twice, and that was in the same match."

I know most of the leading cricketers of this era by sight, and my friend, to my mind, was quite unlike any of them. But the fact of his having twice dismissed Grace in a match in the champion's palmy days was quite enough to entitle him to respect. And as he might well have been a famous man all that time ago, I politely requested him to favour me with his story.

"Well," he began, with a preliminary clearance of the throat, and apparently nothing loth, "I seldom tell the tale, for it reminds me of

things that I would gladly forget. But," with a comprehensive jerk of his thumb in the direction of a mahogany-faced individual on my left hand, who was busily engaged in the occupation of cracking nuts, "but I don't think it will much matter if this gentleman should overhear it, and it will serve to while away a quarter of an hour, while these effete moderns continue to guzzle. I am rather particular as to whom I confide my adventure," he added in explanation of his reticence, "for it is not, I regret to say, altogether creditable to me—and I shouldn't like old Grace to know about it. He was rather annoyed at the time, I remember, and the grievance may rankle still. In fact, I think that I had better tell you the story as if I was talking of a third party. We'll call him Carruthers, if you like. Thank you, sir, I don't mind if I do. Talking is dry work."

He took a lengthy pull at the bottle proffered him by the mahogany-faced man, and then resumed.

"A good many years ago there was a scholar of Balliol named Carruthers. Yes, it seems

strange, doesn't it? But appearances are always deceptive, gentlemen, and Carruthers, to his great sorrow, is not at all the man he once was. I'm afraid he wouldn't find many women to fall in love with him now. But at the time I am speaking of he was by no means an ill-favoured fellow, and, when rigged out by an Oxford tailor, the girls found him acceptable enough. But he was painfully poor, and a poor man doesn't have much of a time up at the Varsity."

"Nor anywhere else, neither," interrupted the owner of the bottle, favouring me with a knowing wink and tapping his head significantly.

"Chuck the moralising, governor, and let's get on to the cricket."

"All in good time, my friend, all in good time," replied the late scholar of Balliol, with a dignified wave of his shabby arm. "Well, as I was saying, Carruthers was very poor, and he had no leanings whatever towards either the clerical or scholastic professions. But his unfortunate lack of capital did not permit him a wide choice of paths in his life—that is, until Helen Merriott appeared upon the scene. But Carruthers had not known Helen very long before he began to see grand possibilities in

another profession—that of matrimony. For she was the only child of old Silas Merriott, who, though of obscure parentage, had, by dint of fifty years of hard work in the City, accumulated the wealth of a Cræsus. I have hinted before that in those days Carruthers was a *persona grata* to the fair sex—pardon the language of the Latins, but Carruthers can never forget that he was once a scholar of Balliol—but, in deference to the desire of



"BUT THERE IS ONE CONDITION I IMPOSE, CARRUTHERS."

the gentleman who wishes me to come without delay to the cricket, we will skip Carruthers' love-making, and I will merely remark that it progressed as favourably as even he could wish. In fact, barely a month had elapsed before he felt that he had only to propose to be accepted.

"Now in those days Carruthers was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet; and he did not fail, as soon as he felt sure of his ground, to seize the earliest opportunity that presented itself of asking the momentous question. The results, as far as they went, were eminently satisfactory; for



Helen said 'Yes' with the sweetest blush you can imagine, and Cræsus was fairly complaisant when, in due course, he was consulted about the affair. No, Carruthers certainly could not complain of the way in which old Merriott treated him. For the old man seemed very willing to accept him as his son-in-law, and remarked with lofty condescension that he intended to settle a couple of thousand a year on his daughter when she married.

"'But there is one condition I impose, Carruthers,' he added, just as the latter, thinking everything successfully settled, was preparing to take his leave. 'I am, as you know, passionately fond of cricket, and it has always been a great grief to me that I never excelled at the game myself. And, unfortunately, I have no son. If I had been blessed with boys of my own, I would have made them first-class players, even had I been obliged to keep half a dozen of the best professionals in England all the year round. But as I have no son, I have always been determined that my son by marriage must, above everything, be a famous cricketer. Now, Carruthers, you're not quite that, you know. But still, I hear that your bowling is good enough to put you into the running for the Oxford Eleven. Well, get your Blue, and you won't find that Silas Merriott will thwart his daughter's wishes.'

"But Carruthers had only the poorest chance of getting into the Eleven—the Authentics was nearer his form—and he told old Merriott so. But the old man was inexorable, and Carruthers failed entirely to budge him from his determination.

"'If you wish to marry Helen, you must get your cricket Blue before you go down,' he said. 'You can hire any coach you like at my expense, but the Blue is a *sine qua non*.'

"No, sir. I daresay that those were not his exact words. He had no pretensions to even a smattering of classical knowledge, and, I fear, had but little respect for Carruthers in his rôle of scholar of Balliol. But what he said meant the same thing. I'm sure I'm extremely obliged to you, sir. I really don't mind if I do, for the contents were certainly very excellent.

"Well, as you can, no doubt, easily imagine," my shabby friend continued presently, after I had once more returned the bottle to the mahogany-faced man, and he had wiped his lips with a not over-clean pocket-handkerchief, "Carruthers was placed in a most unenviable position. For although the 'Varsity captain—it was so many years ago that his name would convey nothing to you if I mentioned it—was a great friend of his, he could do no more than

promise him a trial in at least one match. And the particular match for which he was eventually selected was that against the M.C.C. But this rather disheartened Carruthers than otherwise, for Grace was to captain the club side, and the team all round was tremendously hot. He felt that there was no doubt of his having a trial—quite possibly eight or nine of the Oxford men might have to bowl—but it did not require a very vivid imagination to picture his erratic fast bowling being hit to all parts of the field by the masters of the art of batting opposed to him. And the mere thought of such a thing was, under the exceptional circumstances, anything but exhilarating.

"But just as he was in the lowest depths of despair, a brilliant idea suddenly occurred to him. In the village down at his Lincolnshire home there was living an old man who was exceedingly clever at making mechanical toys worked by cunningly contrived springs and wheels. Could not this genius, thought Carruthers, be persuaded to introduce into the inside of a cricket ball a spring which, when pressure was brought to bear upon it, would cause the ball to break in a certain direction? At any rate the idea was well worth acting upon—and he would have stooped to lower things than merely 'faking' a cricket ball to win the beautiful and wealthy Helen.

"Well, not to keep you in suspense, gentlemen, the toy-maker was induced to do what was required of him; and on the day before the match the ball duly arrived. It was exactly like any other cricket ball but for a single tiny light spot upon its surface. The maker, in a letter to Carruthers, told him that by firmly pressing this spot when delivering the ball he would be easily able to cause it to break back, though only in one direction, from left to right, any distance up to six feet. Carruthers lost no time in putting the missile through a private trial, and he found it fully capable of doing all that was claimed for it. And that night he dreamt horrible dreams of bowling against Grace with a ball that would insist on dropping midway up the pitch and then bouncing back, with a loud whirring noise, high over his head.

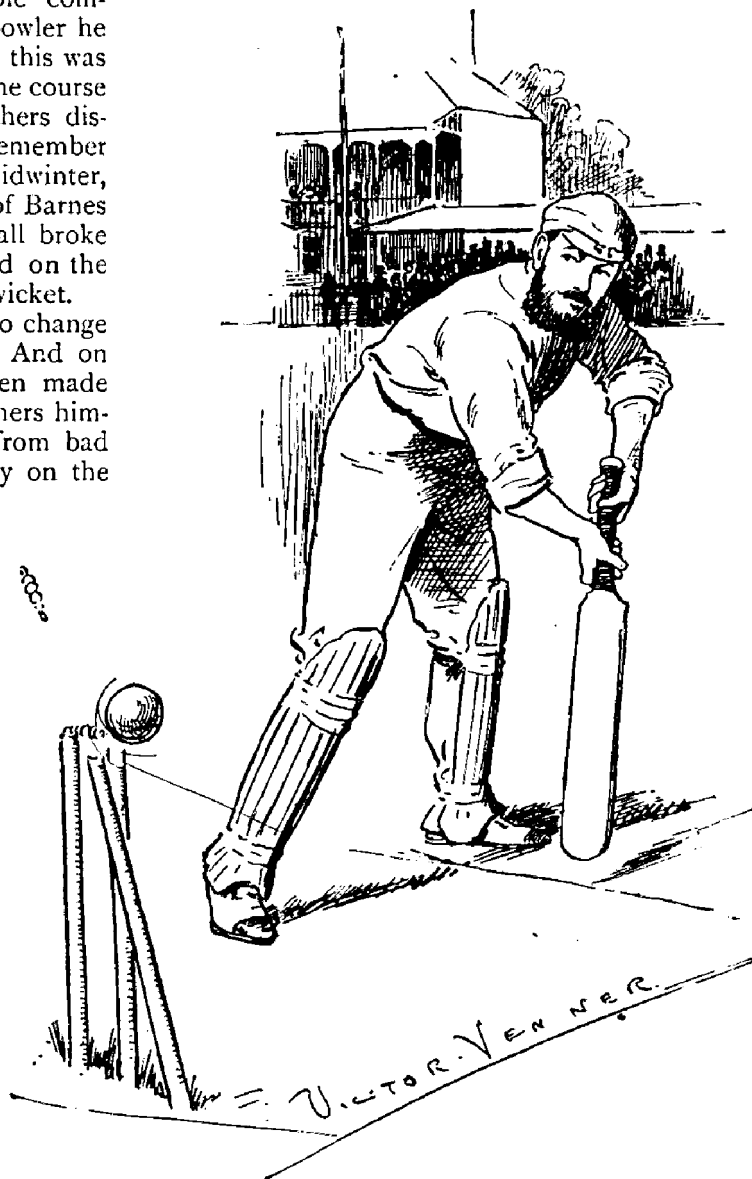
"Next day was gloriously fine, and the ground in the Oxford Parks was as fast and true as the proverbial billiard table. The visiting team won the toss, and everyone predicted a heavy score. And up to lunch-time they did very well indeed—if my recollection serves me, they put on about a hundred and forty without losing a wicket. But during the interval Carruthers managed to substitute his ball for the one with which they had been playing; and before the game had long been resumed he was ordered on to bowl.

"The first ball he sent down didn't come off at all. He was nervous, I fancy, and failed to get a good grip of the spring. At any rate Grace banged it to the off-boundary. But the next time he worked the engine better. It pitched about midway between point and the wicket, broke back about six feet, and took Grace's off bail. Even the champion himself had to admit that Carruthers had a more remarkable command over the ball than any other bowler he had previously stood up against. But this was nothing to what was to follow, for in the course of the next two or three overs Carruthers dismissed about four good men. If I remember rightly they were Barlow, Barnes, Midwinter, and one of the Walkers. In the case of Barnes I am under the impression that the ball broke about three yards, hit the batsman hard on the knee, and then cannoned off into the wicket.

"Carruthers successfully contrived to change the balls again between the innings. And on the hard pitch the University batsmen made nearly three hundred, of which Carruthers himself managed to get forty-one in far from bad style. Oxford were finally all out early on the second afternoon, and one of the biggest crowds ever seen in the Parks waited anxiously to see what Carruthers would do at the second time of asking. They were very nearly disappointed, for one of the umpires stuck tenaciously to the new ball which had been provided. But Carruthers, who had carefully polished up his weapon—it had had so little wear in the first innings that it was scarcely soiled—managed to trick him at last, and then the fun began again.

"The Marylebone second innings was a mere procession, for Carruthers had by this time pretty well sized up the capabilities of that bomb of his. Grace led off against him, and although he survived three balls, the fourth beat him entirely, and he was out for a 'duck.' It wasn't surprising that he didn't score, for the first ball Carruthers sent up pitched well outside the off stump, and wriggled all round his legs; the second didn't break at all, and would have been a wide if the umpire had had presence of mind enough to call it; and the third hopped back from the direction of short slip and dealt the wicket-keeper a severe blow on the nose. Carruthers always

said that if that wicket-keeper had not been in the way he should have bowled Grace third ball instead of fourth. But anyhow, he took all ten wickets for four runs—some man more fortunate than his fellows happened to make a good shot at the missile as it was bobbing about near point, and hit it back-handed



THE FOURTH BALL BEAT GRACE ENTIRELY.\*

through the slips to the boundary.

"Yes, sir, of course Carruthers got his Blue the same evening. No, he didn't play against Cambridge. He always was an unlucky fellow, and old Merriott got hold of the ball with the intention of having it stuffed and put under a

\*The match is supposed to have been played a number of years ago.—ED.

glass case, or something of the sort, and unfortunately discovered the contrivance inside it. I don't think he ever told anybody except his daughter; but to this deplorable circumstance was due the fact of Carruthers' leaving Oxford with considerable precipitation. It was a very great pity, for he was a charming man, and would, I am sure, have made Helen a most excellent husband.

"No, sir, I don't remember the exact year. It is so long ago now, and my memory is not what it was, and is occasionally apt to play me scurvy tricks. But no doubt if you write to the editor of Wisden's or Lillywhite's useful records, enclosing half-a-crown and

explaining what you want, they will hunt up their annual for that year for you if they have any copies still in stock. Thank you, sir; if our friend on your other side would kindly see that no one takes our seats during our absence, a small modicum of Scotch would be by no means unacceptable. But we mustn't be long, for here come the umpires, and I paid my sixpence on purpose to see my old friend Grace get another century. He is a good deal older since the events of which I have been telling you occurred, yet he certainly stands a better chance of making a long score to-day than on the occasion on which he had Carruthers' deadly bowling to contend with."

## "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

**NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—**

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,  
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions. We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

**GIRLS** may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burrell Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by October 12th.

The Results will be published in December.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

**AGE RULE:** A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

**No. 1.—"National Memorial to Queen Victoria."**—Three books (to be chosen by winners) value 6s. each, will be forwarded to the three competitors who send the best suggestions for a "National Memorial to Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria." A selection of the best suggestions will be published in THE CAPTAIN.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Sixteen.

**No. 2.—"Four Towns" (THIRD LIST).**—In one of the advertisement pages you will find a form to cut out and send up after you have filled in the names of the towns. The number of letters in each town is indicated by its initial letter and dots to the number of letters required to complete the word. All these towns contain

over 5,000 inhabitants, and are situated in the British Isles. There will be three prizes of 10s.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Eighteen.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Fourteen.

**No. 3.—"Twelve Most Widely Advertised Articles."**—Give a list of the twelve most widely advertised articles, such as "Jones's Jams," "Smith's Soap," etc. Send post-cards. This competition will be decided by vote, as in former competitions of the kind. The senders of the three most correct lists will receive 7s. each.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-two.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Eighteen.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Fourteen.

**No. 4.—"Picture Post-cards."**—Send a picture post-card with a four line verse on the picture. The three prizes will be articles from our advertisement pages (to be chosen by winners) to the value of 7s.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Sixteen.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twelve.

**No. 5.—"Contradictory Proverbs."**—Often one proverb contradicts another. For example:—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

"Out of sight, out of mind."

Send a list of all the contradictory proverbs you can think of. Prizes will be articles from our advertisement pages (to be chosen by winners) to the value of 7s.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Sixteen.

**No. 6.—"Idea for a Competition."**—Some time ago we had a "comp." of this sort, with no very useful results. But we will try again. Send on a post-card a suggestion for a competition. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Sixteen.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twelve.

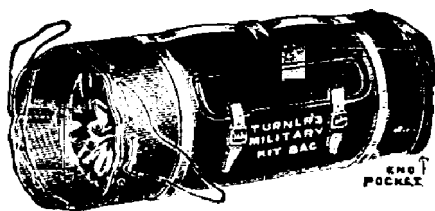
**EXTRA CONSOLATION PRIZES.**—Three prizes of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the three competitors who at the close of Vol. VI. have gained the largest number of "Honourable Mentions" during the past six months, beginning with the results published in the October number.



## MORE ABOUT TOURING EQUIPMENT.

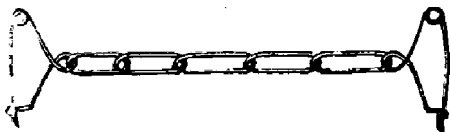
**I** DEALT last month with the subject of touring equipment, concluding with a passing reference to the matter of clothing. Let me repeat the plea for all-wool clothing, and for garments that fit easily, without perceptible pressure anywhere.

It is essential that the clothing should be warm enough, without being too hot. In order



TURNER'S MILITARY KIT BAG.

to assure this end, it is necessary in variable weather to have some means of varying the clothing too. Boys can carry a waistcoat to be worn on chill evenings, or at other times of need, and girls can similarly provide themselves with a light coat to be put over the blouse when required. Turner's military kit-bag is just the thing in which to carry spare garments rolled up. It is made in blue or brown tweed, lined with waterproof, and straps neatly into a roll. An invention which provides one with a sort of partial equivalent to a waistcoat is marketed by the firm of John Piggott, of Cheapside and Milk Street, London. It is called the "Tidee"



chain, and consists of a few neat links of metal uniting two safety-pins, one being fastened to each end. These are to be pinned to the insides of the facings of the coat, rather low down. The chain will then restrain the coat from flapping in the wind, will keep the garment

in better shape than otherwise, and will do not a little to protect the chest from cold. Only one of the safety-pins need be undone in order to loosen the coat, so that in warm weather, or when there is but little wind, the chain can hang inside one of the facings, and quite out of sight. Not that its appearance is in any way against it, for when in use it looks as neat as a watch-guard.

Messrs. Piggott have all kinds of cycling materials in stock, as well as suits ready made up, and the prices will suit all purses. Other firms catering upon similar lines are Messrs. Benetfink & Co., of Cheapside, and Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn. An illustration is given of a girl's lined waterproof cape with golf straps. The poncho pattern of waterproof is the one I prefer for riders of either sex. On girls it looks, perhaps, a little less stylish than the other, but it is unmatched as a means of keeping out the wet, which is, after all, the main thing, and has the advantage of being a trifle cheaper. The poncho, I may say for the benefit of those who do not know, is the cape that has no opening down the front, but simply a hole for the head, with a couple of buttons to close the neck at the throat. The word is provincial Spanish, a habit of this design having been largely in vogue in South America. A cycling waterproof of some description is essential for comfortable touring, and any of the firms mentioned can show an enormous variety of sizes and patterns.

In the matter of head-gear, usage has narrowed us down to a choice between the straw hat and the cloth cap. For all-round work the latter is perhaps the better, although the former is very suitable for the hottest days



PIGGOTT'S TOURING JACKET.



A GIRL'S LINED CAPE WITH GOLF STRAPS: MADE BY MESSRS. GAMAGE.

away and lost whilst coasting. Girls often go wrong in the matter of head-gear. Big hats with flapping brims should not be worn, as they impede the vision and annoy the rider. Whatever the fashion of the hour may be as regards ordinary wear, the cyclist should have nothing to do with either hats or toques adorned with the sort of trimming that will blow about. Simplicity and neatness are here the main secrets of comfort. If a cloth cap or a straw sailor hat are judged unsuitable, a Tam-o'-Shanter, of a colour to harmonise with the rest of the attire, will often be found becoming. As for shoes, they must, of course, be shoes, and not boots of any description whatever. They should be made very low at the ankle, so as not to cut the ankle bones, and, needless to say, they must be a perfect fit. For myself, I prefer shoes with rubber soles and canvas tops, and Messrs. Manfield & Sons make me an excellent pair in seven days from receipt of a post-card. But it is only a minority of riders who feel quite at home on rubber. The pedal, of course, has to be of rubber too, and many riders prefer rat-traps, which would quickly destroy a rubber sole. The grip that a rubber pedal and a rubber shoe have one upon the other, however, when both are made with transverse ribs, as mine are, is very secure, and I have never slipped the pedal since I adopted this system. For a leather shoe, one of the neatest things I know is Norris's "Pedes-Cyclo" shoe. It is light, durable, and extremely simple to

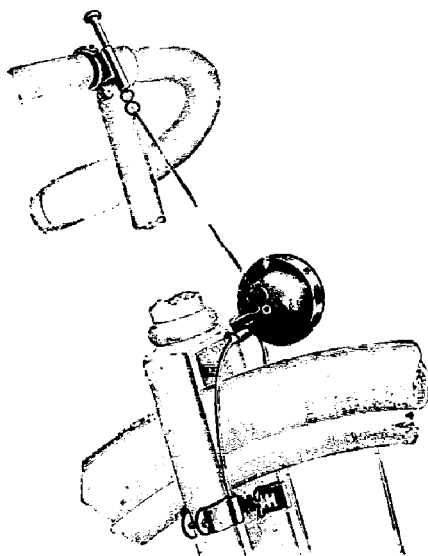
of summer. The cloth of the cap should either be very thin and porous, or, if not, the lining should be cut away in order to secure better ventilation. It is easy to carry a spare one in the kit, to provide against the emergency of a thorough wetting, or in case one's first one should be carried

fasten and undo. The prices range from 6s. 11d. up to 12s. 6d. a pair, and the firm guarantee a fit if an old shoe is sent to them at 55, Bishopsgate Street Within.

Hardly less important than the personal equipment is that of the machine itself. No one would be wise in starting out on a machine just delivered from the shop. It should be thoroughly tried first in order to give any hidden defect a chance of showing itself. All adjustments should be seen to be right, and all nuts screwed firmly home. However old the machine it should be given a thorough external cleaning, and it is as well to add to the bright parts some protective film, so that a passing shower will not rust them. Vaseline is the best known material for this purpose.

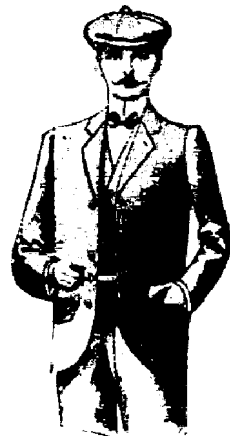
But there are others that are nicer to handle, and the effects of whose application are more enduring. Of these a comparatively recent arrival is W. P. McCoy's "Anti-Rustine." It is an excellent preventive of rust, and one application will last quite a long time if the parts covered be not much handled. I should recommend anyone who fears the rust demon—and which of us does not?—to experiment with a 6d. tin. The principal address of the maker is Phoenix Place, Mount Pleasant, London, W.C., but in all probability a good dealer in accessories will be able to furnish it.

Just a word, in conclusion, about the break and bell,

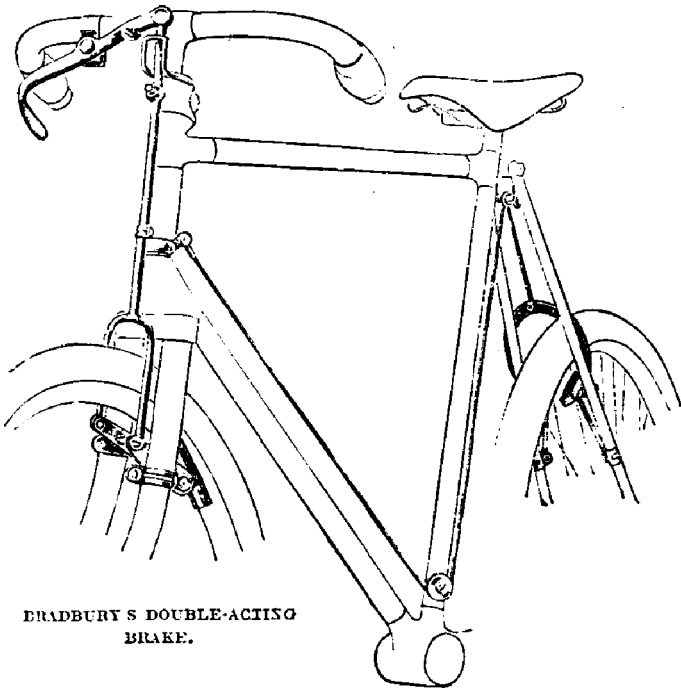


"NEW DEPARTURE" BELL, BY MESSRS. BROWN BROS.

which may have to play important parts in any journey. There is a class of bells which can be made to ring continuously that are much in favour with some riders. In the case of those that have to be wound up by clockwork there is a danger of letting them run down, so that, perhaps, when most wanted they are virtually not there. I give illustrations of two that require no winding, being worked simply by contact with your running wheels.



PIGGOTT'S "LIDEE" CHAIN, FOR KEEPING THE COAT FROM FLAPPING IN THE WIND.

BRADBURY'S DOUBLE-ACTION  
BRAKE.

One is the "New Departure" tyre bell by Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, E.C. It is set in action by pressing the little button at the top of the handle-bar. The other is the rim bell of Messrs. Joseph Lucas & Co., of Birmingham. Here the bell is not depressed,

but is pulled up from its resting position beneath one side of the rim by the trigger arrangement shown. Either of these may be recommended as an excellent form of continuous bell for such as have leanings in that direction.

As regards brakes, the latest introduced by

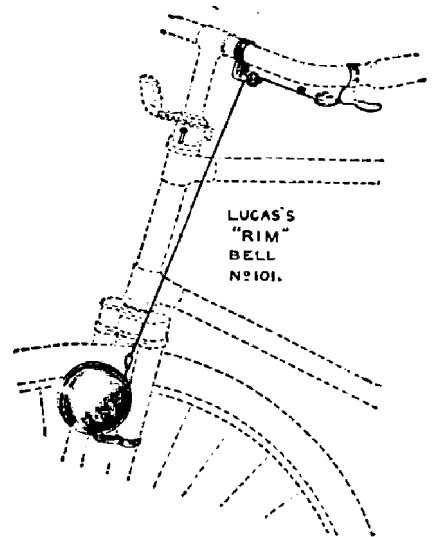
Messrs. Bradbury & Co., of Oldham, is a very good thing. It is so designed that a single motion of the brake lever brings on two rim brakes—a combination of brake power which I have always advocated, and which I regard as indispensable to all riders using free wheels. This dual brake can be so arranged that both pairs of shoes come into action simultaneously, or that the pressure from one pair takes effect slightly in advance of that from the other. In the

latter case it should be the rear pair that act first, but the adjustment should be very fine, so that the front shoes go on almost immediately after the rear ones.

Happy the cyclist, equipped in the way that I have described, who leaves all thought of his every-day life behind him, and who sets off "with a heart for any fate." The road—the long road, that is for a space to be his home—may have in prospect for him some of the keenest joys of life. What is there finer than the happy-go-lucky freedom of the road?

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Cricket Bat" (RUSSELL SQUARE).—The new game Ping-Pong will certainly not spoil you in any way for cycling—what can have made you think it might? But remember that the one is a game for quite different conditions from those that make the other attractive. Fine fun as it is, and fine sport, too, when properly played, Ping-Pong should still never tempt a man to devote fine sunny afternoons to it. Your other question is answered by the mention of Cook's Athletic Company, of Barbican Court, London, E.C. Gertrude G. (Epsom).—Of course I like to hear from girls. Write as often as you like, if you have always questions that you think I could help you in answering. Your brother is wrong in thinking Sandow's Grip dumb-bells would be of no use to you. A girl not only wants to have a strong body and strong limbs, but is all the better for having strong hands as well. True, you will hardly cycle any better in consequence, but wait till you have to remove an awkward tyre all by yourself, as every girl should be able to do. The Skeleton.—No, I won't name your school, but you ought not to trouble about your nickname. I value the memory of some of mine very much. Besides, you may not always be so excessively fat, and cycling is a fine thing to get one into more



LUCAS'S RIM BELL.

reasonable condition. Your choice of a Bradbury full roadster is a thoroughly sound one. Don't work too hard at first, but rely rather upon constant gentle exercise. There is no need whatever to starve yourself. The latest methods of treatment allow of fairly liberal diet, provided the right things are eaten. You don't want a lot of starchy stuff like bread and potatoes, as many fellows do, but rather such things as greens and salads (without the dressing). There is great virtue in active habits, and I predict that an average of even so little as ten miles a day, ridden briskly, but not in your case ridden *hard*, will do you a world of good. Let me know.

**"Hopeful" (NORTH SHIELDS).**—(1) You cannot go wrong with any of the firms you mention; but I should add to their number the names of Swift, Sunbeam, Centaur, Bradbury, Raleigh, Royal Enfield. The Dunlop tyres will be right, but insist upon full roadsters. (2) An excellent choice would be Jaeger wool. See what is said above concerning shoes. The plan suggested is a good one, but don't leave out of reckoning the fact that in October the evenings are rapidly shortening.

**H. V. T. (CRANLEIGH).**—(1) You only set it to fire when you leave the machine standing. After all, there is nothing simpler or better than a good lock and chain. There are plenty of good ones imported from America. The chain must not be flimsy, but hard and substantial. Even so it can, of course, be filed through; but the habits of the cycle thief lead him to choose well-frequented inns, and such like places, as his lurking grounds. He usually has plenty of choice in the way of quarry, and he will not run the risks attendant upon laborious operations on a chain, while unprotected bicycles are at hand. (2) The very best way is to get a good map and explore for

yourself. Most guide-books are concerned solely with the beaten track, but, if you decide to travel "on your own," you can unfold a larger field and still have the main roads to hurry home by should you require them. There is a sense of freedom about this sort of touring which nothing else can give. I always like to sketch my main idea before starting out, and then to elaborate the details from day to day.

**R. A. A. (OSWALDTWISTLE).**—I am sorry that it is impossible to send answers through the post. You would probably strike Cheshire ground as soon as possible, and then work westward to Chester, whence the coast road is very interesting. Am glad you are a member of the club.

**H. W. (BRISTOL).**—You are mistaken in thinking that the oil will rot the leather. It may, however, so soften it as to render it unduly liable to wear. Treatment with benzoline will get most of the grease away, but do not use the spirit anywhere near a fire or light. I don't like band-brakes, on account of the uncertain behaviour of which you speak. In spite of the larger surface of application they are less powerful than rim-brakes, since they go on in positions so much nearer the centre of the wheel than in the latter case. Moreover, the strain set up among the spokes is greater.

**Jessie (CARLISLE).**—(1) Monmouth is an excellent centre for the Wye country, and either Breckon or Crickhowel for the Usk. This Usk scenery is far too little known. Yes; at Abergavenny there is the best accommodation, and you can easily visit Raglan and the other places from there. (2) There have been various gloves specially designed for the purpose, but they were none of them comfortable, except when the fingers were bent in the shape they take when grasping a handle grip. I am glad your sister benefited.

H. P.

## "THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER.

**I**N future all correspondence relating to photographic matters will be dealt with under the above heading. We shall be pleased to help those of our readers who are already amateur photographers, and to advise those who are desirous of taking up the pursuit of this fascinating hobby. All communications should be addressed to "The Photographic Editor," and a stamped, addressed envelope enclosed when replies through the post are required.

**"What to Photograph in London."**—A thoughtful little leaflet, published by Messrs. Sanders & Crowhurst, 71, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., should be very useful to those of our photographic readers who may be visiting London during their holidays. It contains six tours, each representing a day's work, so arranged as to take in an itinerary the principal places of interest in the metropolis. It can be obtained upon application, with stamp for postage.

**Ignotus (TAUNTON).**—You refer to the "wet-plate" process, in which the positive is taken direct on to a sheet of ferrotype. You can obtain both plates and developer from Jonathan Fallowfield, Charing Cross

Road, London, W.C.

**Thunderer (VALPARAISO).**—(1) You can obtain a "view-finder" for the "Brownie" camera for 1s. from Kodak, Ltd. This overcomes the difficulty you mention. (2) Photographs sent in for competition may be mounted or unmounted, as you please. We consider the merit of the photograph, not the quality of the mount, although we like to see photographs *tastefully* mounted.

**"Natalian."**—It would take too much space here to tell you how to make gelatino-chloride and ferro-prussiate papers, and they are both so cheap that it is far better, and less trouble, to buy than to make them.

**P. O. P. (HARROW).**—(1) For a good all-round hand camera, capable of doing all classes of work, you would do well to purchase one of Benetfink's "Lightning" cameras, with a rack-focussing attachment. (2) Judging from the prints you send, I should say the negatives were a little over-exposed. To reduce, soak them in water until thoroughly wetted, and place in a weak solution of hypo, to which has been added a few drops of ferricyanide solution: Potassium ferricyanide, one part; water, nine parts. Reduction takes place almost immediately, and the negative should be removed and washed before it is apparently sufficient.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

# SHERBORNE SCHOOL



By "Upper School  
Modern."

"FAIR and grey and an-  
cient,  
On the flowery lea,  
Nestling 'neath the hill-  
side,  
Stands the school for  
me,  
Set where saintly Ald-  
helm  
By the bridge of Yeo,  
Chanted to the chapmen  
'Thousand years ago.'

SCHOOLS, CHAPEL, AND STUDIES. THE BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE IS THE ABBEY TOWER.

SHERBORNE is one of the oldest of English schools, for its charta, still preserved in the library, is dated May 13th, 1550. The school existed a long time before this, but reformation was then necessary, for it was in a very crippled condition, and would probably have died out had not King Edward VI. come to its aid. Some say that King Alfred was educated at Sherborne, but this is only a tradition. However, several indications which we can gather from historians lead us to suppose that Alfred was, at any rate, *buried* at Sherborne, which was at that time the most important town in the south-west of England. In fact, so confident are Shirburnians that this monarch was one of themselves, that a very witty song, entitled "King Alfred, O.S.," is included in the Sherborne song book.

An attempt to describe the beauties of Sherborne would be useless. The ivy-mantled Abbey Tower, the grey walls of the ancient monastery, the gloomy cloisters nestling at its foot, are the very essence of the pic-

turesque; while the rich foliage of the elm and lime trees, and the golden hue of the hamstone, lend colour to the picture.

Sherborne School stands on the ground once occupied by the Benedictine Monastery of Sherborne, from the venerable remains of which the library, chapel, and study buildings, adjoining the Abbey Church, have been formed.

The School was reconstituted by the Endowed Schools Commission, in 1870, and under the new *régime* the object of the foundation is to "supply a liberal education in accordance with the principles of the Church of England."

On the right of the court lies the Big Schoolroom, the army class, and the modern school buildings. It is only within the last few years that the Big Schoolroom has been brought to its present state of perfection, through the generosity of one of the masters, who, mainly at his own expense, had it panelled and floored in oak. This room contains a very fine organ, over which a carved figure of



THE HEAD-MASTER OF SHERBORNE SCHOOL.  
Photograph by W. & H. H. Fr.J.





THE SCHOOL GATEWAY.

"Where yon mystic emblems  
O'er the gateway frown,  
True shall run the legend  
'Neath her carven crown.  
To avenge her honour  
Lion hearts shall spring,  
Conscience be her dragon  
And high truth her king."

Orpheus, with his golden lyre, keeps silent watch. It is here that concerts and entertainments and prize-giving functions are held.

Confronting one, as one enters the court, are the school house studies, formerly the monks' cells, and the chapel, with Ina's Abbey in the background. Beneath the chapel are the lower school class-rooms and the little court. The chapel was formerly the Abbot's Hall, and has been enlarged from time to time. Its roof is in the fifteenth century style, but the windows are quite modern. Sad memorials of old Shirburnians are the many tablets adorning its walls.

On the east side of the court are the school house buildings and the head-master's house. Behind the chapel, and at right angles to it, is the library, formerly the Abbot's guestern hall. It has been turned into a most beautiful room, chiefly through the energy, combined with great affection

for the school, of the late head-master, Dr. Harper.

On the west, behind the Big Schoolroom, are the music-rooms, armoury, art and science schools, gymnasium, museum, workshop, five courts, and swimming baths, which were also built by Dr. Harper, of whom it is said that he was the first to bathe in them.

"And when dear old Dan, that wonderful man,  
Had dug up his noble pool,  
'Tis said that he sent with a merry intent  
This message around the school :  
'Your limbs for to lave in my crystal wave  
I know that you all do thirst ;  
But unless you arise with the lark in the skies  
'Tis I shall be in the first.'"

At a short distance from the school is Mr. Blake's house, a preparatory school connected with Sherborne, and close by this the sanatorium, a large building in two parts joined by a bridge. Behind the latter lies the head-master's garden, in olden days said to have been the monks' fish-pond.

A little further away is a most magnificent cricket ground, very nearly as level as a billiard table, of which Ranjitsinhji, in his famous "Jubilee Book," speaks as being "second to none."

Rugby football is played at Sherborne both in the Christmas and Easter terms. During the Christmas term the school matches are played off, and in the Easter term the house matches. Hockey has been introduced to fill up the time between the last house match and sports, and with fair success. In football the inter-school matches are with Tonbridge and St. Paul's,



THE BIG SCHOOLROOM.

and in cricket with Bradfield and St. Paul's.

The school also possesses a cadet corps, in connection with 1st Dorset Volunteers, which is at present one hundred strong. Many sham fights and inter-school shooting matches are held; an "eight" is sent up to Bisley, and a detachment always goes to Aldershot for camp and field-days. Its captain and lieutenants are masters of the school, and the non-coms. are chosen from the ranks.

There are no customs really peculiar to the school, unless we except a small though curious one which requires that every member



THE CHAPEL.



IN THE CRICKET FIELD, SHERBORNE.

Sherborne is the proud possessor of a large number of challenge cups for all sorts of things, including music.

As I have said, straw hats are worn all the year round, the different houses, the first fifteen, first eleven, and Sixth Form being distinguished by differently coloured bands. "Toppers" are worn on Sundays, except on summer afternoons, when straw hats are allowed.

In conclusion let me quote from Sir Lewis Morris, a distinguished "O.S.," on Sherborne:—

Long may she live to keep her memory green,  
And still while England stands unshattered last;  
And may this page which tells what she has been  
Link a bright future with a cherished past.

of the school shall wear a straw hat all the year round.

In the swimming bath, the swimmer's prowess in the water is shown by his bathing drawers, called by Shirburnians "kickers," to decide the colour of which trials are held several times during the summer term. If a fellow cannot manage to struggle through one length of the bath he wears "muds," which are of a variegated hue; should he be able to swim one length he wears "reds," which are red-and-white striped; two lengths "singles," blue and white; nine lengths "doubles," the colour of which is plain blue. Swimming races are held for medals and challenge cups, also diving and dummy-diving competitions.



MR. BLAKE'S HOUSE

# "CAPTAIN" CLUB

## • • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN has been awarded to E. BOYLE for his contribution entitled, "Half an Hour with the Navy List." Mr. Boyle is requested to forward his address.

### *Dudley Castle.*

**I**N the midst of that region of the midland counties which is aptly termed the Black Country, stand the ruins of the historical pile known as Dudley Castle. This castle, which belongs to the Earl of Dudley, is situated on a lofty limestone hill at the north-eastern extremity of the town. It was erected about A.D. 700 by Dodo, a Saxon prince, from whom the town derived its name, being first called "Dodo's Ley," or "Doddiley," which in course of time was shortened to "Dudley."

During the reign of William the Conqueror, the then proprietor, Earl Edwin, was removed, and the castle became the property of William Fitzansculph. During the time of the Henrys and Edwards, it passed through the hands of various members of the two great branches of his family, the "De Somerys" and the "Suttons," and ultimately, in the reign of Charles I., came into the possession of the "Ward" family, which has owned it ever since.

During the great Civil War it was occupied by royalist troops, and laid siege to by Cromwell: two years later it was dismantled by order of Parliament in order to render it unfit for the accommodation of a garrison. From that time Dudley Castle was used only as a private residence, until the year 1750, when it was almost

wholly destroyed by fire. There is a tradition to the effect that the fire was the work of a gang of coiners, who, whilst utilising the place for their illegal purposes, overheated a crucible, and thus set some oaken beams alight; but this has never been verified.

It was not thought worthy of repair, and was left a heap of ruins until between the years 1799 and 1805, when William, the third Viscount Dudley and Ward, removed a vast heap of the ruined masonry, and patched the place up a little.

From the highest point of the ruins a view of twenty-two miles in radius is obtained. The

castle being of no real use to its owner, the grounds are always open, and many are the visitors attracted thereto. Being composed of limestone, the hill upon which the castle stands possesses numerous caverns, which have been visited upon several occasions by eminent geologists.

J. HAROLD ROUND.



JOHN BUNYAN'S STATUE AT BEDFORD.  
*Photograph by D. Graham Crofts.*

### *The A.B.C. of Coarse Fishing.*

**F**IRST, as to the rod and tackle. Let

your rod be of stout cane, about 12ft. long. Your line should be strong, and should consist partly of gut; at least see that you have 2ft. or more of gut above the float, which should be a goose-quill, tipped with red. The best hook is a small one, size 12 for preference.

Secondly, as to the bait. If you require a good ground-bait, make some balls of bran and bread. The bait chiefly used is paste made from bread a day old. If gentles are to be obtained, get them by all means, although don't forget to take your paste with you. Gentles may fail to attract the

fish, whereas paste will nearly always. Another excellent paste-bait is made by boiling wheat and malt in milk until quite soft. Red worms are



CAMPING OUT IN TASMANIA; SHOWING HOW SOME "CAPTAIN" READERS ENJOYED A HOLIDAY.

*Photograph by W. E. Fuller.*

sometimes taken, but the most reliable bait is the paste.

General Hints: (1) Having arrived at your destination, fit up your rod quietly, for the roach do not like noise. When you have ascertained the depth of the stream, see that the hook rests 5ins. or 6ins. from the bottom.

(2) To recognise a roach-swim, note the condition of the bank of the stream; if it is worn, you will then know that it is a favourite spot for roach.

(3) See that the length of gut from the float to the end of the rod is about 18ins., and let the end be right over the float, so that when you strike you may strike "home."

(4) When you have a nibble, strike in a gentle but firm manner, so as not to disturb the fish to a great extent. After striking, do not swing the fish out of the water over your head. Your catch may be a half-pounder, or even a pounder, and the result will be a broken rod and a bad temper.

(5) If possible, sit down when fishing. Provide yourself with a fishing stool, and always wear thick woollen stockings and strong boots, which will keep the damp out.

As a concluding remark, let me impress upon those who wish to secure good sport that—quiet is half the thing; patience is the other half.

JOHN W. LEWIS.

## How to Make Photographic Post-cards.

AS pictorial post-cards are now so popular, some photographic readers of THE CAPTAIN may like to know a simple and effective way of making them, using their own negatives. The materials are both few and cheap, viz., 1oz. citrate of iron and ammonium, 1oz. ferricyanide of potassium, the former costing 2d., and the latter 3d.; also a packet of ordinary plain post-cards (as sold at 1d. a packet of twenty). Dissolve each chemical, in separate bottles, in 4ozs. of water. Pour into a measuring glass 1 drachm of each. This makes the sensitising mixture. Using a broad camel-hair brush, coat the back of the cards with the mixture; and, having drained off any superfluous fluid, place on edge to dry. The coating and drying should be done in a fairly dark room. When dry, the cards are used in the ordinary way for printing, by placing behind a negative (with a suitable mask between), and exposing to

the light. The part acted upon by the light goes blue, and the prints when done should be rather dark. To finish, all that has to be done is to wash the cards under a cold water tap for a few minutes; after leaving them in a basin of clean water for a quarter of an hour, they should be allowed to dry between clean blotting paper, under pressure, so as to keep them flat. The final colour, a bright blue, is very effective—especially for sea views—and is quite permanent. An improvement in coating the cards is to cut out different marks in cardboard of the size



ON THE DERWENT RIVER, TASMANIA.

*Photograph by W. E. Fuller.*



SOME "CAPTAIN" READERS IN THE GLENORCHY VALLEY TASMANIA; SHOWING THE BUSH SCENERY.

*Photograph by W. E. Fuller.*

and shape desired, and placing them on the card; brush over the solution, which touches the part cut out. In printing, these cards will need no mark between them and the negatives, the light acting on the part sensitised, and the rest remaining white. A half-plate frame should be used for printing, with a glass in front when quarter-plates are used. A post-card is rather too large for a quarter-plate frame. The sensitising solution will not keep long when mixed, but the two constituents of it keep well if placed in a dark cupboard.

E. A. MILLER.

### Half an Hour with the Navy List.

I SUPPOSE there are not many people who would turn to the Navy List in order to pass away an odd half-hour, but really there are a good many worse ways of killing time than this. It is really surprising what a lot of unfamiliar names we do run against in scanning the roll of between five and six hundred ships of one kind and another—drill ships, cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats, in fact, anything from a big line-of-battle ship to a tiny sailing vessel—which form our Royal Navy.

At first sight it would appear that the gentlemen who are responsible for the christening of these ships keep volumes of natural history and mythology at their elbows, so varied are the selections we get from these branches of knowledge. What a menagerie we should have if instead of merely the names of ships we had the living animals themselves! Of course the "Lion" would be to the fore, although how he would agree with some of the more peaceably inclined members, the "Stag," for instance, or the "Hart," is doubtful. Dogs would be well represented by the "Bloodhound," "Mastiff," "Harrier," and "Beagle," while we should have a curious mixture in the "Hyæna," "Jackal," "Fox," "Leopard," "Fawn," "Zebra," "Antelope," "Wolf," "Badger," "Lynx," "Otter," "Opossum," "Ferret," and "Weasel." What would make the fortune of this strange collection, however, would be a "Dragon," "Unicorn," and "Basilisk," all of

which the ancients believed to exist, but of which no trace has ever been found.

Of birds we should have about sixty varieties, including, naturally enough, of course, a fair share of sea birds, such as the "Seagull," "Scamew," "Albatross," and "Kestrel." While "Eagle," "Hawk," and "Vulture" are all names applicable to fighting ships, "Dove," "Robin," "Nightingale," "Swallow," and "Thrush" strike one as being very far removed from war's alarms.

The person who gave the torpedo boat destroyers, the *Hornet* and *Viper*, their names, had a very good idea of the fitness of things. They resemble their namesakes in a good many ways; likewise the *Mosquito*, a stern-wheeled boat for service on the Zambesi, although one would think that there were quite enough of its pestilential living relations in that favoured region without further harrowing the feelings of the residents by naming

a boat after their plague. We have besides an "Ant," a "Lizard," "Spider," "Snake," "Grasshopper," and "Cockatrice."

Strange to say, fish are very poorly represented in their own element, there being only a dozen or so, all told. These include, however, some very warlike varieties, the "Shark," "Pike," "Swordfish," and "Thrasher" being well to the front. We have besides a "Salmon," "Skate," "Sturgeon,"

"Dolphin," "Porpoise," "Whiting," and "Flying Fish." There is a whole host of mythological characters in the interesting list, including "Venus," "Niobe," "Perseus," "Narcissus," "Minerva," "Ajax," "Hercules," "Jupiter," "Juno," "Leda," "Flora," "Daphne," "Hebe," "Diana," and "Psyche," besides a "Nymph" and a "Naiad." Of course, there is a "Neptune" and a "Mermaid"; also a "Pilot," and if there is not a "Handy Man," there is a "Handy," "Hearty," "Hardy," "Plucky," and "Dauntless," all of which are applicable to Jack Tar.

The "Nelson," "Benbow," "Collingwood," "Camperdown," "Howe," "Hood," and "Iron Duke" all remind us of the heroes to whom Britain owes so much, while our navy would not be complete without its "Trafalgar." The list also contains a "Hussar," a "Dwarf," "Goliath,"



EPSOM COLLEGE BAND, COMMANDED BY CORPL. GILES, WHO IS SITTING ON THE LEFT OF DRUMMER POTTS.

Photograph by W. M. McWalters.

"Ellin," a "Fairy," a "Gladiator," a "Boxer," a "Centurion," a "Sharp-shooter," and a "Warrior."

Only a very small selection of this remarkable list of names is given here, a list of which every Briton should be proud, for do not the ships in it comprise our first line of defence, and are they not the descendants, if we may so term them, of those wooden walls of England which have won renown in every corner of the watery globe?

E. BOYLE.

[NOTE.—Since this article was written, H.M.S. *Viper*, torpedo-boat destroyer, has been wrecked off the Casquets, and subsequently blown up by charges of gun-cotton.—Ed.]

### Outdoing the Irish.

A GERMAN newspaper gives a few samples of German bulls, which are quite as amusing as those perpetrated by the Irish, who have been heretofore supposed to have a monopoly in the business:—

"Among the immigrants was an old blind woman, who came once more before she died to see her only son."

"After the door was closed, a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper."

"Both doctors were unable to restore the deceased once more to life and health."

"The Ladies' Benefit Association has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear."

PENN WRIGHT.

### "CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

#### LITERARY.

G. W. Berry.—Brightly written, but people do not care much about reading an article on wet weather. You should note that "all right" is not one word (page 1, line 5). It is certainly remarkable that you should have remained under the Albert Bridge for six hours, whilst the rain poured. I think I should have made a rapid bee-line for some other covering on shore. J. H. Round.—You should avoid tautology, which means using the same word or expression over and over again. For instance, you say in your paper on Dudley Castle, "It passed into the hands of William Fitzansculph. During the time of the Henrys and Edwards it passed through the hands, etc." You also state that the castle was erected "About the year A.D. 700." That being written in full, the sentence reads: "About the year in the year of Our Lord 700." Just note how I have corrected these and other faults in your essay, and also how I have cut away the part which smacks a little bit too much of the guide-book. All this takes up a lot of my time, and I naturally prefer articles which are properly written to those which I have to prune and alter. All CAPTAIN CLUB contributors should bear this fact in mind. J. L. Turner.—Sorry no room for riddles. You are very complimentary in saying that the O. F. is like a roast turkey, because the former is filed

with wisdom and the latter is stuffed with sage! Roy Carmichael.—You should not write an essay on one side of an ordinary sheet of note-paper. It does not give an editor a fair chance to correct it "for press." However, your article is observantly, if closely, written, and I have accepted it. Let me have a look at the suggested "Experiences of a Greenhorn on a Farm in Manitoba." It sounds well. Keep it short. Una.—Give yourself a little more room, my dear. As you quite fill up the space between the lines, you should write on paper which affords more space between lines. A pleasant little essay; a brief article devoted entirely to one of those 'bus rides should read humorously. See what you can do. The Bo'sun.—Try something in the dialogue way. Badge.—You describe me incorrectly. I am a very cheerful old man, and invariably the acme of old-time courtesy when ladies call at the office. With poets my methods are more modern. S. B. Wates.—Not quite enough in the incident to merit publication. However, I like to receive little stories about birds, etc., so send something else along of the same nature some day. James H. Forrester.—Send another poem; this one not up to standard. V. Murray.—Are your contributions original? Newcampus.—Your description of Yorkshire's sensational defeat by Somerset is written in a very interesting manner. The sketches are only fair. Still, they show promise. Try to get more life and originality into future work of this sort.

#### ARTISTIC.

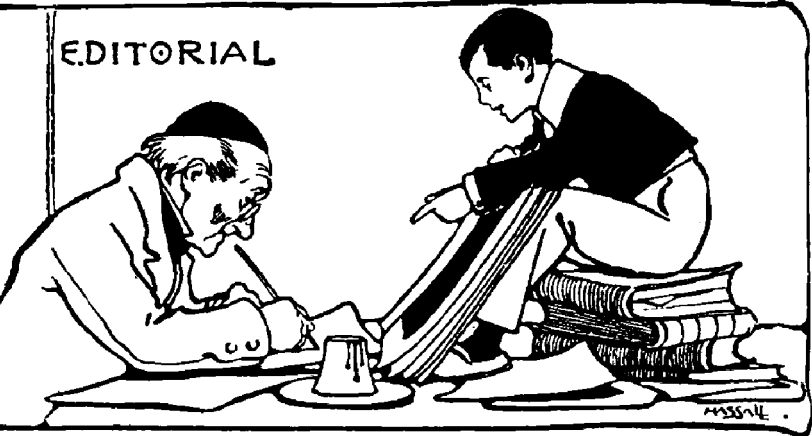
Hubert Holliday.—Before worrying the editor of *Punch*, I should advise you to try the smaller and cheaper comic papers, bearing in mind the style of work they prefer. "Irlandaise."—Your two drawings direct from nature show a certain amount of promise, but I cannot tell you from these to what strength your art will really run. Yes; I should advise you to go ahead with black and white, but don't be too ambitious. Leon Kelsey and Harold R. James.—My opinion of your work is that you ought to pay more attention to outline and the anatomy of your figures. Duncan H. Nielson.—Practise seriously from life, using your sketch-book at all times. Your style is all right. Christobel E. L. Ward.—I will use your photograph of Magdalen College tower when space permits. "Edwardian."—Your sketch of the famous Warwickshire wicket-keeper, Lilley, might have been worse; but, from what you send, I can hardly advise you to follow in the steps of "Spy" or "Rip!" J. L. Rayner.—(1) Yes; I always endeavour to return drawings when a stamped envelope is enclosed. (2) Your literary contribution will be acknowledged elsewhere, but you should always write your name and address on a MS. before sending it to an editor. (3) Am not sure that I can find room for your sketch. It is very neatly done.

Contributions have also been received from: A. W. Schofield, R. C. Tharp, J. S. Cox, "Eljaysee," Cyp. Dare, G. Beaumont, "Ss," Penn Wright, "Shade of Burns," "Thistle," Leslie V. Ellis, Stanley Whitehead, T. M. C. (New Zealand), W. M. McWalters, Edgar Leigh, P. T. Stevenson, J. H. Forrester, Gerald Cole, W. M. Wace, F. G. Briston, Harold Barnshaw, F. W. Stokoe, A. E. Batzer, Archibald Pollock, Jun., G. M. Silder, Alex. Thompson, M. Castledine, R. F. Megginson, A. Perry Davis (who is "clubbed"), F. C. Owen, W. R. Huntly, Chas. F. Knowles, George Monks, Fred. Mann, "Philip," Kenneth M. Davies

(A number of contributions are held over. Further criticisms will be found at the end of the *Old Fag's* "Answers to Correspondents.")

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,  
STRAND, LONDON.

**Braced** up by a long spell of holiday, the majority of those who read this magazine will be getting into school harness again just about the time this number appears. But, whether you go to school or to business, or are at a hospital or university—whatever you may be, the end of a summer vacation means taking up again the task that has been laid aside during a pleasant season of idleness. That over—back to duty again! It is a refreshing spectacle to see anybody go to his work with an appetite, for then he will enjoy it. A healthy person should have an appetite for work and play, as well as for food; thus he will carry out the idea of a sound mind in a sound body. Back, then, to work—and to work with a will! Honest work, that gives one's conscience no twinge, is the only satisfactory form of labour. So, this new term, keep ever before you those fine lines of Tennyson's which sum up so much in a small space :—

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

**Your Chums.** — THE CAPTAIN Club Contributions Prize was awarded last month to the writer of a very sound and thoughtful essay on School Chums. His remarks, however, applied to everybody's chums. How easy it is to sum up a man's character by studying the behaviour, conversation, and mental attitude of the companions with whom he most consorts! I don't mean ordinary acquaintances with whom force of circumstances may lead him to spend an occasional evening, but his friends, his *real* friends, the little circle of Tom, Dick and Harry that he forms a constant member of, to

which he unbosoms his troubles, and with which he seeks his recreation. It is the same with boys, and with young fellows just merging from boyhood into manhood. Like seeks like, and birds of a feather flock together. You may, if you please, form one of a set of "straight" fellows in every sense of the word; or you may mix with an easy-going lot who regard misdemeanours lightly; or, lastly, you may gradually drift into company of the Weedon & Co. type in "Smith's House." Just as a young fellow's physique is built up in his youth, so is his character, and very much—almost everything, indeed, as the writer of that essay remarked—depends upon the type of chum he elects to take unto himself.

**One's Best Friend.**—Out of your circle of intimates you wish to choose one to be more particularly your chum than any of the others. This very particular friend, let me assure you, must be selected with caution. It is humiliating to confide one's cares and troubles to a person who ultimately proves by his indiscretion to be unworthy of such confidence. Make certain before you open your heart to your friend, that your speech will go no further than his ear. Endless mischief has been worked by people who, being unable to "keep secrets," should never have been entrusted with such. Make sure of him, then, before you confide in him, for the poet hath truly said: "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." It is a grand thing to know a Certain One in whom you can confide—better to speak of your troubles to a sympathetic friend than brood and brood over them until they assume morbidly colossal proportions. Most people make too much of their troubles. This is where the strong friend comes in with his cheerful smile, his firm hand-clasp

and his fixed determination to make you look on the bright side of everything!

**The Great Test.**—Trouble is the great test of friendship. When a man is down on his luck the world shrugs its shoulders and says: "Didn't I tell you he would come to this?" Casual acquaintances cut him, and milk-and-water friends find it convenient to be out when he calls. But, standing high above this worthless crew, there is the great, true friend, whose friendship nothing can abate; who, with that splendid light of honesty and sincerity shining in his eyes, will prove to the man who is down on his luck that life still possesses much that is sweet and beautiful while it can offer such friendship as this. See to it, therefore, all of you, that your friends are of the right stuff; then *keep* them; they are of more value to you than many riches, for real friendship is imperishable.

**"Captain" Club.**—A number of readers have sent applications for membership with their competitions. As they have been requested not to do this, they are hereby informed that no notice has been taken of applications forwarded in that manner, and that they must apply again in the usual way, *i.e.*, by addressing a letter to the editor, and marking the envelope "CAPTAIN Club."

**Mr. Fry and Mr. Swainson.**—The article by Mr. C. B. Fry, which was to have appeared in this number, not having arrived in time, it will be published next month, with the usual batch of "Answers to Correspondents."—Owing to pressure on our space, we have been obliged to postpone publication of Mr. Swainson's story, "Acton's Rival—A Tale of Eliza's," till November.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Silver Paper.**—We were erroneously informed that Messrs. William Whiteley, Ltd., purchase used silver paper. We must apologise to Messrs. Whiteley for having put them to the trouble of telling many correspondents that they do not buy such paper.

**Corporal R. S. Ratte** writes from Kimberley: "It is by the merest chance that I am scribbling this note. I am out here fighting the Boers—or supposed to be. I was an enthusiastic reader of *THE CAPTAIN* until I set sail for South Africa, but had not seen a single copy since then until to-night, when I strolled into a library here, and what should I see but the familiar old cover! I cannot tell you what I felt on seeing its face once more. It seemed to carry me back to old Scotland again. . . . It may interest you to hear that last summer I made a canoe from the directions given in *THE CAPTAIN*. It was most successful, and many's the jolly day I spent in it. I left her to a chum on coming out here. . . . I have been in action several times, but to my certain knowledge I have only shot one hen, and a mule one night whilst I was on outpost duty. . . . By the way, in the magazine I have got hold of (June, 1901, there is an article on 'What We Eat Out Here,' by a Cape chap. By Jove! if we got all that we'd think ourselves in clover!"

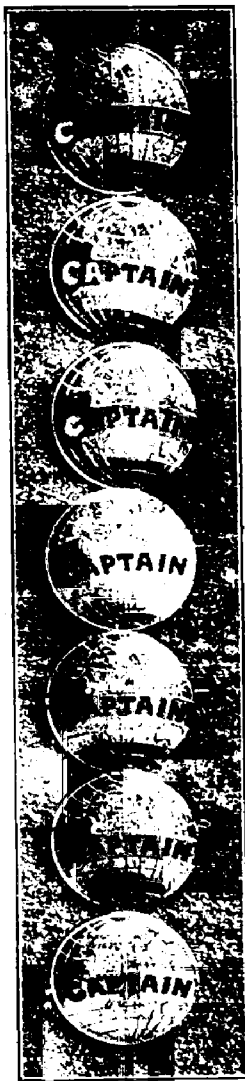
**"Sheep-Eye"** (1) was the victim of a gross mistake of our binding department. He got the last number of *THE CAPTAIN* from his usual shop, and on opening it he found it was a *Wide World Magazine* bound up in a *CAPTAIN* cover. He got all this for 4d. (2) After relating this fact, "Sheep-Eye" inquires what he ought to feed his rabbits on. We beg to refer him to an article on this subject which appeared in *THE CAPTAIN* for October, 1900.

**Charles** (1) regrets that every time he writes to me he cannot help inflicting some of his humour upon me. He does so in the hope that his attempts at humour, as he calls them, may be more appreciated in this office than they are within "the narrowing influence of his ancestral home." We quite understand the position—Charles is a prophet without honour in his own country. Never mind; he is a real prophet in this office—his own country will honour him all in good time. (2) As he desires it, he may certainly regard himself as an official representative of *THE CAPTAIN* in Lee, S.E.

**J. H.**—I cannot say I am in favour of much cycle-racing. A little just now and then is not bad fun, though I must confess I don't like to see fellows bending their backs double and struggling round a track like so many rainbows.

A celebrated anatomist whom I consulted on the point once told me that excessive cycle-racing is productive of spinal complaints, and I can quite believe it when I see those backs humped up at cycle race meetings. Of course, training for cycle racing is much like other training; read Mr. Fry's general hints on getting into condition.

**A. L. Larkins.**—If your coins were found in an earthenware pot which was dug up in Italy they are probably of some value. I suppose they were hidden a long time ago, in times of trouble, when no one's property was safe from marauders. I cannot tell you what they are worth, and the only way you





can find out is to take them to a really good dealer in curios. I would refer you to Messrs. W. S. Lincoln & Sons, New Oxford Street, London. I see you live at Clapton, so it won't be much of a trot for you.

**A Dutch Member** of THE CAPTAIN Club writes from Amsterdam: "Some years ago I went to an English public school. There I learned to appreciate English college life, and above all to love the English school-boy. He is so much like the boys of my own dear country. I never found better friends than I did in England, and for this reason I like THE CAPTAIN best of all papers, as it brings back to me the happy days, the glorious time of a college boy."

**L. Williams.**—It is not my intention to start a sale or exchange column in this magazine, as this sort of thing frequently results in one of the parties being dissatisfied with his bargain. Sell and exchange among your own circle of friends, if you like; but if you want to get value for your money, don't expect to do so by the methods you suggest. Any business man will tell you the same thing.

**H. E. Aldridge** (MARYBOROUGH, QUEENSLAND).—Coming on the top of your kind reference to the series, you will be glad to hear that you will shortly be able to purchase the "Tales of Greyhouse" in book form. The "Tales" have been carefully revised and placed in their proper order—that is, in the order of the happenings they relate. The same characters appear in most of the stories.

**H. F. Smith.**—(1) Seaweed should be dried between blotting paper under pressure. (2) Cannot advise you to buy a cock-thrush by post. Go to a bird fancier in your own part of the country. Personally, I don't like to see birds in cages; how would you like to live in a cage? (3) Lancaster's "Le Mervellieux" is an excellent camera for one guinea. (4) Try Imperial "P.O.P."

**Puer Parvus** can buy a hundred badges if he likes. Sorry to hear he had his stolen. No doubt the thief will now take to reading THE CAPTAIN, and mend his ways. "Puer Parvus" may be interested to hear that a CAPTAIN badge is lying at the bottom of Lake Geneva. One of our readers in Switzerland had the misfortune to drop it overboard when rowing on the lake.

**E. G. R.**—You are in a good trade enough, but you can obtain far better advice on the course of reading you ought to adopt from one of your firm, who could probably lend you a number of books on the subject. If you don't get any satisfactory information by this means, write to us again, and we will get an expert to draw up a list of books for you.

**Undecided** wants me to help him make up his mind as to whether he should be an electrical engineer, a bank clerk, or an accountant. A good deal, of course, depends upon this correspondent's position and means; but, as he has a strong bent for mathematics, I should say he could not do better than become an electrical engineer.

**Official Representatives** of THE CAPTAIN. The following are appointed: C. P. Eastbury (Redland, Bristol); G. V. W. S. (Leyton); P. Chappell (Bath); C. C. Boutwood (Hastings); Frank Edwards (Kentish Town); Walter Russell (Wimbledon); Oliver Gossman (Gourock, Renfrewshire); John F. Brodie (Leith); "M.C.C." (Exmouth); Arthur E.

Woodhead (Harrogate); Jennie Clasper (Aisne); "Charles" (Lee).

**T. R. Robertson.**—Continual exercise, not overdone, and a healthy life will make you much stronger in time. Get all the open air you can, and eat porridge. Make yourself glow all over with a rough towel after your bath. Don't be impatient—you are growing; strength will come with increased age. Use 1lb. bells. See answer to "C. M."

**C. M. (FINCHLEY).**—You and all other fellows who are pigeon-chested, narrow-shouldered, and weedy generally, should get Sandow's book, "Strength, and how to obtain it." About 2s. 6d., I think. Any bookseller will get it for you. It deals with people of all ages. If you follow this famous strong man's instructions, you'll soon be a different fellow.

**E. A. M.**—Missionaries are generally trained at special colleges. St. Augustine's, Canterbury, is a well-known one. The pay, I believe, is adequate. As to whether you ought to adopt the Church as a profession, that must rest with yourself and your inclinations. A man should not regard the Church as a profession in the same light as he would the Bar or the Army.

**Ranji Rufus.**—I believe the record score was put together not long ago in a match between N.S. Wales and S. Australia. N.S. Wales knocked up 918, five of the eleven batsmen making centuries, i.e., Iredale, 118; Noble, 153; Gregory, 168; Duff, 119; and Poidevin, 140 (not out).

**One of the Club.**—Send that description of a day at Eton. Write it in what the old schoolmasters used to call a "fair hand," on exercise paper, and only on one side of that. Hot? M'yes. It is 85 in the shade as I write these answers.

**Château Thierry** (BABY AT).—We have several official representatives in France, but you may consider yourself our representative at Aisne, if you like. *Au revoir!*

**C. Eastbury.**—A member of the club may write "C.C." after his name. "M.C.C." (as you suggest) might indicate that he belonged to the famous cricket club having those initials.

**C. E. Weir.**—One-pound dumb-bells will do you all right. **O. R.**—I hope you will make as good a soldier as you are a staunch supporter of THE CAPTAIN. Much interested in the description of your enterprising journey from Australia. **Jack Loutet.**—Will consider your suggestion. **Agri-culturalist.**—Not that I'm aware of; these modern times of ours don't grow many philanthropists who "grant" land to penniless people.

**M. J. R. S.**—I will endeavour to answer your questions fully next month. **Blackie.**—The majority work from models, I believe. Send the photographs if you like. **An Old Mother.**—You may be sure that such letters as yours receive my careful consideration, especially when couched in such courteous terms. **G. Jones.**—We should be notified of change in address of C.C. members. **H. C. Day.**—Clubbed. The free wheel is very tricky. On the whole, it is safer not to have one. **G. D. Clunies-Ross** (1) Clubbed. (2) Yes, quite right.

**A Birmingham Boy.**—(1) Clubbed. (2) Yes, every boy and girl should learn to swim. (3) Quite



FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

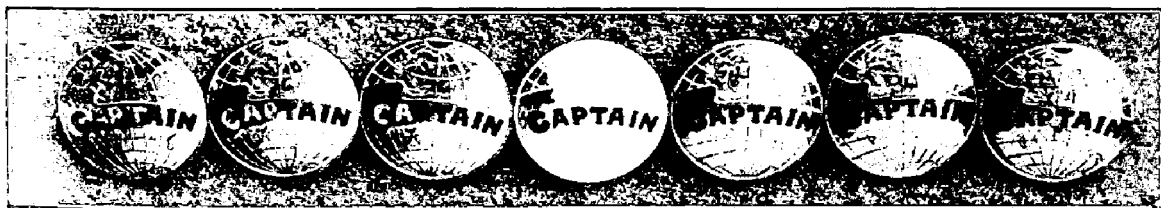
correct. **Office Boy.**—(1) Yes. (2) Skerry's "Civil Service Copy Book," from Mr. G. E. Skerry, 27, Chancery Lane, London. Price 1s. **Jason II.**—I cannot go by such brief particulars. Send a stamped envelope, and say what you do want to do. **R. F. Megginson.**—Your suggestion about The CAPTAIN Club card will be remembered. **W. Monk.**—Send your query to Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 147, Strand, London, W.C. **D. Davies.**—Kindly study the back numbers for the particulars you require. **E. Megginson.**—Mr. C. B. Fry is not the editor of THE CAPTAIN. He edits the "Athletic Corner" only. **N. Hayward.**—You can improve your wind by taking steady running exercise, not too soon after meals. Read Mr. Fry's articles and answers. **E. W. M. Cole.**—Regret I cannot put you into communication with other readers, as this is against my rule. **R. C. Johnston.**—Clubbed. As regards art work, make it a hobby and stick to what you are doing for a living—that is to say, until you get something more remunerative. **Arthur L. H. Smith** may consider himself an official representative at Bristol. **"Idea Merchant Minor."**—I will consider your suggestion, which is very sensible. **Herbert Renwick.**—We have had several articles on railway engines. Just take a look through your back numbers, Master Herbert. **L. L. F. Fearon (JAPAN).**—There are occasional foreign competitions. Watch for them. It is against my rule to put readers in communication with one another. **G. A. Duncan.**—There is no subscription to THE CAPTAIN Club. You must buy THE CAPTAIN every month, that is all. **Charley Fillan (DOMINICA, B.W.I.).**—Very glad you're getting the better of your malarial attacks. **R. Bunbury.**—Thanks for colours. **Mad Meg.**—Under the circumstances I do not think you are at all mean. **J. H. T. P.**—Neither, thanks. **Booky C. Heerjee (MALABAR).**—I think you are the first Parsee young lady to win one of our prizes. This should encourage you to persevere with your drawing. **Vi Fairweather.**—I shall be happy to put my signature in your autograph alb. m. **Drawer.**—Yes, if they are good enough. See C.C.C. **H. Ferguson (ARGENTINE REPUBLIC).**—Clubbed. Hope to use photograph of "The Shoe."

# "CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS. (Continued).

**Tim R.**—The snap-shots you sent, taken with your "Brownie" camera, are altogether too faint, otherwise I should have been pleased to have used some of them. **Maurice S. Porrott.**—The sketch of yourself and the O.F. in wash is, in many respects, good, but you had better stick to drawing more in line. **A. S.,** who sends a smart little wash-drawing "drawn with a brush only from memory after seeing *As You Like It*" is advised to go ahead, as this work shows a certain amount of strength and artistic finish. **Miss Booky C. Heerjee (INDIA).**—Your pencil drawing has been handed to me by the competition editor; the execution is good, but somewhat niggled. I would rather see original sketches from you. **H. Keyworth.**—You have improved wonderfully, and, as a start, I advise you to have a shot at the halfpenny comic papers. Don't put in too much shading. (2) As to "where such chaps as Tom Browne get all their jokes from," that is an answer which would take a whole page. Mr. Tom Browne is born with a special gift of seeing the comic side of things. *When you want drawings returned you should send a stamped envelope.* **J. Cameron.**—I don't think it would do you much good to take a course of lessons in drawing by correspondence; your touch on paper is all right, and if you paid more attention to drawing, and studied carefully the works of other line artists, in time you might come to be of some good. Don't be in such a hurry. Your reasons for joining THE CAPTAIN Club were quite right, as we are anxious to give to members of the club the full benefit of our lengthy experience in all matters. **Snooks, B.A.**—Yes, I certainly think you are improving, but do pay more attention to outline, as, without this, no artist can expect to be of much good.

**Letters, etc., have also been received from:** J. F. Von Halma, A. P. Bosomnorth, John W. Lewis, E. S. Bennett (New York), "Natal," C. J. Cookes, J. H. Orchard, P. O'D. G., A. J. Judd, W. T. Dobbs, E. C. Cross, John Mawson, A. N. Toms, "A Humble Admirer," E. Brecknell, A. L. Scott (both "clubbed") and many others.

## THE OLD FAG.



## "CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

*Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

# Results of August Competitions.

## No. I.—"Four Towns."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: WILLIAM CROWHURST RUBIE, 2, Luther Terrace, Dover.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WINIFRED PALMER, "The Grotto," Churchdown, near Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys Morris, Mayne Reid, Gertrude Sterling, Geoffrey Charters, G. Pitt, George Moltershead.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: CHARLES STEWART WHITE, 45, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: L. E. V. TIFFEN, 51, Sprules Road, Brockley, S.E.; FRANK HARPER, 10, Springbank Terrace, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lewis W. Jenner, Percy Alfred Taffs, C. G. Thomas, Percy L. M. Battye, Edgar J. Trowbridge, W. H. Boughey, Constance Leigh, Dorothy Mitchell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: H. M. VATCHER, The Vicarage, Clare, Suffolk.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: D. LEIGHTON, 108, St. Julian's Farm Road, West Norwood, S.E.; HARRY R. DOBB, "St. Helena," Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Howard S. Martin, Herbert Gemmill, H. Suhr, Harold Chester, G. W. P. Money, Oliver Hogg, Philip Cannelly, Charles Widlake, E. W. Hylton-Stewart.

## No. II.—"Spelling Mistakes."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: JOHN B. EDGAR, "Ashton," Lockerbie, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sidney Arthur Wright, Cecil Herbert Glew, Rosemary Bunbury, Laura E. Mellor.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: LIONEL D. SAUNDERS, Albion Cottages, Heavitree, Exeter.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WALTER S. LEEMING, 69, Arbutnot Road, New Cross, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Heald, Gladys Amphlett, Harold Grayton, Margaret Thompson, Dorothy Pearce.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: F. H. CARTWRIGHT, 3, Ferndale Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Keith Haydon Moore, Frederick A. Jones, Daniel Kehoe.

## No. III.—"Drawing."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: WINIFRED D. EREAUT, "Belleville," St. Saviour's, Jersey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: DOROTHY HUDSON, 57, Tibbury Road, Hove, Brighton; and IDA BRIGHT ASHFORD, "St. Ronan's," 187, Anerley Road, Anerley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwynedd Hudson, O. C. Lupton, Norah Mary Simmons, Arthur S. Atkinson, William Vaughan, Jessie Holliday, E. V. Pearce.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: BESSIE A. FRY, 110, Christchurch Street, Ipswich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Everest Windsor, A. Bird, Harry Cooke, Gerlie Grineau, Gladys Titford, Dorothy Borrell, Kattie Wade.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: W. CLARKE, "Cow and Hare Hotel," St. Ives, Huntingdon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Doris Mary Bingham, Nancy Huntly, Frederick Lane, William George Hay.

## No. IV.—"Sentence out of 'Captain' Headings."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: OSCAR PEARNS, 59, Brigstock Road, Croydon, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert E. Ereaut, Reuben I. Bull, E. Lawson Barnes, Roy Carmichael, Annie Futrell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: JENNIE CLASPER, Chez M. Cardot, Les Chesneaux, Château Thierry, Aisne, France.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: SIDNEY ARTHUR WRIGHT, High Street, Westerham, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. E. Paske, George A. Callister, Horace S. Dickens, Edward A. Luff, Dorothy Owen, W. Aiken Oldfield, H. C. Ransley, Harold W. Lewis, Charles S. White, J. Harold Round.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: SARAH LAREDO, "Bayborne," Upper Avenue, Eastbourne.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: G. P. BARKER, c/o R. H. J. Palgrave, Esq., Belton, Great Yarmouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lionel Saunders, E. C. Crosse, T. R. Davis, D. T. Middleton, O. H. Mayor, Dora King, Gladys Amphlett, J. C. F. Hood, Walter S. Leeming, R. C. Tharp, Percy Cattle.

## No. V.—"Essay on 'Cousins.'"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: GLADYS MORRIS, Ivy Cottage, near Abergwilli, Carmarthen.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WINIFRED D. EREAUT, "Belville," St. Saviour's, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Ransley, Gertrude Sterling, Elsie Simmons, Albert E. Ereaut, Edgar J. Ereaut.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: DOROTHY OWEN, "Oakdene," Hillcrest Road, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HELEN CARRIE STONE, Ewell, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ada E. Palmer, Mary Eakin, Allen Rains, Isabel Pickthall, Sibyl Owsley.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FRIDA PHILLIPS, "High Elms," Hitchin, Herts.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MARGUERITE SCHINDHELM, 4, Maley Avenue, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. T. Fairlie, Walter S. Leeming, Mary E. H. Owen, B. S. Collard.

## No. VI.—"Snap-shots."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: WALTER R. BRIGHTMAN, 61, Redland Road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Thomas, Mayne Reid, F. A. Garratt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF 7s.: G. A. STRICKLAND, 68, Canfield Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold L. Robinson, James Allan Hymers, R. H. Mawhood, Henry R. Sterrett, Jennie Clasper, Hayward A. S. Holmes, Herbert S. Hart, W. H. Simmons, F. Sidgwick.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: W. J. RILEY, 15, Handsworth Wood Road, Birmingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: OSBORNE MORGAN, 145, Grange Road East, Middlesbrough.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Gordon Arthur, W. B. Huntly, Harold Crowther, J. G. Kitson, A. J. L. Laidlaw, E. H. Shield, W. Milburn, E. V. Caton, R. Brückmann, Vaughan Angus.

## COMMENTS ON AUGUST COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—A very popular competition. The correct list was—Aldershot, Ayr, Aberdeen, Abergavenny; Bath, Berwick, Boston, Brighton; Cork, Chester, Cowes, Carlisle; Dover, Doncaster, Dublin, Deal; Exeter, Eastbourne, Epsom, Ely; Folkestone, Falmouth, Flint, Forfar. No one succeeded in getting all the towns right. The best list was sent in by the winner of Class II., who only made three mistakes. Berwick, Boston, Epsom, and Flint were the towns which proved the chief stumbling blocks, while Abergavenny was also a source of difficulty.

No. II.—A great deal of care and observation were shown in the papers sent in for this competition.

No. III.—A great many excellent sketches—in oils, water colours, and crayons—were submitted. Miss Ereaut's beautifully executed paintings in oils on opal deserve special mention.

No. IV.—The prize sentences in Classes I. II. and III. are as follows:—

(1) "Sir Billy achieves the impossible poser in THE CAPTAIN competitions for August."

(2) "Some of the results that the young man of to-day achieves in THE CAPTAIN competitions be a poser for the editorial mind."

(3) "The trick of the young black man Jungly of Mexico, to be shot out here at dawn to-day, pains the Old Flag, and stamps the evil of the white flag in the trenches."

No. V.—This competition produced a good number of entries, and I wished there were more prizes to reward the competitors, many of whom had obviously devoted great pains to the subject. The most surprising essays were sent in by Class III., several of them being really excellent.

No. VI.—Nearly every railway company in the British Isles was represented in this competition, and not a few of the steamship companies, with snaps of trains and steamers. The prizes were awarded to the senders of the snap-shots secured under the greatest difficulties and most carefully finished off.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," or "Wide World."

A	E	S	O	N	T	Y	A	L	T	I	R
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A	R	O	O	C	T	E	D	A	R	N	T
R	T	R	I	C	N	A	D	K	E	C	I
G	N	T	T	O	A	T	O	E	D	O	D
E	E	H	I	U	U	N	O	N	I	M	E
N	F	I	T	N	Q	E	G	I	S	P	N
U	O	S	E	T	E	S	A	N	N	E	O
M	R	C	P	O	H	S	S	T	O	T	I
B	E	O	M	F	T	W	A	O	C	I	T

### WHAT IS THIS?

The above cypher is a sentence taken from the September CAPTAIN. The solution will be published in the December Number.



HE SNATCHED ME UP AND DARTED DOWN A PASSAGE AT THE SIDE OF THE STREET—(See page 103).

*Drawn by E. F. Skinner.*

# ACAVALIERMAID.

## *The Romance of a King's Messenger.*

BY CLIFFORD MILLS.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

ETIENNE GLANVILLE, an orphan, grand-daughter of the celebrated French soldier, the Marquis de Latour, is living with distant relations—Sir Geoffrey and Lady Stapleton—near Torrington, in Devonshire, when the Parliamentary troops rout the Western Loyalists and drive them towards the Cornish border of Devon. Etienne by chance meets a wounded Cavalier, who is carrying a message from the King to Lord Hopton; owing to circumstances recounted in the opening chapters of the story, it devolves upon her to deliver the King's packet to the Loyalist general. She is suspected of being in possession of the packet by Giles Harrison, a Roundhead officer and suitor for her hand. With the idea of hurrying into Torrington in search of one Stephen Gale, who is favourable to the King, Etienne leaves the Stapletons' house by a secret door only to stumble upon a Roundhead sentinel.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A CROP-EAR GALLANT.

**The** MAN thus rudely awakened started up with an oath of alarm, confronting me with astonished gaze, whilst I, glancing around, was no little disconcerted to find myself in the midst of the crowd of haggard, desperate-looking men, whom, I had adjudged to be Royalist prisoners. Glancing askance I saw no sign of egress. On the wall grew ivy in wild luxuriance, completely concealing the secret doorway.

The sentry who guarded them had by this time caught sight of me. At first his jaw dropped in wonder! for in truth I must have seemed to him, as to all, to have fallen from the skies; then seeing collusion in my presence amongst the prisoners, he called out to me sharply enough to at once give an account of myself.

Putting on a brave face, though I feared each moment might bring Giles Harrison on to the scene, I bade the fellow remember to whom he was speaking, and, pushing my way through the crowd of gaping prisoners, made as if I would pass.

"Not so fast!" cried he, covering me with his musket, "no one leaves this company without orders."

"Thine officer shall be acquainted with this insolence," I replied. "Know you not that I am cousin of Sir Geoffrey Stapleton?"

"I care not who thou art," cried the man, to whom, being a stranger to these parts, my argument was not convincing, "but I bid thee get back," added he, pressing towards me, "for, woman or not, if you pass, I fire!"

My appearance amongst the prisoners had now attracted the attention of others in the courtyard, who, clustering round the sentry, commented upon my presence. From all wonder arose as to the manner of my coming, and none clamoured so loudly on this question as did the prisoners themselves, who each to the other declared that until the moment before no woman had been of their number.

Such a disturbance I knew full well could not fail to attract other attention, and despair was almost choking me, when an officer of dragoons rushed into the courtyard from the outside door.

"Zounds!" cried he, in commanding tones, his eyes flashing wrath upon the soldiers, "is this the way you respect yourselves?" And as the crowd cleared, his eye fell upon me, standing a little in advance of the prisoners, guarded by the sentry.

"Sir!" said the sentry, saluting him, "this woman hath cunningly contrived to visit the prisoners, unseen by any, and doth now wish to pass from their midst without order or permit, I doubt me not for traitorous purposes."

"Sir," said I, summoning my courage, "this is an insolent fellow! Already have I acquainted him that I am cousin of Sir Geoffrey Stapleton. Of his insolence thou art a witness," I added disdainfully, "and may judge of his skill and care as a sentry, seeing he himself owns I came here unseen by him."

At this the man cried out appealingly, but his officer, in a voice of wrath, commanded him to be silent. Then bending before me:—

"Madam," said he, "permit me to apologise for

this fellow's rudeness," and offering me his arm, which I accepted with gratitude, he led me aside, the people dropping from our path as we walked.

"These times are ill adapted to gentlewomen," said he with kind courtesy; "do what we will, such unfortunate accidents are of frequent occurrence."

"How can I thank you?" I answered, breathing relief with each step we took onward.

"By permitting me to escort you to the house," said he gallantly, "and so prevent any further discourtesy being offered by these ignorant fellows."

My desire to be away on my mission whilst there was yet a chance was threatening to overcome both my prudence and politeness. But I schooled myself to reply with calmness that I was unable to accept his most kind offer, being bound on an errand to someone a mile or two away.

"And you go unattended?" he cried, in undisguised astonishment. "Nay, let me entreat you to not extend your kindness to so venturesome an undertaking; believe me," he added, "what I have myself witnessed persuades me that this unhappy country is no meet place now for a lady, in which to travel thus alone."

We had by this time passed through the courtyard gates, and no little alarm had I to find myself, once outside, in the midst of a small group of officers, who stood with their men and horses at the entrance. To my surprise, they one and all bowed courteously as we appeared, which I thought monstrous polite conduct, considering the rebels they were.

Returning their salutations gravely, my companion passed them without comment, and with me on his arm, where I leant timidly, in a perfect tremor of anxiety, he walked on up the hill towards the house.

A sound startling me, I looked back in fear. Nor was I much reassured to find the whole assembly of officers and troopers following us, at a few paces, length behind. Alarmed at such a brave show of the enemy all round, I hesitated no longer.

"Sir," I whispered hurriedly, glancing up to my companion's face, which even the ugly scar that marred it could not rob of its brave kindness. "I would bid thee adieu before these others overtake us."

He shot a look behind and turned to me with a smile in his eyes.

"So," said he, "you go despite my warning?"

But I, burning to be away, and fearing even his kindly interference, "Fie, sir!" cried I, mockingly. "Such caution wrongs thy leader, the victorious Fairfax."

At which, starting, he paused in his walk, regarding me closely.

"Why truly, sir," I continued, "for have I not been assured by all in this country side, that, Fairfax once amongst us, safety would be ours!"

"Indeed," replied he dreamingly, "and such in truth is my desire. But how, like a mirage in the desert, does the vision of peace and safety lure us on to just one other effort, and the goal is won. Nay, lady, judge me not by my most poor services, but rather believe Fairfax hath the heart to help his country, but knows not more than thou whether this war brings England's salvation or her ruin."

He spoke in gentle sadness, as if in argument with unseen accusers, and in his dark eyes and o'er his strong, stern face shone the light of noble desire. With parted lips and wide eyes I looked up at him, and as we so stood the voice I most dreaded to hear fell on my ears.

"Pardon, your Excellency!" cried Giles Harrison, coming up to us with an obsequious smile on his lips.

Then, as I started in my fear, I knew for certainty what my heart a moment ago had told me—that I leant on the arm of no less a personage than Sir Thomas Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the rebel forces in Devon. Into such company had the bearer of the King's letter fallen!

His reverie thus unceremoniously broken in upon, Fairfax turned upon the intruder with scant welcome. "How now?" cried he, once more the stern leader of soldiers.

But naught ever disturbed the bold effrontery of Giles Harrison. Unabashed by Fairfax's glance, or the surprise expressed by the officers now grouped around us, he stepped forward.

"I ask your Excellency's pardon," he said glibly. "But I would crave a few words with your Excellency in private."

I felt my lips tremble as Fairfax bent his keen gaze upon Giles Harrison's excited countenance, when at that moment came my lady's voice from the porch, where she stood in all the bravery of her best attire, smiling a welcome—a truly winsome picture, to whom the gallant Fairfax hurried instantly, taking me, willy-nilly, along with him.

On seeing me on the arm of her most honoured guest, my lady's face fell for a second, no doubt at such a seeming forestalment of his favour, but, bent on charming, she fell to complimenting and coquetting the hero, as only my lady could.

"As for you, truant!" she cried, shaking her finger in mock censure at me, "it seems for all thy boasted partisanship with these malignants, you have yet a pretty liking for their worst enemy."

At her words Fairfax glanced at me curiously, but my lady, to whom the least rival was intolerable, claimed his attention, whilst I, chafing at the delay, stood thus hedged in without hope of escape.

As she graciously greeted the others, "'Tis well," said she, laughingly, "you wear not crimson sashes, for in truth we are but poorly garrisoned, having but a short time since seen Sir Geoffrey's troopers depart for Stevenstone, to escort there, for better safety, a prisoner of no little importance, which tidings, your Excellency, my husband is burning to impart to thee himself."

So saying, she smilingly led the way within.

Taking advantage of the opportunity thus offered me I stepped aside from the throng that followed my lady and Fairfax, and hastily concealed myself behind one of the open gates of the porch, where I stood in much apprehension of discovery.

By very necessity of his poorer rank, Giles Harrison was amongst the last who entered, and by that time my lady and her chief guests were away within. Doubtless anticipating that I had gone forward with the rest, he passed onwards without a glance behind.

No sooner were they all well down the passage than I sprang from my shelter and fled across the intervening roadway, heedless of the wonder of the gaping village folk, who stood awaiting the reappearance of Fairfax, and plunged into the shrubbery, going thence with haste to the brow of the hill.

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN TORRINGTON.

**WHEN** EXHAUSTED by haste, I paused in my flight, I was half way through the pine wood, and could see in the valley beyond the slated roof of the Harrisons' farm.

Now, the roadway being too public for my journey, I was compelled to pass this farm, and anxious that none there should see me, I kept to the fringe of the wood until I came to the stream that ran below it.

Remembering the cover its high banks would afford, I tucked up my skirts and climbed down between them, picking my way as best I could—now plunged ankle deep in rippling water; now creeping by aid of drooping boughs along the slippery banks, where, amidst the deep, soft moss, the first shy primroses peeped their pretty heads. Faded ferns, brown and straggling, which had lingered through the winter snows just to die



"PARDON, YOUR EXCELLENCY!"

a-welcoming this sweet flower of spring, drooped sadly to the water edge, where the murmuring stream sang them a requiem not without hope of leafy summer, that would bring them new life.

But I had scarce passed the farm when low voices fell on my ears, making me pause in my haste and listen in much alarm.

Creeping under cover of the bushes to the top of the bank, I saw that, a few yards off, a party of soldiers had concealed themselves in a deeper



gully of the stream. At first I took them for outposts of the rebels, but observing that some carried no arms, and also their dishevelled and most wan appearance, I concluded that they were fugitives of the royal army, either in retreat or on their way to offer, as so many had done this morn already, their services to the King's enemies.

Whatever they were, I craved not their company; so, stealing away from the stream, I got to the moorland beyond, and, without further hindrance, reached the foot of the hill immediately below Torrington.

As I commenced to ascend, my heart beat wildly with anticipation. Close at hand was I here to my destination, and also, I trusted, to Stephen Gale. If the latter were but swift and sure with the work I had in store for him, might not the wheel of fortune turn once more—aye, speedily—in favour of the King!

For aught I knew, the missive I carried might tell place and time of landing of that great reinforcement of troops from the Queen's country—the tardy coming of which each loyal heart had deplored these months past. Nor could I see reason against such help. Had all France come to avenge the wrongs of Queen Marie, I had felt no surprise; for, in truth, it was a right shameful thing that the daughter of the great Henri Quatre should have met with such indignities and cruelties from the people of her adopted country.

Much had I heard of the manner in which the Cavaliers had barricaded the approaches of the town by the laying of felled trees across the roads, and other obstructions, and I thought it like I might find difficulty in rendering sufficient account of myself and my journeyings, when desiring to pass through these barricades, now in the hands of the Roundheads.

At the top of the slope which I was ascending stood a cottage, the garden of which, long and straggling, ran some way down the hill. It struck me now that if I could enter this garden and persuade the owner to allow me to pass through the cottage into the street beyond, awkward questions might thus be avoided, and pursuit of me rendered less easy; and having so determined, I climbed the bank.

Alas! on all sides did I behold signs of last night's fight. What had once been the garden was now a muddy waste of trampled earth. Broken muskets, pistols with bloody butt ends pikes, and shattered swords lay scattered here and there, while all round were the dark stains which told that Torrington had not fallen without most cruel slaughter.

Sickening at the sight, and sad at heart, I stood there, when there came the sound of a woman's weeping. Looking round, I saw a feeble,

grey-haired old creature sitting on the bank opposite.

I crossed to her, but so profound was her grief that it was not until I had made several inquiries that she raised her dim eyes and regarded me.

Alas! poor woman! from her I learnt that it was her home that had been thus despoiled, and thus lamenting, she sat midst its ruins. One of my silver coins found its way into the desolate creature's hand, upon which she, drying her eyes, granted my request, and, hobbling along at my side, babbled of the recent fight, which, she said, had been past description for fierceness.

"As for the church," quoth she, "it is no more—nor wilt thou find a house standing for many yards around it."

At her words a terrible supposition sprang to my mind. The house I was seeking—the eighth down the lane to the right of the church—what of the fate of that?

Bidding the woman a hasty adieu, I hurried on, my mind in a state of doubt that was almost unendurable. For, this clue of Stephen Gale lost, I saw no possible chance of my making inquiry for him, without risk of falling into the hands of my enemies.

As I hastened along the stony street I drew my hood well about me, being in so forlorn a spirit with apprehension and anxiety for the welfare of the letter I carried, that I feared my face might bring suspicion upon me.

For, despite the rain which was still falling, quite a concourse of people thronged the streets; one and all appeared to have donned their best attire, as if for some festival.

Their outward content fell on my heart with heaviness. No word caught I of sorrow for the King's defeat; nay, alas! loud were they in their congratulations and welcome to the victorious Roundhead soldiers, who paraded the town with much show of pride in their bearing.

But the traitorous enthusiasm of the people waxed greatest when along came clattering a troop of horse.

"See!" cried they in the crowd, lifting their voices and tossing their hats in the air, while mothers raised their babes that they might also behold, "'tis the Ironsides, of whom ye have heard—godly men and true, who fight the Lord's battles." And from every throat rose the cry:—

"The Ironsides—the Ironsides—who come to save us from the Pope and the Stake!"

While around all shouted, and little children clapped their dimpled hands in high content at the sight, a voice above the rest cried, "Cromwell—see ye the General amongst them?"

And as the name was passed from mouth to mouth, to be caught by those who leant wide-

eyed from the lattices above, the people, great in number but moved by a single thought, cried out, "Cromwell—Cromwell!" till all the air was filled with the sound.

Pressed by the crowd to a front view, I, looking up, saw, riding in the rear of this strange and famous body of fighters, a square-built man, with a strong, rugged face, now paled with elation as he rode through the applauding people. Much had I heard of him and his traitorous undertakings, and knew the King had no worse enemy than he with the stern mouth and keen eyes before me.

Here, one of the crowd, catching my cloak, whispered exultingly that a party of these same Ironsides had been early dispatched to follow after and harass the retreating Cavaliers.

"And God speed and assist them," cried my informant, "nor care I where they run these malignants to earth, so that it be not in Torrington."

So mortified was I at the miscreant's joy that I wrenched my cloak from his grasp, and, forgetting discretion, cried out, "Shame on ye all, traitors, who forget your duty to your King!"

I could have bitten out my tongue when I had thus spoken, but it was too late. Though most ran on down the street after the troopers, several turned as I spoke, and to these the man at my side cried out: "What, a malignant among us?" and, in the mood for excitement, the crowd came round me, jostling and pulling, till, ready to weep with remorse at thus endangering the missive I carried, I stood, with hood dragged from my head, in their centre, expecting each moment to be discovered by those who were after me.

Suddenly, a man head and shoulders taller than the rest, pushed his way amongst them till he stood close to my side. A great, blue-eyed giant of a fellow was he, with an imperious bearing, and much did I fear his great strength and boisterous elbowings.

"What is this?" he cried, brusquely.

Whereupon they all fell to crying out that I had upbraided them as traitors, with other accusations.

"'Tis in truth a bold maid," said the giant, looking at me searchingly, "who prates of loyalty to the King in the streets of Torrington to-day!"

Then, as the crowd made an angry surge forward—

"Back!" cried he, threateningly, and the nearest men amongst them, considering him with their glance, fell aside, muttering.

Yet, when I made to pass, I was confronted on all sides by a hedge of angry people, who cried that go I should not until I had given an account of myself.

"Let us see what she carries beneath her cloak,"

cried one, stepping forward. "How know we that she be not another Guy Fawkes?—one such Papist villain, 'tis said, did last night destroy our good church."

At such a speech, the smouldering fire of their anger blazed forth. Rough hands seized me, clutching at my cloak, which they strove to tear from me. But I, desperate, remembering that which I carried, resisted with all my might, and raising my voice, cried: "In the King's name, help, if there be a true man amongst you!"

"Dost hear?" they shouted one to another, "in the King's name! Treason!—to the Justice with her for a seditious and malignant person!" And with one accord they closed round me, pressing and pulling until I felt myself no longer on my feet.

But before I fell, no doubt to have been trampled by these traitors, a powerful grasp caught me, and looking up, I saw the face of the blue-eyed giant close to mine.

Shielding me with one arm, he pushed his way through the crowd, buffeting and repelling with his free hand those who withstood him, till, getting clear at last, he snatched me up and darted down a straight passage at the side of the street, the crowd following and howling at his heels.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A LOYAL HEART.

**H**ALF swooning with fear and the rough handling of the crowd, I lay across the shoulder of my captor, expecting each moment to be brought face to face with the Justice, or, worse still, Giles Harrison, whose servant it was but too likely, was he who carried me.

Bewildered as I was, I now found that my captor's object was to elude the mob, which he presently accomplished, not so much by his speed, which was wonderful enough, as by the method of his journeying by narrow ways and covered passages, out of which he would dart but to seek the shelter of another.

Emerging from one of these, he came out upon a hilly street, which he crossed. Stopping in front of an unpretentious house, he rapped in a curious fashion upon the door.

It was almost immediately opened by a young and comely woman. Seeing me, she started back.

"Why," she cried, "what means this?"

But the man, without speaking, pushed past her into the cottage, where he put me down.

I found myself in a small, stone-paved kitchen, dimly lighted by a tiny window at the back, the one looking on to the street being roughly barricaded.

By this time I was in such a state of fear that I could scarce stand. Clinging to the table, I settled my mind to desperate endeavour in the keeping of my secret, and so looked up, to find both the man and woman regarding me with anxious concern.

"This lady," said the man, finding at length breath to speak, "has met with much ill-treatment from a crowd of base rebels. See that she leaves not this house till dusk."

Then turning to me, who stood scarce able to believe mine ears—

"Lady," said he, "my sister will give thee welcome shelter for the time, but talk no more of the King, or loyalty, in the streets of Torrington, if thou dost hope to keep thy freedom."

Before I could find words to express my gratitude he was gone, leaving me in no little state of surprise and thankfulness at such unlooked-for kindness.

The woman, who had a bearing somewhat above those of her class, was the first to speak. Looking at my bedraggled appearance, she exclaimed with indignation at the cruelty of those who could so ill-treat a maid.

"'Tis lucky," she said, as she helped me to arrange my attire, "that my brother saw it, for, villains as these traitors are, there are few of them who would willingly care to oppose Stephen Gale."

"*Stephen Gale!*" I cried, catching her arm, "sayest thou Stephen Gale?"

"Why, so it is," she answered, wondering.

But I had flown to the door, which I strove to open.

"Let me go," I implored, desperately. "For I must seek him."

But she, coming to me, seized my hands and forced me back.

"Would you undo us," she cried, "by such folly, and fall thyself again into the hands of the crowd?"

"But Stephen Gale," I persisted. "I must find him and that right speedily, to unfold to him a most important matter in which I would, in the King's name, beg his ready and honourable assistance. Nay, if thou art for the Cause, help me in this, I pray thee," and I caught her hand beseechingly.

"Why, and so I will," she said, soothingly, "and for that, dear lady, you must wait till his return, my brother having but a short time since received a sudden warning from a loyal heart at Stephenstone, to hold himself in readiness to further

conduct the escape of one of the prisoners of the Parliament from there—a prisoner upon whose instant departure from Torrington my brother, and all those helping him, set much advantage to the Cause."

I could have cried with vexation as she spoke, To think that I had by most unheard-of good fortune seen Stephen Gale, only to lose him! Alas! this venture, praiseworthy as it was, might delay him hours, and each moment was precious.

Watching my woeful face the woman bade me have no fear but that her brother, or some trusty soul he would procure, would assist me.

"For there are still some in Torrington to be found by those who go not blindfold to seek them," she said. "Though these same must of needs work in quietness, their right hand not knowing what their left doeth."

So saying, she led me to a seat, into which I sank wearily enough, being quite spent with fatigue and excitement.

Noting my weariness, she with much kindness brought me a cup of milk, which she pressed me to drink, saying that no doubt, like all who loved His Majesty, I had broken my fast with a sad heart and little appetite that morning. Such kindness and sympathy touched my heart, and much did I thank the loyal soul, assuring her that I owed my life to her brother's timely help.

"Ah! many can say that of Stephen," she replied proudly. "Nor has the fear of his great strength proved useless in stopping undue interference from any of his neighbours, who may have suspected him of loyalty to the Cause. As it is, not a few whom the Parliament was after hath my brother got safely off from Falmouth to France—but," cried she with a start, "I place strange confidence in one I know so little."

I hastened to assure her of my perfect love for the Cause; telling her that my father, a Cavalier officer, had died fighting for the same. Also did I acquaint her of what was sorely troubling me—the unfortunate betrayal of Stephen Gale by his sister at South Molton to the Roundhead spy. But not a word said I of the missive I carried, so fearful was I for its safety.

On my news she mused awhile, then, her brow clearing, "These rebels will seek in vain for his house," she cried, "for it lies deep midst the ruins of the church, though little did I dream last night that such misfortune would ever give me content."

"'Tis in truth an ill wind that blows good to none," she added. "Yet must Stephen be on his guard, now that the Roundheads have him by name."

From her I then learnt that the King's men had retreated to Cornwall by way of Holsworthy,

and with them had gone her husband, who had joined Hopton's forces a week ago.

"Thankful was I," she said, "that my man had taken my children to Bideford, out of harm's way, for we none last night knew if each moment would not be our last, and when the church blew up, that was the terriblest sound I ever did hear. I was all alone in the house, fretting my heart out for my man and Stephen. I could not so much as peep from the window because of the way my husband had botched it up for safety, but at length, so mad did I get with fear, that, despite John's warning, I unbarred the door and looked out into the street. I found it so bright with moonlight that all I dare do was hide in the shadow of the doorway, and for a time I stood there listening in a tremble to the terrible shouting and firing up in the town. But presently from out of the shadow someone crept and touched me. At first I thought I was lost, but it was just my own man, whom I had thought never to see alive again. Dear soul! as I fell a-crying on his neck with joy, there came down the street, helter-skelter, the sound of horses. Thinking it was the Parliament men, I was for pulling John indoors. But he cried in my ear that it was the King's horse retreating, and that the Roundheads had taken the town.

"I stood there like one turned to stone by the sorrow of his tidings, and with his arm around me we watched them go by. Ah! what a flight was that! With scarce a word spoken, only the snort of the horses and the heavy breathing of the men to be heard—the sparks flying out of their horses' shoes—away down the hill they

rode, galloping for dear life to the bridge of the Taddyport. My John told me that the brave Lord Hopton was amongst the last who had passed. But alas! naught could I see for sorrow. Scarce had they disappeared when my husband told me he had but come to say good-bye. And presently he went, by way of the



"SPY!—TRAITRESS!" HE CRIED.

garden yonder, to the river. Being so loath to lose him, I stole with him to the bank beyond, and as we went we came on so many, likewise escaping, that all the hill there seemed alive. Not a step could we take, but a man was there panting and running to find bridge or ford by which to get out of Torrington."

Thus, with many a sigh for the pity of it, did this true soul tell me of Torrington's fall.

From a painful sadness I was startled by a soft knock at the door. Alarmed, I sprang to my feet, but the woman, calming my fears, turned to welcome in a small, wizened man, with a bright, sharp face. As he caught sight of me he uttered a cry of surprise. But, the woman whispering a few words in his ear, he came forward and bowed, with much effusion, assuring me I had but to wait to see the scales turned in favour of the King. Then, approaching the woman, he proceeded to state his business, which, at first, was mighty unintelligible to me. Yet presently did I make out that his brother, who kept the "Green Dragon Inn," at Langtree, might be fully relied upon to give the fugitive shelter for the night.

"All this have I told Stephen," he concluded, "and but came to give thee this."

Then, winking knowingly at me, he said: "They that are pressed against their will to serve the Parliament make but half-hearted servants. Early yesterday morning, we at Torrington had knowledge sent us of the Roundheads' password and signal, and to-day we fare as well, for look thee——"

So saying, he passed me a slip of paper, on which I read, in hasty scrawl, "HE HATH GIVEN US THE VICTORY, TORRINGTON."

"'Tis the Roundheads' password for the night, and will, if all goes well, secure our fugitive safe journey to Langtree," he chuckled, charmed at my wonderment, and, passing the paper to the woman, he told me, with much glee, of his many methods of outwitting the rebels. But here the woman, who, methought, had been looking somewhat ill at ease, cautioned him to retire lest the neighbours might gossip.

"A man of many words," she exclaimed, as she closed the door upon him, "but faithful, as are all his family. A hairdresser by trade, he has much opportunity of secretly serving the Cause."

But I thought she spoke somewhat restrainedly, as if regretting the great confidence the man had placed in me.

Marvelling how I might best reassure her, I looked up presently to find her listening, with parted lips and bated breath, to a sound in the street beyond. The next moment she had flown to the outer door, which, with eagerness, she unbarred. Full of fear of betrayal, I sprang up, and concealed myself in the shadow of the settle, and as I did so two men rushed under the low doorway into the kitchen.

Heavily cloaked were they, and speedy must have been their coming, for, for a space, naught could they do but clasp their heaving sides and

pant for breath. Then one, turning to the woman, who stood white-faced at his side :—

"We are betrayed!" he gasped; and, rushing across the kitchen, opened the inner door. "To the river, sir!" he cried. "Quick! they are after us."

But, with a scream, I sprang forward, for the voice was that of Stephen Gale, "Nay," I cried, "thou must not go," and I flung myself in desperation before him, thinking he would again escape me.

But before he had time to reply, the man at his side, who had turned as I spoke, caught my arm, and, pulling me into the firelight, looked into my face.

"Spy!—traitress!" he cried; and at his words I screamed, catching his cloak, for it was none other than the Cavalier.

"Sir," I cried; but he shook himself free of my hold, and the next moment they were gone; and the firelight, flickering, fell on the face of the woman, who stood like a statue of scorn, guarding the door through which they had passed.

"Let me go, I pray thee. Oh! let me go!" I cried, struggling with her.

But she had caught the word "traitress," and, faithful soul that she was, would die rather than let me pass, to do the harm she thought I intended.

And now, from the street outside, arose a murmur of angry voices and the clatter of many feet.

Desperate, I flung myself at the woman's feet.

"Good soul, thou dost undo all," I wailed, "for I carry the King's letter in my bosom."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE EMPTY HOUSE.

**F**OR a moment she stared in wonder at me. Then she laughed aloud, still holding me down.

"I know thou hast a false heart there," she cried. "So go thou shalt not, to carry abroad the tales thy lying, fair face hath cozened out of me."

But, as she spoke, there came on the door without a heavy knocking, followed by a summons to open it in the name of the Parliament.

The woman no sooner heard this, and the voices of the crowd that was by this time gathered outside, than she loosened her hold on me, and, springing to her feet, stood panting, with wild eyes fixed on the door. Then, as if beside herself: "Another moment, good door!" she cried. "Another moment, heart of oak, if thou wouldst save them!" And at every blow that fell, she flinched where she stood, as if the hurt had been hers.

Seizing my chance, which seemed slender

enough, I crept to the door behind her, and, softly opening it, fled out into the garden.

A thin rain, driven by the wind, blew into my face as I stood a moment looking for the outlet through which the men must have so shortly passed.

Espying at last a small gap in the hedge, I ran to it, and, from a high and sloping bank, looked down on to the turbid river below.

As I scrambled in haste through the opening, I heard the door of the cottage I had just left fall in with a crash. I heard, too, the woman shrieking, as, followed by the soldiers and crowd, she rushed into the garden.

Without another look behind I jumped down and ran, which way I knew not, nor counted on. For full ten minutes I fled thus along the slope, scrambling through hedge or skirting garden walls, until, venturing to look behind, I saw to my relief that I was not followed.

Creeping to the shelter of a buttress, I looked eagerly from thence to right and left of me, on both banks of the river. But alas! not a sign, could I see of Stephen Gale, or the Cavalier; they had utterly disappeared. Weary and dispirited, I leant there in the shadow, and strove to collect my thoughts.

In truth, it seemed I could not be in a worse plight, hunted as I was by Giles Harrison and his creatures, and suspected by the loyal hearts of Torrington of being a spy.

There was but one hope, and that was to endeavour with all speed to overtake the Cavalier, who, I doubted not, having escaped his enemies, was already on his way to Langtree, and return to him the King's letter. Tears of vexation rose to my eyes when I thought how nearly I had touched success, but to see it vanish into most cruel failure.

That the loyalists of Torrington had set so much store on the rescue of this King's messenger from the hands of the rebels, only convinced me that the letter he was expected to bring to Lord Hopton was known to have been of great importance. And here in my keeping was this priceless missive, to be found ere long by the traitors, unless I could devise some means to prevent it.

To be sure, I could tear it up then and there, and scatter the pieces into the swift-flowing river below, but to destroy the King's letter was to me so terrible a thought that I durst not even contemplate it.

So thinking, I rose and pulled my hood around me, and as I did so, something white fell from it and fluttered to the ground. Picking it up, I saw with astonishment that it was the slip of paper upon which was written the Roundhead counter

sign that the little barber had shown me, and afterwards given to the woman.

In our struggle together, doubtless, it had fallen from her bosom into the folds of my cloak, and there remained until this moment.

The sight of it brought back all my longing to save the missive I carried. Here, if it had been possible to pass undetected, was that which would have taken me safely out of Torrington and found me on my way to Langtree before daybreak.

Alas! it seemed I had for naught saved the despatch from the hands of the Roundheads.

So I fell to thinking again; while the rain, in a grey curtain of mist, blew up from the west, shrouding the river and covering all around with its silvery spray.

A sound so slight that only one so fearful would have detected it brought me out of my thoughts. Looking to whence it came, my eyes, through the drifting rain, met those of a man, who, creeping like a snake, was coming up the bank in front of me.

I knew him at once for the younger of Giles Harrison's confederates, and with a startled cry I sprang from my shelter and fled on along by the wall. Coming to the end of it, I saw a narrow passage before me.

In an instant I was up it, and had gained the street beyond. Here, looking round in desperation, I saw at my right hand, but a few yards off, the deep porch of a house abutting on the roadway, and into this I hurried.

Crouching in its shadows I now observed that the door was unlatched, showing a glimpse of a dark, stone-flagged hall within. One moment I hung back on the threshold, appalled by its gloom. Then, urged by desperation, I slipped in and softly closed the door behind me.

Standing trembling in the gloomy passage, I listened to the coming of the spy. But as he did not so much as approach the porch, but went on swiftly up the street, I trusted I had for the moment eluded him. But no sooner did this terror leave me, than I found myself in much fear of discovery by the occupants of the house I had entered with such scant politeness.

My eyes had by this time grown accustomed to the gloom, and I now saw that a few yards off me was a staircase that lost itself in darksome twistings above. To my left was an open door, and to this I crept, hoping to find a better hiding-place than the hall afforded.

Looking cautiously from its threshold I saw before me a large room in much disorder. Benches lay on the floor around a table that was thickly strewn with the remnants of a meal. Tankards of ale, hastily flung aside, had rolled beneath the table, bespattering the floor with their contents.

I saw no other way of preserving the King's letter but to remain where I was till night.

But even little hope had I of passing undetected through the streets of Torrington, watched as I was, I doubted not, at every turn.

Before leaving Stapleton I had intended to have donned the cap of a serving wench, and but for the haste and manner of my departure would have been so attired. It struck me now that in some room of the deserted house I might find what I needed, and by this little disguise, increase, even though slenderly, my chance of eluding my enemies.

Plucking up courage at the thought, I, not without a tremor, ascended the dim staircase, and came at length upon a door. After much trying I succeeded in forcing the rusty bolt.

Observing an oaken chest in one corner of the apartment, I flew towards it, but alas! it was empty, and a cry of disappointment broke from my lips. A further search around brought me no better success, and with a sigh I had already turned my steps towards the door, when that very instant my eye caught the dull sheen of velvet, protruding slightly from beneath the bed's cover-lid.

The sight stopped me. Might not this be one

of the hiding places in which the owners of the house had concealed any valuable attire from the soldiers who had lately left? Stooping down, I pulled, and out came a gallant's cape. Searching further, I found doublet, breeches, boots, and even a hat with sweeping plumes, all of the

courtliest cut imaginable, neither too plain nor over-garnished, though somewhat marred by the recklessness of their bestowal. As I looked at the quality of the gauds, I could not but marvel at the want of care of their owner, who had chosen so unsuitable a place for hiding his braveries.

So dainty, yet quiet, a suit marked a pretty taste, and I fell to wondering who had owned it. Slim of build and somewhat of a dandy, as the perfect blending of the colours showed him to have been, had he now given up these pretty gauds for the pot head-piece and leathern doublet of the Puritan soldier?

Alas! what mattered it! So thought I, when something flashed to my

mind, and I dropped the doublet I was holding and looked at the garments before me in shy wonder.

"Why, if I could but dare!" I cried, and laughed softly, my face in my hands.

(To be continued.)



"WHY, IF I COULD BUT DARE!"

# THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY  
**C. B. FRY**

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ATHLETICS: A COMPARISON.

**I**N view of the recent athletic meeting between the English and American Varsity teams it may not be uninteresting to inquire into some of the differences of our athletic methods.

When the Yale team met Oxford over here in the first contest of the kind, being President of the O.U.A.C. and a competitor at the sports, I had some opportunities of noting these differences. From what I was told of the Yale men I gathered that they found some of our arrangements strange and baulking at first. To begin with, they had been accustomed in long distance races to running round the track with the left side inwards, whereas we go exactly the other way round. The idea in America is, I believe, that

IT IS BETTER TO HAVE THE RIGHT  
LEG ON THE OUTSIDE

because it is, the stronger and better able to work the runner round the corners. I doubt whether the American direction has any substantial advantage over ours; but there really is reason to suppose that the right leg is, in point of fact, stronger than the left in most men. An experienced traveller once told me he had noticed that men lost in the bush always begin walking round in a circle when they become tired out, and he put this down to their having what he termed a master-leg, which, in most cases, was the right.

In America all hurdle-racing is run on the cinder-track, whereas here it is always upon turf. The Yale men found this difference a distinct difficulty, for, in addition to having to run on turf instead of on cinders, they had to negotiate firmly fixed instead of movable hurdles. Hurdling on turf is a poor game if the ground is very wet; in fact, hurdling on

mud, over fixed obstacles, is both farcical and dangerous. But, to my mind, when the turf is fit, as it usually is, our race over fixed hurdles is the finer affair; the obstacle is the essential characteristic of the race, and the American hurdle is too movable to be a thorough, down-right obstacle. I do not agree with the criticism sometimes put forward to the effect that the lightness of the movable hurdle makes the American timber-topper slovenly;

THE AMERICAN HURDLER IS, IF ANYTHING,  
NEATER AND SMARTER THAN THE ENGLISH.

Still, the fact that he has no serious bump to fear doubtless enables the American to practise going low over the sticks "with greater confidence"; and consequently the American style produces more good hurdlers in a quicker time than does ours, for "going low," i.e., almost grazing the hurdle, is at once the secret of speed and the difficulty of the art. The legs of our tyros are horrible to see sometimes. Skinned from knee to ankle and bruised all colours! W. J. Oakley won the hurdle race in the first match with Yale over here, but when Cambridge ran against Yale, in New York, the Americans won both on cinders, in their own style, and on turf, in ours.

In sprint races, high jumping and long jumping, there is practically no difference between us. But in weight-putting and hammer-throwing there are several important ones.

We put the weight from a 7ft. square, and we are allowed to propel the missile pretty much as we like, provided we do not distinctly bowl or throw it. The Yale men put from a circle, the dimensions of which I forget, but it was a small one: and instead of the circle being marked out, as our square is, in whitewash, the



circumference consisted of an arrangement in wood, resembling a cart-wheel without spokes. In America the rule about methods of propulsion is stringent. The putter is not allowed to begin his put as he chooses;

HE MUST KEEP THE ELBOW OF THE ARM HE  
USES BEHIND THE SHOT.

If his elbow is in front of his hand he is said to "draw the shot," and is disqualified. The Americans hold, rightly enough, that a heavy man gains a big advantage in initial velocity if allowed to pull as well as to push the weight. Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, a noted Yale runner, says that he saw an American who could only put the shot 39ft., draw it 42ft. with ease.

In hammer-throwing the English 'Varsity rules used to allow a 30ft. run, whereas the American rules provided for a circle so small that the thrower has no run at all. The size of our circle has been reduced, but we can still take advantage of a bit of a run, whereas the Americans have only space to spin round.

In both the strong-man events the English rules gave us a distinct advantage over our rivals from across the sea; yet, to say that we were out-classed in these events scarcely expresses the American superiority. The Yale putters and throwers were not only bigger and stronger than ours, but their style was immeasurably more scientific. A glance at their muscular development was enough to convince one that they had given long and assiduous attention to dumb-bell work and

#### OTHER FORMS OF WHAT MAY BE CALLED ARTIFICIAL TRAINING.

And the precision and accuracy of their action, whether in putting or in throwing, was equally indicative of systematic education in the art of propelling shots and hammers.

As a matter of fact, it is in the science and system of their training that the principal difference between American athletes and our own lies. They make a business of their athletics, and devote an immense amount of attention to detail: we treat our athletics as a pastime, and are prone to follow somewhat haphazard methods. I doubt whether, according to the American point of view, I have ever trained at all in my life.

Nowhere is the contrast between their training and ours more marked than in our respective Universities. When an Oxford man goes up in the October term, all he has to do if he wishes to take up athletics is to pass into Rowell's, the jeweller, in High Street, pay his subscription, and enrol his name. He is then free of the Iffley

Road running ground and all its appurtenances, save only the dressing-room, sacred to the blues. He goes there and does what he chooses, no one interferes with him, he trains or not as he likes, and either does or does not enter for the strangers' races in the various college sports held during the term. If he is a freshman and has ambitions, he probably enters for his chosen event or events in the freshmen's sports. If successful he is a marked man, but

HE IS STILL LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES.

Again, in the Easter term, everyone follows his own bent till the O.U.A.C. sports are held. From the results in these the team of blues to meet Cambridge is chosen; or practically so, for the committee is not bound by any rule in the matter, and chooses exactly as it thinks fit. For these trial sports, then, men train on their own. When, however, a man has been definitely chosen to form one of the team for Queen's Club, he is looked after somewhat. Mr. C. N. Jackson, the treasurer and mentor of the club, keeps an eye on him, and tenders him advice, and the president is supposed to see that his team trains properly. But even then there is no systematic training, and each man is left very much to look after himself. And, after all, there is usually only about a month between the O.U.A.C. sports and the inter-'Varsity meeting.

At Yale and Harvard, and the other Transatlantic Universities, matters are very differently managed. When the men assemble for the Easter term, the captain of the athletic club, as he is called, collects the names of all who wish to compete for places in the representative team of the year. Usually there are well over a hundred applicants. These are divided up into groups, and each group is put under the charge of an old blue, whose main duty is to see that his men

#### DO NOT START TRAINING ON WRONG PRINCIPLES.

The initial training is, as far as possible, confined to the gymnasium, which is laid with a dirt floor to enable men to use spiked shoes. Jumpers, sprinters, and hurdlers, are put to practising starts and dashes, and are made to train at their special events on the miniature lines available indoors. They have, I fancy, to do a certain amount of gymnastic work as well. For it is one of the notable points in American training, that much attention is paid to subsidiary artificial physical development. For instance, as I mentioned above, the hammer and

weight men do a lot of dumb-bell work. As far as I understand, much of this gymnasium work is done in classes, under the direction either of an old blue or of a professional trainer. Even during this preliminary indoor period the captain keeps his eye upon the run of things, and also receives reports and recommendations from his lieutenants. If he hears of weakness in any class of competitors he looks around for developable raw material among those men who have not reported their desire to join in the training. Also, it is his business to apply the spur to the slack members, and the break to the over zealous. He has to act the part of general managing director.

The net result of two months of this carefully worked system is that

ALL THE MEN ENGAGED ARE PROPERLY  
GROUNDED IN THE ELEMENTS OF THEIR EVENTS,

and are thus saved from contracting bad habits or wasting their energies.

At Yale and elsewhere, I believe, what are termed winter games are held about the end of February. These take place in large buildings of the drill-hall or armoury sort. On the results obtained, a selection of the useful men is made, and the number of probables thus reduced. Then comes further gymnasium work, in which, always under careful supervision, the men specialise more than before.

As soon as the weather permits, out-door work begins, and what we should call the real season opens. But by this time the captain has cut his probables down to forty or fifty men, all of them well on in training and perfectly in hand. Finally, the representative team is chosen after a careful process of elimination.

It can readily be perceived that the American system is in many respects far superior to our haphazard lack of system. The Americans contend justly that their results in quick and successful development are marvellous. Their men are carefully drilled and instructed, ours learn as best they may. Our method leads to much waste of time, but it works far better than an American would be likely to suppose. There is no doubt that

THEY GET MORE OUT OF THEIR MATERIAL  
THAN WE DO,

especially in the case of jumpers, sprinters, and strong men, but they are very liable to overtrain their men, especially long-distance runners. There is a limit to the value of scientific method and precision in training; for man is not a machine. I incline to the opinion that

the ideal training method may be found in a cross between ours and theirs. But I am quite sure that many of our athletes, who do not become more than moderate performers, would improve almost beyond recognition under the American system. This applies particularly to jumpers. Very few of our men who appear in the inter-Varsity sports know the rudiments of long and high jumping considered as arts.

There is one point in American athletics which, beyond all doubt, ought to be copied by us. Over there nearly every school has inter-school sports with one or more rival schools, and, similarly, all the Universities meet either one or more rival Universities. Here, with the exception of the Oxford and Cambridge sports, there are no team-athletics. Yet how infinitely superior are team-athletics to the usual all-against-all meetings we are accustomed to. The great crab of athletics over here is the individualism of it. To my mind, not only would there be

#### ENORMOUS ADVANTAGES AND ENJOYMENT IN INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETIC MEETINGS

on similar lines as the inter-Varsity sports, between such schools as already meet one another at cricket and football, but inter-house, inter-form, and similar sports, ought to be organised at the bigger schools, just as is at present done in games. Herein is an answer to the question too often asked: "What ought we to do when football is over, and cricket not yet begun?"

*C.B. MacC.*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**C. MacC. B.**—If the handle-bat you wish rebladed is by a well-known maker, you had better send it to him. Otherwise any of the bat-makers whose wares are advertised in *THE CAPTAIN* would do the job excellently for you. Surridge, for instance, or Gradidge. Thank you for your good wishes. Your favourite county certainly did not do very well this season. **E. Barnett** has an inspiring case. Two batsmen on his side were attempting a third run; the ball was thrown in, the wicket-keeper missed it and knocked the bails off with his hands, not holding the ball; the batsman was out of his ground, and the square-leg umpire, failing to notice that the ball was not in hand when the wicket was broken, gave the batsman out. After the batsman was given out, the captain of his side appealed to the other umpire, who then gave the man in, as he had seen exactly what happened. But the umpire who had given the original decision refused to alter it. What should happen? Well, the first umpire was the one under whose jurisdiction the case was. He might, had he been so

mind, have appealed to the other umpire, asking how the wicket was broken, but he did not, therefore no one had any right to appeal to the other umpire, and, consequently, the other umpire's decision was irrelevant. The man was out. Of course, the first umpire was wrong: if he could not see how the wicket was broken, he ought to have asked his colleague's advice. Nevertheless, the man being given out by the umpire whose decision it was, must be reckoned as out.

**J. F. Thomas.**—If the man had the ball in one hand and, the balls being already off, pulled up the stump, the batsman would, I think, be given not out. I must confess I am not quite certain on the point; but I fancy the ball must be held to the stump as it is removed in order to get the man given out.

**D. Bradshaw.**—(1) When a high catch is hit and held, no run counts, even if the batsmen have run two and are in the middle of the third at the time the ball is actually caught. (2) As long as the batsman is in his ground it does not matter whether his bat is in his hand or not; the umpire was quite wrong to give the batsman out merely because his bat slipped out of his hand.

**G. S. Dowsing.**—If the batsman backs-up and leaves his ground before the bowler delivers the ball, the bowler can stop and put the wicket down, and the batsman is run out. The practice is considered sharp, but, of course, the batsman is taking an unfair advantage by backing up too soon, and, therefore, deserves his fate.

**P. G. Hurst.**—If you send your album, I will endeavour to oblige.

**E. A. of Ranji.**—The gentleman in question is a first cousin of the other gentleman in question.

**R. H. Van Eeghen.**

—If Phillips thinks Mold's action has any appearance of a throwing element in it, he is right to no-ball him. But the other umpires also are right; if Mold's action appears to them quite fair they ought not to take any notice of Phillips's decisions. Like other people, you do not understand that

it is possible for both Phillips and the other umpires to be right. The question is not one of fact, but of opinion—opinions differ. **Jno. Hunter** has written a very interesting letter, in which he concurs with my opinion that, if only our cricketers could learn to field like the American base-ballers there would be no need to canvass alterations in the rules of cricket. He mentions that by far the best fielder in his club, who is also the best fielder in the country (America?) is a base-ball player, who, in base-ball, is not considered at all a good fielder.

**R. Pearson.**—(1) The best training for football is playing the game. Before the season some longish walks and an occasional run are good for you. (2) The best advice on training for athletic sports appears in back numbers of *THE CAPTAIN*, but you might find the athletic volume in the "All-England Series," by H. H. Griffiths, useful.

**W. S. Prosser.**—(1) I do not know who is the best swordsman of the day. (2) Ranjitsinhji is the best batsman. (3) I think Needham has been, perhaps, the best Association player of recent times. Cannot say about Rugby. (4) I do not know who is the strongest man on earth; there are so many of them. **Lanes Lad.**—The best books on athletics are the athletic volumes of the Badminton Library and H. H. Griffiths' athletics, in the "All-England Series." If you mean to excel at sprinting do not touch long distances: specialise.

Above all, train on gradual, very gradual lines. **A Captainite.**

—I quite agree with most of your opinions about cricket and cricketers. **G. L. Jessop** is a wonderful field. I smoke a little; not much. I do not think it does an athlete much harm, in moderation, after he is full grown. For boys, I think it a detrimental practice. **C. E. B. (Boston).**—Foster, of Preston Street, Brighton, has some photographs such as you want. I do not know his prices. Certainly, I will sign any picture you send to me.

C. B. F.



**LITTLE BODKIN:** "I say, Phil, doesn't it make one feel awfully proud to be an Englishman when one sees these beastly funny-looking foreigners?"

# ACTON'S RIVAL.

BY FRED. SWAINSON, *Author of "Acton's Feud," "Smith's House," etc.*

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

## I.

I HAD always to row young Rolle for his idiotic stoking; but when I went to my den after dinner I found a fire which would have made a naval stoker blench. The idiot had banked up the coals almost to a level with the register, put on an artistic top-dressing of coal-dust, sprinkled this with water—I guessed this from the rust in my fender—to the end that it should “cake,” placed the guard before his handiwork, and trusted that the luck of the house would look after any possible conflagration. I never had a warmer welcome into my sanctum. When I turned the handle and went in, an atmosphere of Sahara-like, dry heat made me gasp, and a rich, strong scent of broiling varnish told me forcibly that my long-suffering deal table’s legs were perspiring sympathetically. My slippers—with dire thoughtfulness, placed by the wretched Rolle atilt the fender—had curled up like bread toasting, and the stench of the scorching leather spoke in volumes. I hastily plucked my bubbling deal out of range, kicked my slippers into the corridor, and opened the window. Then I retreated into the corridor, coughing vigorously. Being no salamander, I made no attempt to deal with the flaming fiery furnace roaring up the chimney. Rolle’s artistic pyramid in the grate was too fearsome a work for me to tackle with my tongs.

Now, I do not mind confessing that if I had seen Mr. Arthur Rolle at that heated moment, I should have laid hands upon him—say, by the ears—and confronted him, French fashion, with the distorted slippers and my blistered table-legs. But that young gentleman was five miles or more away, over the wet fields, squelching along merrily through the puddles in the lane and the watery meads—the second hare in a junior house run. It would be at least an hour before he would come in, steaming and miry, fagged, but cheerful, a great man among a dozen of his kind. I mentally resolved to damp a little of his enthusiasm before tea.

My own den would not be habitable under an hour, and so I determined to inflict myself on my

friends. I started at Smith’s room—blank. Harper’s, Haigh’s, Thorrold’s, Fisher’s, Anderson’s. Nothing stirred but their clocks. I tried the next corridor. Higgins’s, Wantage’s, Walker’s, Gate’s—clocks only. Then I went to the notice board, and, as I expected, found the seniors had a run out and home to Allenby. So, since in the whole of Holden’s house I had not a place wherein I could utilise a chair, I unhooked my overcoat and stepped out into the February drizzle. There was no particular reason why I should take the tow-path along the bleak, grey Lodden, but, within the hour, I found myself just below the spinney which tries to hide the “Anglers’ Arms” from the river.

The landlord of this little hostelry had been in evil odour with the school authorities for some time, and there was a rumour that Carver had interviewed Ricketts on one or two matters in which that gentleman had played a very shady part. Weedon, of Smith’s house, and that lout Isaacs, of Carver’s, were mixed up in it somehow. In any case, Carver had evidently spoken or acted to the point, for the sight of an Elizabethan was to the landlord as a red rag to a bull. As I came level with his inn, I caught sight of a couple of hares heading directly for his spinney, and, stringing after them, full pelt, a dozen hounds. When I spotted the pink caps on their heads I saw that I had straggled right into my house’s run. The hounds were overhauling the hares, and it was evident that the run would finish in the next minute or so, and therefore, if I wanted to be in at the death, I must hobble smartly across the field into the spinney. I did, and saw, almost instantaneously, the oddest thing I’ve ever seen since I’ve been an Elizabethan. When I got to the edge of the copse, I saw the hares, Higgins and Wantage, desperately looking for a place to break through the hedge, the hounds squelching after them barely a hundred yards behind.

“Here, Jack,” gasped Higgins. “Here’s a gap.”

“Through it, then,” panted Wantage.

The hares scrambled through the gap, and just as they were on the move again, I saw a man

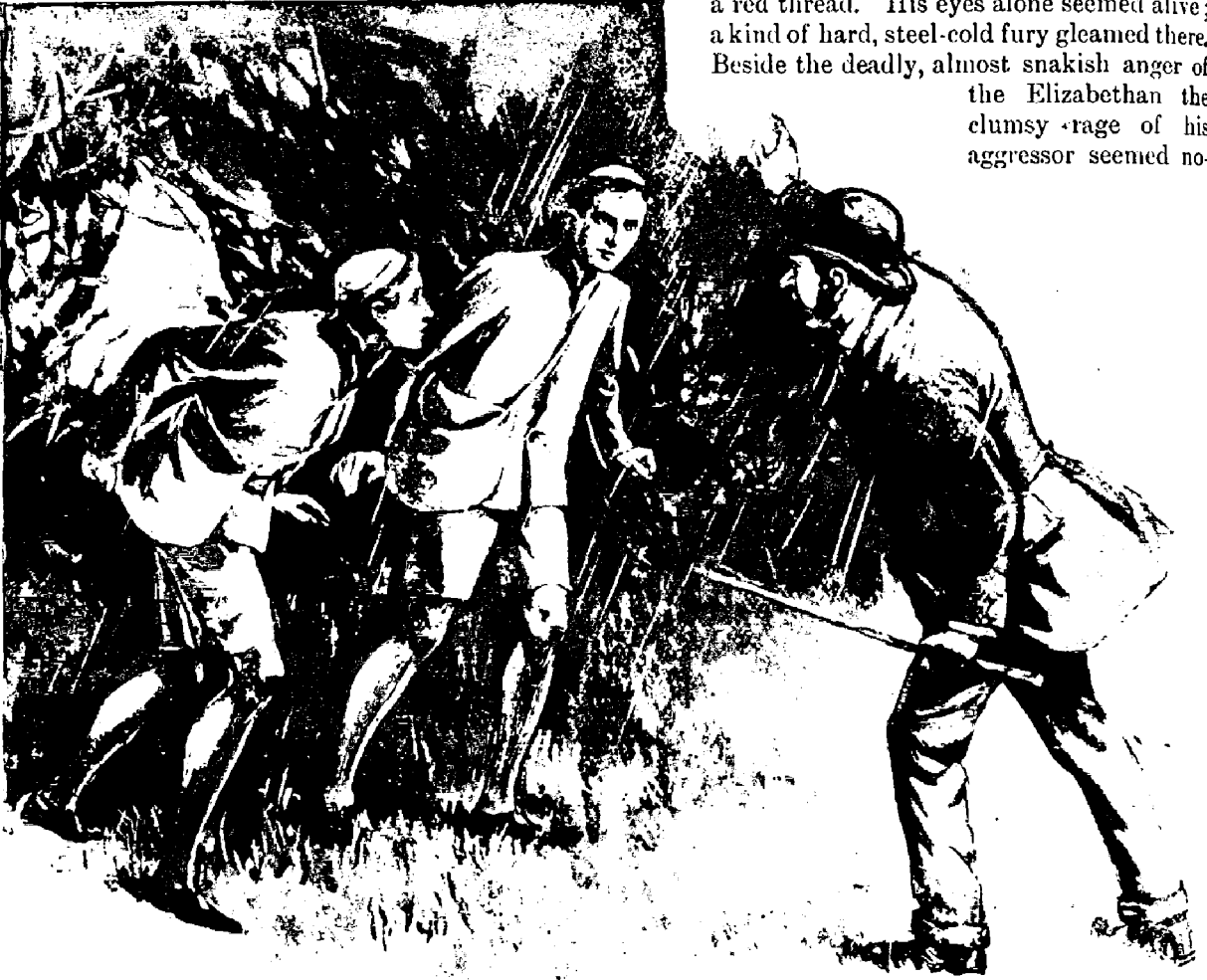
lurch hastily and threateningly from the "Anglers' Arms" and make straight for the panting Elizabethans. "Back you go, you pink-poll'd rips!" he yelled at the pair. "No h'admittance this way. This is private propertty, and I want none of your tribe this side the 'edge."

"Don't be a fool, man! Can't you see we'll be caught if——"

"Fool, h'am I?" bellowed Ricketts. "We'll

This maddened the foul-mouthed brute; his face simply flamed with fury. Before Higgins realised what was to happen the landlord's fist shot out and crashed on his mouth.

Higgins staggered back into the hedge, neck and crop, from the force of the blow. The red faded from his face, leaving it ghastly white, whilst the perspiration still stood in thick beads on his forehead; a thin crimson line trickled down his chin from his bruised lips, like a red thread. His eyes alone seemed alive; a kind of hard, steel-cold fury gleamed there. Beside the deadly, almost snakish anger of the Elizabethan the clumsy rage of his aggressor seemed no-



"BACK YOU GO, YOU PINK-POLLED RIPS!"

see about that, too, you jackanapes! Back you go, or I'll put my knuckles——" and the fellow doubled up a huge, purple fist and shook it in Higgins's face.

"Out of the way!" said Higgins, angrily knocking the man's arm aside and moving on.

"You will have it, then," choked the landlord, planting himself squarely in the Elizabethan's way.

"Come on, Jack," said Higgins, attempting to brush past. "The fellow's drunk."

thing. I've never seen anyone look quite as Higgins looked then.

The Elizabethan lifted himself up slowly and deliberately out of the gap. He made straight for Ricketts, mechanically drawing off his light house-coat as he went. He did not say a word, but I could see his silence went home to the muddy soul of the rascal. Higgins threw his coat coolly to Wantage, and then, with an almost exaggerated expression of neatness, rolled up his

sleeves. He was panting still from his run, and his breath came in short, quick jerks; the contrast between his deadly pallor and his heaving chest seemed uncanny. At the moment, brute as he was, I felt sorry for Ricketts.

At that crisis of the incident Wantage jumped between the two.

"Give yourself five minutes, Don. You're dead beat."

"Ten," said I, scrambling out of the spinney. "You'll have to wait ten minutes, Ricketts."

The other fellows had come pouring through the gap.

"Hullo! What's this?" said Gates.

"Uncommonly like a mill," said I.

"Take ten minutes, Don," urged little Wantage, gently pushing his chum back. "Then kill him."

"This animal struck Higgins as he came through the hedge," said I, explaining matters like the chorus in a play. "Higgins is blown, and he ought to have his wind."

"Rather!" panted Gates. "We'll see to that."

"This 'ere is my propertty, and I ain't going to have any more of you—" etc., bawled Ricketts, who began to understand that he had, perhaps, gone too far in striking Higgins.

"Hang your explanations!" said Gates, acidly "and don't call Eliza's that sort of names. That's treason—as you'll find out. Just close round the animal, in case it feels inclined to bolt. Sit down, Higgins! Give yourself a chance, man."

Higgins was gently pushed back from the landlord by half-a-dozen fellows, and persuaded to sit down. He murmured something inarticulate. The fellows "helped" Ricketts into the field, much against his will, through the gap, whilst Wantage and I stood silent together, in the February drizzle-drizzle, by Higgins. The minutes dragged on in absolute quiet on our side of the hedge, but I could hear the landlord, on the other, stringing out lurid oaths, and Gates threatening to put his head in the ditch.

Higgins's face had settled into a deadly pallor, and his eyes lost that concentrated look of savage fury. He looked straight before him into vacancy, and, odd as it may seem, I could tell he was not thinking of the coming fight. At last he got up and said, shakily:—

"Got my coat, Jack?"

"Oh, that's all right, Don! We'll just step through the gap and give that beast——"

"I'm not going to fight, Jack."

"What?" gasped Wantage, as though he had been struck in the breast.

"I'm not going to fight. I can't fight."

Wantage stared at his chum in an ecstasy of astonishment for a moment, and then turned to me:—

"Jim, speak to him. He must fight."

"The brute struck you, Higgins," said I, slowly, "and you're Eliza's now. I'd never wish for a better cause."

"I know," he said, with a curious catch of the breath, "but I can't fight."

"Don," said Wantage, angrily, "when a fellow's struck as you were, he must fight: he must! Come along!"

"Jack, I tell you I won't fight him!" said Higgins, with, I could have sworn, a look of terror in his eyes.

"Funked, by Jove!" said Wantage, looking at Higgins, his mouth trembling as he spoke that cutting word.

"No, Jack, I don't funk him; but I won't—I can't—fight."

"Feel your mouth, Don, man! It bleeds still!"

"Give me my coat, old man."

"Not I! Jim, whatever is the matter with him? Can't you move him?"

"Why won't you thrash that brute now? You were going to when Jack stopped you."

If Higgins's face was capable of becoming more ghastly white than it was already, it grew more pallid then. He said, brokenly:—

"I forgot."

"Forgot what?" asked Wantage, almost blubbing.

"Never mind, old fellow. You always were my friend, and, when you stopped me from killing the fellow, more than ever then. I can't fight!"

"You're ill, Don. For heaven's sake, go home! Here's your coat." Wantage, his face almost as white as Higgins's, hurried through the gap, "Higgins is ill. He won't fight."

"He must if he can stand!" said Thorrold, grimly.

"Go and try if you can move him; he's beyond me."

Higgins was immovable.

"What's that you've forgotten?" asked Gates, coolly. "Not that you're one of us, I hope!"

"Why, you're Eliza's!" exclaimed Haigh, in a shout. "The house will be the by-word if you don't!"

"I'm sorry," said Higgins, stiffening slightly under the half-veiled scorn of his wondering house-fellows.

"He's ill, that's plain," said Wantage. "Don's no funk. Hold my coat, Thorrold!"

"You're not going to fight him, Jack," said Higgins, striding up to Wantage and gripping him imploringly by the arm.

"Rather," said Jack, shaking off his chum's grasp. "Someone must do it. If not you, then I."

"Get home, Higgins," said Thorrold, acidly. "You're undoubtedly mad this half."

I heard Higgins moan as he turned slowly away. He broke into the spinney, and lurched home-wards as though he were drunk. More puzzled and anxious than I can remember, I turned to see what Jack Wantage would make of the burly landlord. The fellow looked puzzled, as well he might, when he saw Wantage peeled.

I am not well up in the technicalities of the noble art, but it was evident from the beginning that Wantage was no match for the heavy brute. He was overweighted, and at the end of ten minutes he lay on his back, his senses battered out of him. Ricketts got into his coat, chuckling hideously and squinting frightfully, and disappeared into his "propotty." We gave Wantage a friendly arm, and trooped off dismally to the school. It is useless to retail the bitter scoffs and jeers at Higgins's expense; the fellows were simply bubbling with disgust at him, at Wantage's defeat, at the lost honour of the house. They vowed the matter should not rest there.

When I arrived at my den I found the fire of manageable proportions, though the compounded odours of burnt leather and roasted varnish hung tenaciously about the room; so I threw up the window and looked out.

The fellows were returning from the afternoon runs, and the High was alive with them pattering along to their houses. From my perch I could see right into the country, beyond the cricket fields and "footer" fields, away towards Allenby and Saltby. The Lodden looked cold and grey as it slid past the leafless willows. Wherever I looked I could see little knots of fellows stringing steadily across the fields towards home, jogging along by the hedges, vaulting the stiles, or pouring through well-known gaps. The house colours were the only spots of brightness in the grey, cheerless plain. The drizzle still continued persistently, and as dusk began to creep over the steaming fields the country looked forlorn indeed. Not Eliza's, though. The High began to grow quieter, though occasional fellows, who had straggled too far, pattered hurriedly by, but pretty soon every Elizabethan was out of the streets. Then, in house after house, study by study, the electrics were switched on, and, finally, through the warm, wet, misty night each house blazed brightly through its curtain of leafless, dripping trees. Then, when it was evident that St. Elizabeth's had settled down for the night, I closed my window.

As I was slowly drinking my tea I puzzled over the strange behaviour of Higgins. He was a new fellow; in fact, had not been in the school more than six months. He was rather old for a fellow to make a start at Eliza's, and wherever he'd been he must have given the beaks a lively time. I

used to think they'd expelled him in despair. His book work was something awful. I've heard him blundering through an easy Latin passage in a fashion that would have disgraced young Podmore, and his inclusion in the Lower Fifth was a pure act of charity on Carver's part. His scholarship was not even up to junior school mark. But he worked, nay, slaved, to keep up his place in the form. Whereas the average fellow did a couple of hours' private "mugging" a day, Higgins would put in six or seven sheer hard slog, until his name became a joke to Holden's. And the wonder was it availed him so little. He was hopelessly beaten by fellows who loafed from year end to year end; and, if he were clear of the last half-dozen on the list, he appeared satisfied. I never heard a beak row Higgins, even when he was superlatively atrocious. It was an axiom that bad was his best. Beaks aren't inhuman after all. What Higgins could do for the other side of school life we had no opportunity of judging. He would not turn out for footer, pleading work, but had gone with his house once or twice when Wantage and he were bracketed as hares. He was tall, had splendid physique, very good-looking, talked like a gentleman, and looked like one. He was not popular, nor yet the reverse. Holden's regarded him as an unnatural curiosity.

His chum was Jack Wantage, one of the most popular fellows in the house, a good average in games, a better average at books, and a fellow whose good word meant a lot. Between him and Higgins there existed a mysterious bond of attraction, and, save when Higgins was bound to his sacred "mugging," one room generally held both.

An indignation meeting was held in Thorrold's room, *re* Higgins, and I was specially asked to come. Before I went I carefully pointed out to Rolle, who brought the message, the enormity of his fire-stoking, and sent him with a special *ereat* half a mile down the High to get me a new pair of slippers. Goodness knows how many of his private plans I shattered when I gave him this commission, but his jaw did drop! However, I was adamant. Brew, scrimmage with the Ancients, or lines for Roberts, went by the board, and my fag crawled out dismally into the wet. He came back radiant; *ergo*, I knew there was something in the wind. When I opened the parcel I found he'd brought me a pair of number tens. Then he told me, negligently, that the shops were now shut.

Fellow after fellow had his say in Thorrold's den, and they were for cutting Higgins dead, and consigning him to Coventry for evermore. Then I joined in. I argued through thick and thin he

was no coward. (Ironical laughter.) You can't escape the feeling when you do meet a funk, and I was convinced Higgins was none. I told them, in my humble opinion, they were making a mistake.

"Aren't we to take notice of his backing out then?" asked Thorrold, angrily.

"I wouldn't."

Bourke, the captain of Eliza's, had been asked to attend the Holden court-martial, for a charge of cowardice was held to come within his purview, as head of Eliza's. Bourke, in some ways, was an

"The undersigned requested Donald Higgins, of Holden's House, to thrash Ricketts at the first convenient opportunity, or, failing, he was informed that he would be considered as at Coventry."

I took this to Higgins's den. He was planted before a pile of books, evidently trying to work, but I could see his mind was elsewhere. He read the ultimatum, and then moodily tore it into little pieces.

"Thanks, Firmin, for bringing it, but I'm not going to fight. Tell them so."



"I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT. TELL THEM SO."

ideal captain, but I mistrusted his judgment here.

"I think the affair is very simple. He ought to have fought for two reasons: his own reputation and Eliza's. If he won't stand by his school, why should we stand by him? By all accounts he is an unconscionable sort of fellow, but this does seem sheer funk, and we should act on it. Give him another chance. He must fight Ricketts—or Coventry!"

The captain's ultimatum found almost unanimous acceptance, and a round robin was drafted.

"You know your own business best, Higgins," said I, going.

Jack Wantage obstinately refused to join in the general and immediate boycott. He went about, his face striped like a Bengal tiger, trying to remove the ban placed on his chum, but in vain. He got scant sympathy.

"Your friend is a long white-feather, Jack," said Thorrold, staring at Wantage's face.

"He offered to tell me why he wouldn't fight, when I came in, but I wouldn't hear it then."



"Why ever not? You're mad!"

"Because I could see it was just killing him to have to say it. He's no more a funk than you are, Frank."

"Thanks, Jack! though I'll floor any cad who strikes me in the mouth. Don't hold with all this high falutin' and French filigree. A plain, straightforward left would have put everything to rights—Ricketts included. Done the beast a world o' good, too."

"But——"

"No go, old fellow! You're all right, though a trifle short-sighted where Higgins is concerned."

The school followed the plain lead of Bourke and the Holden seniors, and Higgins was an outcast.

## II.

**R**ODERICK BOURKE sat in his den at Smith's, half-a-dozen of his friends round him, disconsolately eyeing a long sheet of paper. "I don't see what sort of show we're going to make in the open events at all. In strictly school events, I don't care a jot what fellow or what house comes in first, but I did want Eliza's to win both the open events."

"Read out the list again, Rod."

"For the open hundred, there's Thorrold, Cray, Percival, and your friend Higgins."

"A bright lot," said Evans, dolefully. "There's not one of them good enough for anything under 11½."

"Wish you could toe the mark, Rod. You'd give us a chance. Can't you, absolutely?"

"No. Lambert won't hear of it for a month. Says I am not out of Queer Street yet. If only I looked as well as I feel!"

"Which you don't, Rod," said I. "There's more white than pink about your beautiful Hibernian face yet."

"It's not, perhaps, as bad as you think, Rod," said Knowles, optimistically. "What's the opposition?"

"Opposition!" said Bourke, gloomily. "Why, there's a fellow, Acton, from St. Amory's."

"Heard the name somewhere," said Miller.

"I should think so, Ned. Why, he's a kind of Amorion demi-god. Boxes like Pollux, plays footer like Fry, and runs like—like——"

"Bourke," suggested I.

Bourke threw his penwiper at me, and went on dismally: "Then there's Bird of the L.A.C., and an American, Flickwir, from Haverford. Fliers, all of 'em."

"For the mile?"

"Oh! the demi-god again, two Dulwich fellows, and Cray, Young, and Butt, of ours."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"There's your friend Higgins, again."

"What can White-feather do, anyhow? Can he run?"

"Run!" said Bourke, with a melancholy gasp. "You watch a fat landlord smite him on the mouth, and then watch him scoot. *Then* he runs. But is it to be expected that that sort would keep the two cups at Eliza's?"

"It is not, old man," said Evans. "Pretty black look-out for her."

"If Higgins did keep 'em here, I'm hanged if it wouldn't be a blacker one!"

From this conversation you can see that the tide of ill-feeling still ran as strongly against Higgins as before. The school sports were within the week, and on all hands it was agreed that the school times would make a very poor show indeed. It was one of the barren years into which every public school runs sooner or later; when the cricket is poor, the footer equally so, and the times and distances and heights correspondingly bad. Since Eliza's was so poor, it only remained for her one good man to be "crooked," and the cup of wretchedness would be full. This happened. Bourke, as graceful and speedy a runner as Eliza's had ever turned out, was laid low with a mild attack of pneumonia. This misfortune meant the scoring out of the captain's name for each of the open events, and Eliza's gave them up for lost. The other school entrants were merely average.

The day after Bourke's name had been sorrowfully red-inked out of existence, Donald Higgins's name made its appearance under that of the deleted captain's. White-feather's name made a mild sensation, but what he could do in the way of running no one knew except Wantage. Jack devoted himself to the training of his chum, and the pair would flit down to the quiet water-meadows as unostentatiously as ghosts, but the time results Wantage carefully kept to himself.

The afternoon of the sports came in due course—as fine an April day as could be chosen out of the month. It was as warm as May, and there was just sufficient breeze stirring to ripple the streamers marking the course, and to unroll the great school flag floating lazily above the pavilion. Eliza's always looks well when she gets half a chance, and from the field we could see the old school, most of the buildings swathed in ivy up to the eaves, their windows blinking genially down upon us when they caught the sun. The houses, from Carver's in the middle of the High to Hodgson's, hidden half a mile away among the trees, were mere empty shells; every Elizabethan,

barring the cripples in hospital—and they tried to be there with the help of field-glasses—had poured down to see the finals. If the fellows felt any despondency about the two open events they disguised the fact very well. There were strings of carriages, cabs, and growlers disgorging, at the gate, fathers, mothers, sisters, likewise cousins and aunts—"people" streamed across the ground to the ropes, and small boys vigorously obtained for their own particular convoy good anchorage near the rails.

Instead of entering the ground with the first comers, I had gone to the station to meet an old friend, Fred Roberts, an Erpingham fellow, and when we lined up beside the track the bell was going for the hundred yards open. I could see the fellows stringing out of the dressing tent to the flag, but I could not see either Cray or the American. It was whispered that Cray, Eliza's forlorn hope, was reserving himself for the mile. The London man was there taking a preliminary burst to kill possible stiffness, and I caught sight of the Amorion, Acton, in his old school's blue and silver, moving quietly, with the very perfection of easy grace. "Winner" seemed written in his face. Higgins's tall athletic figure did not take the eye as did Acton's, but there was something of that lithe, sinewy, panther-like motion which made me think that the Elizabethan would make the Amorion go all the way. Our men quietly lined up, Higgins taking the wide berth and whispering to the American. Then came the expectant crouch, the starter's voice, a sharp crack, and five athletes were rushing like a whirlwind down the track. For fifty yards the London man, Acton, and Higgins were abreast; Thorrold and Percival out of the hunt already, five yards behind. Then the Amorion drew away, foot by foot, Higgins took second place, and Bird strained every muscle to hold them both. In vain. Inch by inch the Amorion and Elizabethan drew away from him. Higgins shot ahead of Acton, and, although the Amorion made a supreme effort in the last

strides, Higgins broke the tape the winner by a bare foot.

Cheer after cheer burst out as the pair calmly limped away.

Bourke, who was at the tape, watch in hand, looked at Wantage with amazement. "I say, Jack, do you know what I make it?"

"Dunno, Rod," said Wantage, with tears of joy in his eyes. "But mine says 10 2-5ths. He can move, can't he?"



BROKE THE TAPE THE WINNER BY A BARE FOOT.

"Jack, I take back every word I've said against your chum. A fellow with a heart like his is no coward."

"Just think how Hig. will appreciate that," said Jack, sarcastically. "The school's got to eat a very big leek to-day—as you'll see." Wantage squeezed under the ropes and vanished into the crowd.

Roberts turned to me with eyes wide open with amazement.

"The idea of old Higgins turning up here!"

"What!" I almost yelled. "You know him?"

"Know him!" said Roberts. "Why he was at Erpingham an age. Best fellow and biggest thickhead there. Jove! I must see him."

"Not a bit of it," said I, button-holing the eager Fred. "I want to know more of Higgins. He's been more than a mystery at this place."

"Seen him play footer?" asked Fred, closing his eyes as upon some ravishing remembrance.

"He doesn't play."

"Phew!" whistled Roberts. "What you've missed! Seen him across country?"

"Once. Why did he leave Erpingham, Fred? That's what I want to know."

"Well, I'll tell you. He had a mill with our prize bully—six feet and fourteen stone of it—and he nearly killed it. I mean killed—really. Blenkow was unconscious for a fortnight, and nearly pegged out. This made poor Higgins about crazy with remorse, for he looked upon himself as a murderer—which was all fudge, for Blenkow deserved all he got—almost. Anyhow, he couldn't stand the sight of Blenkow when the animal did come round. Blenkow had a face the colour of dough and a voice like a girl's—a vast improvement on his early style, but they nearly terrified Don out of his senses. He swore he'd never mill again—never!"

"He's kept to that, Fred," said I, gravely.

"And that he'd chain up his temper if he could. When he is roused I pity the ass that's to blame."

"I did," said I, *sotto voce*.

"He moved heaven and earth to get out of sight of Blenkow, and, when the Head saw that the convalescent was getting on Higgins's nerves, he suggested to Higgins, senior, a fresh school. Understand! Not a shadow of disgrace on old Don. Best fellow breathing!"

"Almost," I agreed.

"Does he slog as much as ever?" asked Roberts, with a smile.

I raised my eyes skywards, in utter inability to express the amount of Higgins's "mugging."

"I must see him. Come along!"

Whilst we threaded our way through the buzzing crowd I was thinking of the light in Higgins's eyes when he rose at Ricketts. I'm glad he kept his promise.

The afternoon wore on—a jolly afternoon it was, too, for me. I felt genuinely proud that I had not joined in the boycott. Roberts was cocksure that Higgins would win the mile. "He strides like the Colossus, and his lungs are brass. He'll make a common hack of that Amorion flyer, and do it inside——"

The bell crashed out its summons, and we saw the runners file slowly out. The Amorion got an

ovation; but this sounded nothing beside the mighty cheer which a thousand throats lifted up to the April sky when Higgins appeared. It was a cheer to stir a man's blood in his veins, but Higgins never turned a hair. He stooped as he walked, listening to his chum, Wantage, babbling in his ear. Then they lined up, the two Dulwich men, Cray, Young, and Butt—the blue and silver—and Higgins. They were off. Acton, who evidently knew his own capabilities to a hair, made the pace a cracker. He spun along with his quick, easy, graceful stride, and pacing along with him went the Dulwich men and Cray. The other Elizabethans did not fall in with this commencement, and hung steadily in the rear, Higgins, just ahead of the two last, coolly moving with that long, loping stretch that Eliza's came to know afterwards so well. He kept his eye shrewdly on the Amorion. Acton's idea was soon manifest. He meant to run the race at the beginning, and run out the opposition, trusting that those who liked the waiting game would make their efforts too late. Twenty yards, thirty, fifty, he and the Dulwich men put between themselves and the last man. We wondered. The first lap the Amorion and his three satellites must have been nearly 70yds. ahead, but the pace palpably told on three of them, even when the second lap was half run. Cray and the Dulwich fellows slackened and dropped behind, but Acton seemed little the worse for the terrific pace he had set. At the beginning of the third lap, Young and Butt began to close up on Cray, and Higgins quietly dropped to the last. The Amorion had stolen a wonderful lead, and still ran marvellously. The Dulwich fellows were quietly passed—they paid the penalty of playing another fellow's game, and Cray was pretty nearly pumped, though he struggled alongside the Elizabethans. When the bell went for the last lap we saw that really there had been only two fellows in the race from the beginning. Higgins roused himself at the first clang, and in a moment had drawn up alongside his fellows, and the next moment he had dropped them. Then he began to overhaul the Amorion; yard by yard he cut down that long, long lead, whilst we cheered like maniacs—the staid, sedate Roberts roaring, "Erpingham! Erpingham!" like one possessed. Then it dawned upon us that Acton knew the uttermost trick in running the mile; he still ran doggedly, and defied Higgins to overhaul him in time. We gave Higgins up for lost as Acton entered the straight, 20yds. to the good. Hurricanes of cheers broke out over the two, as Acton, almost run out though he was, brought up every iota of his strength for the run in. Then Higgins, as though he had been

touched by a spring, answered the challenge. Moving almost as though it were the hundred, he cut down the Amorion every stride. Ten yards from home he was all out level; the patter-patter of his grin pursuer galvanised the Amorion to his last grand effort, and, shoulder to shoulder, the pair rushed to the taut, white string. Higgins set his teeth, and came in by a bare yard.

All I can say about what followed is—that I have never seen anything like it since.

Now, perhaps I had no business to tell the fellows what Roberts told me, but I did, and

this is what happened. After tea I went with Roberts into Higgins's den—he *was actually getting his books out for the morrow's work*—whilst the school, in their hundreds, gathered in the streets below. On our arrival Higgins went to shut the window, and if he ever forgets *that yell of enthusiasm* his memory is absolutely hopeless.

He turned to us with a scared face.

"Oh! it's all right, old man. Eliza's taken you to her bosom for evermore."

"What will Jack Wantage say to this?" was what Higgins said.

## A SPEED TRIAL.

THANKS to the courtesy of Messrs. John Thornycroft & Co., Ltd., the builders, I had the pleasure of accompanying the officials, etc., on the speed trial of the new first-class torpedo boat No. 107. The Flushing boat express was in Queensborough Pier station to time, and soon a small launch was hurrying us to the long, black-painted torpedo boat, lying in mid-stream. A few minutes sufficed to bring us alongside, and we scrambled on the deck, not more than 4ft. above the water line. A muttered order came from somewhere, the engine bell clanged, and we started slowly out past the guardship *Sanspareil*, the ill-fated *Victoria's* sister ship, and away seaward. I had donned my oilskins, and the smart gentlemen that had a few moments before come aboard now appeared from the little cabin below, in their "trial clothes," and a more dirty-looking lot of men it would be hard to imagine!

The engines, of 3,000 horse-power, were working with a regular motion, and our speed had jumped to about twenty-two knots an hour when the first buoy, with its big white-lettered *Admiralty* girdling it, hove in sight; a black fur of smoke rose straight from our rakish funnels, and swept in a smother astern, carrying with it "clinkers and sight-destroying dirt."

The guns, of which she is to carry three three-pounders (that is, fire a 3lb. shot) are not yet mounted, nor are the torpedo-tubes. Walking along the deck, which is covered with a substance akin to oil-cloth, and known as corticine, we get well "forrad" and are received with a gust of spray; the fo'c'sle and deck are wet, and the man who stands, an immovable oilskin-covered figure, at the wheel, drips and glistens in the summer sunshine. By his side is another official ready to signal the engine room either "decrease" or "increase" speed.

The man at the wheel mutters, an officer nods his head affirmatively, and the small brass wheel swings round twice to "increase," and even faster the little coffin-shaped vessel rushes ahead, while the spray comes aboard and flops on the deck or hisses against our hot smoke-stacks. "We are at over twenty-five now," one shouts to another, and the first buoy flies past and we are on the measured mile, the officials the while busy with their chronometers and note books. The wind whistles, and the yellow and blue flag at our mast head, denoting "trials," stands stiff in the rushing breeze, the big white wave seemingly stays on our bow, and the whole shell quivers with the thud! thud! thud! of our powerful engines, which are mounted in the shape of an X, so that the left or port cylinders drive the right or starboard propeller, and so *vice versa*. Down among this whirling mass of mechanism the engineers, officials, etc., crawl and examine, and tabulate in their books the ever varying temperatures, even to that of the sea outside, or the exhaust steam, the rate of revolutions per minute, and the thousand and one other details.

Round the course we swing, out to sea, past a Ramsgate and Margate pleasure steamer, with the crowds of cheering people on her decks, and away with an irresistible gliding rush. And at last we see the *Sanspareil* ahead. Already we have slowed down, and are running gently home.

A half-hour's wait at Chatham, and then the great sluice-gates open, and we slowly steam in and stop. A gangway is put across, and up this plank (only 30ins. wide, with no rails) we gingerly climb ashore, leaving our little vessel awaiting the other trials she has to go through before she is passed as an efficient fighting ship of His Majesty the King.

"GEO."



Illustrated by H. Rountree.

[The reader will possibly remember the volcanic eruption which took place about ten years ago in the Straits of Sunda. Mr. Favenc, author of that extraordinary story, "The Great Treasure Lobster," is good enough to tell us how that eruption was caused. —Ed. CAPTAIN.]

**THE** NIGHT was insufferably close, a puff of land-wind in the evening having lasted just

long enough to bring a million or two of eager, bloodthirsty mosquitoes on board, and then died down and left them there. There was no sleeping on deck for them, there was no sleeping below. I thought if I could find somebody as wakeful as myself he might help me to kill time and mosquitoes for an hour or two, and just then I ran across the second engineer, Mac the second; both the chief and second were Macs, so he was generally called Mac "two times" for distinction.

"This night," said he, "is just as hot, still, and quiet, as when I started Krakatoa going."

"Started *what*!" I replied.

"Krakatoa. Yes, we gave him a start too, but a man called Shaw and myself started the catastrophe of Krakatoa in the Straits of Sunda, with our own hands. It's an awful crime to have on one's conscience, and nights like this I feel it, and if you'll come to my cabin and help snipe the mosquitoes with tobacco smoke, I'll just tell you all about it.

"Gold!" he said, when we had made ourselves as comfortable as we could. "Man alive, I saw more that night than any man ever saw together at one time."

"Didn't you bring any away with you?"

"I brought a whole skin away, that's more than poor Shaw did. There was heaps of gold;

enough to make thousands of murderers and millions of thieves."

"Where is it now?"

"Gone, man! Look in space for it, in the ashes Krakatoa sent floating round the world the time the red sunsets were. That gold, and the island it was on, either went up or down that time. Up to the sky or down to the bottom of the ocean."

"How did you manage to start the volcano—did not you know the damage you might do?"

"I knew it would be a good blow up, but I reckoned on killing a pack of piratical conspirators, not all those poor innocent villagers."

"You're the first man, I think, who ever started an eruption, but you must have known that it was risky to fool with a volcano."

"I'll tell you all about it, and you'll see the danger the world has escaped through me. I was chief on a tramp steamer going through the Straits, and, by a sheer piece of stupidity, the second mate ran us on to a coral reef pretty close in shore. She knocked a hole in her bottom, and there we had to stop till something came by to help us away. We were close to Krakatoa, and the villagers were kind enough, and we'd saved our duds, so it wasn't so bad. We had one passenger, named Shaw, a collector of natural history specimens, a fellow

who had been knocking about all over the Archipelago. He went on with his work while we were waiting there, and one day he proposed a trip to an island close handy, that no one hardly ever went to. According to the natives, it was haunted, and they wouldn't spend a night on it on any account, but they said it was chock full of all the strange beasts and birds that ever came out of Noah's Ark. And that was what lured poor Shaw. I agreed to come, for it was mighty dull, and he'd made arrangements with a couple of villagers to take us to it in their boat. Off we started, taking something to eat and his shot-gun and a rifle.

"Well, we got to the island all right, and the villagers agreed to come back for us the next day, for they didn't fancy the place at all. It was all jungle, and jungle of the densest kind that ever grew. Sometimes it was as dark and still as possible where the great trees grew and met far overhead, then, when we got amongst the smaller growth, where the sun shone, it was full of life and noise. He got some mighty rare birds, and we kept getting deeper and deeper into it until I proposed turning back, as we were to sleep on the beach, the jungle being full of all manner of reptiles and insects, every one of them biting and stinging worse than the other. The collector agreed with me; and just then we came to an open space round a dark black lagoon. We both looked round, and both caught sight of something at the same moment that made us utter a shout of surprise. Right opposite to us was an avenue, cut in the thick wood, a straight, well-kept avenue, and at the end of it, about half a mile away, a green hill.

"We both gazed at each other, for this did not look as though the place was uninhabited. There was a good two hours' sun, and Shaw proposed to go there. So we went round the lagoon, and came to the entrance of the avenue. It was an artificial roadway right enough, and there seemed to be plenty of marks of bare feet passing up and down to the edge of the water. While we were both standing looking at the hill in front of us up the long vista, we were suddenly seized firmly from behind. Never did I feel such a grip, and when I saw the man who held my companion I was astonished still more, for they were but slight made men, but their hands were like steel claws. They were brown men, dressed in sarongs, with a sash stuck full of weapons of one sort or another. They pointed forward, indicating to us to go on towards the hill, and helped us to start with a prick from the big sword they each carried. There were about half a dozen of the ruffians, under an officer, or so I took him to be. They released us when we started, and pretty well

surrounded us, and as there was no help for it on we went. Shaw spoke in such of the native dialects as he knew, but got no answer—our captors might have been dumb men as far as we were concerned. We were marched straight to the hill, or rise, up which the road went, and at the top we found ourselves on the edge of a cup, circular, and formed like a crater. It was at least three or four miles in circumference, and grass-grown on the sides, the bottom being occupied by buildings of various sorts. The road wound round the edge of the slope to these buildings, and down it we were marched. The buildings were well built and substantial, but perfectly plain, more like the style of barracks than anything. And barracks they seemingly were from the number of armed men about—all silent.

"What's the meaning of this?" I said to Shaw, for he knew a lot about the islands.

"It must be a place I have often heard of as a fable," he said. "Some of the race, ousted by the old Javanese kings, have a hiding-place somewhere, and are supposed to have great treasures, which, when the time comes, they will use to retake their country, and perhaps conquer half the world. I'm afraid we'll never get away alive."

I was afraid so, too, for they were all so still and business-like.

"There can't be many of them for the job," I said, "living in a small place like this."

"They are said to be distributed all over the East; but this must be their central place."

"At this moment a man came out, richly dressed, but in all my life I never saw such a hideous face as he had. Here, have another drink; it makes me scared again to think of him."

We drank, and Mac Two Times recommended:—

"All the cruelty in the world seemed to be centred in his eyes. He looked keenly at us, and then, in perfectly good English, asked us who we were, and what we did there.

"Shaw answered him, and told our story. When he heard I was an engineer he asked me if I understood artillery, and that sort of thing. I told him I was a marine engineer, at which he seemed disappointed. He simply said that it would be useless for us to attempt escape, as it would but lead to our death, and we were shown into one of the houses and left in a bare room.

" 'This is a nice fix,' I said.

" 'The worst,' he replied. 'We've no escape. We shall be just killed quietly in cold blood.'

" 'How, do you think?'

" 'Torture of some sort, I'm afraid. They

might give us a quick death, as we are Europeans, but if we had been Javanese they would have killed us in some awful manner at once. I never believed the yarns about this secret people and their hidden treasure, but I'm afraid we've stumbled on it to our cost.'

"The night now closed in fast, and it soon got dark in the room we were confined in. Very shortly the door was opened, and a voice called to us, in English, to come out. We complied, and found two or three men waiting, who conducted us, quietly as ever, into the largest of the buildings. Here we entered a room handsomely furnished in Oriental style, but there was a dinner table laid out after the European fashion. The man with the evil face was seated there, with two others, and he courteously invited us to be seated.

"'Our guests are few,' he said, 'but when they come we do our best to give them a warm welcome,' and at the last two words I saw him smile.

"Our host led the conversation during dinner to the political events of the last year, or rather six months, in which he displayed great interest. Seemingly he had a familiar knowledge of the leading personages of the world, and told us several choice anecdotes about the Czar of Russia. His companions, too, spoke good English; in fact, I'd have sworn one was an Irishman with his face dyed. The dessert and wine were put on, and the three grew more confidential.

"'Mr. Shaw, you seem to know the Islands well; I suppose you can guess who I am?'

"'You are the Sadi Uffer,' said Shaw; 'but I confess I never believed in your existence before.'

"'No,' laughed the Sadi, evidently well pleased, 'we keep ourselves pretty quiet. How many of my people are there scattered through the East altogether, Hariff?'

"'Moity near foive million,' said the man addressed.

"'Fighting men, too?'

"'Fiends at it!'

"'Yes, gentlemen, our time is nearly come when we'll restore the ancient dynasty of the Sultans of the Ten Islands. I intend before I put you to death to show you some of our resources, for I honestly confess I'm proud of them.' He said this as coolly as though he was talking of our having our breakfast together in the morning.

"Sadi Uffer rose, and we all followed his example. 'I will myself do the honours,' he said, with that awful blood-freezing smile.

"About half a dozen men accompanied us, as Sadi led us through a door and down a flight

of steps. We paused in what was evidently a subterranean hall, brilliantly lighted with electricity. 'I will talk openly with my guests,' said Sadi, 'because, for good reasons, they will not repeat what I say, so my schemes cannot be betrayed. The restoration of the dynasty of the Sultans of the Ten Islands is merely a lure to catch those of the old blood amongst the islanders. My views are much wider. This hill is almost solid gold. If it became known to the world, the value of gold would at once fall—naturally. I don't want that, so I keep the secret, and use it while it is still of some value. I am a Russian, and intend to have a good try for universal sovereignty. Our arrangements are nearly perfect. When my flag is raised there will be a general upraising all over the world. India will rise in mutiny, to which the former one was nothing. Ireland will rise; the nihilists and anarchists all over the world, in every country, will rise at the signal. What have the powers to bring against me? Half the British Navy is in my pay; half the colossal armies of Germany, Russia, and France, await my commands; there is treason everywhere. Where will they be when they have no longer their soldiers to depend on? and where will they be when they are opposed by an army of the world, led by General Skobeloff? For, gentlemen, Sadi Uffer, the non-existent chief of the secret society of Van Vrooda, is Skobeloff. My supposed death was cleverly managed, and since then I have been employed on this great work, now almost on the verge of completion.' He ceased, and opened a door. 'You shall see what I have to back my opinions with. Follow me.'

"We entered a vast apartment, for the interior of the hill was evidently excavated. The electric light was searching, and we could see that it was an arsenal. All sorts of cannon, machine guns, rifles, and other weapons of destruction were arranged in order. 'This,' said Sadi, or Skobeloff, with the air of a commercial traveller, 'is our sample room. These arms show what we possess in other countries. Do you see?'

"He pointed to a machine gun, and I saw a placard above it, with the names of Germany, France, etc., and corresponding numbers.

"'The rulers of these countries fondly imagine they are under their control, and so they are till Skobeloff speaks. Bismarck was here once, and was much taken by my arrangements. He was anxious to join me, but, as I pointed out, there couldn't be two of us in it. But, unless you are an expert, these arms won't teach you much; this is the metal that does it all!'

"He led us through another door, and we saw a sight that I shall never see again—gold, man, gold! in heaps and heaps everywhere; slugs, and ingots, and bars. King Solomon's mines were not a patch on it. Paths and avenues led between the heaps—a regular maze.

"Shaw and I could only gasp.

"'Enough to turn every honest man into a rogue,' said Skobeloff. 'This is what was inside this hill when the idea struck me to excavate the hill and utilise the space. But I have something still more wonderful to show you. I may tell you that Edison superintended the arrangements I am going to exhibit to you, and installed the electric light. It may sound strange, but I had to use force, and had him kidnapped, and a "double"

put in his place. He was greatly interested before he got back.'

"We passed out of the treasure chamber, and into a wide cavern, which was filled with strange instruments, but Skobeloff made a contemptuous gesture towards them. 'Cranks,' he said, 'infernal machines, and flying ditto. I put all the inventors to death when their machines won't act. These are their tombstones.'

"We passed through these failures, and the

cavern suddenly widened out, and we stood in a bare space, and in it stood a beautiful and complicated piece of machinery, from one side of which projected a polished lever.



H. ROUNDELL

SHAW AND I COULD ONLY GASP.



"This cavern is only separated from the eternal fires of central earth by a thin crust. The idea suddenly occurred to me that this discovery could be utilised, and therefore I imported Edison. The first thing to do was to confine them, and, at an enormous sacrifice of life, we did it. But they can be released at any moment, and ruin and destruction shed broadcast. It is my intention to start universal eruptions from all the points of outlet, simultaneously with the outbreak of my rebellion. The fires are ready. They are getting cramped for space, and might take to bursting out themselves if we don't give them play.'

"It is uncomfortably hot,' I remarked. Skobeloff laughed his fiendish laugh. 'You will find it hotter still, my dear friend. This is where we dispose of our troublesome visitors. Great men like those we have had here we can secure silence from, but we cannot trust your rank and file. However, I'm not going to have you thrown into the centre of the earth for an hour or two yet, so come back and have some whisky with Hariff; he'll tell us some of his good stories.'

"He made a motion to the guard, and they drew back on each side of the door we had entered at. Now, while we had been talking I had been thinking what was that lever there for. Was it not to release the central fires on their work of destruction?

"When you work the eruptions you are talking about, wouldn't it destroy yourself too?"

"It would if we didn't switch it on to where we want. There's the dial plate that works all the active volcanoes in the world; there, you see. If you turned on Krakatoa, for instance, you would burst us sky-high. The others wouldn't hurt. Come on,' he said, uneasily. 'This place is too hot.'

"What's that door?" I asked, pointing to an open one.

"Oh, that's an escape after starting the eruptions; you might be able to get out the way we came.'

"I affected to follow him, but hung back, and, suddenly shouting to Shaw, sprang at the lever. Quickly I turned the dial hand full blast for Krakatoa, and hung on the lever. I was determined that all should go together.

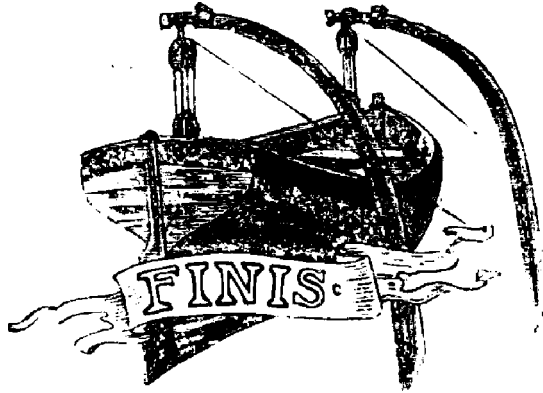
"I saw Skobeloff turn with Shaw, and then a gap opened in the floor between us, and the flames shot up with a roar. It was too late to save Shaw; he ought to have moved quicker. I fled for the escape, catching one glance of Skobeloff's agonised face through the reek of flame that divided us. 'It's too hot here,' I shouted as I dashed down the passage, whatever it was. I came to a door, which opened and closed behind me,

evidently made to shut out the pursuing flames. On I ran, followed by loud and deafening reports, and at last emerged on the bank of the lagoon, just as the hill behind me went to 'smithereens' in one wild explosion. The world was saved; Skobeloff and his plans and gold were gone for ever. The sky was red in the east as I plunged and ploughed through the



"IT'S TOO HOT HERE!" I SHOUTED, AS I DASHED DOWN THE PASSAGE.

jungle, and at sunrise reached the beach. To my astonishment I saw the native villagers in their boat, looking for me, evidently, and further out lay a steamer, blowing off. The villagers came when I shouted to them, and took me off to the steamer, which had picked up the rest of the crew while we were away. We went ahead as hard as we could lick, for the black smoke was pouring out



of Krakatoa, and no one knew better than myself what was coming. It's an awful thing to have on one's soul, the deaths of all those innocent people, and interfering with the laws of Nature, but what would have happened if I had left Skobeloff to work his wicked will with all that gold? Well, have another nip, and then we'll try and get an hour or two's sleep before daylight."

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MONTREAL.

AFTER a delightful sail up the beautiful St. Lawrence, the good steam-ship *Tunisian* moored alongside the wharves at Montreal, and I, with my steamer-baggage, underwent a cursory examination at the hands of the Customs officials. The examination completed, an agent of the railway company affixed a label to my baggage, and, handing me a check for it, assured me that I would find it awaiting me at my destination. "What a difference from our out-of-date British system!" I thought, as, hailing a cab, I drove to my hotel untroubled by thoughts of lost or stolen luggage. After registering my name at the hotel, I determined to take a stroll, and record my first impressions. The day was scorching hot, and I noticed that several (chiefly young) men were walking to and fro unhampered by such encumbrances as coat or waistcoat, wearing instead a bright-coloured "shirt-waist." This, I thought, was very sensible of them. Glancing at the footpath I noticed that, at intervals of about 100yds., large blocks of ice were placed to cool the atmosphere. On paper it looks a very good idea, but in practice it has no appreciable effect, as it would take an extraordinary amount of ice to reduce a temperature of 100deg. to the normal.

Passing a drug store I noted therein a number of ladies and gentlemen engaged in imbibing, with the aid of straws, cooling drinks of various flavours, dignified by the name of "ice-cream sodas." I tried one, and found it very refreshing. Continuing

my walk, I was struck by the obsolete nature of the paving and footpaths, which were extremely rough, and often composed of rudely hewn logs of wood. Tall, straight telegraph poles were also in evidence, even in the principal streets, and it occurred to me that they would prove to be an element of great danger in case of a storm. The houses were for the most part flimsily constructed of brick or wood, but in the main business streets good stone shops and other buildings were to be seen.

Jumping on a tram-car I discovered that the smallest fare was five cents, but for that sum I could get a "transfer" to any part of the city, and travel a distance of seven miles. Reaching the suburbs I was struck with the dull appearance of the streets, the reason for this being that every house had wooden window-shades, painted green to resemble Venetian blinds, and placed *outside* the house. These shades were always kept closed during the heat of the day, and gave the old-country observer the impression that a funeral was about to pass that way. After visiting an open-air concert called Sohmer Parc, where music is dispensed to Montreal's toiling thousands at ten cents a head, and having an ice on the terrace overhanging the St. Lawrence, amidst hundreds of coloured lights, I again boarded a car, and was swiftly borne to my hotel to picture over in my dreams the events of the day.

ROY CARMICHAEL



## THE NIGER TERRITORIES.

**L**AST month we dealt with the expansion of the British Empire in South Africa, and the postal issues of the British South Africa Company which resulted therefrom.

Across the same continent, *i.e.*, on the West Coast of Africa, there is an equally interesting expansion of empire—an expansion that, like Rhodesia, had its beginnings in a chartered company—the Royal Niger Company.

The stamps of our little colonies in West Africa have always been much sought after by stamp collectors, for they have never been very common. They have been produced in comparatively small numbers, to meet the limited demand of small communities, for our settlements have, till recently, been confined to the coast, and have been little more than trading stations for the shipment of products from the boundless interior.

But the Royal Niger Company, under a royal charter dated July 10th, 1886, set to work to open up the unknown interior, or hinterland, as it is called by politicians. Commencing with extensions along the coast from Lagos to the Oil Rivers, they soon extended far into the interior along the course of the Niger River, and eventually opened up for us what is nothing more nor less than a great continental possession.

Mr. C. P. Lucas, in his "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," tells us that the Oil Rivers Protectorate, as it was then called, was constituted a "local jurisdiction" under the Africa Order in Council of 1889. "That is to say," he explains, "under the powers conferred by the Foreign Jurisdiction Acts, a consular jurisdiction, primarily for British subjects, was established in these districts, with a right of

appeal to the Supreme Court of the Colony of Lagos."

The extension of British authority from Lagos to the Oil Rivers and the Delta of the Niger was the ultimate result of the crusade which this country maintained against the iniquitous and cruel slave trade on the west coast of Africa. "British interests," observes Mr. Lucas, "followed close on the heels of philanthropy; native chiefs were bound over by treaties; treaties implied supervision by the stronger of the contracting parties; and, in the end, philanthropy and interest combined to bring in sovereignty or Protectorate." And finally, as a result, we stamp collectors get a most interesting series of postage stamps, finger-marking for us all these important historical developments.

Thus we have (1) English stamps overprinted, "British Protectorate, Oil Rivers"; (2) Niger Coast Provisionals: (a) alteration of name, (b) with regular issue following; (3) sub-division of the territory into Northern Nigeria; and (4) Southern Nigeria.

### OIL RIVERS PROTECTORATE.

**1892 and 1893 "OIL RIVERS PROTECTORATE" PROVISIONALS.**—Sir Claude Macdonald was sent out as the first Governor of the new territory, then known as the "Oil Rivers Protectorate." He took with him for postal needs a supply of current English stamps, which by his orders had been overprinted with the words "British Protectorate Oil Rivers," in three lines, the

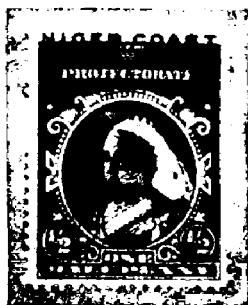
BRITISH  
PROTECTORATE

OIL RIVERS

words "British Protectorate" being close together in two lines at the top of the stamp, and "Oil Rivers" at the bottom in one line. The stamps overprinted, and the numbers supplied of each were as follows:—

	PRF. 14.	Unused.	Used.
		s. d.	s. d.
½d. vermilion ...	50,000	0 4	0 6
1d. purple ...	50,000	0 5	0 6
2d. green and carmine	42,000	0 10	1 0
2½d. purple on blue ...	72,500	0 9	0 9
5d. lilac and blue ...	36,000	1 0	1 0
1s. green ...	11,000	3 6	3 6

Boys who have not completed their sets of this first issue will do well to buy those they want at these prices, for these stamps are not likely to remain in such low water much longer. At first they were considerably overpriced, and they have come down as considerably, till 3s. 6d. for a stamp of which only 11,000 were printed cannot be called an exorbitant one for a colony which is certainly growing in popularity.



NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE.

#### 1892 ½ LOCAL

#### SURCHARGES.—

Before Sir Claude Macdonald left England he gave orders for a permanent set of an approved design to be prepared forthwith. But the ½d. values of the stock which he took out with him were exhausted before the new stamps could be completed. Consequently, some hand-to-mouth provisionals had to be issued from time to time to supply demands. These were, of course, also exhausted with rapidity, for dealers' agents at once bought them up. The stamp collector, or rather the stamp collector's representative, is always on the spot whenever a provisional issue is made. Mr. Savage Landor, the intrepid traveller, found it a very hazardous business to penetrate to the heart of the Forbidden Land of Thibet; but if the Grand Lama were to announce an issue of provisional stamps of limited number, his country would be immediately overrun by excursionists from the Strand.

So these provisionals were gobbled up, and, as they are all high priced, and out of reach of the

average collector, and are rarely to be had, I may dismiss them very briefly.

There are many types of the surcharge, and, like Joseph's coat, they are of many colours. First came a surcharge "½d." in figures in red on halves of the 1d., bisected diagonally, then followed a surcharge on the 2d. and 2½d. values in words, a "half-penny" in various types and in many colours—green, violet, vermilion, carmine, black, and blue. Also a few higher values—"One shilling" on 2d.; "5s." on 2d.; "10s." on 5d.; and "20s." on 1s. Later still there were "½d." on halves of the 1d. blue, and "one-half-penny" on 2½d. blue.

All these the young collector may safely leave till he blossoms out into a specialist.

#### NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE.

1893. NIGER COAST PROVISIONALS.—On May 13th, 1893, the *London Gazette* announced that the territory would in future be known as the "Niger Coast Protectorate," instead of the "Oil Rivers Protectorate."

Hence the design for the stamps ordered by Sir Claude Macdonald, and which had already been prepared, had to be altered to the new name. To save time in engraving new dies, the words "Oil Rivers" on every stamp was lightly lined over or cancelled with a graver by the engraver, and the words "Niger Coast" were added in plain black letters in a straight line across the upper edge of each stamp. The lettering of the old name shows clearly underneath the cancelling lines. These stamps are recognised amongst philatelists as provisionals, for only enough stamps were printed off and sent out till new dies could be designed and engraved. As the numbers printed of these interesting stamps were small, I give them in detail on the following page.

Personally, I believe these beautiful stamps are considerably undervalued, and that they will yet rank as popular favourites, for they are decidedly interesting from every point of view,

and they are the choicest work of our best firm of designers and engravers—Messrs. Waterlow.

NO WATERMARK. PERF. 12½ TO 15.

			Unused.		Used.	
			s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. vermilion	...	...	16,000	0 9	0 9	
1d. blue	...	...	20,000	1 6	1 6	
2d. green	...	...	10,000	4 0	4 0	
2½d. lake	...	...	30,000	2 0	2 0	
5d. lilac	...	...	16,000	3 6	4 0	
1s. black	...	...	10,000	8 6	7 6	

**1894. REGULAR ISSUE.**—Entirely new designs, yet somewhat similar, were prepared for the regular issue, to replace the provisionals which had done duty up to this time. The set comprised the same values as before, but the colours of all were changed, except the 1s., which was printed in black as before.

NO WATERMARK. PERF. 12 TO 15.

			Unused.		Used.	
			s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. green	...	...	0 3	0 3	2½d. blue	...
1d. vermilion	...	...	0 6	0 4	5d. purple	...
2d. lake	...	...	3 6	1 6	1s. black	...

was parcelled out into Northern Nigeria, Southern Nigeria, and Lagos. Lagos had already its established government and its stamps. It benefited by territorial extension. But Northern Nigeria and Southern Nigeria are new colonies. The Niger Coast Protectorate disappears with its beautifully designed and engraved issues, and Northern Nigeria and Southern Nigeria, each with its separate issue of stamps, takes its place. The printers are also changed from Waterlow's to De La Rue's.

WATERMARK CR. C.A. PERF. 14.

				Unused.		Used.
½d.	lilac, name and value in green	...	0 1			
1d.	" " " red	...	0 2			
2d.	" " " yellow	...	0 3			
2½d.	" " " blue	...	0 4			
5d.	" " " brown	...	0 7			
6d.	" " " violet	...	0 8			
1s.	green " " black	...	1 4			
2s. 6d.	" " " blue	...	2 8			
10s.	" " " brown	...	13 0			



NORTHERN NIGERIA.

**1897 - 1900.**

**WATERMARK SERIES.**—The same designs, with colours unaltered, but with the addition of 6d., 2s. 6d. and 10s. values, with separate designs, were next printed on paper watermarked crown and C.A. As some of these stamps had but a very brief existence before the territory was sub-divided, they will probably become scarce. This applies mostly to the higher values, but more particularly to the 1s.



NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE.

**SOUTHERN NIGERIA.**

**1901.**—For the series for this portion of the divided territories, Messrs. De La Rue have broken away entirely from their regular colonial types, and have given us a new design, which has incorporated the current Canadian stamp portrait, and bust of the Queen in State

robes, in a very pleasing design.

WATERMARK CR. C.A. PERF. 14.

			Unused.		Used.	
			s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. green	...	...	0 1	0 1	6d. yellow brown	0 8
1d. vermilion	...	...	0 2	0 2	1s. black	...
2d. carmine	...	...	0 4	0 4	2s. 6d. olive	...
2½d. blue	...	...	0 5	0 5	10s. deep violet	12 6
5d. violet	...	...	0 8	0 8		

**NORTHERN NIGERIA.**

**1900.**—In this year the immense tract of country hitherto known as the Niger territory

As these Southern Nigeria stamps have not yet got into the catalogues, I cannot give catalogue



SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

prices; but they may be taken at about the same range as those of Northern Nigeria.

### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

New issues are not plentiful this month, but they are, nevertheless, noteworthy, for they include a brand new British colony, to wit, British New Guiana, that is to say, new to the stamp catalogue. We have also a very handsome and classical new series for the classic land of Greece.

**BRITISH GUIANA.**—This colony is changing the colours of its stamps. The 1c. has been changed from bright green to a grey green, the 2c. from lilac and orange to lilac and carmine, and later still to purple and black on rose red paper, i.e., the same paper on which our current 6d. English stamp is printed, and I should not be surprised to find that this new 2c. of British Guiana turns out in colour and paper to be the forerunner of our new English King's head penny, and, therefore, of other Colonial 1d. and 1c. stamps, in conformity with the Postal Union adopted colour of red for the 1d. The 2c. lilac and carmine has had a short life, for it was only chronicled in June last. It should, therefore, be secured early, before it is priced as a short-lived and obsolete stamp.

**BRITISH NEW GUINEA.**—Our Protectorate over this territory embraces the south-eastern portion of the island and adjacent islands, and was proclaimed in 1884. Annexation followed in 1888.



BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

Hitherto it seems to have been managed in postal matters by the Australian Colonies, but it has just blossomed out into a stamp-issuing colony. Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the 1s. value, and we have the full

set from Mr. W. H. Peckitt. The stamps are evidently the work of Messrs. De La Rue, and follow the latest fashion of local scenery, with a local type of boat in the foreground, and the Tonga turtle variety of watermark.

#### WATERMARK TURTLES. PERF. 14.

1d. green, centre black.	4d. deep brown, centre black
1d. lake, " "	6d. myrtle green, " "
2d. violet, " "	1s. orange, " "
2½d. bright blue " "	

**CHILI.**—This country is reported to be dissatisfied with its recently issued design by an English firm, and to have ordered a new series from the American Bank Note Company.

**GREECE.**—For a long time there have been rumours of a new series of new design for Greece, and at last to chronicle set I have from Messrs. King & Co. figure forms design of all. design is a Hermes, petasus, or his wings on his caduces, entwined wand, de-office as particular form of the messenger of the gods portrayed on the stamps is that of the statue of Mercury, by Giovanni da Bologna. The lepton



GREECE—TYPE 1.



GREECE—TYPE 2.



GREECE—TYPE 3.

#### ADHESIVES.

1 lepton, brown	Type 1	30 lepta, violet	Type 1
2 lepta, grey black	"	40 " dark brown	"
3 " orange	"	50 " red brown	"
5 " grass green	Type 2	1 drachma, black	Type 3
10 " lake	"	2 drachmae, bronze	"
20 " mauve	Type 1	3 " silver	"
25 " ultramarine	Type 2	5 " gold	"

values are of the ordinary size, and the drachmas of the long rectangular shape. The stamps are on stoutish wove paper, and are said to be the work of Messrs. Perkins, Bacon & Co. The colouring of the series is rich, distinct, and effective. The 2dr. in bronze, 3dr. in silver, and 5dr. in gold are somewhat blurred. Watermark, "E. T." and crown. Perf. 14.

**TRANSVAAL.**—The number printed of the ½d. green "E.R.I." must have been small, for the stamp is already obsolete. A new provisional ½d. value has been made by surcharging a supply of South African Republic 2d. value with the initials "E.R.I." and the words "Half Penny" in two lines underneath. Further, I am told the new Transvaal stamps, with King Edward VII.'s portrait, have already been despatched to Pretoria from London.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Somnahurich.**—The Dutch East India without the two dots above the final "e," being a recent discovery, has not yet got into the catalogues. Have not seen it priced by any dealer. It is certainly worth keeping. The U.S., with "Denbury, Conn.," is only a pre-cancelled stamp. **A. L.**—Your St. Vincent is too much torn to be of any value. The firm you mention are, I believe, quite reliable. **Wycliffian.**—A great many 10c. Chilians were bisected and used as 5c. stamps in the way you describe. It has been a common practice in many countries. **J. M. (GLASGOW).**—There are several shades of 25c. France, old type, dark to pale. Position of surcharge on Siam does not constitute a variety. Don't know New South Wales referred to. In the 2½ New South Wales the star with few rays is catalogued as Die I., and the many-rayed star as Die II. Orange River Colony low values are worth about double face. Field Post post-marked stamps are valuable only as curiosities or souvenirs of the war. In the opinion of most collectors Railway Letter Fee stamps

do not rank as postage stamps. **Pidnem.**—English 1d. Plate No. 76, used, is catalogued at 1d. by Gibbons. **Kullectur.**—If you have special opportunities for getting Straits stamps, and a strong preference for them, you might go in for them; but it certainly is not a country many would select. The varieties are almost endless and perplexing, and, for that reason, it is not likely ever to be a popular country. Better try easier ground first—say, Cook Islands, Niger Coast, Gibraltar, Malta, or British South Africa. **H. E. R. (DUBLIN).**—The price quoted is the catalogue price which dealers ask. They must have a profit, but would probably give you half catalogue for clean, good copies of level stops Orange River Colony. **Vibgyor.**—Orange Free State stamps, overprinted "T. F.," are telegraph stamps, and are not so valuable as postage stamps, as fewer people collect them. **Collector.**—No stamps were annexed to your letter. Values of those referred to are: English 1d. black 6d.; 2d. blue, no white lines, 1s. 6d.; white lines, 3d. Ordinary red penny is of little value. France, 1858, 40c., 3d.; and Victoria, 1865 (no 6d. issued in 1868), 6d., about 4d. if V and crown.

## CAPTAIN THOMAS'S FEAT.

LATELY from Ind, on skates he lacked  
 Something in skill and force,  
 As she came skimming o'er the ice,  
 He slowed to watch her course;  
 A well-grown damsel, dainty, slim,  
 And full of youth's elation,  
 Her lisson beauty won from him

!

Past him she swept with airy grace,  
 He too struck out with vigour,  
 'Mid hundreds his eye kept the trace  
 Of that trim, twinkling figure;  
 Soon back she turned, then glance met glance,  
 Eye-converse means temptation,  
 For his were brimming with a big

?

There may have been in her bright orbs  
 A gleam that looked propitious,  
 For he gave chase, increased his pace,  
 But Fate is oft capricious,  
 Somehow — he slipped, up flew his heels  
 Poor Captain Thomas,  
 His feet were large, they looked like huge

“

”

CECIL DYCE.

# Tales of the Trenches



THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.

From a snapshot by C. R. France, B.H.



Illustrated by  
George Soper.

## No. VI.—THE MADNESS OF THE MOLE.

### I.

HE belonged to Ours, and we called him the "Mole," because he was always burrowing and grubbing in the bowels of the earth. He had been a gold-digger in Australia, which, of course, accounted for a good deal. There were several old gold-diggers in our squadron, and they formed a little clique of their own. None of us objected to this clique, for when we wanted any trenches dug in a hurry we simply turned on these men with picks and shovels, and the work was done in no time. I am quite certain they thoroughly enjoyed trench digging. It was more than most of us did.

One day the Mole came to me—we had just reached the plateau on the Lydenburg Mountains, above Machadodorp—and, with a look of mystery on his face, said :—

"I say, sonny, d'ye know that this yere country's chock full of gold? There's piles and piles of it somewhere in these yere creek bottoms."

Now, we all knew that the Mole was a visionary. Like a good many more, he was full of the most wonderful projects, but seemed utterly unable to carry them out. When he had money he always spent it on the first man who came along, so, of course, we looked upon him as a fool. I inwardly speculated as to his mental condition, and let him run on.

"Yes," he continued, "there's gold here—whips of it, or I'm a Dutchman !"

I told him that the old alluvial diggings of Kaapschehoop weren't more than twenty miles off, as the crow flies, and the great quartz reefs of Barberton lay beyond, so it was by no means unlikely. But what was the use of alluvial gold without water to wash it? I also intimated that there was lots of treasure at the bottom of the sea, but in that instance the superabundance of water was the little difficulty.

"Don't git kiddin'," testily remarked the Mole, ignoring my subtle sarcasm. "You don't s'pose there's niver no rain in them parts, do you? Now, you're in charge of this yere detachment, so couldn't you jist git the boys to throw up a few trenches in the right spots, and when the rain comes it would save a mighty deal of trouble. The war's nigh over, and you and I are entitled to our discharges. When we go back to Pretoria we could take 'em and come back here. Of course, we'd go halves."

I confess the originality and boldness of the Mole's scheme somewhat staggered me. A man who could work matters so that other men would unwittingly throw up the wash dirt for him, was not quite the fool some might take him for. Another thing for which I admired him was his easy condescension to those placed in authority



over him. I was his sergeant-major and acting officer, but, as he evidently took to me, his attitude was distinctly patronising. Of course, Ours was an irregular corps—very irregular indeed, sometimes, when in the neighbourhood of a large town after pay-day—and, therefore, there were not those hard and fast lines which one must, of necessity, find in the regular army.

But on we went, helping to clear the way for Pole Carew, and I had forgotten all about the Mole's projects and offer of partnership, until one day when I had ordered the men to throw up some trenches across a great gully, up which, it was not unlikely, Boers retreating before Buller at Barberton might try to force their way. It was then that the Mole reminded me of our former conversation. He came up to me as I was standing somewhat apart from the others, and, with an excited glitter in his eyes, remarked:—

"I say, boss, for goodness' sake send Jones and Murphy away, or they'll spot the lay, sartin shure! I'm blowed if I didn't think you'd forgotten all about my little show, but you've struck oil this time, and no mistake."

"What on earth should I send Jones and Murphy away for?" I asked, innocently, watching the two Australians mentioned with anything but disfavour. They were two of the best workers in the company, only, I noticed, they had a curious habit of stopping at times to take up a handful of earth, and look at it keenly, as a man would examine a sample of wheat.

"Don't gammon, silly!" exclaimed the Mole, with reprehensible disrespect. "You know as well as I do that that yere dirt's chock full of gold, an' them two jokers'll spot it, unless you pack 'em off. They're both dark horses, and I wouldn't wonder if they've twigged it already. There'll be precious little left for us, if them two get fossicking around."

It was quite evident that the poor Mole's brain was going. His fad had become a species of monomania, but still he was a good all-round man in other respects. I was feeling in a peculiarly philanthropic frame of mind, and, so, as the men had been hard at it for four or five hours on end, I sent them all back to camp.

We never finished those trenches, for next morning we had to move three or four miles further to the east, where we remained and established a block-house. It was here that the poor Mole's madness seemed to develop. He used to come to me nearly every day and ask for leave; so, as there was little or nothing to do in camp, and as he always paid a man to look after his horse and do his pickets, I allowed him to go. He would disappear early in the morning, and come back late at night covered with mud, for it had begun

to rain heavily, and all the little creeks had come down in flood. None of us begrudged him his leave. We all considered his mental condition was now hopeless, for some of the men declared that he spent his days in imitating the retiring but industrious little animal which he was called after.

"It's all right, boss. It's panning out bully," he said to me, mysteriously, one day. Not caring to encourage him in his madness, I asked no questions.

One morning the Mole went out as usual. The evening came, but with it no Mole. I mounted the guard, telling them to look out for the missing man should he approach in the darkness, and turned in. Next morning I fully expected to find him in the block-house when I got up, but no Mole came. He had never behaved like this before. Of course, not even the maddest fool would have attempted desertion. Something must have happened to him. We got ready a patrol, and started out in search of the missing man. I made straight for the line of trenches across the gully which had seemed to attract the Mole's attention some weeks before, but there was no sign of him there. What we supposed must have been the heavy rains had changed the place beyond recognition. Only, alongside one of the trenches, we found a large tin basin and a long-handled shovel that had mysteriously disappeared from the block-house some few weeks before.

"Crikey! this is queer," remarked Murphy, who was one of our party; "looks as if someone had been doin' a bit of prospectin'. Let's investigate this 'ere biziness."

But we didn't get time, for just then a Mauser on a neighbouring hillside went *tick-tock*, and an explosive bullet struck Murphy's horse. Murphy slid to the ground with a smartness for which I had never given him credit. Then more Mausers, in the hands of our unseen enemies, rang out, and we realised that there was a strong party of Boers in our immediate neighbourhood. We got back to the block-house in double-quick time, Murphy holding on to my stirrup leather. Fortunately there was no further casualty.

The Boers did not attack us in our block-house, as we had expected; as for the Mole, his fate was a mystery. He was put down in the casualty list under the ominous heading of *missing*.

## II.

TWO months later, and many unexpected things had occurred. The Boers, who, under Lord Roberts's proclamation, laid down their arms and took the oath of allegiance, had, with that

wonderful elasticity of conscience for which the Boer stands unsurpassed, taken them up again, and gone on their bloody and nefarious war-path. They had retaken several points on the Delagoa Bay line, and the worst of the whole affair was that they succeeded in taking me. It came about in this way:—

I was always the victim of an intense love of adventure, and I sometimes wonder now how it is Providence has stood by me as it has done. In the present instance, I had got to hear of a dangerous member of the tiger family that had its lair in a gloomy wooded kloof some three or four miles from our camp, and I longed to try conclusions with it. Familiarity with danger in most cases breeds contempt, for, despite my knowledge of the fact that I knew the Boers were still hovering about our neighbourhood, I went three days running to that gorge, down which the narrow, but well-beaten pad of some wild animal ran, and, taking my position close to it, awaited patiently the coming of the denizen of that wild mountain land.

No whiskered feline came, but on the third day, as I sat patiently with my Martini-Henry sporting rifle between my knees, there was a rustle of branches close to the spoor that for the moment made my heart go pit a-pat. I turned to find myself covered by a couple of Mauser rifles, and to see behind them the grinning faces of two Boers. Why they did not shoot me dead, seeing that I wore—to them—the accursed red pugaree, was a mystery to me at the moment. I sat as if paralysed, every moment expecting their

Mauser bullets to crash through my heart or brain.

"Put up your hands!" they cried.

There was no help for it, and I slowly put them up, wondering why they spared me.

They took my rifle, and marched me before them back up the steep kloof, and then I discovered why they had been merciful.



I TURNED TO FIND MYSELF COVERED BY A COUPLE OF MAUSER RIFLES, AND TO SEE BEHIND THEM THE GRINNING FACES OF TWO BOERS.

There was a small party of Boers gathered together in a little dip of the ground at the summit, and in the midst of them was my horse, which I had left carefully picketed. Fool that I was to have taken such risks! The leader of the party was a tall, fine-looking man, with a flowing dark beard, and in a moment, by reason of the many photographs I had seen, I recognised

him as General De-la-Ray, the Huguenot Boer, perhaps, next to Joubert, the most enlightened and least fanatical of Paul Kruger's following. Certainly he was not always able to keep an eye upon his marauding bands, but it is reasonable to suppose that when he could he always did so. I was taken before him.

"You come from the block-house over there?" he said to me, pointing eastward with his riding-whip. His voice was quiet and courteous. There was no sign of the cold-blooded fanaticism of De Wet about him.

I admitted that I did, and met his scrutiny calmly. It seemed to me that I was in a measure safe in his hands.

"How many men are there of you, and how many guns have you got?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you, General De-la-Ray," I replied; "and I am sure you would not have me prove a traitor."

"I'm not quite so sure about that," he said, shifting uneasily in his saddle; "the exigencies of war force men to do things that at other times they would not dream of doing."

"Then all I can say is that Britain will exact a heavy penalty for every action you commit contrary to the usages of war."

He had looked at me sharply on hearing me call him by name.

"You are bold, and you assume a good deal," he rejoined, coldly. "Your generals question our men who are taken prisoners; I don't see why I shouldn't question you. Now, if you answer my questions, and I put you on your honour to speak the truth, you shall be allowed to go. If you do not, then you must put up with the consequences, and come with us."

It sounded strange to hear a Boer speak about honour, but then the Huguenot Boers are very different from the Dutch. If those of good old French descent could only see it, they have no reason to side with the Dutch, who, in the old days,

suppressed their language and whipped them to heel.

But I could only repeat that, putting all other differences aside, and as one man to another, he must know that I could not possibly give him the information he desired.

He took it wonderfully quietly—this fine-looking Boer general.

"Then you must come with us," was all he said.

I mounted my horse, and the Boers closed around me. They were a vagabond-looking lot—a very striking contrast to their chief. It is tolerably certain they would have dearly loved to cut my throat, but my time was not yet.

All that night, and the greater part of next day, we trekked along the lofty spurs of the Lydenburgs until we came to a point where, some three or four thousand feet below, we saw a great valley. It was that down which the Delagoa Bay line runs. Along it flowed the clear and swift-running Crocodile River. The station buildings, once more occupied, and the Boer camp, were hardly discernible at that great height.

The ruins of that ancient city, once occupied by the Bantus, resembled a few faint hieroglyphics scratched in the soil. It was, indeed, a weird and majestic scene.

We dismounted, and then began one of the most trying and dangerous descents it was possible to imagine. I would have thought twice before tackling it of my own free will. I hardly thought that a horse could negotiate a mountain-side that seemed only suited for a goat. As it was, we reached the bottom without any serious mishap.

I was taken to a large barbed-wire enclosure, round which were a large number of iron poles fitted with the electric light apparatus. In this enclosure was an indescribable jumble of quaint little huts, tents, and dug-outs, constructed and roofed in by every conceivable kind of material—old



THE BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE AT NOITGEDACHT, DELAGOA BAY LINE.  
WHERE THE BRITISH PRISONERS WERE KEPT.

Photograph by E. S. C. Dyke, B.H.

boxes, biscuit tins, canvas, calico, grass, and seedy old corrugated iron. Walking and lounging about was the most ragged-looking lot of British officers and men it was ever my misfortune to behold. My name, rank, and other particulars were taken down by the secretary of one of the commandants. I was given a pannikin and a plate. The great gate, zigzagged all over with barbed wire, and guarded by armed Boers, was thrown open, and I was ushered into the human pen. Some of the prisoners gathered around to scrutinise me. Then a voice I seemed to know sang out :—

"How d'do, boss? Glad to see you. How d'do?"

I turned sharply at this somewhat doubtful welcome, and there, looking muddier than ever, and with outstretched hand, was the *Mole*!

### III.

I CONFESS to feeling very glad also at seeing an old friend in that wretched, squalid hive of unfortunates. I shook hands with the Mole, and, answering briefly the many questions which my fellow prisoners plied me with, accompanied my companion up one of the central passages, or main streets, right to the far end of the square, close to the barbed wires of which he lived in a species of subterraneous domicile which did credit to his name. It was roofed in by a few sheets of corrugated iron, raised only a foot or so above the ground. I descended the three or four disconcerting steps, and entered.

"Ain't it a daisy?" exclaimed the Mole, looking around with unpardonable vanity.

I equivocated and made the most of things—the very few things there were in that sepulchre. It was guiltless of furniture, save an up-turned biscuit-box, which the Mole casually referred to as the table, and a few old sacks and a large pile of grass in another corner which he called his "virtuous couch!" He magnanimously offered to give the latter up to me, but I hastened to say that I could not allow such self-sacrifice: I would buy a blanket from the Boer store and sleep on the roof, or somewhere thereabouts. In various parts of the earthen walls were little niches in which he kept his meagre stores and few simple culinary articles. The most striking feature, however, of his establishment was a good-sized oven in that side of the wall nearest the fence; the door was made of quite a respectable sheet of plate iron. I remarked that he had rather a large oven for such a small family, but he only winked knowingly, and remarked that he was supposed to take in baking; he would exploit the beauties of the oven later on.

And then he told me how he had been surprised by the Boers, just as he was leaving one of our old trenches at nightfall, and taken prisoner. Fortunately, the "stuff" had been carefully planted, and he had told them that he had been merely doing a little prospecting, otherwise they might have tried some of their gentle little persuasive ways—something to do with sjamboks and the butt ends of rifles—to find out where the gold was. He had struck it rich, and no mistake. In fact, he had come across a regular pocket of nuggets so wonderfully fertile that he doubted if he himself could carry it all away. He did not forget that I had got him out of an ugly scrape once, and that we were, in a sense, partners. Of course, half of the gold would be mine—when we got away from where we were.

I could not help smiling, although it was very obvious that the poor Mole's imprisonment had by no means improved his mental condition. I asked him if, even supposing he had sackfuls of diamonds hidden outside, how he was to get to them?

He regarded me for a moment with a suspicion of pitying contempt. The Mole was surely very mad.

"Just put your peepers to that hole in the roof," he said, "and see if all's serene, while I see how the bread's getting on." He winked ponderously, and I assured him that there was no one in sight.

He went over to the oven, opened it, pulled out what I considered to be the back part, and lo! when he struck a match and I peered in, there was a long, narrow passage, some yards in length, and sloping upwards. It bore eloquent testimony to the fact that the Mole was still worthy of his name.

"Savey?" he remarked, with a grin. "Now d'ye understand? That passage'll take us out just beyond the barbed-wire entanglement, as is some 12ft. broad."

The sight made my heart's beat quicken, but the practical side of my nature asserted itself.

"But what about the electric light and the sentries outside?" I asked. "If they saw us breaking through the earth, they'd shoot, and that would be rather a nuisance, wouldn't it?"

He admitted that the shooting part of the business would be unpleasant, but he explained that the electric light plant was very untrustworthy, and occasionally struck for half an hour or so at a stretch. The Boers themselves were a half-hearted lot in their duties, and if we seized our opportunity, there would be nothing to prevent us getting clear away.

I began to think that in some things the Mole was not quite so mad as I had imagined. But that cock-and-bull yarn about the gold that one

man could hardly carry was too silly for words. Why had he never even shown me a specimen ?

Midnight, and the Mole passed out to me from the nearly completed passage the usual canful of earth, which I duly and surreptitiously deposited on a sand-heap hard by. We had quietly laid in, without exciting suspicion, a few days' provisions from the two Boer stores—at the usual fancy prices—and were prepared to make the final dash for liberty. I had been a fortnight in that gloomy prison-house in the deep valley, and was already eating my heart

day, albeit by no means steadily. At times, indeed, it flickered in a most alarming fashion. The only sounds one could hear in that deep, unwholesome valley were the never-ceasing murmur of the Crocodile River and the monotonous hum that came from the ramshackle engine house belonging to the electric light plant. The disconcerting feature of the weird scene was the sentries ; there was one every twenty yards or so apart. Some of them kept pacing up and down ; others, again, sat motionless on the ground, while others would stand talking together. I was glad to see that at our end of the enclosure, and at one of the corners, the sentries sat on the ground

conversing, thus relieving us of their unwelcome attentions. If the electric light were to fail for a matter of ten minutes, we could, with a little luck, break through the few inches of mud roofing, and make good our escape in the darkness.

"Molison," I said (strangely enough his name was suggestive of the one he had earned), "I wouldn't break too far through that crust of earth, for if the electric light doesn't behave in its usual fashion and go out, some



THE SIGHT NEARLY TOOK MY BREATH AWAY.

out with *ennui*. I did not play cards like the others, so, although it was not required of me, I used to beg to be allowed to help the rank and file grind the mealies that were served out to us every day. I may tell of the strange life we led in Noitgedacht some other time.

"I say, boss," observed my comrade, as I came back with the empty basket, "I'm so near the bloomin' surfis now that I think we'd better be ready to scoot to-night, should that 'lectric light go out, as it usually does. Just take a look out and see what's goin' on."

I looked, and the prospect was far from encouraging. All around the great enclosure the electric light glowed with the brightness of noon-

of those chaps may fall through the roof of the tunnel, and then there'll be a deuce of a row."

"Too late now, matey"—he really was altogether too familiar—"I'm all but through. We've got to run the blockade this blessed night. Git the prog, shove it into that there haversack, and sling it on yer back. You stand by the steps, so's to pass us the word should the 'lectric light peter out, and I'll stay here, so's to be ready to push through. You'll have ter foller in double-quick time, if yer wants ter git away."

I confess to having suffered from considerable apprehension and suppressed excitement as the night, or, rather, the morning, wore on. I watched the two Boers at the corner of the enclosure, just

outside the wire entanglement, and I could at times hear what they said. I knew the Taal they spoke fairly well, and their conversation was truly startling. The Boer with all his "schlimness" is one of the most credulous of human beings. This is because his ignorance approaches the sublime. They spoke of Kitchener and French as having been captured by Botha, and as for Lord Roberts's proclamations—they certainly were sure signs of weakness and fear.

After all, such a thing as clemency was not in their own natures, so how was it possible they could accredit that virtue to others! Of course, such policy was productive of infinitely more evil than good.

But would that electric light never fail? In two hours more it would be daylight, and impossible to carry out our project. All sorts of desperate schemes coursed through my brain, and I was just about to advocate breaking through the remaining few inches of clay and taking chances, seeing that the two Boers lay quietly on the ground as if asleep, when, without any warning whatever, the light went out.

Now was our time. I jumped into the dug-out, and crawled into the narrow passage.

"Scrape, Mole, scrape!" I cried; "the light's out!"

I heard the Mole's jack-knife ripping through the clay. There was a dull fall of earth, and then a sound of hard breathing and struggling. In another moment he had disappeared through the hole. I wriggled forward and followed close on his heels, and then, in a crouching position, we ran towards cover for our lives. But just as I reached the first thorn-bush I heard a heavy thud, and, looking for a moment over my shoulder, realised that one of the sentries, in running back to his post, had stepped into the hole, and been thrown to the ground with such violence that he now lay stunned and insensible. I felt sorry for him, but I did not go back to help him up.

We ran dodging in and out of the ancient, ruined kraals of the black man's city, taking good care at the same time to steer clear of the many thorn bushes that grew so thickly everywhere. Once we nearly ran into a Boer picket, and we thought all was up with us, but we held our breath, and drew back as stealthily as cats. Doubtless, the picket was half asleep. We made a détour, and stumbled across a little pile of saddlery. To put a saddle on our heads and

take a bridle apiece was the work of a moment, and then we went on again. In a few minutes more we struck what were doubtless the horses of the picket. We saddled up two of the best of them, and mounted in the quickest time on record.

"Now then, comrade, into the river, and make back by way of Godwan station," I said. "The Boers will naturally think we've gone up the valley."

We described a great half circle, and, on passing our late prison-yard, we could hear the Boers buzzing about like bees, but, luckily, they had not been able to start the electric light again. Fortunately for us, there was some little moonlight.

Four hours later we were still cantering, shoulder to shoulder, along the fairly good trail. We avoided Godwan River station, and late in the afternoon had reached the trenches on the plateau where the Mole had been taken prisoner.

"Now, where's your treasure, Molison?" I asked, curious to know what sort of pebbles the poor fellow in his monomania had mistaken for nuggets of gold.

He went to a secluded spot in the bed of the ravine, removed some heavy stones, and the two of us pulled out something done up in strong sacking, and very heavy. The Mole undid the string that kept it together.

"Now, boss, I'll show you a sight for sore eyes," he said. "Just take a look at them. Aren't they beauties, and half of them are yours!"

And when I looked, the sight nearly took my breath away, for they were real gold nuggets, after all!

"Now, boss," he observed, "you can take as many as you like in your wallet, in the meantime, and we'll bury the rest. When we've retaken the Delagoa Bay line, and got our discharges, we'll come back and exploit these yere trenches."

"And, in the meantime, we'll go on to the block-house," I remarked. "It's not more than four miles away. I do feel precious sore."

We reburied the nuggets, and, as we came in sight of the block-house, we saw, by the men moving about and the number of tents in the vicinity, that it had been strongly reinforced.

"Now, boss," said the Mole, "take my tip, and lay low about this yere new claim of ours. Yer can tell 'em that I am, if anything, just a little madder than ever. It'll keep 'em from arsking worritin' questions."

*John Macrae.*

# SOME FAMOUS PRISON ESCAPES

BY JOHN G. ROWE.

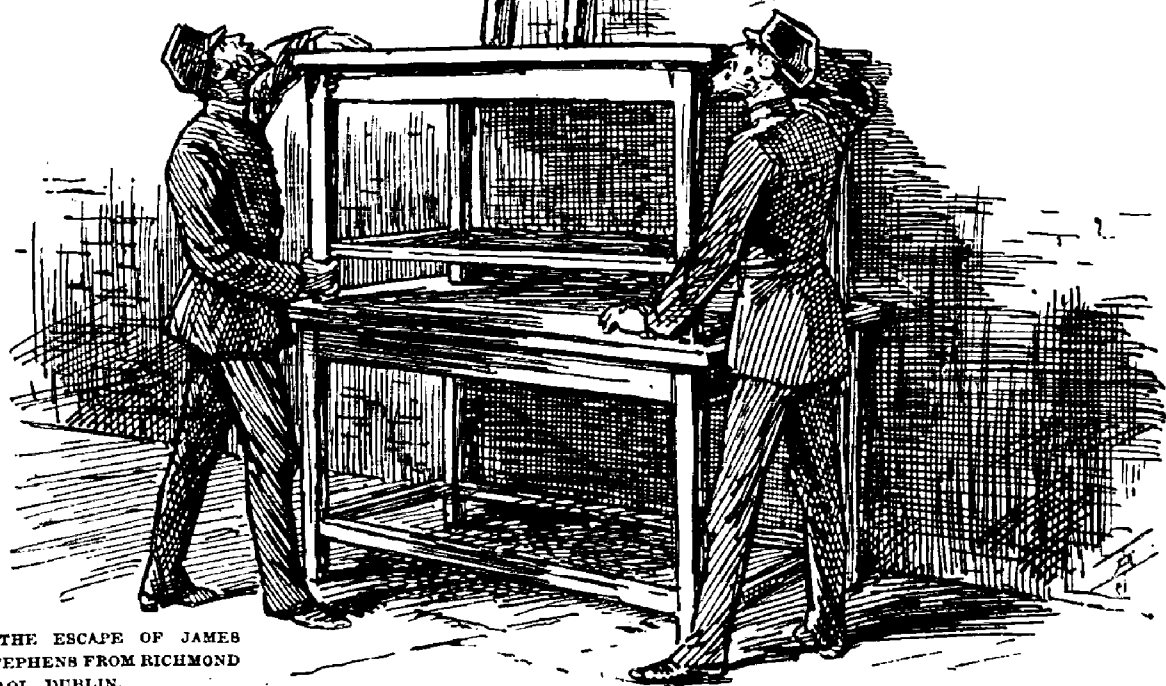
Illustrated by A. J. Johnson.

**THE** INGENUOUS and daring attempt to escape from Holloway Gaol made some time ago by a prisoner under remand, Paul Lebon, the Frenchman since sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for the extraordinary chloroform robbery at Kensington, recalls the extraordinary feat of Howard Trask, a prisoner in the county gaol in Boston, United States, in 1823.

This man had killed two of his fellow prisoners, who had been put with him to assist him in reading the Bible, and was put in irons. He had shackles upon his legs by which he was chained to the floor, and handcuffs connected by a chain with an iron collar round his neck.

The following night he broke the handcuffs, the chain of his collar, and the chain that fastened him to the floor, removed several thick planks in the ceiling, as well as sufficient stones from the wall to admit of his crawling through. With the assistance of one of the planks from his room he made his way to the top of a shed, from which he escaped into the street, laden as he was with his collar and handcuffs. It did not appear that he had any instrument to assist him in releasing himself from his irons or breaking through the wall.

Mr. Winston Churchill's bold and successful break from the Boers at Pretoria will in all probability go down to fame, as will the excitement caused by the fruitless hunt



THE ESCAPE OF JAMES STEPHENS FROM RICHMOND GAOL, DUBLIN.

through the Kentish woods for the escaped convicts, Soar and King.

But the greatest of all escapes from gaol in modern or ancient times was undoubtedly Henri La Tude's from that terrible French State prison, the Bastille. He had been sent there through incurring the displeasure of Madame de Pompadour, Louis XV.'s notorious favourite. With his cell-mate, one D'Alegré, he made his escape in the following way:—

They converted the steel of their tinder-box into a knife, pulled two hook-like hinges from the table, and, employing these as chisels, removed the cement from the iron bars which had been built into the chimney of their dungeon. It took them months to perform this task alone. They concealed their tools in the day-time in a hole in the roof. Out of their firewood and their shirts, unthreaded, they made a rope-ladder 20ft. long, and also, without a nail or a hammer, made a complete wooden ladder from the logs supplied them for their fire, of the same length. The hole in the ceiling, which was double, served to hide everything.

One winter night, a year and a half after they had begun their operations, they climbed the chimney, taking all their apparatus with them. By means of their ladders they climbed down into the moat, swam across, and, with their tools and the iron bars taken from the chimney, broke a hole through the exterior wall of the prison, which was 5ft. thick, under the very feet of the sentinels. They then nearly met their deaths by drowning, fatigued as they were, in crossing the outer moat, but they got away and reached Amsterdam in safety.

Jack Sheppard, that prince of prison breakers, escaped from shackles on shackles, and round-house after round-house, as well as twice from Newgate Gaol, in ways, however, that have been wrapped up in so much that is mythical, it is impossible to distinguish between fact and fiction.

The escape, or rather rescue, of James Stephens, the Fenian Head Centre, from Richmond Gaol, Dublin, in November, 1865, caused the greatest sensation at the time, the manner in which it was effected being for long a perfect mystery to the authorities, who offered a reward of £1,000 for his recapture. Stephens had been placed in the hospital ward of the prison, and, as it was thought an attempt might be made by his friends and sympathisers to rescue him, a boy named McLeod was put in the next cell, and instructed to sound his cell-gong on the first suspicious sound. John Breslin, a hospital steward, and Daniel Byrne, a warder, in league with the Fenians, at midnight liberated the Fenian chief from his

cell. McLeod afterwards said he heard them enter, but was too frightened to raise the alarm. The rescuers thought that the ladder used for lighting the lamps was long enough to reach to the top of the yard wall, but when they came to try, they found it was over 8ft. short.

Here was a plight. McLeod, they knew, might at any moment give the alarm. Breslin had the keys of the lunatics' dining-room. He and Byrne got the two tables from it, while Stephens hid in an unused sentry-box. The tables were placed one atop of the other against the wall, then the ladder was reared upon them, and the two warders steadied it while Stephens mounted. On the other side of the wall was a tool-shed, and Stephens slid down the roof of this into the governor's garden.

At a point in the Circular Road that runs along the outer wall of the gaol a party of the confederates were in waiting with a long rope. A pear tree in the governor's garden marked on the hither side of the wall their position. Stephens threw a stone over the wall—the agreed-on signal. His friends immediately tossed one end of the rope over, and, clinging to it, Stephens was drawn up. He then dropped down, and his rescuers, massing close up against it, broke his fall.

This is the account given by Breslin himself, as well as Stephens and all concerned in the rescue. Stephens escaped to America, whence Breslin shortly afterwards fled also. No suspicion for a moment rested on the latter until the hour of his flight.

This was not the only famous prison escape Breslin was concerned in. He also planned that of the six military Fenian prisoners from the convict settlement of Freemantle, Australia. The American Fenians fitted out a barque, the *Catalpa*, which sailed to Freemantle and cruised about the coast. The Fenian convicts were communicated with, and directed to make a break one evening for the shore. A boat was there in waiting, and they were taken off in it under the very eyes of their amazed and helpless guards.

The water police, though, were promptly roused out, and they started in pursuit in their cutter. But the darkness had long since swallowed up the fugitives. The suspicious-looking barque was remembered, however, and an armed steamer, the *Georgette*, started in search of her. She was sighted at daybreak, well out at sea. Pursuit was given, and she was quickly overhauled, when a shot was fired across her bows.

She, however, held on her way, and refused to heave-to or permit a boat's crew to board her. The *Georgette* could have blown her out of the water, but she carried the "Stars and Stripes,"



and to have fired on her meant firing on the American flag. The *Georgette's* captain did not care about taking such responsibility upon himself. Furthermore, he had no reliable information that the convicts were aboard, so the *Catalpa* was allowed to proceed unmolested.

In the American Civil War, two Yankee officers, captured by the Southerners, dug a tunnel out of Libby Prison, under a road—some 30ft.—into a timber-yard near by. By means of the tunnel they, as well as about forty of their fellow-prisoners of war, succeeded in escaping. But, unfortunately, most of the fugitives, including one of the pair who dug the tunnel, were recaptured before they could gain the frontier.

Lord Nithsdale, condemned to death for his share in the rebellion of 1715, escaped the night before the day fixed for his execution, through the courage and ingenuity of his wife. She went dressed in two gowns with her maid to the prison. He put on one of the gowns over his clothes, and accompanied the maid from the cell, feigning to be overwhelmed with grief that he might hide his face in his handkerchief. He escaped to France, where he was subsequently joined by his countess, whom the authorities, admiring her courage, set at liberty on discovering the trick.

Henry Davis, *alias* Stoddart, was sent to gaol in Memphis, Tennessee, for forging cheques. He was sentenced to ten years' hard labour. While in gaol, the governor of the State received a petition for Davis's pardon, representing him as the innocent victim of a conspiracy, and this was so influentially signed by, among others, the whole of the jury who had tried the convict, that

the governor granted a pardon, and provided the released man with a new suit of clothes and a sum of money, with which Davis promptly disappeared. It was discovered two weeks later that the petition was nothing more or less than a forgery, *perpetrated by the convict himself!* On account of his good conduct and skill as a penman, he had been employed in the record departments of the institution, and this was how he occupied his spare time.

The most indefatigable, daring, and yet, perhaps, the unluckiest, of prison-breakers was

Baron Frederick Trenck, a Prussian nobleman and officer of Frederick the Great's bodyguard. He fell under the displeasure of the King through an intrigue with the monarch's own sister. Unjudged, he was immured in the fortress of Glatz, though only nineteen years of age. He sawed through no less than eight iron bars on his window, then climbed down a rope, made of leather straps and his bedclothes, 90ft. into the moat. He, however, stuck fast in the mud of this, and had to call the guard.

His next exploit was to snatch from his side the sword of an officer who came to see him,

and with it to cut his way, literally, through some ten soldiers out of his dungeon, and along the corridor. He hurled the sentinel headlong from the top to the bottom of the stairway, then leaped, sword in hand, from the rampart to the one below, a distance of nearly 20ft. He leaped the second wall with equal safety. A sentinel faced him with fixed bayonet. He parried the thrust, slashed the man across the face, and dashed at the palisades. Over these he was scrambling when his foot caught in the woodwork,



A SENTINEL FACED HIM WITH FIXED BAYONET.

and then, unable to extricate it, he was overpowered, though he fought like a tiger. Afterwards he was guarded still more closely.

Next he corrupted an officer of the garrison named Schell, and got this man to aid him to escape. They were discovered in the act of flight, and, in jumping from the battlements, Schell sprained his ankle. Trenck carried him on his back, and they escaped across the Neiss in a boat into Bohemia. Trenck, however, was betrayed by the Dantzig authorities, and Frederick the Great had him confined this time at Magdeburg. Here he was loaded with irons, chained like a wild beast to the wall, and half starved. With his great strength he burst the chains, broke his handcuffs, and, with a knife he had managed to secure, cut through three of four doors that shut in his dungeon. His knife then broke, so he pulled up the bricks of his cell floor, and, when his gaolers appeared in the morning, saluted them with volleys of these. He kept a dozen grenadiers at bay, and only capitulated on condition that he was treated no worse than before.

After this, having obtained two small files through a kind-hearted sentinel, he began to mine through the foundations of the fortress, his dungeon being built in the ditch. While so occupied, he was loaded, in addition to his other fetters, with a monstrous iron collar, connected by chains with his ankles. Yet burdened as he thus was, he mined through something like 30ft. of earth, the sentinel who was his friend disposing of what he dug out from time to time in bags. Another sentinel, however, heard the strange underground noises, his operations were discovered, and all his labours proved to have been in vain.

The intrepid man was contriving yet another plan of escape when he was released on condition that he never more set foot within Prussian territory. After his liberation, he published several works in prose and verse, for his genius was of an exceedingly versatile order. His ill-luck, however, pursued him. Proceeding to France in the "Reign of Terror," he was accused of being a Prussian spy, and guillotined on July 25th, 1794.

A man named "Punch" Howard made a remarkably clever escape from Millbank in 1847. With his knife he sawed through the pivot-bar of his window, which was 3ft. long but only 6ins. wide; then, stripping to his

shirt, he squeezed himself through this narrow aperture. He had put the iron-barred window-frame half in, half out of the slit. He stood on the outer end, the inner catching securely against the top of the embrasure, the depth of which prevented it slipping outwards. His cell was on the topmost tier, and he was thus able to drag himself up on to the roof of the prison. He had previously constructed a rope out of his bed-clothes, and tied one end of it round his waist. By means of the rope, he descended safely into the governor's garden, climbed the wall by means of a plank, and got clear away.

In 1755, John Casanova, wit, libertine, and scholar, was arrested by the State Inquisitors of Venice. He was shut up in the ill-famed *camerotti*, or cells, in the State prison. He contrived to make a lamp, by whose light at night he bored a hole in the floor of his chamber, through four thicknesses of planking and a concrete pavement, almost right through to the secretary's room below, when he was transferred to another apartment, and so had all his trouble for nothing. He next managed to communicate with the occupant of the cell above his—a monk, Balbi by name. The two planned to break through the ceiling of his cell and then escape together by way of the roof.

The hole was broken between the two cells, and Casanova climbed up into Balbi's. They then made a rope out of their sheets, and easily broke through the roof, and got on to the leads. They lowered themselves by means of the rope to a dormer window, which they burst in. Entering, they got into the Chancery of the Doge. They cut a hole in the panel of the door, crawled through, stole down two flights of stairs, and came to the passage leading to the Royal Stairs, as they were called. There they were pulled up by four broad doors or gates, "to force which would have demanded a siege-engine." They looked out of a window, and a lounge saw them and notified the porter of the palace, who came with his keys and undid the gates, thinking someone had been locked up inside by mistake. They stood close to the door, and the moment the old man opened it they bounded past him like two flashes, and vanished instantly into the darkness. Hurriedly crossing the Piazzetta, they reached the canal and jumped into the first gondola they found. Daybreak saw them well away from Venice.



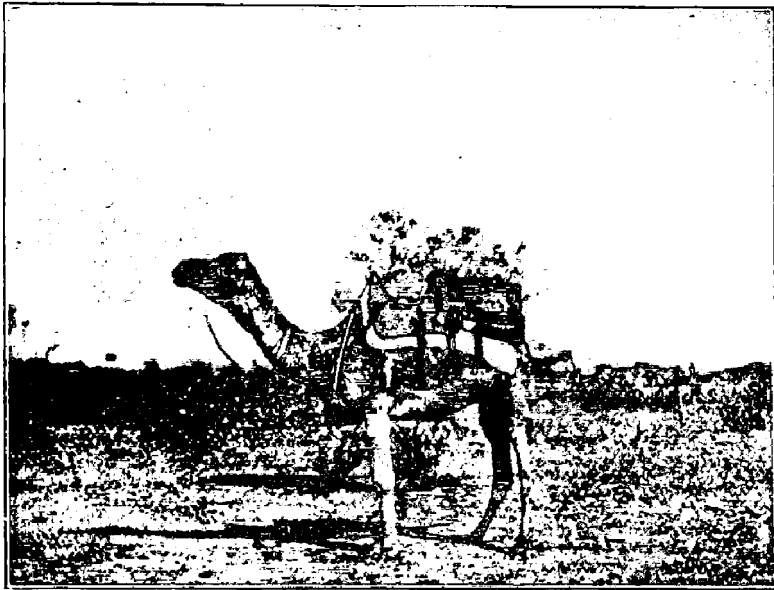
## A RECORD CAMEL.

I WAS especially interested in a back number of this magazine, because it mentioned "the famous camel, 'Misera,' which had quite recently travelled six hundred miles without a drink." I have pleasure in sending you a photograph of this camel, "Misera," which was my father's riding camel during the Elder Exploring Expedition, of which my father was the leader. The true record was 620 miles in thirty-five days, on only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of water for the whole period. This was while crossing the Great Victoria Desert in Western Australia, 450 miles of the distance being over steep parallel ridges of sand, principally covered with spinifex (a needle-like grass, the sharp points of which cause great suffering to the animals, who have to force their way through it). The edible bushes for the camels were of the driest nature, and very scanty. The caravan consisted of forty-two camels, some carrying 800lbs. weight. Only one camel died on this remarkable journey, which has never been equalled in the world.

My father, who had much to do with camels for ten years, has told me some facts about them which I think might interest some of your readers. There are many thousands of camels now in Australia employed in carrying goods to the far

distant townships and stations in Western Queensland, New South Wales, and South Australia. There are said to be about four thousand camels in Western Australia engaged in carrying supplies to the goldfields in the interior of that state. The average load of a camel is 500lbs., which he will carry for hundreds of miles, at an average daily journey of about fifteen miles. One of my

father's camels carried 11ewt. for 120 miles. A trained riding camel will easily carry a man a hundred miles in one day. The camels bred in Australia are considered superior to those imported from India. They are intelligent animals, and become very much attached to their masters if kindly treated. Although they have a great objection to crossing streams, they can swim. In the early days of the Coolgardie gold rush the roads were absolutely closed, through lack of water, to any other animals except camels, and, had



"Misera"

*The Camel that carried me 620 miles in 35 days across the Great Victoria Desert - West Australia - having only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of water during that time; which is the world's record.*

*David Lindsay.*

it not been for them, food and water famines would have more than once overtaken the gold-seekers.

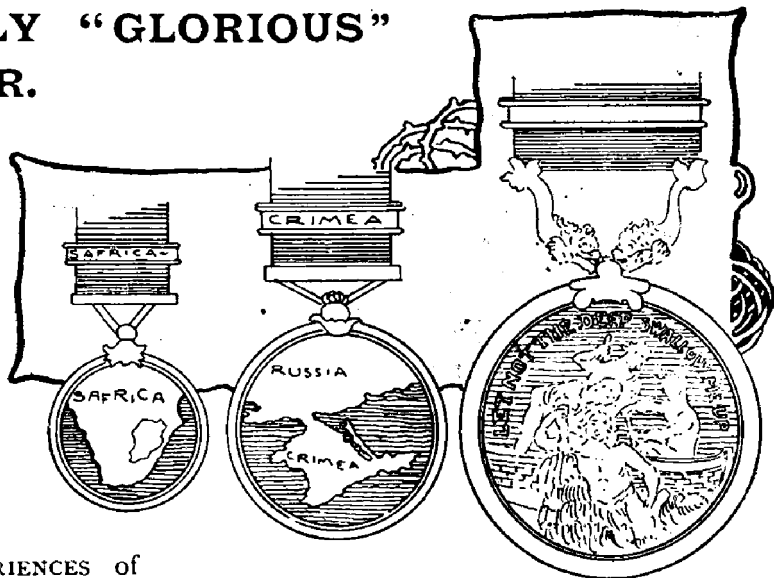
Water was often carried thirty-five to forty miles in specially constructed casks, and sold at from 1s. to 2s. 6d. per gallon to the dust-begrimed, thirsty diggers.

ARTHUR J. S. LINDSAY.

# THE ONLY REALLY "GLORIOUS" WAR.

Written and Illustrated by  
Harold Macfarlane.

The largest medal in this diagram illustrates the 42,000 lives saved by the National Lifeboat Institution in the course of the Society's career, against the number of Britons who died in the Crimea (22,182) and in South Africa up to the present time, the proportion of which is shown by the two smaller medals.



EXPERIENCES of many months past have rendered the misapplication of the flamboyant adjective, that has so frequently been used in conjunction with the direful substantive "war," to be employed at most infrequent intervals of late.

War, in the accepted sense, is not "glorious," although it be the source of many deeds that are. It is, indeed, the most terrible misfortune short of a universal cataclysm that can overtake this planet; and yet there is a war, a war with the elements, a glorious war, that we must all use our best endeavour to carry on with vigour, until the sorrow spoken of by the prophet is no longer on the sea, and it can be quiet.

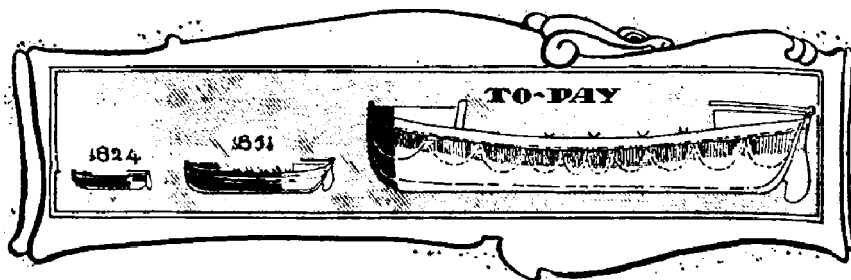
The coast-line of the United Kingdom, although it extends through 4,900 miles, boasts on an average a station under the jurisdiction of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution every sixteen miles. There are, moreover, numerous branches of the same society, that has for its president the King, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is, therefore, not with the object of drawing the attention of the reader to the institution with which he will be perfectly familiar, but to present the work done by the same, by means of diagrams and illustrations, in a manner that will cast a new light upon the subject, that this article is written.

The campaign carried on by the institution

against the elements is the very antithesis of ordinary warfare, for whereas a state of belligerency, in the military sense, is attended by the loss of many thousands of lives, the object of the society is solely and wholly the saving of life, in which quest much success has attended it. Throughout the lengthy reign of the nation's greatest and most mourned-for Queen, who was patron of the institution from the time she came to the throne to her lamented death, the campaigns calling for the spilling of British blood in the greatest quantities have been those in South Africa and the Crimea, but the lives laid down by the nation's bravest sons for Queen and country in these campaigns are more than equalled, in point of numbers, by the lives saved through the instrumentality of the society's lifeboats and crews since the date of its institution. In our first diagram this fact is graphically illustrated, the area of the largest medal—awarded by the society for acts of signal bravery—being drawn in proportion to the 42,000 lives saved in the course of the society's career, and the areas of the smaller medals in proportion to the number of Britons killed or dying from wounds and sickness in the Crimea (22,182) and South Africa up to the present time. Surely no worthier justification for the existence of the institution would be desired by anyone than this proof of the glorious and successful warfare carried on by it, a warfare that has resulted in the saving of more lives than have been lost in the two bloodiest campaigns in which British arms have been engaged for almost a century.

The lifeboat has existed in some shape or other since 1785, when Mr. Lionel Lukin was granted a patent for an "unimmersible boat," but it was not till 1823, when Sir William

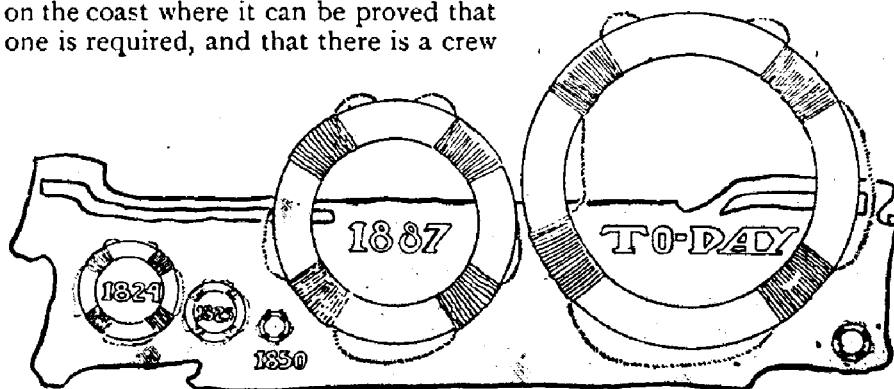
Hillary, in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Wilson, then member of Parliament for the City of London, called a preliminary meeting, resulting in the formation of the National Institution "for the preservation of life in cases of shipwreck on the coasts of the United Kingdom," that any organisation of boats and funds was undertaken. In our second diagram the small boat to the left is drawn, so far as its length is concerned, in proportion to the number of lifeboats existing on our coasts in 1824 (practically, one in every ninety-eight miles of coast-line), the centre boat in proportion to the ninety-one boats that were employed in saving life in 1851, whilst the craft to the right represents the lifeboat of to-day. In the early days of the existence of the Institution, the number of lifeboats owned by it was but few. In 1824, for instance, out of fifty-one craft, only twelve were the property of the organisation, in 1851 the number reached thirty out of ninety-one lifeboats, whilst to-day the fleet numbers 286. In our diagram the black portions of the boats represent the lifeboats belonging to kindred institutions, the white those that owe allegiance to the Institution. It is sometimes asked: How comes it that there are fewer boats now than in 1894? And in the absence of any official explanation it is not infrequently imagined that lack of funds is the cause of the decrease in the total. As a matter of fact, the diminution arises solely from the fact that a number of now obsolete boats have been taken off the stations of late years, which in some cases have been replaced by steam lifeboats, capable of covering the area heretofore requiring two or more craft lacking the latest improvements. The society, it must be mentioned, is prepared to place a boat at any place on the coast where it can be proved that one is required, and that there is a crew



THE SMALLEST BOAT IN THIS DIAGRAM IS DRAWN IN PROPORTION TO THE NUMBER OF LIFEBOATS EXISTING ON OUR COASTS IN 1824; THE CENTRE BOAT IN PROPORTION TO THE NINETY-ONE BOATS THAT WERE EMPLOYED IN 1851; WHILST THE CRAFT TO THE RIGHT REPRESENTS THE LIFEBOATS OF TO-DAY.

to man it. Moreover, not only does the society permit the coxswain and crew to select the special type of boat best suited to the exigencies of their particular coast, but will pay their expenses to London in order that they shall have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the various types. "The men risk their lives—it is therefore only right that they should choose the boat best suited to their requirements," was the reply to our comments upon this generous treatment of the Institution, which is ever ready to vote grants, sometimes running into four figures, to the widows of those who lose their lives in its service, and bestow pensions and gratuities upon those coxswains and men who retire on account of old age or disablement. Generosity and absence of red-tapeism, two great characteristics of the Lifeboat Institution, particularly strike the inquirer into the methods of the society when he starts on his quest, and the further he looks into the subject the more deeply imbued does he become with the idea that red-tape is a species of haberdashery that does not appeal to the governing body dealing with the national lifeboat.

In our third diagram the life-belts portrayed are drawn in proportion to the receipts from all sources for various years from 1824, the date of the foundation of the Institution, to the present day. Starting with an income of £9,826 in its opening year, receipts fell off in a most grievous manner, as can be gauged from the diminution in size of the belts representing the sums received in 1825 and 1849-50, in which latter year the total receipts amounted to £354 17s. 6d., which was brought up by a balance in hand to the modest total of £830. In



THESE LIFEBELTS ARE DRAWN IN PROPORTION TO THE RECEIPTS FROM ALL SOURCES FOR VARIOUS YEARS FROM 1824 TO THE PRESENT DAY

1850 the Institution was reorganised, the late Prince Consort, the late King of the Belgians, and the fourth Duke of Northumberland all lending very valuable assistance, with results that can, to a certain extent, be gauged by comparing the life-belts in our diagram representing the incomes of 1824 and of the present time, when the organisation has arrived at a pitch of perfection hitherto not attained.

Our fourth diagram is a species of pictorial balance sheet. The large circle represents the receipts from all sources, which we see, from the annual report of 1900, amounted to almost £106,000; that portion of the rim appearing as a band of black is drawn in proportion to the sum (£33,107 4s.) received in legacies, whilst the remainder, of course, represents the receipts from all other sources, including the collections realised by the Life-boat Saturday Fund. If the total income was converted into gold, there would be sufficient of that metal to furnish a golden coin the thickness of a sovereign, that would be 20ft. 5ins. in diameter. The large circle in our diagram represents the appearance of such a coin, a life-boat-man, 6ft. high, being placed at the base for the purpose of comparison. The weight of the coin would be a little over a ton if standard gold were used.

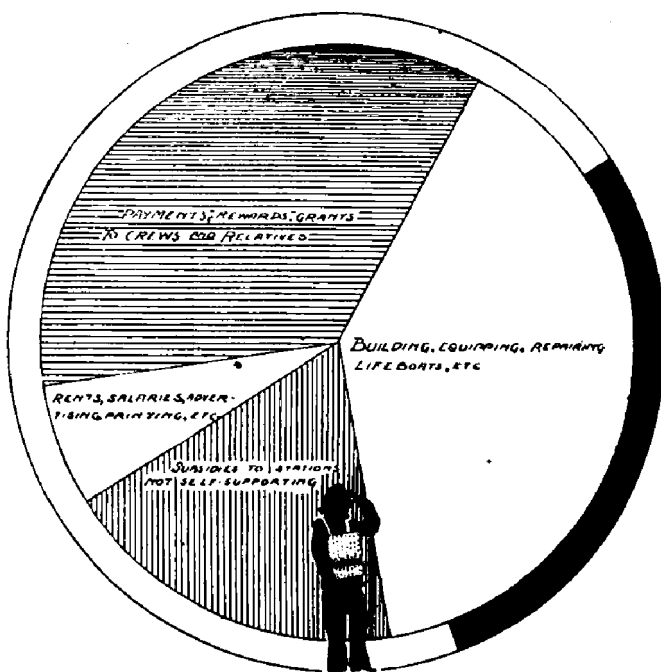
With regard to the expenditure of the Institution, amounting in the year under notice to £85,982, the sum expended would form a gold coin the thickness of a sovereign which would be almost 18½ft. in diameter, and is represented in our diagram by the inner circle, which is divided into four unequal segments, each drawn in proportion to the four classes of expenditure into which the debit side of the balance sheet naturally resolves itself. As a glance at our diagram shows, by far the largest item of expense is on account of new lifeboats, their equipments and houses; indeed, the sum expended in this manner would purchase sufficient silver to out-weigh four moderately-sized life-

boats, each weighing a trifle over 2½ tons. The second largest item (£29,790) is on account of payments, etc., to coxswains, bowmen, and signalmen, and to the other eighteen thousand sailormen who man the boats when duty calls. It may here be mentioned that the coxswain receives a salary of £8 per annum, his assistant £2, the bowman £1 10s., and the signal-man £1. In addition to these sums the coxswain and each of the crew alike receive 10s. each every time they go out on "business" between April 1st to September 30th between the hours of 6 a.m. and 7 p.m.; and £1 when called out between 7 p.m. and 6 a.m. From October 1st to March 31st the payments are increased to 15s. from sunrise to sunset, and £1 10s. from sunset to sunrise. The same item includes rewards for special services, which rewards have, since the foundation of the Institution, amounted to a sum of £200,686, which, if taken in gold, would itself outweigh twenty average-sized lifeboat-men.

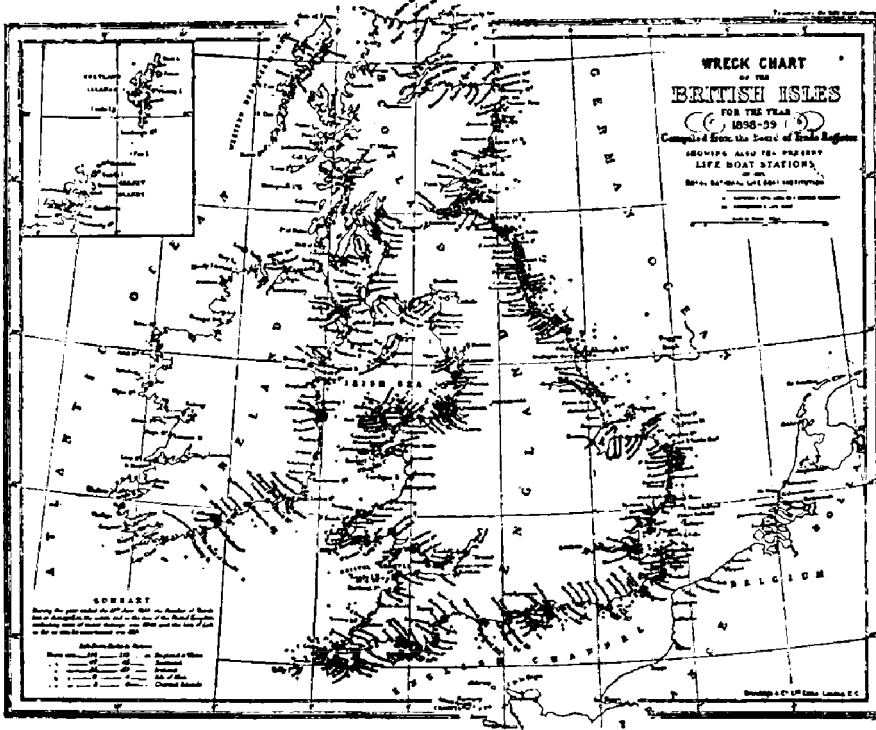
The third item, £16,040, represents subsidies to stations not self-supporting, branch payments, aneroids for fishermen and coasters, and kindred expenses, including life-boat stores. The administration expenses, including salaries, amount to but a trifle over 3 per cent. of the incomings; printing,

advertising, rents and taxes, and stationery, it will be noticed, comprise but a small proportion of the inner circle, and form a striking testimonial to the capacity of the executive body.

By the courtesy of the Institution we are permitted to reproduce the latest of their specially prepared wreck charts, and a glance at this—the fact being borne in mind that each black dot represents a total loss or a serious casualty—will prove a better commentary than any amount of verbiage with regard to the amount of work with which British lifeboats have to cope, whilst the necessity of doing everything in our power to provide the wherewithal whereby the state of efficiency attained by the lifeboat



THE LARGE CIRCLE REPRESENTS RECEIPTS FROM ALL SOURCES—£106,000; THE PORTION MARKED IN BLACK THE SUM RECEIVED IN LEGACIES—£33,107 4s.; WHILST THE INSIDE PORTION INDICATES HOW THIS MONEY IS SPENT.



WRECK CHART OF THE BRITISH ISLES, 1898-1899.

*By permission of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.*

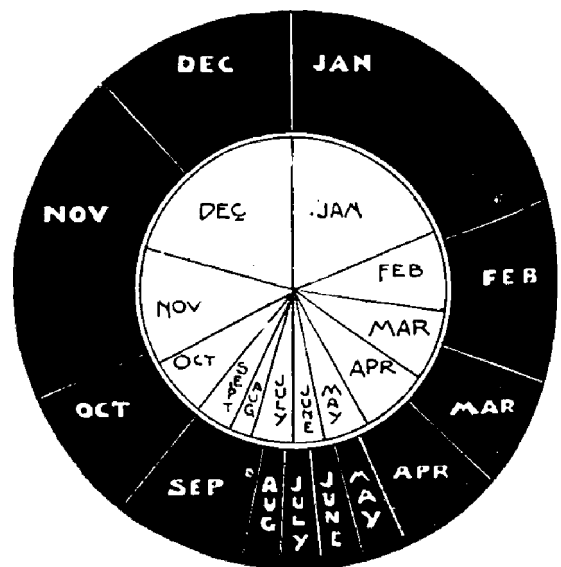
service, if it cannot be increased, should, at all events, be maintained, is more strongly emphasised than before. In the last thirty-eight years no less than 137,094 vessels have met with casualties off our coasts, with the result that almost twenty-six thousand lives have been lost, a number that would have been more than doubled but for the National Lifeboat.

The aggregate number of times the boats are launched on service, and the number of lives they save, vary, of course, from year to year. In the fifth diagram, however, we give an idea of how the lifeboat year is made up, and the proportion of the year's total of lives saved attributable to each month. The inner circle of the figure is divided up, it will be observed, into twelve segments, each segment varying in size with the number of launches made in the month to which it is devoted. The area of the whole circle obviously represents the total number of launches made in the year, which in 1899 amounted to 342. In 1900 the number rose to 362, but details are not to hand. It will be observed that, to all intents and purposes, the first half of the year coincides with the latter half, May and June, for instance, coinciding with July and August; and although December and November see more launches than January and February, the deficit is made up by the enforced activity occasioned by the gales of March and April. That the number of

lives saved in each month is not strictly proportionate to the number of launches is proved by the sections of the outer circle, which vary in size in proportion to the number of lives saved in each month of 1899, November and September, for instance, showing a much greater proportion than one would imagine would be the case judging from the sections representing the number of launches alone. The years in which the greatest number of lives have been saved are: 1869 (1,231), 1881 (1,121), 1867 (1,086), 1892 (1,056), and 1877 (1,048). In 1899, 609 lives were saved, and in 1900 no less than 865.

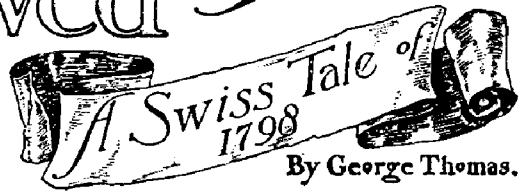
We would finally point out that whereas in actual warfare it was proved, in the case of the Franco-

German war, that France paid over £3,000 in war expenses alone for each German killed, in the glorious war that the Institution wages against the elements the aggregate expenditure, when divided by the number of lives saved in an average year, gives as a quotient a sum amounting to less than one hundred pounds!



IN THIS DIAGRAM WE GIVE AN IDEA OF HOW THE LIFEBOAT YEAR IS MADE UP, SHOWING HOW MUCH HEAVIER THE WORK IS IN THE WINTER MONTHS COMPARED TO THOSE OF THE SUMMER.

# How Hans Saved The Village.



By George Thomas.

Illustrated by H. A. Hogg.

## I.

ONE afternoon towards the end of August, in the year 1798, a youth of sixteen might have been seen lying in the shade of the mountain-ash trees on a steep Alpine pasture, away in a valley of the Swiss canton of Uri. Near by, on the mountain side, browsed a troop of goats belonging to the village of Bauenberg, that hung on the edge of a high precipice far above; and he was in charge of them.

The sun shone down, flooding the clear mountain air with warmth, making the snow-field in the distance shine with a blaze of golden light. It was as lonely a spot as one could find, and sometimes it seemed very dull to Hans, until the time came for him to drive his charges up into the village again at the end of the afternoon.

One day, when the good pastor was talking to him, Hans ventured to say so.

"And what wouldst thou be, lad, if thou couldst choose?" he asked kindly. "Wouldst be a carpenter, like thy father?"

"Nay, Herr Pastor," said the lad. "I would not be always in one place, but I would be like, Kaspar, the Freibergschütze,\* to chase the chamois from peak to peak."

"Ah, lad, it is ever thus!" replied the pastor, putting his hand on the broad young shoulder. "Who knows but that thy chance may come some day? To every man comes once opportunity to make his mark. When thine comes, see thou be ready."

And the words had lingered in the boy's mind.

But this afternoon Hans had much else to think of. Only two days before Johann the cheesemaker, when he went down to Brunnen on his usual visit, had found great stir at the inn and had startled all the village with his news on returning.

Stirring times had come. For the French had over-run the country, and had descended but three days before on the town of Schwytz,

captured it after a brief resistance, and levied heavy tribute upon the inhabitants.

All the villagers gathered round and talked of the startling tidings.

"It is an evil day for our land that the invader is in our midst," said Kaspar, gravely, "but *we* are safe. For no men of the plains, as these Frenchmen are, could seize this our village, if they should climb the heights."

And he looked down at the steep slope and the yawning precipice in front, spanned at its only narrow part by one solitary bridge that all must pass who came up from the valley. So the village went its way with its daily work and gossiped much in the evening of the doings in the plain beneath.

Hans was thinking on these things this sultry afternoon. The click-click of the grasshoppers rose from the grass around; the little mountain rill beside him sang its silvery tune; now and again a bee hummed drowsily by, and the tinkle of the goat bells sounded more and more faintly as the sure-footed animals wandered higher up the mountain side. But Hans heeded not. The drowsiness of the afternoon crept over him, and he fell asleep in the shade, to dream of armies of Frenchmen marching up and down the mountains—tramp—tramp—tramp!

The dream was so vivid that when he awoke he seemed still to hear the tramping of feet. The sun was dipping below the shoulder of the mountain opposite, and Hans was about to start to his feet, astonished to find that he had slept for hours, when he realised that the *tramp—tramp* of his dream was a living reality. He peered cautiously from the shade of his resting place, and there, on the rough path before him, not thirty yards away, armed men were toiling upwards in single file.

One—two—three—ten—twenty—thirty; he almost held his breath. There seemed to be no end to them.

The Frenchmen had invaded the valley, and were going up to Bauenberg!

He did not know how many had passed while he slept, but, as he watched unobserved, nearly fifty went by before he was left alone again.

\* The "Freibergschütze," or "hunter of the free districts," was an official appointed in old times in certain parts of Switzerland.



His first impulse was to run back to the village, but, slowly as the soldiers were going, he could not reach it before them without passing them on the path. He must warn the village. That was the one thought in his mind. But how?

Then suddenly there came to him the remembrance of the pastor's words:—

"To every man comes once opportunity to make his mark. When thine comes, see thou be ready."

But what could he do? He thought and thought until his brain seemed to be on fire. Then an inspiration came to him like a flash. If he took the path that turned to the left from the main track at the corner by the great boulder he could reach the side of a gap he knew of some distance beyond the village and call over to Otto, one of his companions, who usually took his goats to pasture on the slope opposite.

He reached the boulder without seeing any of the soldiers ahead, and then sped up the side path with the agility of a mountain goat. It was not for nothing that he had been born and bred in those mountains. Upward he sped, higher and higher, until at length he reached the shoulder, from which he looked across to the pasture where Otto should be. But there was no one there, nor a single goat to be seen. Otto must have gone to some other pasture with his flock. The gap was wide, and Hans could not cross it, so he "jödelled" again and again, and the shepherd's call went echoing among the mountains, but there was no answer.

He had come in vain!

## II.

**A**ND all this time the French soldiers must be coming up slowly but surely to the village. What could he do? Must he give up and leave his people to their fate? No! the Swiss boy, born in the free air of the Alps, was made of sterner stuff than that.

Near at hand in the forest stood a wood-cutter's hut. He ran to it and searched around inside until at length he found what he sought—a long coil of rope, thin but strong. Then he came back to the edge and looked up at the boughs of a great tree that grew on the brink of the precipice. It had been battered and twisted in the winter storms, and the lower boughs hung down, broken and limp. But one of the topmost branches stood out high above. Hans measured the distance with his eye, and looked across the chasm. Then, tying one end of the rope around his waist, he set to work to climb the tree. It was hard work, but at length he

reached the bough, and, sliding out on it, fastened the end of the rope securely round it, and came down again.

The mountain sloped upward away from the precipice, and our hero sought a boulder on the slope; then, keeping the rope extended as it ran through his hands, walked with it to the edge. Yes! He found that if he took the rope and launched himself from the boulder, he would be able to keep clear of the ground, and swing out over the precipice. That was his plan!

He mounted the boulder, took the rope firmly in hand, leaped forward, and swung through the air—a human pendulum. Out—out—he swung over the yawning gulf.

Horror of horrors! He stopped short over the chasm and swung back, having barely reached the other side when the return of the pendulum brought him back again.

It was an awful moment, enough to try the strongest nerves, and Hans staggered as he landed again near the point whence he started on his awful swing.

He had failed!

If he lengthened the rope to take a longer swing, he would not clear the ground between his starting point and the precipice. There was but one chance. He must swing out nearly to the other side, *and then let go*, leaving the impetus to carry him the rest of the way.

The prospect gave him a shiver. He thought of himself falling down—down—down in the awful depths, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Could he do it? He knelt down for a moment in a hasty prayer for strength. When he rose up he felt calmer.

"Now am I in God's hands," he said, as he nerved himself for the last terrible ordeal.

He gripped the rope in his strong fingers, gathered up his limbs, and swung out once more. The ground flew by. Now he was above the gulf, and the ground on the other side rushed to meet him.

Now—now, before he should reach the end of his impetus and be dragged back, he let go.

For a moment of time, as he was thus in mid air, an awful feeling of helpless falling was on him, and then he struck the earth, and clutched at it madly—blindly, as in a dream. Then he lay still, clinging lovingly to mother earth, with some vague instinct of finding refuge.

He was safe!

But before he had time to ponder on his narrow escape the memory of the French soldiers came back to him. The rope was swinging idly from the tree behind as he staggered to his feet and took the path to the village.

When he surmounted the last spur, from which he could see Bauenberg just below him, he looked with an agony of anxiety, fearing lest he should see the enemy in possession. But no. All was quiet, and there was Otto himself just coming over the bridge to the village. Thank God, he was in time!

Within a minute after he hurried into the village with his news, all was excitement. Fortunately it was evening, and the men were all at home. There was a hasty conference, and messengers were sent off to points of vantage to signal the approach of the enemy. In a short time a man came in breathless, with the news that the soldiers had been seen crossing an open pasture on the way, and were even now in the forest.

Kaspar, the Freibergschütze, and Karl, the Schuhmacher, assisted by half a dozen others, took hatchets, and began the demolition of the bridge, and in a minute or two its last beams went thundering down into the chasm below.

Kaspar took command of the men, and all those who had guns were posted behind the logs of the châtelets that faced the precipice. Orders were given that all lights should be put out, and the watchers waited events.

Twilight came on, and the forest opposite, the border of which extended to within thirty feet of the gap, loomed dark in the shadowy light; but all was silent as the grave. Some of the villagers almost began to wonder whether it had not been a false alarm, as the time wore quietly on. Hans was standing beside his father, peering anxiously through the chinks between the logs of a barn, when he thought he saw a movement in the shadow opposite.

"Look, father!" he whispered suddenly "Someone moves yonder!"

"What was that?" asked several of the villagers at the same moment.

Was it a shadow, or were the enemy stirring on the edge of the dark forest? The keen eyes of the mountaineers watched as dark figures moved quietly forward on the mountain side, and they could see that the soldiers had reached the spot where the bridge had been. There was a pause as they found it broken away, and then

they retired to the shadow of the trees and all was still again.

### III.

ALL night long unbroken silence reigned on the mountains, and the Swiss, leaving a few of their number on the watch, retired to sleep, ready to be called up at a moment's notice.

With the glowing light of early morn came the first alarm. The soldiers were stirring, and soon a trumpeter approached bearing a flag and blew a rousing blast in the open opposite the village. Then, by an interpreter, he summoned the village to surrender.

At this Kaspar, the hunter, stepped forward and answered in a loud voice:—

"We are men of peace, and ask nought but the right to pursue our calling. There is no treasure in our village, for we are but poor folk. Go ye your ways, and leave us to our poverty."

Again came the summons to surrender, this time in more threatening terms, and Kaspar answered boldly:—

"We are free Swiss, and surrender to no man!"

Then he retired, and the villagers awaited the attack. Soon the report of muskets was heard,



HE WAS SAFE!

His first impulse was to run back to the village, but, slowly as the soldiers were going, he could not reach it before them without passing them on the path. He must warn the village. That was the one thought in his mind. But how?

Then suddenly there came to him the remembrance of the pastor's words:—

"To every man comes once opportunity to make his mark. When thine comes, see thou be ready."

But what could he do? He thought and thought until his brain seemed to be on fire. Then an inspiration came to him like a flash. If he took the path that turned to the left from the main track at the corner by the great boulder he could reach the side of a gap he knew of some distance beyond the village and call over to Otto, one of his companions, who usually took his goats to pasture on the slope opposite.

He reached the boulder without seeing any of the soldiers ahead, and then sped up the side path with the agility of a mountain goat. It was not for nothing that he had been born and bred in those mountains. Upward he sped, higher and higher, until at length he reached the shoulder, from which he looked across to the pasture where Otto should be. But there was no one there, nor a single goat to be seen. Otto must have gone to some other pasture with his flock. The gap was wide, and Hans could not cross it, so he "jödelled" again and again, and the shepherd's call went echoing among the mountains, but there was no answer.

He had come in vain!

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HE WAS SAFE!

and shots pattered on the wooden châlets in front. The defenders sheltered themselves more securely; but two of their number, who had been more careless than the rest, fell wounded by chance shots that found their way between the logs. The Swiss, by Kaspar's direction, did not return the fire, but awaited events, hoping to tire out the enemy. To shoot them down, even if they could see them, would only exasperate the soldiers to continue the attack.

After a time, as the shots appeared to take no effect, the French ceased firing. There was great joy in the village.

"They have given up the attack," said two or three jubilantly to Kaspar.

"Not so," replied the hunter. "It is but a pause to tempt us out into the open. Let no man show himself."

Some hours passed away in silence, and then there was a sudden stir opposite. A line of soldiers appeared, in double order, carrying between them some long object. A cry arose from the Swiss.

"A bridge!"

Yes. A number of young trees felled by the villagers had been lying in the forest, and these had been taken by the soldiers and tied together to form a rough bridge. It was long enough to span the chasm, and wide enough to allow desperate men to scramble over, one at a time.

"We must fire now," said Kaspar. "Let each man take careful aim, for if they get the bridge across, we are lost!"

The soldiers had opened a hot fire from the shelter of the forest to cover the forward movement of their own men. But the villagers were not to be outdone, and of the twenty soldiers who appeared three fell wounded. Their bodies were quickly borne off, while others took their places. They were soon at the edge of the precipice, and as they pushed their load out over to reach the opposite side, the men had to cluster together more closely at the other end to counter-balance the weight of the bridge.

Just at this moment the Swiss sent a volley of shots amongst them. The invaders fell in confusion, releasing their hold on the improvised bridge, which went thundering down over the precipice, leaving some of its bearers prone on the mountain side, while their companions ran to cover for their very lives.

Five of the soldiers lay still on the ground as the result of the struggle, and the defenders began to hope that their assailants would now retire. But they were soon undeceived by the appearance of a new danger.

Suddenly a small stream of trailing fire flashed across and fell harmless to the ground in the midst of the village, then another, and another.

Some one was shooting arrows with blazing tow at the end of the shafts, in the hope of driving out the villagers by fire. One caught in the roof of a châlet, but was quickly beaten out by the Swiss with long staves. Two or three fell between the logs of the barns and made a blaze with the brushwood that filled the interstices, but, after an energetic attack from the beaters, aided by buckets of water, these were extinguished. All efforts to set fire to the village failing, the besiegers soon abandoned the attempt, and there was a lull.

Noon passed, and the early afternoon had come, when a new and desperate attempt was made. A square object as large as several men issued from the shade of the trees, and moved forward.

"A shield!" cried Karl. "It is a shield for the soldiers!"

And so it was. A number of boughs of trees had been fastened together to form a large screen, and the spaces in the framework stuffed with the cloaks of the soldiers—an effective shield against musket shots. Two of these shields, fixed together in the shape of a V, with the apex forward, covered the front of the line of men who now advanced, carrying another hastily constructed light bridge.

The Swiss fired, but the shots took no effect, and still the terrible shield advanced. The soldiers reached the edge of the gap, dragging the timbers with them. Then they gradually pushed the end forward until the gulf was bridged, and the men scrambled across as well as they could in face of the Swiss fire.

One after another they reached the opposite side, and sought shelter under the rocks from the fire that swept down from the top of the slope. One man was caught by a chance shot midway across, and with a resounding shriek relaxed his hold and fell into the depths below, while the onlookers shuddered.

Others were still coming, but the men who had got safely across now issued from their cover and made a sudden rush, their leader having the double object of trying to storm the village and diverting the fire of the mountaineers from the bridge, so as to allow the soldiers to scramble across unmolested and in larger numbers.

The peril of the mountaineers was desperate. They fired as quickly as possible, but in their haste their aim was wild. Two of the attacking party fell. The rest reached the châlets, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight took place. But they were outnumbered and at a disadvantage through being at a lower level. Suddenly Kaspar sprang forward with a shout and swung his musket round, felling the French leader to

the ground. This was the signal for a still more energetic onslaught from the Swiss, and to such good purpose that the French lost heavily, and the few survivors hastily scrambled down again behind the rocks to await further reinforcements.

## IV.

THE situation of the Swiss was perilous. It was only a matter of time before enough

of the enemy would be able to make their way across to storm the village effectually. Kaspar looked around hopelessly. What was to be done? His companions crowded around him. They all saw the danger, and looked in vain for the means to meet it.

"What now, Kaspar?" asked half a dozen voices.

"We must stop them coming over, or we are lost," said another.

"In a few minutes it will be too late," said the hunter despairingly, "and I know not what we can do."

Suddenly Hans pushed into the throng.

"The stones!" he said. "The stones behind Karl's barn!"

The leader looked at him for a moment as if he did not clearly understand what the words meant; then his face lighted up.

"God be thanked for a boy's wit!" he said. Then he turned to Karl.

"Karl, take ten men and keep up a fire on the enemy to hinder their coming and divert their attention. The rest of you, follow me."

The villagers hurried back with him a short distance to a place behind one of the barns, where a heap of large pieces of rock had been collected for use as supports on which to build the rough log barns of the mountains. Some were square, for use as main supports, other larger ones were round.

It was then, as now, the custom in Switzerland

to put these great round stones at the top of the pillars made of square rocks at each corner, so as to project over them on all sides, with the object of preventing mice and other small animals from getting up to the storehouse.

The villagers worked with a will, for they were working for life itself, as they rolled a number of the largest pieces forward to several points of vantage at the edge of the village, whence, in a few seconds, they could be launched down the slope. This was unobserved by the enemy,



"WE MUST STOP THEM COMING OVER, OR WE ARE LOST."

and soon a number of great pieces, some of which took several men to move, were ready for use.

The men were still at the work when a cry was raised by those who had remained on the watch. The Frenchmen below, thinking that the defenders were losing heart, without more ado rushed to the final assault. The Swiss hurried to their posts.

"Now, steady!" cried Kaspar's voice. "To the edge, then wait for the word!"

A few seconds passed, and then, as the company of soldiers came rushing up, the men above, with desperate energy, brought the large pieces of rock to the very edge.

"*Now!*" shouted the hunter, with a voice that was heard above the din.

At the word three great blocks were pushed over the slope at different points, and went crashing down upon the attackers before they could leap out of the path of destruction.

Four men were swept away and went bounding down to fall over the precipice. Still the remaining soldiers continued to breast the slope, but after a few seconds another deadly charge was let loose, and spread destruction again. Shrieks rang out as men were swept down. The few Frenchmen who survived now sought only to escape, and turned back down the slope.

Still at intervals the deadly avalanche of rocks swept down the mountain side. One block leaped full tilt on to the trunk bridge and hurled from it one of the enemy who was in the act of crossing, but it was not heavy enough to break down the bridge itself.

Several of the Swiss had now rolled two of the largest boulders to a point of vantage a little higher up, whence the descent to the bridge itself was almost direct. Then with a mighty effort they launched one down the slope. It passed but a yard wide of its mark.

"Another try, neighbours!" cried Kaspar. "Move the next but two paces on, and we shall have it."

The hardy mountaineers strained at the great block, and moved it slowly on. Then the word was given, "Over," and it sped on its way. Down it went, increasing its speed as it thundered onward, then, bounding outward from the mountain side, crashed with irresistible force into the fatal bridge, and swept it in ruins down into the depths with two ill-fated soldiers, the last survivors of the storming party, clinging to it.

"*Saved!*" shouted Kaspar, leaping forward in triumph, and his comrades cheered. The cheer was still ringing in the air when the sound of a musket shot went echoing among the mountains, and the brave hunter fell dead, killed in the hour of his triumph.

Thus ended the attack on Bauenberg.

The soldiers had lost a goodly number of their comrades in the attempt, but the pluck and resourcefulness of the mountaineers had been too much for them.

Whether the French leader thought that the capture of the village was not worth the cost of any more lives, or whether urgent orders came from the commander that the detachment was to join the main body of the army below, cannot be told; but certain it is that, while the plucky mountaineers awaited the renewal of the attack next day, great was their relief to find that their assailants were departing.

There was joy in the village, mingled with grief for the loss of the brave Kaspar.

A few days later, when the council of the village commune met, Hans was sent for by the assembly, and on his arrival the pastor spoke:—

"Our neighbour Kaspar is no more," he said. "We mourn his loss as a brother, and ever will his name be honoured in our village. But we must find someone worthy to succeed him. Hans, thou didst by thy brave daring bring warning to the village, and when we were hard pressed, thy wit showed us the way of escape. Twice hast thou saved Bauenberg. And now, we know none more worthy to be the successor of our neighbour Kaspar. When thou proved thy skill, as I know thou canst, thou shalt be freibergschütze of this commune."

There was a pause, and then the good pastor continued:—

"Dost remember, lad, how I said to thee, 'To every man comes once opportunity to make his mark'? I thank God that when thine came thou wast found ready."

Thus Hans realised his ambition.

A century has passed away, but the curious traveller of to-day may see, high up in the churchyard on the mountain side, a large memorial stone, worn with age, bearing an inscription to the memory of—

## HANS SPRECHT,

FREIBERGSCHÜTZE.

Who died —, 1852, at the age of 70.

Loved and Honoured by all his Neighbours.

"*Twice he saved Bauenberg.*"

# IN DEEP WATER



## A TALE OF THE MID-ATLANTIC,

BY STACEY BLAKE AND W. E. HODGSON.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

This story concerns the fate of the ss. *Creole* (belonging to the well-known shipping firm of Grimm, Channing & Grimm) and of the *Creole's* second mate, Grant Heath. Hudson, captain of the *Creole*, undertakes to get rid of Grant Heath, against whom Martin Grimm, junior partner in the firm, bears a grudge, and afterwards scuttles the *Creole*, which is heavily insured, in return for a bribe of £3,000. While Martin Grimm and Hudson are discussing the scheme, their conversation is overheard by Edith Hopewell, niece of Mr. Channing, the senior partner, who is lying at the point of death in his house at Hampstead. Grant Heath goes aboard the *Creole* at Cardiff. The story re-opens on the day the *Creole* is due to sail.

### CHAPTER V.

#### SHIPMATES.

"**H**AR you a hossifer aboard this blessed ship, sir? 'cos if you har, I wish you'd just gimme the tip where I'm to go. 'Ere I've been rooting abart, sir, since three o'clock this morning, in all this 'ere black mess and rain. I went in that plice along there, sir, which I do believe is called the galley, sir, but there is three most savage men there, sir, who tempted me with strong drink, which I never take on no account, and then when I scorned 'em, two on 'em sat on me while a red-aired barbarian poured the pernishus stuff down my throat, and then when I escaped, I got out inter the rain and stopped there."

Grant Heath, standing at the top of the companion, gazed with surprise at the strange figure before him, a man tall and thin, with white

cadaverous face, which was overshadowed by a painfully new nautical-looking cap several sizes too large. He spoke rapidly, all the time in a whisper, as if he were afraid of being overheard, and scarcely pausing for breath.

"Oh! so you are the new steward, are you?"

"Yes, sir, Thomas Piper, sir, and well recommended too. I've got me character in me pocket hif you like to have a look at it, written by Mr. Bimson as keeps the dining-rooms in the Borough, where I was 'ead-waiter for six months, sir."

"You've not been to sea before, then?" ejaculated Heath, in surprise.

"No, sir, leastways, not further than Margate, but I suffers with me liver, sir, and I've been recommended a long voyage."

"Well, my lad," said Grant, regarding the strange figure doubtfully, "you had better get below and report yourself to the mate when he wakes up, and meanwhile, just hunt round and make yourself familiar with things."

He disappeared below, followed by Grant's wondering gaze.

"Well, if this is a sample of our crew," he murmured to himself as he stepped out on the dreary, squalid deck, "they are going to be a bright lot."

He went forward, threading his way amongst the raffle and litter that lay about. The coal-grime was thick on everything—bridge, deck-houses, rails, boats—and the night-drizzle had washed it down into the scuppers like black mud. Even the pools



of water which collected in the bellying tarpaulins that were pulled over the open hatches were covered with thick filthy scum. The rain had ceased now, but the grey dawn brought no cheer with it, only sodden misery.

Grant peered into the fore-castle. Nothing but darkness met his eyes. A mingled odour of mouldiness, stale tobacco, and foul food greeted his nostrils.

He went down a step or two, and then the low murmur of a snore fell on his ears. He presently distinguished two distinct notes simultaneously. He went below, struck a light, and discovered two seamen breathing out snores and spirituous vapours. He shook them, but they only snored the louder.

"Come, my lads, wake up and get on deck."

"Have any of the hands come aboard yet, Mr. Heath?"

It was the mate's voice. He was stamping his feet on the iron deck to promote circulation as he bawled down the ladder.

"There are two of them as senseless as logs," said Grant, putting his head above the fore-castle ladder.

"And here come twa more not a muckle sight better," remarked the engineer, indicating with a grimy rag-wrapped thumb two persons who were walking down the gangway with great deliberation.

"So you've come aboard, my lads, have you?" said the mate, greeting them. "Cash'd your advance notes?"

"Yes, sir," replied one, pulling himself together. "'Ad to get some soap and matches, and thought we'd come aboard early and get a bit of sleep."

"Sleep, my lads, eh? Good. You've come aboard to work. Now, instead of sleeping, we'll try how washing down the decks will freshen you up. Meanwhile, I'll go down, Mr. Heath, and liven up those scoundrels below."

Presently from the fore-castle came the sound of a rope-end going merrily, and in an astonishingly short space of time two dazed seamen staggered up, and set to, under the mate's lashing tongue, swilling down the deck.

Presently, the first officer went aft, leaving Grant to it.

"I believe there's another of yer shell-backs skulking on the wharf, yonder," said Mr. McPherson, watching the cleaning operations through the haze of a half-burnt cigar with grave deliberation. "It's awfu', mon, the demoralisin' effect the sea has on the best of men. No wonder these puir bodies get silly. I mind, now, when I was a wee bit laddie at Doondrochty, the meenister once gave me a prize for recitin' a poem called 'I love cauld water.' Ah, Meester Heath, it's only

ma early trainin' that helps me to keep guid and sober."

By about ten o'clock the decks were roughly swilled down, but no semblance of order was obtained, for the hatches still lay off, awaiting 400 tons of rails which were to be stowed in the after holds.

During the morning the crew began to turn up in oddments, and if Grant had been little pre-possessed with the first samples, still less was he with the bulk. They were dock-sweepers, most of them, and of cosmopolitan extraction.

Later, a greasy, waddling Dutchman climbed aboard and announced himself as Jan Spaander, cook. His hair was yellow and his face was round, and fat, and white. There was a scar across his forehead, where he had once been hit by a flying saucepan during a gale two days out from Santander, and it was apparent from the nature of the growth round his chin and lips that he shaved clean sometimes.

He was roundly rated on appearing, the mate, whose temper had been gradually growing worse, criticising his lateness, his personal appearance, and even his ancestry on both sides for several generations, in so complete a manner that the Dutchman promptly disappeared among the pots and pans in the galley.

Throughout the day the half-drunken, ill-trained crew were hounded round under the lash of the mate's execrations and the milder persuasion of his second, yet even when late afternoon came on and tide-time approached, the decks of the *Creole* were like a scrap-dealer's yard.

"The old man hasn't arrived," said the mate, looking at his watch with some anxiety. "The dock-gates will be open in half-an-hour. Foolish. I call it, running it so close as this. And one or two of the crew's missing too. We're a couple of firemen and three deck-hands short. That'll mean making up with pier-head jumpers. Hullo! here's the pilot, and, great Scott! here are the bonded stores alongside. I'd forgotten they weren't aboard."

The pilot was a dried-up little man, who looked as if the salt breezes had evaporated all the filling from him, but he was dressed with scrupulous care in patent-leather boots, well-creased trousers, and a coat that fitted him like a snake's skin. He was, further, glorious in a high starched collar and brown kid gloves. Dandy even in his walk, he came down the gangway with a sprightly step, and with, in fact, so much springiness, that he caused the man who followed on his heels to overbalance himself so that he became in immediate danger of falling down between the ship's side and the dock wall. To save himself, he dropped the case he was carrying.

"A nice lot of Pioneer for the fishes," laughed the customs officer who was witnessing the embarkation of the stores.

"Thunder! now we're going to be without a smoke to the Azores!" exclaimed the mate.

"Isn't the captain aboard?" asked the pilot, pettishly. "We shall have every bloomin' ship out before us if we don't look alive."

There was a sound of steam sirens and fog horns here and there from impatient vessels anxious to get into the channel.

"My stars! what a tank of a barge!" he added, dusting the coal grime from his gloved hand as he took it from the bridge-rail.

"You don't expect a liner, eh?" retorted the mate, "with a box of cotton wool to sit in, and a glass lid to keep off the smuts. Hullo! here's the old man."

Captain Sam Hudson came hurrying down the gangway. He moved with unseemly haste, casting swift, half-furtive glances this way and that about the deck of the *Creole*. As he stepped aboard, a young man took his portmanteau from him, and informed him that the papers were ready to sign below.

"Are you the new steward?" he said, absently.

"No, sir, second mate."

Hudson started slightly, his nostrils quivered, and a strange little fear came into his eyes. Then he took a deep breath, and cried out, hoarsely:—

"You are Mr. Heath, are you? Then, confound you, get out of this, sir, and don't hang about the gangway like a crimp that ain't been paid!"

He pushed Grant aside, and stumbled up to the bridge with a red mist before his eyes. Even the very worst of men usually have enough conscience to make cowards of them.

"There are five men short, sir," broke in the mate, "three firemen and two deck-hands."

"Round up some pier-head jumpers, then, Mr. Talbot," returned Hudson. "Quick; we must get clear in five minutes."

Within that astonishingly short time, from

among the loafers on the wharf, five men, who were willing to take the risks and advantages of a voyage on board the good ship *Creole*, were obtained, and they were hurried below to sign articles as the cables were being slackened away.

Grant, sore at the skipper's reception of himself, was on the quarterdeck, looking after the stern moorings. Once, looking towards the bridge,



HE STRUCK A LIGHT AND DISCOVERED TWO SEAMEN.

where Hudson was stationed by the side of the pilot, he caught the former's glance curiously regarding him, but it was instantly removed when the mate's voice from the forecandle-head cried out in reply to the pilot's query: "All clear ahead, sir?"

"Slack wire aft."

"Slack wire aft it is, sir," echoed Grant.

The telegraph rang out, and the screw churned up the muddy water with half a dozen turns, while the vessel glided imperceptibly from the quay.

"Slack away 'stern—steady—leggo aft!"

There came a hurrying of feet on the quarter-deck, and an instant later a dull splash as the heavy hempen cable was loosed from the quay and drawn in by Grant and his unsteady men. The rope was stowed villainously.

"Can't you do better than that, my lads?" cried Grant, watching them. "That rope will be in knots if you're not careful."

"Mr. Heath, what in the name of mischief are you fooling at with that cable?" yelled Hudson savagely from the bridge. "This ain't a pleasure yacht."

"Friend o' the bowner's," he murmured to the pilot, who nodded his head approvingly; "a kid-gloved swab as I've got ter show wot's wot to."

"Ha!" said the pilot expressively. He looked at his own gloves, and his well-cut clothes, and he rolled his chin round his collar prosperously while he glanced below.

"When second mates begin to put on airs," he said, "the only thing ter do is ter squash 'em. O' course, it ain't as if they was skippers."

"Or pilots," suggested Hudson.

"Well, well, o' course, we 'as a certain dignity to keep up. Just try one of these cigars, cap'n. They're the sort yer can't buy."

## CHAPTER VI.

### OVER THE TAFFRAIL.

"STOOARD!"

Captain Hudson was reclining in his bunk inside his cabin. He was smoking a cigar, and beside him, on a locker, propped up in an empty biscuit tin, was a half-emptied bottle of ship's brandy.

It was five days since the *Creole* had left Cardiff, and, from clearing the Channel Islands, he had not gone on deck. He had stopped in his cabin in a continuous atmosphere of cognac and tobacco, this being Sam Hudson's idea of deep-sea navigation, from a master's point of view.

"Stooard, hey-up! Oh! you're there!" he cried as that functionary put his head round the door. "You green-gilled lubber, I'll teach you to sham ill!"

Captain Hudson chewed his cigar end at an aggressive angle.

"Look here, Pipp," he said, "what's going on forward? What are the men grumbling about?"

"The vittals, sir. They say the food's all

rotten," continued the steward, "and then there ain't no bacca."

"Right—O. What time is it?"

"Six o'clock, sir."

"Great Jupiter! Why don't you say four bells? Well, just go on deck and hang around among the men with your ears open. Just see who is the chief grumbler, and I'll make an example of him. Now scoot."

So Thomas Piper, late dispenser of "eggs on" and "roast and Yorkshire," crawled out in abject obedience. When he went out on deck, he looked forward and saw a group of men gathered together under the lee of the galley. A strong westerly gale was lifting the head-seas over the fore-castle head, so that the water swept aft in a green wash among the ankles of the men gathered there, but they were heedless, as if already they had reached so supreme a point of misery that a little more discomfort didn't matter. They were talking rapidly, with excited voices. Among them was Brady, the bo'sun, who gesticulated violently, and pointed to something the cook held in his hand. He seized, as he spoke, the something, which proved to be a piece of salt pork stabbed on the end of a marlinspike, and held it up for inspection.

"Jah, it vos all der same," echoed the cook.

"Diablo!" snapped a Gibraltar Spaniard named Gonzalez, "it is pigs' food."

"Gosh!" growled one of the firemen, "here's the stu'd. Wot price goin' and talkin' to the old man now?"

"Jah, dot vos so," cried Spaander, "der vos cholera in der meat. It make me ill to hold my face over it."

"Here, stu'd," cried the bo'sun, thrusting the pork under the newcomer's eyes. "This is wot we 'ave to eat."

Piper stepped back hurriedly.

"It don't seem so fresh as it might," he assented.

"Well, if you ain't very careful and very good, you'll have to eat it," said the bo'sun severely. "Now, just go down to the old man and say as we want to see him."

When Hudson came up the companion, he saw a group of sullen-faced malcontents gathered together abaft the engine-room.

"Mutiny, eh?" he muttered, under his breath. "I'll give 'em a lesson."

With face aflame, he came on deck, and walked aggressively towards them. Two or three of the firemen seemed to hesitate and step back, but for the most part the men held their ground; and the bo'sun, striding forward a pace, instituted himself spokesman.

"Now, my lads, wot is it?" cried the skipper, fiercely regarding the group.

"Well, sir," said the bo'sun, shuffling his feet a little awkwardly, "we don't want to be disrespectful, but there ain't no bacca on this ship for one thing, though it ain't that as we are grumbling about so much as that we can't eat the food."

"The blazes! You dock rats! Can't eat it, eh? When you know very well that on shore you'd be glad to beg such grub."

"But the pork is uneatable, sir," replied the bo'sun, flushing.

Hudson took the pork from the Swede's hand and examined it thoroughly. "Any more complaints?" he asked, his mouth setting hard.

Gonzalez stepped forward with a mouldy biscuit in his hand.

"Dis, captain," he said, showing his yellow teeth in a snarl, "is no good bread for any man."

"You rock-scorpion!" snapped Hudson. "You come from Gib., don't you, where a crust and a soft grape is a feast among such as you? Such tack as this biscuit is a pile too good for you. Now, take it and eat it, you confounded dago!"

He snatched the biscuit out of the Spaniard's hand, as he spoke, and flung it full in his face. Almost with the same movement of his body, he raised the piece of meat on the marlinspike, and struck Hansen across the mouth with it.

"Now, you scum," he roared, "go back to your quarters!" and with that he swung round and went below.

This seemed the opening incident in the long chapters of mischance that were presently to befall the *Creole*.

The men went forward, almost openly mutinous, nor, when the watch was changed at eight bells, would they turn out.

The mate was below; and Grant, who was in charge of the bridge, was loth to send aft and rouse him out; so, deeming it better to smooth matters over himself, if it were possible, he went forward, intent on reasoning with the men. For it was one thing to be dissatisfied with the food, and another to break into open insubordination.

"It's no good, sir. We can't work without grub," cried Johnson, one of the firemen.

"That's it, sir," said the bo'sun, "we ain't got no complaints to make agen you or the mate, but the old man treats us like dogs. I know a bit o' sea-law, and we ain't goin' to stand it, sir. Look at this offal as is sent in to us as meat."

Grant looked into a tin dish containing a piece of salted beef which was handed to him. It was mostly green in colour and emitted a most disagreeable odour. "You have my sympathy, men," replied Grant, setting it down with an exclamation of disgust.

"Oh, indeed, you mutinous scoundrel!" cried a voice hoarse with fury on the stairs above, and

the next moment Captain Hudson was standing before them, his face distorted and his body trembling with rage. He must have followed on Grant's heels. He seemed to take no notice of the men, directing all his passion upon the second mate. He turned to Grant, hissing out his words like the whistling of a lash.

"You swab! You kid-gloved friend of the owners! You confounded sleek-faced villain! Is this how you do your duty? coming here and making mutiny among my crew! By thunder! you dog, out you go, or I'll have you logged and put in irons for leaving the bridge!"

His hand went diving into his jacket-pocket, and the next instant he was gripping a revolver in his fingers. There were all the ingredients of a first-class tragedy here. Perhaps the story of the *Creole* would never have needed to have been written, but that Grant Heath, knowing how futile any open quarrel with the skipper would be, and how all the disadvantage would, sure as fate, fall upon himself, stifled the rebellion that was raging within him, and returned to the bridge.

Perhaps, had he been otherwise circumstanced, he would have been less inclined to submit silently to this unwarrantable bullying, but his future career depended much on this voyage, his first one as an officer aboard a steamship, and he felt that at all costs, save the sacrificing of his manhood and self-respect, he must keep the peace.

No thought had come upon him yet that Hudson had any special grudge against himself, but a word from the mate as they were changing watch that night suggested something.

He had told Talbot what had occurred, when the other came up to take over the watch. The mate slowly filled his pipe with his squat fingers, and looked contemplatively at the bare and smoke-begrimed masts, after the manner of one who had spent his life on ships that sail.

"You are a friend of old Mr. Channing's, ain't you?" he said.

"I know Mr. Channing," answered Grant.

A momentary picture of an old-fashioned room, with a white-haired man sitting there and a sweet-faced girl beside him, flashed across his memory; then the mate's husky voice broke in.

"The skipper don't like friends of the owners about," he said, putting his hand on Grant's shoulder. "Now turn in and forget all about it."

And Grant, the kindly touch of the mate's hand still lingering on his shoulder, went below feeling happier. He felt that he was not quite friendless aboard.

Every day Grant expected developments in the fore-castle, for he had been on ill-provisioned ships before, and had witnessed scenes from such causes

that don't often get into print, but to his surprise things seemed to quieten down, though discipline was lax enough. He learned later through the steward that a small keg of rum had been sent forward by Captain Hudson, which accounted for the crew's sudden contentment.

At one bell (a quarter to four p.m.) on the tenth day out, the Azores were sighted, and two hours later the *Creole* dropped anchor off Fayal, in the harbour of Villa da Horta.

In this clime there is little or no dusk. As the bumboats came out from the shore laden with goods, mostly of an eatable, drinkable, and smokable nature, the sun was shining like amber on the shelving hills, where the white houses gleamed like dominoes amid the greenery of fig and orange, but by the time the clamouring hawkers were under the ship's side darkness had fallen, and only the twinkling lights ashore, and the countless stars above, were visible.

Much took place at Fayal that, if not directly responsible, at least contributed largely to the strange happenings that were so soon to overtake the *Creole*.

Apart from the gift of rum in the fore-castle, Hudson had supplemented his generosity by allowing each man five mil-reis credit while in port, for it had penetrated to his clouded brain that, considering the work he had to do, a hostile crew would not make things any the easier for him.

In consequence of this, it was a red-letter day—or night—with the bumboats of Villa da Horta, and when the *Creole* weighed anchor the evening following, each man was primed to the stock with cigars and native wine.

The engine room was little better, for the chief and the second had successfully worked the oracle of taking in bunkers to the profit of all concerned, the owners excepted, and as a reward for winking at the variable quality of the coal, and keeping a careless sort of tally of the amount, had been rewarded by the coal merchants with a considerable quantity of *vino tinto*.

The disorder grew more acute aboard the *Creole*. That evening the sun slipped redly down in a stormy sky, and, lashed by a south-westerly gale, the sea ran heavily as darkness came on.

"Don't you think them awning-poles ought to be taken in, Mr. Heath?" said the bo'sun, who was at the wheel.

He was probably the only thoroughly sober man among the crew. Grant stood beside him. He looked at the seas pounding over the fore-castle-head; the gale was increasing in force every minute.

"Yes, but there's not a man to do it, and I don't

want you to leave the wheel," he said. "I tried to rouse them out a while ago."

He went below and walked aft. The poles were shivering and straining in the blast; when the wind increased, for a certainty they would be carried overboard. On the port quarter a stretch of canvas flapped with loud reports, like a gun going off. He considered a moment, then mounted the taffrail to unfasten it. As he stood there, labouring against the pressure of the wind, he saw a figure stagger across the light from the companion. It was the captain. He came towards Grant with unsteady footsteps, glaring at him with reddened eyes.

"What are yer doin' there?" he said, in a thick voice.

"I am unshipping these awning-poles, sir," replied Grant, impatiently, "which is the crew's work, and not mine."

"Then, confound it, why don't you rouse 'em up, you lazy, brass-bound swab?"

"Because," shouted Grant, stung to fury by the other's insult, "they are in the same condition as yourself, Captain Hudson—*drunk*."

The next moment the master of the *Creole* lurched heavily forward and struck out madly at the figure on the taffrail. Grant Heath clutched the air a moment, and then, with a cry that the wind carried away, he fell into the hissing wake of the labouring steamer. Hudson looked over the taffrail with protruding eyes that had fear and horror written in them. Of a sudden he was rendered sober. He gazed below, but he saw nothing but black, hissing water, and he heard no sound but the shriek of the storm and the flapping of the shreds of awning canvas above his head. As if acting from an impulse that did not belong to him, he slashed adrift a life-buoy and flung it far astern. Then, with a great horror on his face, he staggered below.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CAPTAIN HOWELL INTERVENES.



HERE appeared in the log-book of the *Creole*, under date September 3rd, a melancholy entry recording the loss of the second mate when but five hours out of Fayal. It appeared that no one saw him fall overboard, but that this was his fate was rendered abundantly clear by the evidence of the bo'sun, who was steering at the time, and who testified that Grant Heath left the bridge to go aft with the intention of unshipping the awning-poles, which, being partly canvased, were

in danger of being carried away, as a strong wind was blowing at the time. In attempting this work, it was evident, therefore, that he had been blown overboard, and thus, in the morning, the mate with unsteady hand—for this otherwise reliable mariner had not escaped the contagious thirst that was running loose on the *Creole*—duly entered the record of Grant Heath's death in the log-book.

It seemed that the terrible event had the effect of steadying this officer for a time, for not only did he serve his own watches vigilantly during the next three days, but he kept a careful eye on the bo'sun, who necessarily undertook the duties of the lost second mate, and no less regularly did he go into the forecabin and hound out some portion of the crew to their duty.

One day, being in a frolicsome mood, a few of the hands rushed the cook's galley and helped themselves to the captain's pet dishes.

Notwithstanding Captain Hudson's persistent libations, he still continued to be hungry, so that when he learned there was going to be no dinner for him that day, and the reason for it, his rage knew no bounds; and when Pipp's half coherent tale—for the steward was in a state of mental and physical collapse—soaked into his fuddled brain, he realised that the state of things aboard the *Creole* was such as called for immediate and violent treatment. For, though in the ordinary course of events Captain Hudson was scarcely ever anything but half-sober when on the high seas, his seaman's instinct taught him the importance of his officers and men keeping rigid discipline; so when these

signs of gross disorder were conveyed to him, his first act was to make his way to the mate's berth.

That officer he discovered sitting up in his bunk, yawning.

He looked up straight at his chief with lack-lustre eye.



STRUCK OUT MADLY AT THE FIGURE ON THE TAFRAIL.

"You scoundrel," cried Hudson, in fierce anger, "is this how you look after the navigation of this ship?"

And he violently seized the other by the collar in his powerful grasp and dragged him right out of the berth on to the cabin floor.

This bumping about revived the mate's activity,

for the next instant he was on his feet raining blows fast upon the skipper.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" cried Hudson, hoarse with rage, "come on deck, then, and receive the biggest thrashing you've ever had in your life."

The two tumbled up the companion stairs, upsetting the steward, who was bringing down some hot coffee, and then, almost before they were on deck, they flew at each other.

It was several seconds before the man at the wheel realised what was happening on the quarter-deck. His attention was first attracted by the excited cries of the first engineer, who, as the two officers fought, danced round them in a kind of frenzy, swinging his banjo excitedly, first cheering one and then the other of the combatants. When the steersman observed the identity of the fighters, overcome by the excitement and novelty of the situation, he left the steering-gear to look after itself, and ran to the fore-castle head.

"By the great Jehoshophat, boys, come on deck!" he yelled. "Here's the skipper and the mate chawing each other on the poop."

Then he ran aft, so that he might not miss a moment of the entertainment, followed by the excited crowd, who came tumbling up the fore-castle ladder with such eagerness that a little heap of them lay on the slippery fore-deck, just as a mighty sea thundered over the bows upon them. Drenched to the skin, they hurried aft, but paused instinctively when level with the after winch, for to all seamen the quarter-deck is more or less sacred; but, seeing the combat was in real earnest, they crept towards the poop.

It was a free and easy fight, for both men were far too unsteady to hit or guard with any precision, while the insecure foothold afforded on the wet deck by the madly rolling vessel only increased the erratic nature of the duel.

McPherson, from executing a sort of war-dance round them, became so excited that now and then he would get so close to them that he received numerous blows not intended for him, which so aroused his Highland blood that he went for both men, aiming blows at them with his festive banjo, till an extra plunge of the ship sent all three staggering into the scuppers.

The next moment the steamer, with no one steering, seemed to be lifted bodily out of the water, as she came beam to the sea. She heeled over, there came a fearful roar of the racing screw, and, in an instant, the *Creole* was more under the water than above it.

The bo'sun and a couple of hands fought their way through the blinding, washing seas to the

bridge. They clung to the wheel, and presently brought the ship round.

The fight recommenced, but it was of short duration. Hudson, getting a heavy blow in between his opponent's eyes, sent him flying into the after-steering gear, from which place he was rescued by the panic-stricken steward and the second engineer, Watson, and with much difficulty carried below.

"A bonny scrap, a vera bonny fecht," gurgled McPherson, thumbing a sort of triumphal march upon his tuneless banjo. "Dinna ye think a sma' three fingers, skipper, ter celebrate your triumph—?"

"Yes, my lads," cried Hudson, inflamed with victory, "come down below with me. 'Ere Pipp you scoundrel, get out a case of Schnapps."

The whole of that afternoon the greater part of the *Creole's* crew were down in the saloon. Towards evening Hudson appeared to think the carousal in the cabin had gone far enough, and drove the whole lot out at the point of his revolver.

The bo'sun, who, except the stoker on duty, was the only semi-sober man on the ship, deeming it to be tea-time, lashed down the helm and went to look up the cook. That worthy he found stowed away under a sailcloth far down the forepeak, an empty bottle by his side, quietly singing hymns to himself.

If all the inglorious doings of that crew, during the next five days, were to be chronicled, they would make a good-sized volume. Order and discipline were non-existent.

No watches were kept, no observations made, and the vessel was only kept on her course by guesswork.

Captain Hudson stayed in his cabin, utterly neglectful of every duty. He lay in his bunk, for the most part a victim to the intensest depression and fear, which all his wild bibulations failed to alleviate. Occasionally, in his madness, he would cry out, because a white face would look at him through the port-hole, and a scream, oft repeated, would come to his ears. He could not forget.

Talbot, hourly growing more incapable, spent most of his time in the engineers' mess-room. As to the crew, a new element of disorder had arisen with the discovery that there lay at hand unlimited material for rowdiness. It chanced that two of the firemen, being taken down into the engine-room by the ever-generous chief engineer, noticed that the refreshments offered to them were greatly superior to those which had been obtained at Fayal. A glance at the labels confirmed this assumption, and the suspicion that the engineers had been broaching cargo at once came

uppermost in their minds. This belief was communicated to the donkey-man, who, keeping careful watch, discovered that Watson paid more visits to the cross-bunkers than were consistent with his interest in the coal supply, and in making a thorough search he observed in the bunker, where the second's visits had been most persistent, that a circular plate in the iron bulkhead, held down by well-oiled screws, so that it could be easily removed, covered an entrance to the hold.

Watching his opportunity, he unscrewed this plate, and, entering the hold, discovered that his suspicions had been correct. There were cases and cases of liquor, some broken open, others pulled forward ready for use, and, so far as he could see, enough to last an unlimited time.

A dozen bottles were carried forward in an ash-bucket.

At first the bo'sun and one or two of the English seamen held back from participating in this find, for the broaching of cargo is, in a seaman's eyes, the most unpardonable of crimes, but little by little they were drawn into it, till there was nothing to choose between them. Matters grew worse.

The long strips of gulf-weed that the gale had wrapped around the white-streaked funnel and patched weather-dodgers, the untidiness of the decks, the litter of broken bottles, cases and fragments of food that lay about, all were eloquent of the state of disorder to which the *Creole* had been reduced, and, but for the fact that the violence of wind and wave had abated, the old tramp, quite uncontrolled as she was, would not have remained above water an hour.

On the sixth day since leaving the Azores, the third engineer, coming on duty in a very unsteady state, made his way first of all to the bunkers whence the perilous broached cargo could be reached, and coming back fell heavily over a heap of greasy cotton waste, half-way between the door leading from the engine room to the stoke-hole, and there lay on the plates much bruised and too helplessly fuddled to get up. No one came near him, and as the stoker, who had just gone off duty, not having been relieved, had given the fires but poor attention, steam was kept up only irregularly, and the crisis was reached when, through lack of oiling, the head-going eccentric strap "seized" and got bent.

From this time the fires were not tended, and when the third engineer awoke out of his stupor he discovered that the engines had stopped. He staggered up the ladders, thrown this way and that (for the ship, having no one at the helm, had fallen away, and was rolling in the trough of the sea with a dull, long, heavy motion), and made his way to

the deck. He found McPherson sitting abaft the engine-room, hugging his banjo and crooning softly to himself in unintelligible Gaelic, while Watson, the second, was lying on a tarpaulin under the combing of No. 3 hatch, sobbing hysterically.

Down in the saloon was utter silence, but from the fore-castle there came the sound of hoarse singing that was without time or rhythm, and presently that ceased.

Bottles were lying about the deck in every direction, clinking on the iron as the vessel rolled from side to side. The third engineer made his way to the galley, for he was desperately hungry, but finding the stove cold, and nothing to eat, he returned to his comrades, and knocking the neck off a bottle applied himself to the contents.

As he drank, gazing vacantly round the horizon, his eyes fell upon a ship—a barque—not half-a-mile away, drawing up on the weather bow. He paused just a moment to look at her, without comprehending that she was flying signals of distress; then, setting his head back, he fell asleep with the warm afternoon sun on his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Gee-whiz! what lubberly shell-backs can be navigating that ship, hey?"

Captain Jasper Howell snapped out the words viciously. He was a long man, with a short temper and virulent tongue to correspond. When he had made several attempts to signal the steamer, without success, he grew wrathful, and stamped his feet on his own quarter-deck impatiently, while he muttered criticisms both eloquent and peculiar regarding any skipper and crew who could be so deficient in the common courtesy of the ocean as to ignore his most urgent signals.

For the *Stella*, since leaving Barcelona for New Orleans, seven weeks before, had known nothing but bad weather. Out of the Mediterranean, she had met gale after gale, driving her back and hopelessly out of her course, till at the moment of sighting the *Creole* she was so low in stores and general necessities of life, by reason of the seas having smashed in the store-room hatch, that she straightway bore down on the steamer, purposing to beg assistance.

"Is she a derelict, Mr. Skinner?" growled Captain Howell. "What d'you make of her?"

The mate stood beside him with a telescope glued to his right eye.

"Can't see no one aboard, sir," answered that officer. "There's narry a soul on the bridge, and I reckon no one's been at the helm for quite a spell by the way she's fallen off. She's lying like a weary whale on the water. I guess all their coal's used up, and they're down below stitching



their togs together to make canvas. Gosh! she rolls like a barrel!"

He lowered the glass, and handed it to the captain. He was a small bulgy man, with a shock of greyish hair and a comic squint. He cast his eyes reflectively up at the string of flags that made out the distress signal, and to the ensign of the stars

"There's little enough of it. It doesn't look as if there was any steam up. The ship must have been abandoned, and, if so, there'll be stores aboard, and, Mr. Skinner, I guess I'm going to have 'em, sure. We've starved and thirsted long enough, and you bet, sir, there'll be grub and water aboard that craft, derelict or whatever she may be."



"I AM GOING TO SEIZE THE HULL TARNATION SHIP!" HE SAID, DECISIVELY.

and stripes that blew out at the head of the main-mast; then he rubbed his hands and whistled to himself.

"It's a derelict, or I'm a Dutchman," said Howell, shutting the glass with a snap.

"Then how do you account for the smoke coming out of the funnel?"

"S'pose they're all down with cholera," suggested the mate, pleasantly, "or measles?"

"If it's black plague I'm going right aboard," answered the Yankee skipper, vehemently. "We might as well die of plague as of starvation, for even if we have a fair wind to the Bahamas, we haven't enough grub to pan out. Whip out the port

boats, my lads," he cried to the men, "and smart about it."

Within a few minutes the master of the *Stella*, with the bo'sun and three men, was making his way towards the *Creole*. The sea was very smooth, though the steamer, having no way on her, rolled almost continuously in the oily, almost imperceptible swell, so that it was a matter of some difficulty to get aboard. This accomplished, however, by Howell and the bo'sun, the boat lay a few fathoms off while the two made a tour of inspection.

Jasper Howell glanced swiftly round at the litter of bottles that encumbered the deck, then, seeing the engineers in the hopeless condition already indicated, he gave a prolonged whistle.

The second and third engineers lay snoring on the tarpaulin, while the first, having lost his interest in his banjo as a musical instrument, was vainly attempting to use the reversed head of it as a drinking vessel.

Captain Howell took in the situation with Yankee quickness. He had seen this sort of thing before.

"She aint a derelict, so what about scooping in some stores, sir?" asked the bo'sun of his chief.

Howell glanced keenly round the *Creole*. He clicked his teeth with a snap like the shutting of a steel trap.

"*I am going to seize the hull tarnation ship!*" he said, decisively.

(To be continued.)

## "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

**NOTICE.**—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,  
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 12th.

The Results will be published in January.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, will be disqualified.

**AGE RULE:** A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

**No. 1.—"Four Towns" (FINAL LIST).**—In one of the advertisement pages you will find a form to cut out and send up after you have filled in the names of the towns. All the towns contain over 5,000 inhabitants, and are situated in the British Isles. There will be three prizes of 10s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.  
Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.  
Class III. ... Age limit: Fourteen.

**EXTRA CONSOLATION PRIZES.**—Three prizes of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the three competitors who at the close of Vol. VI. have gained the largest number of "Honourable Mentions" during the past six months, beginning with the results published in the October number.

**No. 2.—"Twelve Best-known People in the World."**—Name them, and send your lists on post-cards. The senders of the three most correct lists will receive 7s. each.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-two.  
Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.  
Class III. ... Age limit: Fourteen.

**No. 3.—"If I had to be an Animal."**—Well, suppose you had to be; what sort of animal would you prefer to be, and why? Keep your answers within 400 words, and remember to write very distinctly and only on one side of the paper. The three prizes will be articles from our advertisement pages (to be chosen by the winners) to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.  
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.  
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

**No. 4.—"Map of the Nile."**—Draw a map showing the course of the Nile and the principal places in its basin. The prizes will be THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS, or their money equivalent.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.  
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.  
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

**No. 5.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."**—(a) An essay on "How We Travel," limited to 400 words; (b) a photograph taken by yourself or a drawing executed by yourself (any subject); (c) an essay on "Our Coinage," limited to 400 words. Competitors may attempt all three subjects. A prize of 10s. in each class will be awarded. Competitions must reach us by March 12th, 1902.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.  
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.  
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

# FOOTBALL, ETC at the ASYLUM.



*M.* THE EDITOR,—You remember our Fancy Dress Ball? Grand fun it was—kept most of us in bed for weeks. The Sultan of Turkey has had his neck in splints ever since; says his head is so loose that it shifts back to front if he isn't looking, and he can't tell which way to put his hat on. So he's got a great pole right up his back, with his neck lashed to the upper end of it, and as it projects a good way above his head he sticks his old Imperial Hatt on the top of it, and looks as ridiculous and idiotic as you like. Upon my word, I sometimes think he's a bit m—you know what I mean, but we never mention the word here, some of my college mates are so absurdly touchy.

The poor old Grand Vizier's face is better. We got some sand-paper and cleaned it up properly for him; in fact, I'm afraid we rather over-did it, for his nose is nearly flush with his face now, and we took the polish completely off one eye.

Well, since then we've had another entertainment. Football! What do you think of that? We waited until the season had set in decidedly, and then we challenged Colwell Hatchney again. They came like a shot, with a whole sackful of balls to choose from—cricket balls, and croquet balls, and cannon balls, and billiard balls, and all the rest of it, but they hadn't got a football; said they thought we could "make out" with the others, as they were rather short of footballs that season, "the disease was so bad among them."

We didn't mind. We had an old football of our own which was busted and wouldn't hold any wind, so we loaded it up with shot until it weighed half a ton at least, and *we let them kick off!* My word! You should have seen it! Their captain ran fifty yards at full burst, and let fly a kick at it that would have landed

it in China had it been the common, vulgar kind of football, but as it was it hardly budged an inch, and as for *him*—well, he gave a yell that blew the Sultan's old Hatt off its pole, and lodged it fifty feet up in an elm tree, and then he fell on his back and squirmed. We laughed till we were all very ill, and the Ambulance Corps rushed in with their stretcher, and waltzed him round and round the field to the tune of "Old Bob Ridley," till he fell out on his head, and the referee gave us a dropped goal and one for his nob.

Who do you think we had as referee? Why, Colonel Bogie, of course! You've heard of him? He's nailing good at games—always beats everybody, you know—so we wouldn't let him play, but made him touch-judge and referee all in one. We dressed him up as well as we could in keeping with his name, with bat's wings and ears and a long tail, and when he came out of the scoring tent half the other team set up a screech and bolted for the nearest trees. They haven't been seen since, but from the noise up there we think they must be starting a rookery. So that counted to us again—fifteen two and 11½d. We were getting on. But the rest of their team were annoyed about something—we never found out what—and they went for Colonel Bogie, unloaded their old rag-bag of all its balls, and started out after him in real earnest. My wig! You should have seen him go! He bolted like the wind, as you may

imagine, and made for the island in the middle of our pond. It meant a long swim and a strong swim and a swim all together—I mean, by himself—and he got on very well for a yard or two. Then he tried to turn back. We all lined the bank and pelted him with clods or anything handy, amidst shrieks of laughter, until one of the others caught him on the nose with a puff-ball, and he blew his whistle and went to the bottom! So poor old Colonel Bogie holed out at last, and won the handicap; we always thought he would. Of course, after that the match was ours—two Bunkers and a Stymie against a Brassey.

At the call of half-time everybody who had passed the sixth standard and was over thirteen years of age took part in the "Pig and Grunt Competition." Really quite as good fun as the football. It was grand sport to see one after another trying to wheel the greasy pig along the pole, and falling into the pond on top of each other, while the pig sailed about in the wheelbarrow with a blue riband round his neck and a piece of holly in his mouth. Of course, they disturbed the weeds a bit, and to

him, it's his teeth—they're always chattering. Nice gum-boils he's got on them, too!

After the competition was over—we won, by the way: two grunts and a squeak to nothing—the pig was harnessed to the barrow, and we all got in and drove home, waving imaginary flags and singing "We won't go home till morning," which from the rate at which we travelled seemed more than probable. However, at the mention of the word "Sausages," the pig took to his heels and bolted, so the wheelbarrow upset and we all arrived home, quite bruised and battered, and perfectly happy and contented, and sat down to a "high" tea, at which, it is almost unnecessary to mention, all the viands had been "hung" for an unusually protracted period. These consisted principally of fish and eggs, and the pig occupied a prominent position in the centre dish, and created great amusement by his efforts to escape.

After tea songs were freely rendered by various members, the whole company rising at the finish and singing "Oom, sweet Oom," in honour of the ex-President of the Transient Republic. At midnight, to the surprise of everyone, the clock struck, and refused to go any



HE GAVE A YELL THAT BLEW THE SULTAN'S OLD HATT OFF ITS POLE.

everybody's surprise Colonel Bogie suddenly turned up again; said he'd only been "*living dorny*," but when someone flung the o'd football in after him he caught hold of it, and with its aid reached the shore. He said he found it a little damp down there, "but nothing to speak of." It's all very well for him to talk like that, but perhaps he can't help it. It's not

more, so we crammed all our guests into the wheelbarrow, shoved the pig in on top of them, wished them a hearty good-bye, and turned the hose on them. They went home like anything, and a more delightful and enjoyable day was never spent by,—Yours truly,

THE K—G OF THE C—L ISLANDS.

(*I didn't mean to let it out, but never mind.*)



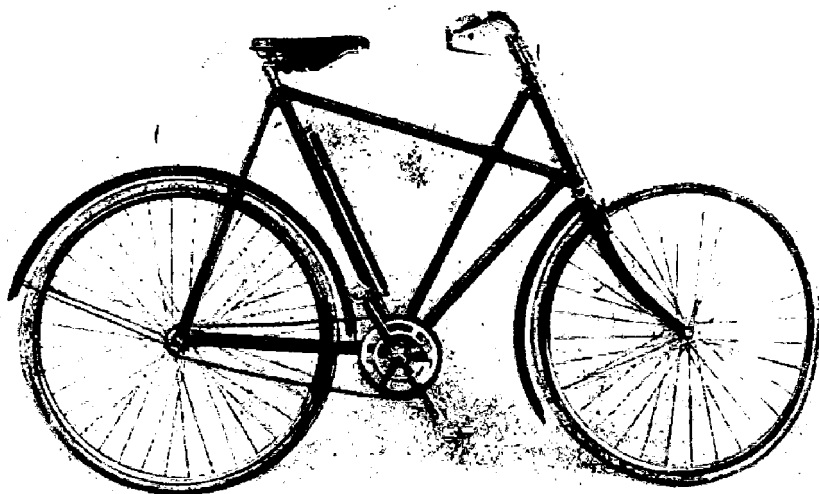
## THE COMING SHOWS.

**A**N EXHIBITION has been rather aptly defined as a sort of demonstration of the world's progress since the previous exhibition was held. On a smaller scale, the same truth is

applicable to a cycle show. It is, from its very nature, a demonstration of all, or of most, that has been done by makers of cycles and cycle accessories since the time of the show preceding it. Personally, I delight in a cycle show, and every fellow who takes an interest in the mechanical side of cycling, as every cyclist should, ought to attend the nearest show available for as many of the days that it is open that he can possibly manage to put in. I generally study the London shows and several of the provincial ones, and have more than once gone abroad with a similar object in view. The Paris show used to be a splendid exhibition of what was being done on the Continent, and in America, too; but latterly it has sadly dwindled in importance, and at the present moment I cannot say whether it is at all likely to be representative of what the Continent can do. But whatever show you visit, it is well to have a systematic method before you, so as to be sure that you study it in the right way. I have

seen numberless people who seemed to be consumed with the idea that the only thing required of them was to collect as many catalogues as possible; and they would go home with all their pockets stuffed full with them, in the fond hope that at some time an opportunity would offer for careful study of their contents. The best way is to think as you go round, picking up only such literature as will remind you of something you have more than half learnt at the show itself, and then everything in your pocket will be of real value when you get home.

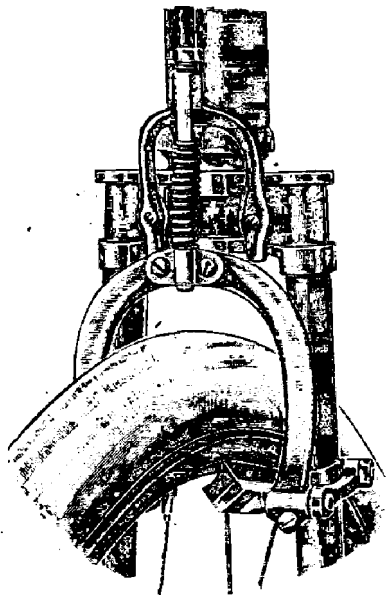
I propose to deal with a very few things that are sure to be shown at the shows, or very nearly sure. They may not all be novelties, for novelties in these days are chiefly confined to details, and such are not always of sufficient prospective profit to warrant those who exploit



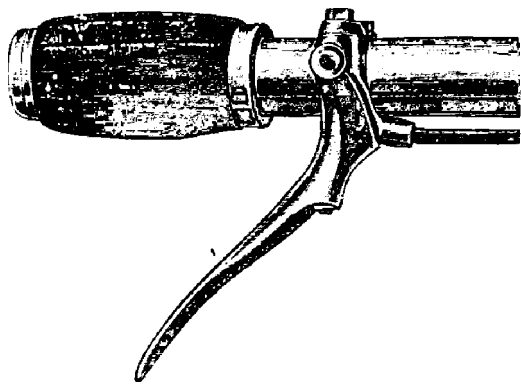
CROSS FRAME RALEIGH LIGHT ROADSTER.

them in going to the expense of chartering a big stall. Of the old-established cycle firms there are few with any important novelty to offer. But any rider who will examine such exhibits as will be platformed by firms showing the Sunbeam, the Swift, the Rudge-Whitworth, the Bradbury, the Raleigh, or the Royal Enfield, will have the pleasure of seeing machines than which the world can produce no better. These are not necessarily the only ones that could be placed in a complete list of the wares that demand classification in the very first rank, but I name them because I am in direct communication with them on the subject of any novelties they may contemplate marketing, and because I know their wares to be of the very best.

The Centaur Company are again making a speciality of their feather-weight cross frame. It is a marvel of lightness, weighing, "all on," not more than 26½lbs., which is really an extraordinarily light weight for a fully equipped machine. There is something of a "rage" for cross-framed machines, and those who select



BOWDEN FRONT WHEEL BRAKE.



BOWDEN BRAKE LEVER.

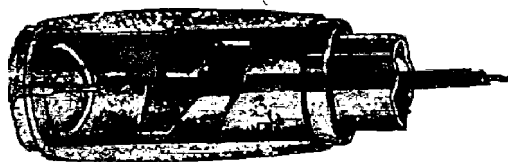
one should be careful to choose a good one. The Centaur is certainly made of sound stuff. Only recently I examined one that had been ridden for ten years, over all sorts of roads, and on the track as well. It looked antiquated, of course, but it was, to all appearances, a thoroughly sound machine, and I should not mind riding round England, next week, on the very same.

There is not likely to be very much in the

way of new tyres at the coming shows. The Palmer people regard their tyre as practically perfect, and their standard pattern will therefore remain unaltered. Similarly, the Dunlop firm have seen no reason to make any radical alteration. The firm draw attention to the fact that both their-wired and wireless varieties of tyres are made by their latest process of vulcanising the rubber and the outer fabrics together, instead of causing the same to adhere by means of solution. Apart from this there will be no change in the tyres, except the welcome one—to purchasers—that they are to be somewhat cheaper during the coming season.

It is difficult in an advance notice to deal adequately with the many aspects of cycling that are sure to be affected by the various exhibits. The matter of saddles is, however, always with us. I have spoken on other occasions of saddles which have seemed to me to have intrinsic excellences of their own. But I have not hitherto called attention to the merits of the Victor saddle, made by Messrs. E. & A. Noirit, of Walsall. It is nicely ventilated, having a deep opening down the middle line, and by the same means avoids pressure in those cases where pressure is a bugbear. It is readily adjustable, as all the good saddles are, and the rider must be clumsy indeed who cannot make it comfortable to his own requirements.

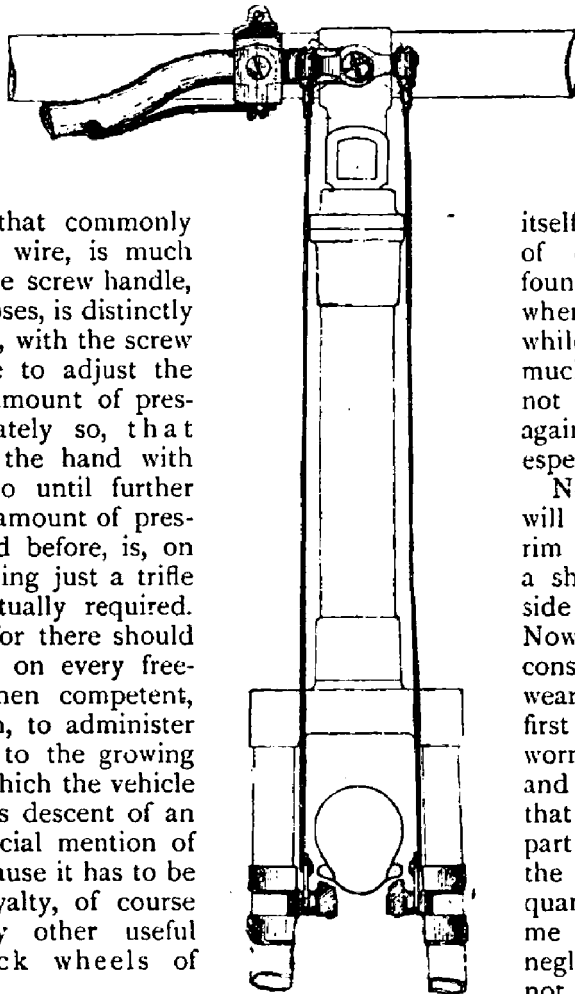
There may be expected a few novelties in brakes, for with the rapidly extending vogue of the free-wheel, a thoroughly trustworthy brake—not to say two brakes—attached to the machine becomes more and more obviously a *sine qua non*. I would here again call attention to the merits of the Bowden arrangements. The invention of the Bowden wire for transmitting power round the angles and corners of the framework was a stroke of genius. It is probably the very best known way of getting tension transmitted



BOWDEN SCREW HANDLE GRIP.

to the rim of the back wheel from the place where one grips the handle-bar. But the form of it in which the useful little trigger that commonly actuates the Bowden wire, is much better known than the screw handle, which, for some purposes, is distinctly its superior. You see, with the screw handle it is possible to adjust the brake to the exact amount of pressure, or approximately so, that you require, leaving the hand with no more work to do until further orders. The proper amount of pressure, as I have stated before, is, on long declines, something just a trifle short of what is actually required. The second brake—for there should always be a second on every free-wheel machine—is then competent, at the slightest touch, to administer the requisite check to the growing speed and impetus which the vehicle tends to gather in its descent of an incline. I make special mention of the Bowden wire because it has to be employed—under royalty, of course—in applying many other useful brakes to the back wheels of machines.

The compensating brake shown is a case in point, although this is primarily designed for application to front rims rather than to back ones. It is being manufactured by Messrs. Morgan Bros., Ltd., of Floodgate Street, Birmingham, and all particulars concerning it may be had either from them or from the patentees, Messrs. Tilston & Salisbury, of 62, Ayres Road, Manchester. It is so extremely recent an invention that I cannot say with certainty that it will be shown at the shows, but I make little doubt that such will be the case. The novelty of the brake lies in the compensation which its name implies. Most rim-brakes that are now upon the market are so constructed that the shoes rub very unevenly upon the rim. This is



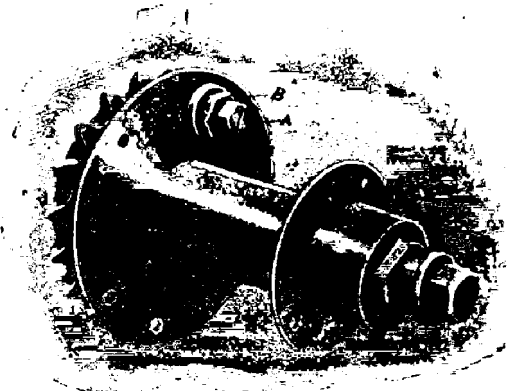
TILSTON & SALISBURY'S  
COMPENSATING BRAKE.

commonly due to unevenness in the rim itself; for, granted that a rim is true to begin with, it is almost sure, in the course of fair wear and usage, whether it be adjusted or left to

itself, to develop a certain amount of eccentricity. There are then found to be segments of the rim where the shoes press hard on, while at other points they grip much less pronouncedly, and it is not unlikely that other segments again are entirely missed by them, especially during a fast "coast."

Not only is this the case, but it will be found that one side of the rim is sometimes being gripped by a shoe at a time when the other side is quite escaped by its fellow. Now, the defect here does not consist so much in the uneven wearing of the rim, as might at first be supposed. I have put badly worn rims under the micrometer, and have been surprised to find that the detrition in the thinnest part did not amount to as much as the 2,000th-part of an inch—a quantity which you will agree with me is, for all practicable purposes, negligible. The important point is not the bad wearing of the rim under such conditions, but rather the fact that the brake is not on all the time, and therefore misses something of its ideal efficiency. Messrs. Tilston & Salisbury's compensating brake has the merit of being on all the time you want it, clinging continuously to the rim, and with an even pressure on both sides of it. This effect is obtained by connecting the two brake

shoes to a swivel lever, which is free to oscillate about a fixed pin attached to the handle lever. This is well shown in the illustration. Of course, as in all rim-brakes, the method of application has ultimately to be a pulling-up action. In the diagram shown, it will be seen that this is got by a pushing-down movement, which, I may explain, is done by the



HUB OF THE RALEIGH FREE WHEEL AT WILL.

thumb, the return, or taking-off, being effected by the light spring shown. The brake, however, can be applied by a lever with its fulcrum situated on the far side of the head, in which case the action would be a pulling-up one, as is the case with the brake lever in the ordinary plunger brake, and would resemble the Linley brake, which I have previously spoken of as an excellent one for all front wheel work.

The firm will make either arrangement, as desired, but they wisely recommend the pull-up arrangement described. The actual pull is taken by two wires. Experimentally, these were wires that wrapped around two spindles, which were thus highly adjustable as regards the length of the wires. But the form of the brake which is to be made a feature of in the forthcoming season will be that in which two ordinary cycle spokes are employed as tension wires. These details, however, are details only. The main thing about the brake, and the point upon which its ultimate validity will depend, is the compensating swivel arrangement at the point of application of power from the brake lever. This is so designed that anyone can see at a glance, how, by a simple sort of see-saw arrangement, the pressure of the two shoes is kept on equally and continuously as long as the brake is required to act.

At the last moment I have received two "cuts" from the Raleigh firm. One is of their "Model No. 20 D." It is a light roadster, weighing 29lbs. "all on," and its design of cross frame is not only pleasing, but is one of those coming within the conditions I stated when dealing with cross frames generally. It will be observed that no one of the ends of the cross of the frame comes in contact with the middle of another tube, but that all junctions are made at terminal angles of the framework, and are there thoroughly well supported. The same firm has produced a "free wheel at

will" hub. This is still another device, and a very good one, for changing a free gear to a fixed one, or *vice versa*. All that is necessary is to manipulate the contrivance marked "B" and "A." A bolt, which can be turned by a common wrench, is carried by a flange on the hub, and engages with an aperture in a corresponding flange upon the clutch. The arrangement is simplicity itself.

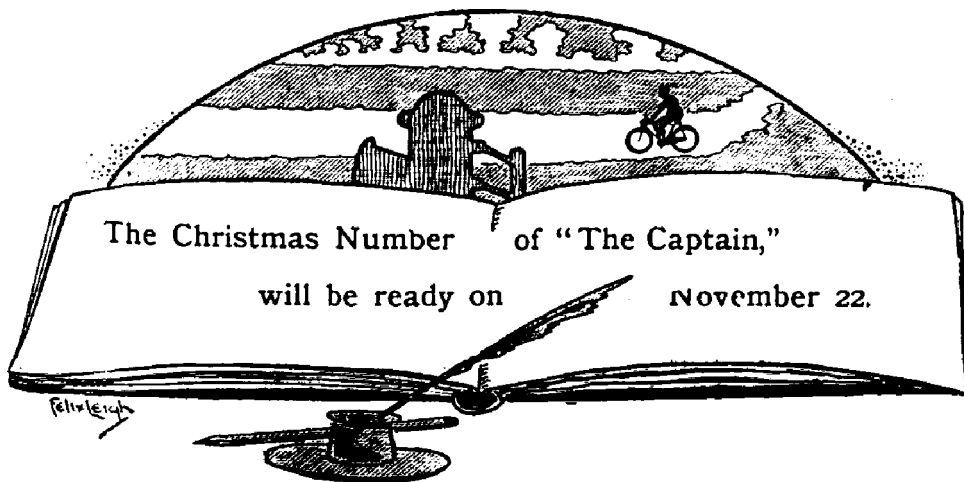
I have made no attempt to indicate all, or even a considerable portion, of the things of cycling interest that will probably be found at the forthcoming shows. That would be impossible at the time of writing. But perhaps I have indicated some of the directions in which students of these shows should look who wish to keep abreast with what is being done in the way of applying the art of engineering in the larger and lesser branches of cycle construction. The whole story of the growth of the beautiful vehicle of locomotion we can command to-day has been the story of added trifles; and if the shows of the present year of grace can offer us no more than trifles—which is, as yet, very far from certain—I would still advise every fellow, and, incidentally, every girl, who really cares about the pastime, to devote some serious days or evenings to a careful study of the shows.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S. R. (BURTON-UPON-TRENT).—I am very sorry that it is quite impossible to reply through the post. If you only saw my letter-bag you would readily forgive me. Your plan is a delightful one. As a first attempt, I should strongly recommend Bakewell as a centre. "Marchie" (Bolton).—I think it a fair offer, and you should find the machine all right. Some change gears are good; I will try to find opportunity to deal with the subject. The Swain and Horwich tyres are excellent value at the price. They are strong, and difficult to puncture; but, of course, that means that they are not fast. C. E. Z. (MOUNT DURAND, GUERNSEY).—(1) I cannot advise you to purchase. (2) The sum you have is quite sufficient to

buy something decent, and in the second-hand line it should command absolutely the world's very best productions. You should be able to succeed nearer home. (3) They rarely do; but dealers increase their discounts, which comes to the same thing, and private owners are generally more ready to sell.

H. P.





## "CURIOUS CUSTOMS."

Some Essays by Foreign and Colonial Readers of "The Captain."

THERE are few West Indian children who have not at some time of their lives gathered round an old nurse, or favourite

**"IN ANTIGUA."** servant, to listen eagerly  
By May Malone. to a "Jumbi Story," for,  
notwithstanding the

number of churches, and these sixty-seven years of emancipation, the belief in jumbies is still widely spread, and in some districts an "obeah doctor," is paid to "set a jumbi" on anyone with whom his client happens to have a feud. The poor man's stock will then die, or some other calamity befall him, unless he has a counter charm worked by marking crosses on his windows and doors, and sprinkling holy water in his house, or even hiring a "jumbi catcher," who waits outside the house every night, until, with great shouts and cracking of his cart whip, he catches the jumbi and stakes him down on some distant hill.

The threat of "bottling up a person's shadow" is a common if mysterious one.

Should the country people, on their way home at night, have to pass a place where jumbies are seen, they turn their skirts or jackets on the wrong side to prevent the jumbies from following them, so that if a friend meets another with her dress on the wrong side, she will salute her thus: "Eh gal! you see jumbi?"

But let us leave the jumbies, and attend a country wedding. In spite of the low price of sugar, the guests (or "guesses" as they are sometimes called), make a fair show in their brilliant dresses. Very often the house is too small to accommodate the party, and a neighbour's house is borrowed for the day, and while the table is laid in one house the dancing is held in the other.

The better plan is sometimes adopted by erecting a tent with an awning of cocoanut boughs, which looks extremely pretty when decorated with flamboyant and other blossoms. The speeches and toasts are most amusing to listen to, and as it is not unusual for some members of a family to be serving while the others are guests, one might hear such a request as: "Mrs. Prince, kindly bring a clean plate for Mr. Prince."

The people have some strange ideas regarding

animals. A necklace made of cashew nuts and bits of cork is supposed to cure a dog's cough; and if you pull a feather from a fowl's tail, burn it, pass it across its nostrils, and then bury it at the doorstep, that fowl will become tame, and never stray.

Singing meetings held on Sunday afternoons are very popular, and consist of Sankey's hymns and Scriptural debates. Perhaps Brother Tatty is asked to preside. He begins his speech thus: "Ladies and gentlemen,—I rise from my proxy or proxitonium, which is to say my chair, to address you a few words," etc.

The following questions were once asked at one of these meetings: "Do you know 'cripture? Yes. Well, tell me de place way Paul say to 'Grippa: 'low me to 'peak, for I 'tink meself wordy to 'peak as any odder else man."

Small prizes are often given to the best speakers.

These are some of the customs to which one is used, but which are full of interest to a stranger.

— — —

Naturally, in a place inhabited by people of many nationalities, as is Penang, there are many curious customs, but by far

**"IN PENANG."** the most interesting are  
By W. W. Davidson. those of the Chinese, especially with regard to the

future welfare of the dead. In the funeral procession, tables laden with food are carried, and are offered to the spirit of the dead person. At one funeral I counted no less than four goats, twenty pigs, and seventy-five ducks, all cooked whole, besides countless piles of cakes and fruits.

A month after the burial there are more sacrifices and prayers for the dead, Buddhist priests, who, by the way, make a good thing of it, officiating. On the morning of the day a lot of paper houses are fixed up in front of the deceased's home. These are cleverly made, being stuck on light bamboo frames, and decorated with tinsel, etc., looking exactly like houses built after the Chinese style, only rather small. They are arranged to look like a street, and in front of them are men, rikshas, and carriages. Tables,

laden with catables, are placed near by, and in front of all is a paper horse and rider. Towards evening the priests commence to entice the dead person's spirit into this paper man by prayers. When, according to them, this has been done, the food is offered to the spirit, and afterwards the paper horse and rider are burned with a pile of "spirit money." These are small square pieces of paper with Chinese characters inscribed thereon, and made up into fancy shapes. At midnight the houses are burned to afford a residence to the spirit.

The Chinese have also a curious custom of dealing with turtles. These are sacred to them, and when a Chinaman sees one for sale, if possible, he will buy it and take it out to sea to let it go. Before doing so, the man has his name carved on the shell, and immediately he lets it go, he burns incense and prays to the turtle. When asked why they release them, they say that, if ever afterwards they are shipwrecked, the turtle will come to rescue them.

When Malays are going to put up a house, they only fix up one upright beam to begin with, and tie to it a bundle of cocoanuts, sirih (betel-leaf) and betelnuts, as an inducement to "jins" (evil spirits) to go away. An old man is also called in to clear them out and bless the house. After some time they go on with the work of building.

There is still an old Zulu custom, which is kept up by the heathen, called Ukukalel Amabele.

**"A ZULU CUSTOM."**

By H. Goodbrand.

Just about the time the amabele, or Kaffir corn, is beginning to flower, all the young girls of a kraal decide on a day to grind corn and

make beer for their Princess, who is supposed to live in Heaven. Of course, they never see her, but they believe she can do anything for them. After making the tshwala, or beer, they pour it into small calabashes, one for each of their gardens. A calabash is a kind of pumpkin, scooped out and dried. They also pour some beer into a large calabash, which they carry on their heads, and when they come to the cornfields they sprinkle some of the beer on the corn. After they have poured the beer into the calabashes they put on mutshas (strips of cow-hide, which they tie just below their waists), and take the beer to their gardens. When they come near the gardens they say something, asking the Princess to watch over their cornfields and give them a good harvest. They go all round their gardens in a procession, and sprinkle them over with beer from the large calabash, whilst the small ones are left in the gardens for the Princess to drink. They think

she will come to taste their beer after they have gone. All that day they spend out of doors, interceding for a good harvest, and if they come across any children they jump over them for luck. They take their meals by the riverside, and at sundown they bathe in the river before returning home.

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There are a few "Curious Customs" in Jamaica, which, I suppose, have their origin from the days of ancient Xaymacu. The

**"IN JAMAICA."**

By Lionel Brown.

following are a few, known to me, but I believe there are many others.

The first that I shall mention is the custom among the people of keeping "nine nights," or "wakes." This, as the name designates, is a function held on the *ninth night* after a death by the family and friends of the deceased.

There is a gathering in the house of the deceased, and songs (generally sacred) are sung, and refreshments passed round, generally "Old Jamaica," until the "wee 'hours o' the morn." These "wakes" usually commence at about nine o'clock in the evening, and last till daylight.

A lighted lamp or candle is kept burning in the room where the death occurred from the night of the death until the "*nine night*," as the people pronounce it.

Of course, this custom, and the rest following, are only observed by the people of the lower or more ignorant, classes.

Another custom which may be called "curious" is what is called "John Canoe," pronounced by the masses, "John Kunnoo."

At Christmastide only is this custom observed. A man (and sometimes a woman) dresses himself with bush, and flours his face, or, more generally, assumes the rôle of a horse or cow, by putting on the head of either of the aforementioned animals, and parades the town or village with a band of music, generally consisting of a concertina, fife, and drum, dancing, chasing people, and going into shops and other premises, begging for a collection for his performances. Curious to say, there are a large number of natives, chiefly women and children, who are dreadfully afraid of "John Canoe," and thus he is preceded by crowds of people screaming and running in different directions.

A curious custom practised by the peasant proprietors, or small cultivators, of this island, is what is called a "digging."

When one of these peasant proprietors opens or starts a new "ground," or cultivation, he sets apart a certain day on which he invites his friends to his ground. They bring with them their hoes

and other agricultural implements, and then the whole company set to work to dig yam hills, etc., while they lustily sing quaint songs, unintelligible to an English visitor, if he ever happens to find himself there.

At intervals they ceased digging, and retire to feast.

The cooking is done on the ground, the meal consisting generally of roasted yams, breadfruit, and cocoas, together with codfish or herrings, or some such dainties. As usual, "Old Jamaica" is served round.

I may here mention that at a recent "digging" in the country surrounding this parish (Portland), there was a fatal ending. A quarrel seems to have ensued between two men, and one, in a fit of fury, hurled one of his tools at his opponent, who died afterwards.

The last "curious custom" that I shall tell you of is a "Tea Meeting."

This might sound familiar to you, and perhaps you may not see the curious part of it, but here is the curious part.

About a week before the "meeting" takes place, the town or village is placarded to advertise the thing. The placards generally bear the names of two or more men who style themselves "managers."

On the placards are also stated the place selected for the tea-meeting, and the admission (usually sixpence; children half-price).

The curious part of the tea-meeting is *that there is no tea!* It consists of songs, glees, recitations, dialogues, etc., and it would seem to be more an entertainment or concert than anything else.

These are what I know of "Curious Customs" in this part of the world (Jamaica), and I hope my feeble effort may be successful in being even 'honourably mentioned,' if nothing else.

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We have, I believe, no customs peculiar to us Canadians except those of the former inhabitants of the land, and most of

**"IN CANADA."** these must be well known

By Eleanor M. Davis. to all readers of THE CAPTAIN, through our friend

Mr. John Mackie. Perhaps there may be a few that are not so familiar, and these may not have been described to you as yet by a Manitoban.

The "Red Indians," as old-country people call them, are at present rather few and far between, and also in a very dilapidated condition, that is, those left in this province. The ones in the north-west are more like their former selves, and there are some good specimens on the reserves.

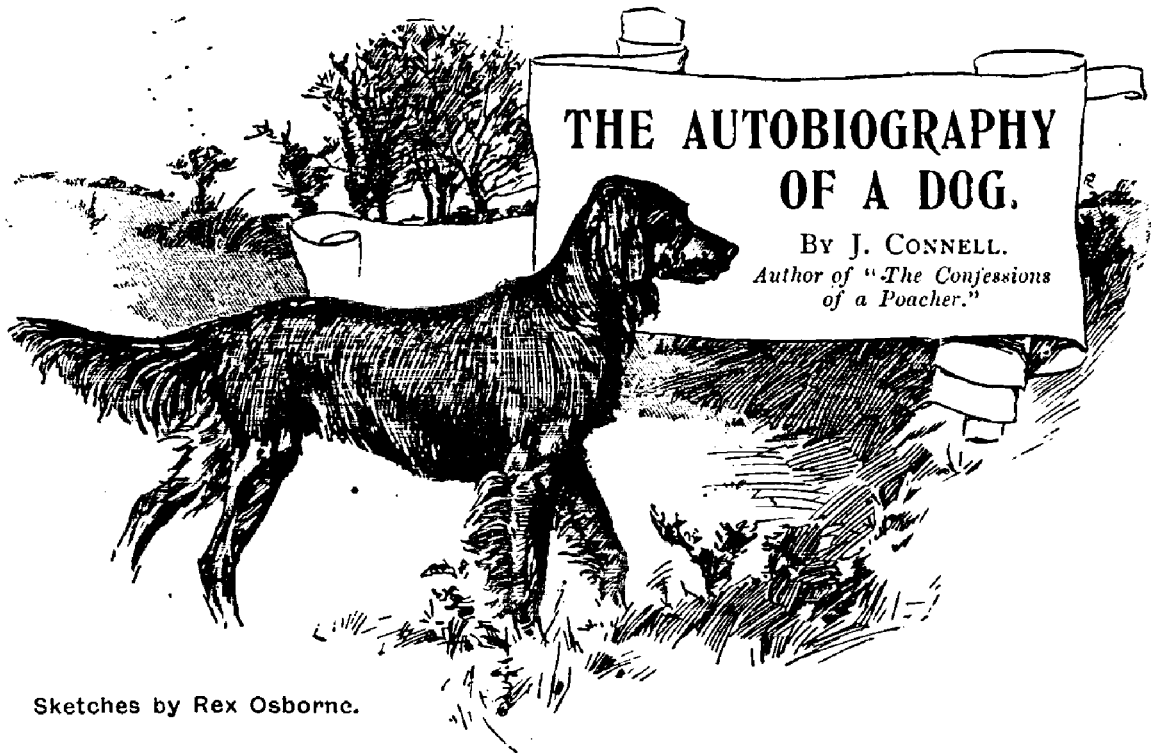
As to their customs, I can remember only a few, for they have not flourished since the rebellion of 1885, when the rebel Indians were so thoroughly crushed. Out West lately they held their great

"Pot-latch" and "Sun-dance," in honour of our new Governor-General, despite the authorities, who are always, and no wonder, afraid of their being excited to wild deeds in this way. I have never witnessed this dance, and cannot say that I have any desire to do so, therefore I am unable to describe it, but I can vividly recall, when between five and eight years old, how I used to watch the north red men gathering for their "pow-wows," or meetings. How full the town used to be of Indians! We white people would watch operations from a distance, and keep our dogs within doors, as our red friends used to search for those tasty animals for their feasts. Then what a number of "tee-pees" (tents) would go up, and how the "tom-toms" would beat the time for their monotonous dancing! And their "brave-making"! "Braves" are Indians whose "bravery" in certain ways has been tested—they are, in reality, tortured. I well remember seeing poles fastened in the ground near the tee-pees—all this from afar, of course—and being told that they were hanging Indians on these in different positions, and making them stay there for some hours. Whoever could do so without fainting was a "brave." This was only one of the tests; the others—they are similar—would take too long to tell about. Of course, they always adorned themselves with paint, feathers, skins of animals, and gaily coloured blankets, when their pow-wows were coming on, and I used at those times to walk abroad with great temerity, as I had in my small brain an idea that I might be scalped.

Another custom, which is most peculiar, is the way in which they carry their babies, or "papooses." They have an oblong case, rounded at the ends and gaily decorated with coloured porcupine quills, etc. Into this they lace the baby, feet first, leaving nothing showing but the little brown head. This arrangement is carried by the squaw on her back, and when she goes trading in town, she and the other squaws stick their babies up outside the shop until business is over.

Often when in his canoe, on a windy day, the Indian will put the bough of a tree in his canoe to catch the wind, and act as a sail, in this way saving himself the trouble of paddling. Perhaps the bush is too large, and over goes the canoe; hence our proverb, "He carries too much bush for such a small canoe," which I think you can translate.

As for other customs, lassoing Indian ponies, hunting the now almost extinct buffalo, and all the other interesting ways of our Indians, peruse Mr. Mackie's books. He can tell you better than I, who, alas and alack! have never seen these operations.



Sketches by Rex Osborne.

FINN M'COOL is an Irish setter of excellent pedigree. He becomes the property of Miss Juliet Boxwood, is "broken to the gun" by heart-rending methods which are detailed in Chapter II, and so profits by his tutor's instructions that sporting friends of the Boxwood family declare him to be the best setter they have ever shot over.

### CHAPTER III.

FOR the benefit of the uninitiated, I may mention that the duty of a setter is to travel over the ground in a zig-zag fashion until he has found a scent. He should then halt, so as to give time to the sportsmen to reach him before the game rises. For some time after my first day's duty I was kept almost constantly employed. When the Boxwood Estate had been all shot over, I was taken to the neighbouring preserves, and everywhere gave unbounded satisfaction. A time came, however, when the shooting party dispersed, and I resumed the companionship of Miss Juliet. Although the season was winter, she spent a great deal of time in the park. When the weather was too cold to permit her to occupy her favourite rustic bench by the lake, she often entered one of the wooden shanties which were erected for the accommodation of keepers on night duty, and there enjoyed her eternal novel. I was thus enabled to indulge again in my favourite propensity

to "work the park," but not with the freedom of the old days. I could take great interest in performing a "set" when there were men behind me with guns, ready to hurry forward and knock the game over the moment it arose, but to point for an indefinite period with nobody to appreciate my cleverness I found very tame, and, indeed, stupid work. I could not stand in one position all day in the cold and wet grass, so I gradually departed from the teaching which had been so forcibly inculcated by my trainer. Especially was this so in the case of rabbits. They allowed me to approach them so closely that I could not resist the temptation to seize them. Two or three times did the keepers observe me carrying one to my mistress, and as often remark I was being spoiled. Once the head keeper actually caught me in the act of killing one, and yelled at me in a frightful manner. I fled, but not before I heard him remark that I should have to be "re-broken." This prospect so alarmed me that for several nights I could not sleep. The vision of that terrible trainer was ever present with me, and the crack of his whip rang in my terrified ears. I resolved to abandon my favourite pastime, though the determination cost me many a pang. No more would I be caught transgressing the rules of my profession. To lie constantly at my mistress's feet was repugnant to an individual of my buoyant spirits and active habits, but I reflected

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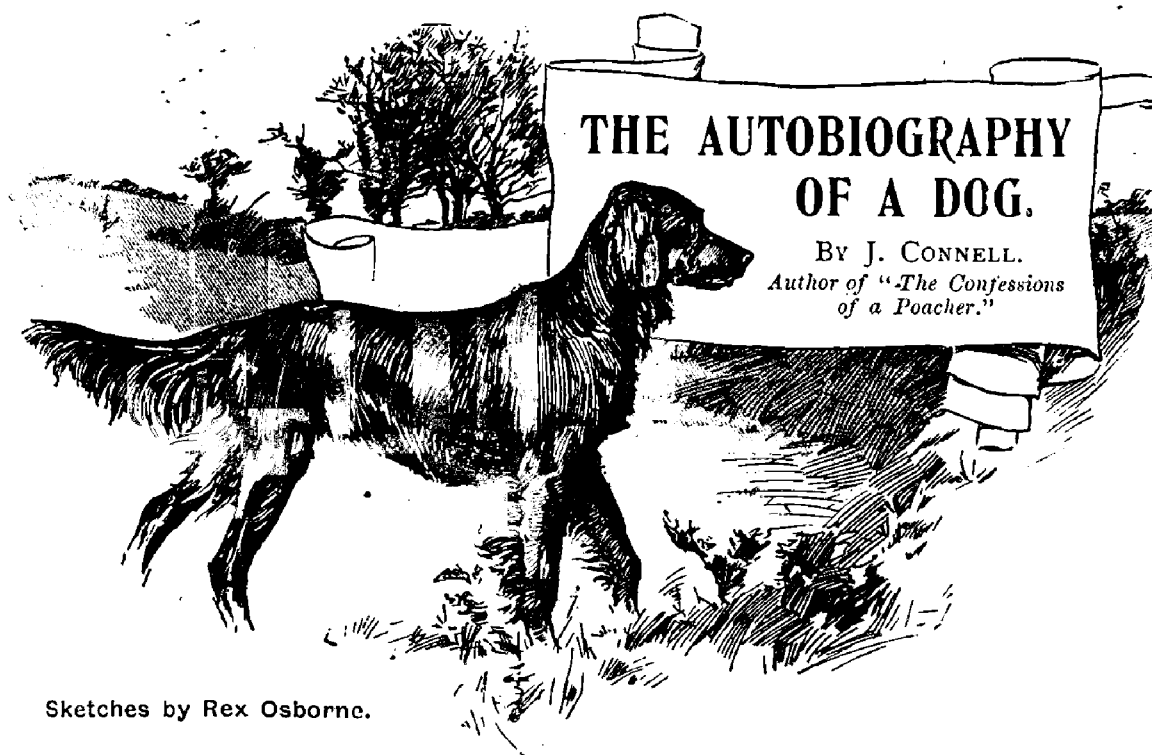
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that the period of extreme youth had now gone by, and that maturity brought with it powers which must not be misused, and responsibilities which must not be disregarded. At times the spirit of revolt almost got the upper hand. I asked myself whether the luxury I enjoyed was not dearly purchased by the sacrifice of my liberty. I knew that I could easily get my living by taking to the woods and fields, but love for my mistress overcame all other considerations, and I eventually settled down to a life of dull respectability.

At this time I began to feel even more keenly than before the misfortune of lacking the gift of speech. My mistress was constantly making mistakes regarding the people with whom she associated. I longed to set her right, but when I attempted to do so I could only get out "Bow-wow," or something even more objectionable. The favourites among the servants were often those who flattered her to her face, and mimicked and calumniated her behind her back. It was much the same with visitors. Certain of her teeth were rather long, and, because of this, one lady to whom she was exceptionally partial always referred to her as "the walrus." It was my privilege to hear all this, and yet be unable to make the slightest use of the knowledge. Again, there was a visitor named Lieutenant Cankerbrain, who generally joined our shooting parties, and who had the reputation of being exceedingly rich. He was a college friend of Master Tom's, but joined the army, and remained abroad for several years. I took a dislike to this gentleman the first time I saw him. He was ugly in the extreme. He had a mouth like a saw-pit, and a beetle-browed, retreating forehead suggestive of pettiness and cunning. His legs were ridiculously long, and he was knock-kneed and large footed. Yet my mistress seemed exceedingly partial to him. Whenever he stayed at the mansion her toilet operations absorbed an amount of time and energy which was quite laughable. She was constantly telling her maid of the compliments he paid her—compliments which I knew to be imaginary.



I COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO SEIZE THEM.

Cankerbrain's conduct in her presence was invariably idiotic and repulsive. He was never tired of talking of himself and his exploits. If a tenth of the tales he told were true he would have outshone the greatest of Plutarch's heroes.

For instance, he claimed to have shot six Boers at the battle of Majuba Hill, and declared that he would inevitably have been rewarded with the Victoria Cross had it not happened that all the witnesses of his valour were slaughtered. He added that, of course, he could hardly blow his own trumpet. Facts which I have learned since make me feel extremely doubtful as to whether the Boer losses in that battle ran so high as six, but even supposing them to have reached six hundred, I am confident that not one of them was attributable to the marksmanship of Cankerbrain. Much more readily would I believe that some of the losses on the British side, which have never yet been satisfactorily explained, including the death of the gallant commander, could be traced to the wild shooting of which I witnessed so many examples in the vicinity of Mistletoe Mansion. Cankerbrain invariably spoke of Miss Juliet with the greatest contempt. When Master Tom was present, of course, he was obliged to avoid the subject, but when engaged in his usual occupation of chatting with the grooms, one of his least disrespect-

ful methods of alluding to her was as "the old crow!" On many occasions my teeth watered to rend him, but he was a friend of the family, and I had to keep quiet. I could not altogether hide my hatred of him, and I am confident that Cankerbrain was aware of it. The chief cause of my anger and humiliation, however, was my inability to inform my beloved mistress of the events transpiring in her absence.

There is not much of interest to relate

about the next few years. I was constantly petted and pampered, but every day so much resembled every other that life became somewhat dull and monotonous. Debarred from my favourite exercise of chasing rabbits and hares, I grew uncomfortably fat. My only diversion was an

occasional fight. I could not indulge my combative instinct in the presence of my mistress, but she was frequently absent from home, and these occasions were generally taken advantage of by the grooms and stable boys to turn my prowess to commercial advantage. They arranged battles between myself and all the champion "business" dogs of that part of the country, in which we fought for money. I was nearly always victorious, and consequently became almost as great a favourite with these people as with my mistress. I came out of several of these contests considerably the worse for wear, and the fictions related to account for my dilapidated appearance were as startling as they were amusing.

Of course, no expense was spared to patch me up quickly, and after a few days' experience of ointment and lotions I was generally fit for another encounter.

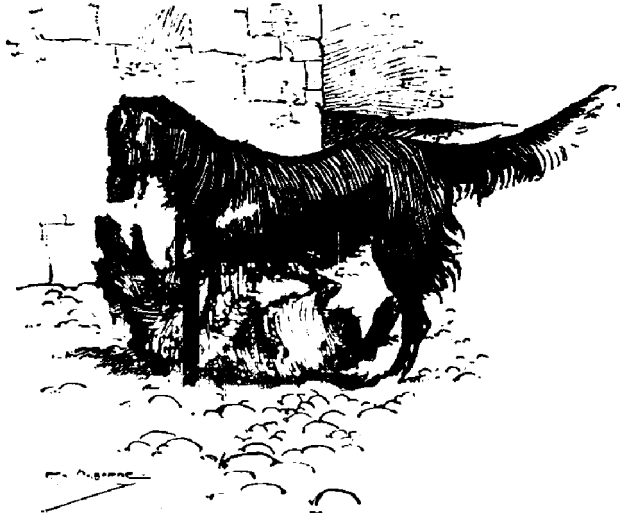
During this period my mistress continued to pay her addresses to Cankerbrain. It was whispered about that the latter had taken to gambling, and was losing heavily; still she angled for him. Even the news that he was compelled to sell a fourth of his estate in order to pay his debts made no visible impression on her.

When I was a little over four years old an event occurred which marked a turning point in my life.

At the time to which I refer the weather was extremely cold, and for the purpose of enjoying a warm nap I wandered into the kitchen. I laid me down near the range, and fell asleep.

It happened that a large saucepan stood over the fire, in which certain vegetables were being boiled. A slovenly kitchenmaid, in removing this vessel, partially overturned it, and spilled a large quantity of the boiling water over me. I was scalded all along the back, from the shoulders to the tail. The agony I endured was frightful. Of course, assistance was summoned immediately, and remedies applied which mitigated my suffering; but, nevertheless, I nearly died. Miss Juliet paid the maid a month's salary in lieu of notice, and ordered

her out of the house there and then. Next day, I was carried in a sort of hammock a distance of about five miles to the nearest veterinary surgeon, in whose care I remained for about three months. During the whole of this time Miss Juliet was refused permission to visit me. At length I was pronounced cured.



I WAS NEARLY ALWAYS VICTORIOUS.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE day of my return to Mistletoe Mansion was bright and joyous. The sun shone warmly. The hedge-rows were covered with bursting buds, and wild flowers, delicate as fresh fallen snow, peeped through the soft green grass. I knew that on such a day I was sure to find my mistress on her

favourite bench by the lake, rejoicing in the retreat of winter, and the victorious advance of summer. I was conscious of a considerable change in my appearance, but never suspected that that would affect in the very slightest degree the warmth of my reception. The veterinary surgeon had cured me in the sense of healing my wounds. The scalded skin had peeled off, but was now replaced by a new covering of similar material. My excessive fatness at the time of the accident contributed materially towards the completeness of my recovery. The distended condition of my skin permitted of an extensive shrinkage, with the result that, being now considerably leaner, I did not suffer from that contracted condition of the hide which impedes the movements and tortures the nerves of so many victims of scalding. There was, however, a patch on my back about twelve inches by six, over which the hair had not grown. Although I turned and twisted in all imaginable directions, I could not see this part. The luxuriant silken tresses which encircled it completely hid it from my view, but I knew it was there because the vet. often deplored it on the ground that it spoiled my appearance. I longed to survey myself in a mirror, but as the kennels did not contain such a luxury, I felt obliged to defer all hope of self-inspection until I once more had the run of my mistress's dressing-room.

I was led through the ample gate of the park,



up the winding carriage-drive, and was only liberated when I reached the mansion. As the day was now almost hot the doors were all open. I made a dash for my mistress's apartments, and soon satisfied myself that she was not there. I then hastened towards the seat by the lake, and found her, as I expected, immersed in a novel. I rushed at her, and made the best attempt I could to embrace her. I imprinted on her face and neck more kisses than there are drops in a shower of rain. To my intense astonishment she resented my demonstrations of attachment, and screamed "Murder!" "Help!" etc., at the very top of her voice. I stood bewildered for a moment, convinced that she did not recognise me, and wondering if she had forgotten our former intimacy. As nobody happened to be near, her cries were not heard, and so she began to walk briskly towards the house. I frisked around her for some minutes, hoping to remind her of old times, and occasionally tried to shake hands, but whenever I did the latter she renewed her screaming until I desisted. Presently we encountered one of the gamekeepers, to whom she hissed the command: "Here, Bunce, be quick! Take away *this loathsome brute!*"

It was obvious that Bunce was as much puzzled as I was. He advanced a few steps towards me, then paused, hesitated, and stammered out:—

"Why, my lady, this is Finn!"

"Take him away—take him away!" she said; "he has got the mange!"

"Pardon me, my lady—that bare place is the result of the scalding. He is quite clean."

"Take him out of my sight at once. His appearance fills me with disgust."

Bunce drew from his pocket a large red handkerchief. This he placed around my neck, and used as a lead. Crestfallen and humiliated, I allowed myself to be marched off. A consultation took place with the other keepers, and it was agreed that, pending further orders, I should be sent to the kennels. Everybody was as much surprised as I myself was at the reception accorded me by Miss Juliet,

and I could see that the keepers were not at all sorry for what had happened. They hoped that she would not change her mind, and that I should be left entirely under their control, so that I might be made to do them credit in the shooting season.

For some weeks I cherished a secret hope that my mistress would relent, but long-continued neglect brought on despair, and that in its turn gave place to resignation. With my kennel companions, I was taken out for exercise on most fine days, but I was generally led, and even when loose was threatened and sworn at if I indulged in the slightest freedom

of movement. Utterly cowed and spiritless, I at length became a respectable dog of conventional habits and manners, and ceased to give any trouble to my keepers. The price paid for exemption from violence at first seemed rather heavy, but ultimately I lost all desire for freedom, and became a willing slave. The keepers were in the habit of saying that setters and pointers were never properly broken until they obeyed the command of the guinea fowl to "Come back, come back!" I had almost reached that stage of degradation, when an accident once more gave a new turn to my career. I may here interpose a few remarks by way of keeping my audience abreast of the facts.

Master Tom, who was many years younger than Miss Juliet, had joined the army. A few months after he had taken up his com-

mission he was drafted to the west coast of Africa, and there promptly died of fever. This left Miss Juliet sole heiress to her father's estates, and the possessor of a marriage dowry, payable immediately, of sixty thousand pounds. In the meantime Cankerbrain's affairs had been going from bad to worse. He was compelled to sell another slice of his estate, and rumour had it that nearly all that remained of his income was swallowed up by the interest due on money he had borrowed. As he grew poorer he displayed a stronger and stronger yearning towards the fleshpots of Mistletoe Mansion, and ultimately he almost lived there altogether.

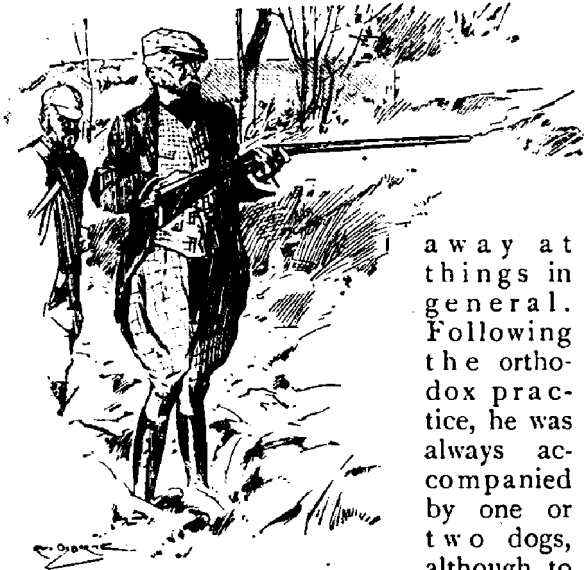


"TAKE HIM AWAY!—TAKE HIM AWAY"



At last he married Miss Juliet—but I am anticipating.

Cankerbrain was extremely fond of shooting. He hardly ever hit anything that he aimed at, but his delight was to wander about the woods and grounds, gun in hand, and blaze



"THE SHOT TOOK EFFECT ON ME."

away at things in general. Following the orthodox practice, he was always accompanied by one or two dogs, although, to do him justice he seldom paid

the least attention to their setting, or pointing. Whenever he saw game, either on the wing or on the ground, he invariably pulled the trigger, and that was all the result that was visible to the naked eye. For a long time I anticipated an accident, but derived consolation from the reflection that the party to be hurt was rather more likely to be behind him than in front of him. However, the unexpected happened at last. I was very frequently placed at his service. I was always glad to escape from the monotony of the kennels, and so, during my hours of duty, was invariably on my best behaviour. I worked steadily, and never ranged wide. I must confess that I had more than one warning of what was coming,



but I do not even now see how I could have escaped my fate. I witnessed several sheep, two or three cows, some poultry, and an under-keeper fall to Cankerbrain's gun, and then my turn came. Whether he decimated the Boers or not, it is certain that he did great execution in the vicinity of Mistletoe Mansion. One morning he fired, or was supposed to have fired, at a rabbit, but the shot took effect on me. The charge tore my side for a length of 15 ins. It lay bare two ribs, but luckily did not penetrate deeper. I was bandaged up as quickly as possible, and led off to the kennels. After a hasty examination, the head keeper declared my wound incurable, and ordered me to be destroyed. The task of making away with me was allotted to a young keeper, who had recently joined the establishment and who had previously been a poacher. His father still followed the same ancient profession, and was eminent in his district as a highly successful dog-doctor. My allotted executioner was aware of my superiority in the matter of scent, and, thinking that I might be cured, made me trudge, all wounded as I was, over six miles to his father's cottage that same night. Then began a series of surgical operations of a fearful and wonderful character. Ointments and lotions of a sort totally unknown to the veterinary fraternity were produced from recesses in the walls, and rubbed into my unfortunate flesh with a faith in their efficacy which would shame the confidence of a martyr. I survived it all. Perhaps my escape is attributable to the fact that



I so often pulled off my bandages, and licked the wound clean. At all events, I recovered, and in due course was taken out poaching. My adventures in that line had better be related in another chapter.

(To be concluded.)

# ON MODELLING.

A NEGLECTED HOBBY.

By J. A. KAY.

THE enjoyment of modelling as a rule lies more in the making than the keeping of the models, and the average collection of clay models is, to say the least of it, weird. What many modellers have long wanted is something that can be used over and over again any number of times. Mr. Harbutt, of Bath, who has come to the aid of modellers, and found a way out of this difficulty, has been telling a representative of THE CAPTAIN something about this new modelling material, called "Plasticine."

The curious thing about Plasticine is that it is practically indestructible, requiring no water, like ordinary clay, and remaining plastic for any length of time, so that it can be worked over and over again; yet, if you happen to make some model that you are desirous of preserving, it is sufficiently firm to stand exhibition purposes. Moreover, it is clean, and quite harmless in character—unlike ordinary clay.

"The secret of success in



THE OLD FAG AT WORK ON THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



H.H.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

modelling," remarked Mr. Harbutt, "lies in keeping on trying. Modelling is easier than drawing or writing, and there is plenty of fun in it.

"Before you begin to fashion anything, take a lump in the hand and play with it. Roll it into long rolls, plait it, bend it, twist it, coil it round your finger, and roughly form spiral shells, rings, letters, and other simple forms. By this free treatment—experimenting and play—you will get command over the material and of your fingers, so that when you want to begin and express your ideas, or construct anything, the Plasticine will readily follow the impulse of your desire."

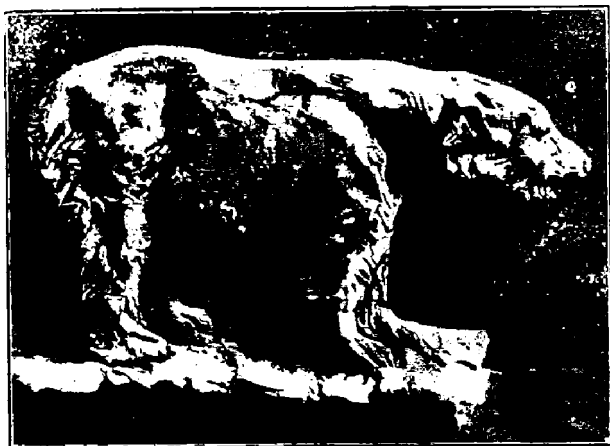
At any rate, the material in

Mr. Harbutt's hands seems to follow the impulse of his desires in a truly marvellous manner.

On these two pages are a few photographs of specimens of his work.

"All of them are quite simple studies," explained Mr. Harbutt. "Take the Polar bear, for instance; bas-reliefs of animals, profiles of heads, etc., are very good things for beginners to make a start upon."

But it would be waste of time to describe in detail how each of the models illustrated here can be made. All one wants are a few general directions on how to use the material, and these will be found in every box.

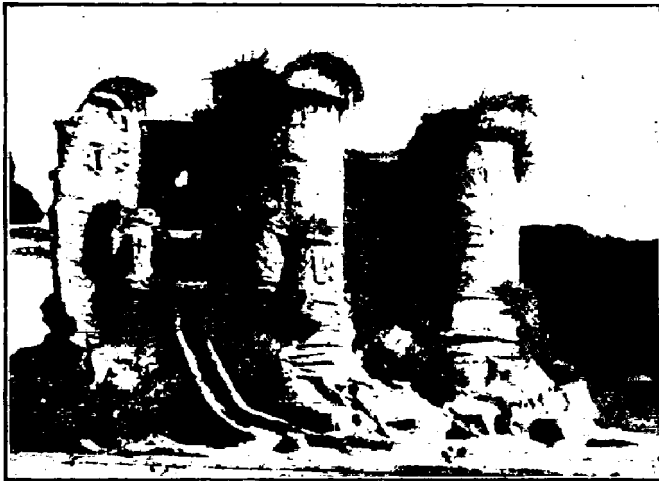


THE POLAR BEAR.

"But then," he continued, "though the models I have made give CAPTAIN readers some idea of the kind of thing they can make for themselves with the exercise of a little patience and ingenuity, *don't* always imitate what other people have done. 'He who follows is always behind.' Do something original, and get to the front. Try and get real things to copy from, or good drawings of them—fish, and small creatures, flowers, shells, fruit, and objects about the house. Design things, and carry out your own inventions; build your own bridges, and gateways, canals, and docks, and harbours. The amateur modeller will find plenty of scope for his inventive faculties."

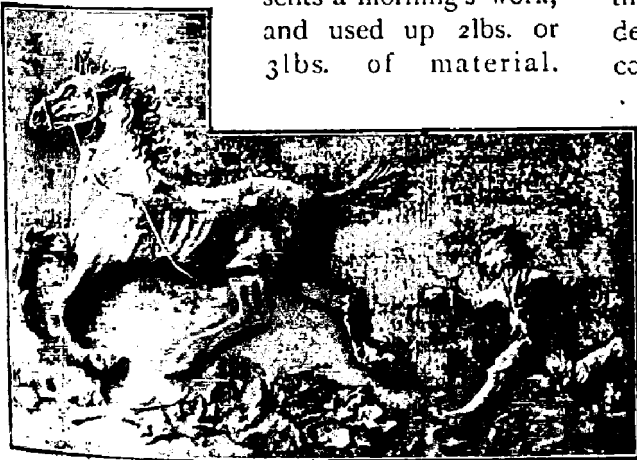
Our illustrations certainly show that models need not be monotonously alike. That of the Kaiser Wilhelm is quite a striking portrait. The bear below him is an easier study. It is merely intended to represent a common or Arctic Polar bear, and is not meant to convey any subtle reference to Russia, as its association with the picture abovemightsuggest.

Of course, modelling even in Plasticine cannot be done in a hurry; it takes time and patience. For instance, the "Gateway at Harlech Castle" repre-



GATEWAY, HARLECH CASTLE.

sents a morning's work, and used up 2lbs. or 3lbs. of material.



"HE'S OFF!"

There are many architectural remains of singular beauty scattered about the country within the reach of all to copy from. They make easy and picturesque subjects, and the models can quite easily be made from an outline sketch or photograph, as was that here



STUDY OF AN EAGLE.

illustrated. But one need not always confine oneself to castles and buildings. Skilful fingers can impart a good deal of lifelikeness into a pound or two of Plasticine, as is shown in our photographs of the bas-reliefs of an eagle and the runaway horse.

Another of the various advantages possessed by Plasticine over ordinary modelling clay is

that it is now made in various colours. This departure is useful, as well as ornamental, and coloured models are often used to illustrate lectures to medical students at various big hospitals. Very attractive, too, are the physical maps that can be made with the same material; the natural resources of any part of the world being quickly demonstrated in a novel and picturesque manner. The Old Fag, at the beginning of this article, is a wonderfully realistic model, picturing him hard at work preparing the grand Christmas Number of *THE CAPTAIN*, and all done in Plasticine—such stuff are models made of.

# REVIEWS OF SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

**M**OST of the magazines reviewed below arrived at our office in August, too late, owing to our press arrangements, for notice in the September number of *THE CAPTAIN*.

**Carthusian** (August).—We are sorry to see in a school like Charterhouse, which in the past has produced its share of literary men, that the editor has had no response to his appeal for contributions. One does not look for a genius of the type of Thackeray, any more than one expects that each recruit who shoulders his rifle and struts across Founder's Court will become a "B. P."; but there must be plenty of fellows who could turn out a readable article on some topic of interest, and a couple of these every month would decidedly improve what is in other respects an excellent publication.

**The Collegian** (Greenock) is small, but good as far as it goes; it would, however, look much better with a cover.

**The Colfeian** (Colfe's Grammar School, Lewisham).—Well got up. The paper and printing are good, and the subject matter varied and interesting.

**The Clayesmorian.**—A taking little paper with several illustrations, evidently the product of the Clayesmore Photographic Society, which appears to be in a flourishing condition.

**The Halleyburian** (July 16th and 30th).—The issue of July 16th contains an interesting account of Speech Day. Canon Lyttelton made some very sensible remarks on the training of officers, and Lord Goschen put it very truly when he said: "One of the great characteristics of the British public school has been the love of fair play."

**Heversham School Chronicle.**—Neat, and on good paper. Like the *Carthusian*, would be better for a few original articles.

**The Hurst Johnian** (August).—As good as ever. A pity 'tis so small!

**Harrow View Magazine** has a short article describing a visit of our old friend Balbus to Margate, where he was much impressed by the bathing and bathers. It must certainly have been a change for him, after his labours in building and the tormenting of that indefatigable "boy."

**The Johnian** (July).—More animated than usual. "W. L. D." knows how to write verses.

**The Lincolnian** (July) contains some amusing

answers to examination questions. A parasite, we are told, is a kind of umbrella; the Sublime Porte is very fine old port; monopoly is a kind of champagne (a case of Heidsieck, no doubt); and P.P.C. means "Please pay costs." In a history paper we read that "the most important thing in the reign of Henry II. was his death."

**The Malvernian** (August) is unpretentious, but clearly printed and well arranged. The pages might, with advantage, be fastened together, and a correspondent seems to have placed his finger on a weak spot when he complains of the absence of an Oxford or Cambridge letter.

**Mill Hill Magazine** (August).—The school news is concise, yet comprehensive; the doings of old boys, too, are carefully followed and chronicled.

**The Pilgrim** (July).—Considerable attention appears to be devoted in this school to botany and entomology. The locality (Reigate) should be a good one for these interesting pursuits.

**The Reptonian** (July).—Convenient in size and in the arrangement of its news. The eight sent to Bisleigh seems to have had a series of misfortunes, but we trust it will meet with better luck next year.

**The Salopian** (July).—We are glad to note that the Rifle Corps has become an accomplished fact.

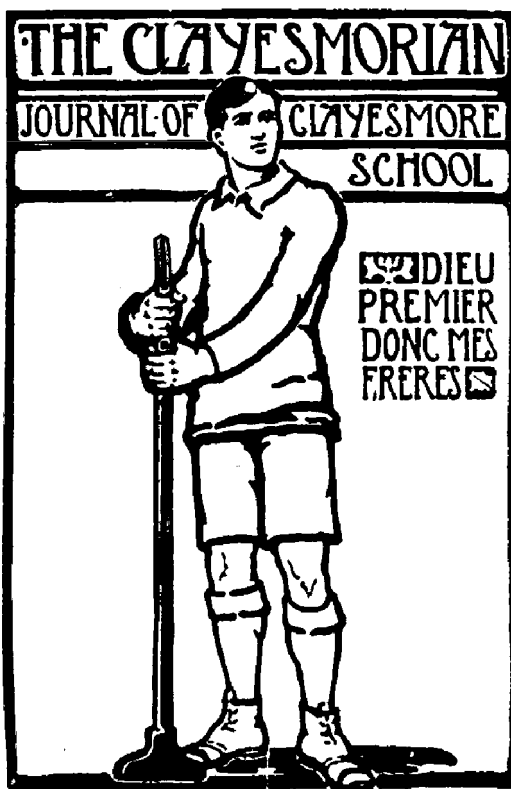
**The Sedberghian** (July) is full of bright articles, while school doings are not neglected. An up-to-date problem paper asks several satirical questions, obviously of local interest; but No. 12 has probably puzzled many a boy with an imposition which has not been done by the time it should have been. The question runs: "Find the present value of twenty-five lines, advancing in G. P. and three days overdue?"

**Sotoniensis** (Midsummer) has a good cover, and is well put together, though we think the number of extracts from Voltaire, Locke, Colton, etc., is rather overdone.

**Ulula** (July).—We think it a pity that advertisements are ever inserted in a school magazine, and trust, in the present case, that sufficient support will be given in the future to enable this objectionable feature to be dropped.

**The Wasp** (July 31st) is a production with a yellow cover, which is quaint in its way. The house notes seem good, and, happily, the paper belies its name, for it has no sting.

We also beg to acknowledge receipt of: *Academy*, *Arvonian*, *Lorettonian*, *Olavian*, *Quernmorian*, *Rever*.



FACSIMILE OF THE "CLAYESMORIAN" COVER.

# "THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER.

## SEASONABLE WORK.

**B**y the time these notes are read by those interested in this corner of *THE CAPTAIN*, the hours of sunlight will be few and the evenings long, and most of the plates or films used during the holidays will have been developed. What to do with the resulting negatives will be a question which many of you will be asking. One of the most popular and charming forms of positives you can make from them are lantern slides. Even if you have not a lantern of your own, you can probably get a friend who will be delighted to put them through for you; and, even when viewed without a lantern (either with or without the aid of a magnifying lens), they will, if properly made, show a greater range of gradation than a paper print. They have also the advantage that they are not so easily annexed by admiring friends.

The necessary materials are: Lantern plates, lantern masks, binding strips, cover glasses. The English standard size is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  ins.  $\times$   $3\frac{1}{4}$  ins., and all lanterns, except the "toy variety," are made to carry slides of these dimensions. The same dishes used for developing and fixing your negatives may be used, and the same printing frame used for paper prints, provided it is not smaller than the plates. There are, however, special frames made and sold for the purpose, which are a convenience.

A lantern slide is really a print on glass made stronger than a paper print, so that it may be viewed by looking through it instead of on it; the lantern plate being placed in contact with the negative in the dark room in the same way as bromide paper exposed to artificial light, and then developed, fixed, washed, and dried. It then only requires mounting, which is done by sandwiching a suitable mask between the film and a clean glass, and the whole bound together by the gummed strip of paper called a binder. This operation requires a little practice to do it neatly. Before commencing you should

beg, borrow, or buy a good plain photographic slide, so that you may know what sort of result to aim at. The following are a few precautions which will (if observed) help you towards success:—

- (1) Carefully adjust your subject on the centre of your plate before exposing.
- (2) Always use the same source of light, and at the same distance, when making exposures.
- (3) Right exposure is most important. If you make an error, double or halve it next time; smaller alteration makes no practical difference.

- (4) Use the hydrokinone developer advised by plate maker, and have plenty of yellow light to work by.

- (5) Observe the most scrupulous cleanliness in all operations.



AN OLD STREET IN BOULOGNE.

*Photograph by Oswald Fordham.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**G. S. Jessop (GRIMSBY).—**The snaps you send are good, but badly toned. You cannot do better than purchase the "Ilford Manual of Photography," price 1s., of all photographic dealers. This will be a great help to you.  
**Frank W. Thorogood.—**Keep your hands clean, and handle your negatives carefully by the edges only, as fingermarks are very hard to remove. If they are only dirt, you might scrape the film very gently with a sharp pen-knife.  
**Clericus.—**I quite understand your

difficulty, and sympathise with your desire to brighten the evenings of your parishioners during the coming winter. In this you will find a magic-lantern very helpful. You can obtain an excellent lantern from Walter Tyler, 48 and 50, Waterloo Road, S.E., at prices varying from 18s. 6d. to nine guineas. Mr. Tyler is a manufacturer, and anybody purchasing a lantern from him may have the loan at any time, free of charge, of any of his sets of slides, of which there are over nine hundred to select from, embracing many subjects, and dealing with all parts of the world. These slides may also be hired at very reasonable rates by anyone.  
**Oswald Fordham.—**Observe how your photograph has been trimmed. You did not hold your camera level, and so the buildings do not look upright. Artistically, the figures are not quite happy, and it would have been better taken when the sun had got a little more to the left.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

# "CAPTAIN" CLUB

## . . CONTRIBUTIONS. . .

ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN has been awarded to MISS ISABEL PICKTHALL ("Nobody Much"), 2, Randall Well Street, Bradford, for her quaint contribution entitled: "A Hundred Years Ago."

### *A Hundred Years Ago.*

**P**ERHAPS it will interest some of THE CAPTAIN readers to learn a few of the rules our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers had to keep in view when they were well-behaved boys and girls. Fancy having to do this:—

"When you desire to speak to a person, rise, so that he will see you want to speak. When his eyes are fixed upon you, advance modestly and bow discreetly. Say what you have to say, bow again, and wait patiently for an answer. Upon receiving one, incline your head, and stand until you are asked to sit; then, bow respectfully, and retire modestly to your seat."

The latter half of the following rule seems slightly superfluous.

"Listen carefully to the sermon—you are not required to get by heart the whole of it."

"Do not speak at home, or elsewhere, of what has been done in school, for nothing that passes there should be told abroad."

The following out of this advice resulted in such tyranny as was practised at Salem House in "David Copperfield's" time.

"Never desire more dinner after your parents tell you that you have had enough."

A trifle hard, this, especially at Christmas time.

"Do not laugh at table, much less sneeze, cough, or yawn."

What would our meals be with never a laugh

sounding merrily across the table? People must have thought that there was sufficient enjoyment to be derived from eating to last the dinner hour through. And it was rough luck on a fellow who had a cold!

Now, this is how you had to sit when there was company present:—

"In a genteel, easy posture; put one hand in the bosom of your waistcoat, and let the other fall easily on your knee."

It would be a little awkward if every boy learned to do this, and rather surprising to a stranger, upon entering a room, to see groups of fellows sitting round, every one with one hand resting on his waistcoat and the other falling easily on his knee. In time it would also become a trifle monotonous.

"Do not look at any particular person during the service in church; but keep your eyes modestly fixed upon the minister."

How could our poor ancestors act up to this rule? If they carried out the first half of it, they would be disobeying the latter half, and *vice versa*. Or perhaps it is meant that the minister was not a particular person at all; but, of course, we cannot tell—he lived such

a long time ago—a hundred years ago, indeed.

NOBODY MUCH.



THIS IS A CURIOUS ROCK CALLED "THE SHOE" (EL ZAPATO), NEAR THE VILLAGE OF CAPILLA DEL MONTE, IN THE CORDOVA MOUNTAINS, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Photograph by H. Ferguson, C.C., Argentine Republic.

### *The Football League Champions.*

**T**HERE was a general feeling of satisfaction among followers of football, last April, when it became known that Liverpool had won the League Championship. Football enthusiasts are nothing if not admirers of pluck, and it was looked upon as a great achieve-

ment for a club barely nine years old to obtain the greatest honour of the football world.

The Liverpool Club was the result of a split in the other great Mersey club—Everton. A dispute occurred as to the management of the club, and, as a consequence, a section of the members revolted and founded the present Liverpool Club.

Money was readily forthcoming, and a good team of players, mostly Scotch, was raised. A capital season's work was accomplished the first year, the Lancashire League championship being captured, besides victories gained over Sheffield United, Darwen, Corinthians, and Everton. Their second season saw them in the Second Division of "The League." Again were they champions of the League, and this time without a single defeat! The test matches went in their favour, and they now realised their ambition—a place in the First Division. Alas! everything went wrong, and, winning but seven matches, they earned the dreaded "wooden spoon." Liverpool failed to win their test matches and had again to appear in the Second Division, of which they were once more champions. Succeeding in the test matches, 1896 saw them reappear in "The League," where they have remained ever since, and now with so successful an issue. Hats off to Liverpool! E. A. TAYLOR.

### A Useful Embrocation.

A WELL beaten-up egg, one and a half glasses of turpentine,



IN SUNNY CLIMES.

Photograph by K. H. Smith.

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very cheap, and it is as good as that which you buy at such a high price. If any reader has a sprain, let him rub it with this, and it is sure to cure. If he has a cold in the chest, let him be



SONS OF THE DESERT.

Photograph by K. H. Smith.



THIS IS A SKETCH OF THE RENOWNED ESQUIMAUX MILLIONAIRE, TOOKOO TITOO, WHO IS REPORTED TO BE WORTH FORTY-TWO FISH HOLES AND 2½ TONS OF BLUBBER.

Drawn by W. Bridge.

one glass of vinegar. Shake well and frequently, and the mixture will be ready for use in twenty-four hours, when it ought to look like milk in colour. The embrocation is

rubbed in that part with this every night before getting into bed, and the cold will soon disappear. Any one with a weak chest should use it. Readers who go in for athletic exercises should rub this into the muscles after the exercises are over. In addition to preventing the stiffness that is often felt afterwards, it is highly beneficial to the muscles. In fact, it is beneficial to a hundred and one little ailments. T. W.

### The Cave-dwellers at Dieppe.

MUCH has been written concerning Dieppe at one time and another, but one peculiar feature has been almost universally ignored, and that is the "trog-loditic" Dieppois, if such a term is applicable to a class of civilised people who live in caves, fitted, in some cases, with doors and

windows. These curious dwellings are mostly to be seen honeycombing the cliff which overlooks the entrance to the harbour, but a few may be also found in the other direction, towards Pourville. The inhabitants, who are mostly fishermen by profession, are no less curious than their domiciles, being all of them dark and swarthy, and more of a gipsy type than the rest of the Dieppois. I passed a cavern one evening with a group of these people inside, seated round a wood fire, a couple of dim oil lamps casting a fitful glow on their dark faces, and producing an effect not unlike a picture by one of the old Dutch masters. They are, as a rule, miserably poor, and, unlike most of the French peasantry, have a great

many children. In summer, the men gain a living by fishing, helped by the women, who catch prawns in the harbour, and gain a few francs by showing their caves to visitors; but in winter their lot is a hard one, as the fishing is then bad. A great many of them apply for situations at the local tobacco factory, but very few get taken on in proportion to the number of applicants, and, as a class, they have to endure great privations.

While in Dieppe this last summer, I visited one of the larger caverns, which was owned as a show place by one of the families, and I was greatly surprised at its picturesque appearance. The folk only inhabited a small portion, and the rest consisted of a sort of central hall, from which galleries branched off in all directions. These, I learnt, merely led to rooms where fishing gear was stored, but it was not difficult to imagine that at one time they were secret passages, and this place the haunt of smugglers.

A hole in the roof communicated with the outside air, and admitted ventilation and a certain amount of light, but otherwise the cavern was in comparative darkness, the reeking oil lamps scarcely penetrating the gloom. No stalactites, such as the explorer of caverns usually finds, were to be seen, but there was spar, apparently crystallised by saline petrification, and calcareous flint-stones, split and jagged, in the walls, evidence of the lengthened period these caves had existed, and how little alteration the passage of years had worked upon them. But although nothing very beautiful was present, still, there was a primitive appearance about the whole that possessed a charm all its own, and when I came away I had seemed to breathe an atmosphere of romance, my thoughts dwelling

upon the infinite possibility of the "might have been."

R. C. HOWLDEN.

## "CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS. LITERARY.

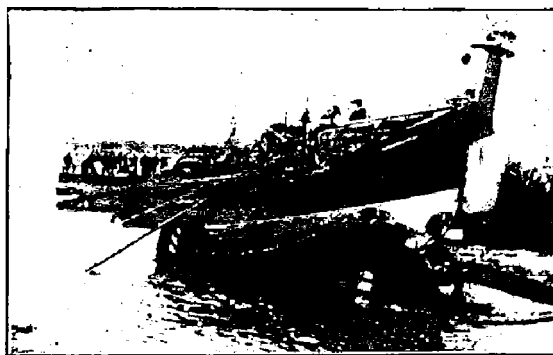
**Penn Wright.**—Your panorama article is good enough to enable me to say: "Try again." You might leave a margin on your paper next time. **T. G. Falkner.**—I thought people had left off writing parodies on "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Write original verse; I think you have ability. **J. Garratt.**—I think you might have enlarged on your subject with advantage. How about the Romans and their wonderful mortar? **B. A. T.**—The only interesting item I could discover in your essay on "Deal" was that the pier cost £11,000. Now, why didn't you write an essay on the pier? A few inquiries would soon have put you in possession of some readable facts—as to how long it took in building, etc. I shall be glad to see some short essays on "Piers"—let C.C. contributors make a note of this. **S. H. Muir Mackenzie.**—Your instructions to the boy cyclist would prove more efficacious, I fancy, if delivered in prose, your poetry, if you will excuse me for saying so, being a little faulty in metre, Vet.—Try me with some more

natural history notes. **Dorothy Johnson.**—You seem to have scribbled off your essay on "Esprit de Corps" without staying to think over your subject much. The result is a short string of bald platitudes. Spend a little more time and trouble over your next contribution. **Saxon.**—The photographs sent in by readers are often of a very high standard of excellence. You will have to improve greatly as a developer if you ever hope to win admittance to these pages. **G. Sunderland.**—Contributions should be clearly written on exercise paper, and only on one side of it. If drawings are sent, they should be done on cardboard, in Indian ink.



MR. BLOKINS: "What thundering idiot is at that end of this telephone?"  
VOICE: "The idiot is not at this end, sir!"

Drawn by Bert Thomas.



LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT AT ABERDOVER, S. WALES.

Photograph by D. Graham Crofts.

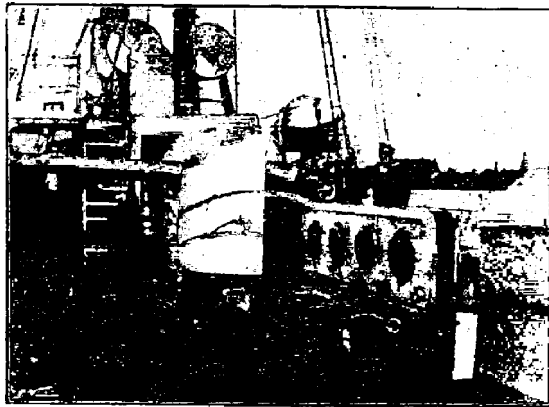
## ARTISTIC.

**Fred. G. Skinner and "E. W."**—(1) For fixing pencil, crayon, or charcoal drawings, get a bottle of "Fixatif" from any artists' colourman. It is sold in shilling bottles, or, with a diffuser for spraying, eighteenpence. This will last you a long time. The old-fashioned method is to run over the drawing some



skimmed milk and let it dry, when the drawing will be permanently fixed. (2) The two initials you send are not quite suitable for publication. **Hampton C. Gordon.**—Your sketch would not reproduce—too niggled. **A. O'Malley.**—From the enclosed, I cannot say whether you will become a great artist, as you are rather young. I should recommend you to buy "Light, Shade and Shadow," which will give you information on all kinds of drawing, with 125 illustrations. The price is 3s. 6d. Or you might procure the "Tit-Bits Drawing Book," price 3d. **W. J. H. Hunter.**—Your photographs are too light, and rather small for reproduction. **P. Marsh.**—Photographs not good enough. "D. N."—Your sketch, illustrating an "Irish Bull," is a little too freely drawn, though vigorous, but the underlines are not suitable for publication. **Sibyl O'Neill.**—Regret we cannot find space to insert your drawing of the octopus your brother caught. **Stanley Wilson.**—You are a persevering sort of fellow, and, although I wish to encourage all good draughtsmen, I am sorry that I cannot accept any of the batch of drawings that you send. Your letter was very interesting. **Morris Perrott (ADELAIDE).**—Your numerous drawings to hand. They are all too fine for reproduction. That illustrating Mr. Hassall's interview is interesting. **Althea Money.**—Your snap-shots of Essex county cricketers are cleverly taken, and I hope at some future date to insert some of them in THE CAPTAIN. **L. Bennett.**—Your photographs of hop-pickers are rather too dark for publication—the result of over-printing. Will you (and other readers) bear in mind

that, when sending photographs and drawings to THE CAPTAIN Club pages, the name and address, and title of the photograph (or drawing) must always be written on the back? **W. Humphreys.**—I am handing on your suggestion to the "O.F." Photographs too late for this year. "Aspirant."—(1) Unless a man has great ability he would not stand much chance of making a large income by designing advertisements. (2) The drawings sent in for THE CAPTAIN are generally about as large again as they appear in our pages. **E. Arthur Miller.**—Your snapshot, "The Backbone of Sussex," I will endeavour to use in a future number. **Gildhart J. Walker.**—Shall endeavour to use photograph of the Scotch express when space permits. **T. H. Brown.**—Of the two interesting photographs you send, No. 1 has the



4.7 INCH NAVAL GUN, ON H.M.S. "CIRCE."

Photograph by *Fai Murray.*

defect of having a railing right in front of the distant figures, while No. 2 is over-printed; otherwise I should have endeavoured to use them. "Mudge."—Write to the "O.F." if you want further advice about your dog, and use blacker ink.

Contributions also received from: **J. F. Bevington, J. R. W. Burnett, D. Robertson, L. MacDonald Gill, George H. H., James Williams, Frank Garratt, Oswald Fordham, K. H. Smith, L. S. Hughes, A. Mackinnon, Val. Murray, G. H. Parson, "Little Goose," W. M. Wace, W. B. Huntly, Bert Thomas, W. Bridge, K. A. H. Goodyear, A. O. M., "Vet.," P. W. Bennett,**

**A. V. Hussey, "Veda," H. L. Dobrée, "Puzzled Pupil," A. G. Scott, and others.**

(A number of Contributions and Criticisms are held over.)

## COMMENTS ON SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS.

**No. I.**—The Four Towns Competition is as popular this month as last, but the list is a more difficult one to guess, owing to such towns as Luton, Lewes, Manchester and Maidenhead being interchangeable. Many competitors had nearly all the towns right, but in the wrong order. This was particularly the case with the towns beginning with L. The winner in Class I. had nine, in Class II. eight, and in Class III. only six, wrong. The correct list is as follows:—**Graham, Guildford, Glasgow, Gravesend, Hastings, Hull, Hertford, Huddersfield, Inverness, Ipswich, Ilfracombe, Idle, Kidderminster, Kettering, Kendal, Keith, Luton, Lincoln, Lewes, Leeds, Maidenhead, Monmouth, Margate, Manchester.**

**No. II.**—The winning list in Class I. is a very good representative one, and is as follows:—

<b>J. Chamberlain</b> ..	<b>Earl of Birmingham.</b>
<b>Alfred Austin</b> ..	<b>Knight.</b>
<b>A. Conan Doyle</b> ..	<b>Knight.</b>
<b>A. J. Balfour</b> ..	<b>Earl.</b>
<b>W. St. John Brodrick</b>	<b>Knight.</b>
<b>George Wyndham</b> ..	<b>Knight.</b>
<b>C. T. Ritchie</b> ..	<b>Baronet.</b>
<b>W. G. Grace</b> ..	<b>Knight.</b>
<b>W. C. Gully</b> ..	<b>Baronet.</b>
<b>Cecil Rhodes</b> ..	<b>Earl of Cape Town.</b>
<b>George Cadbury</b> ..	<b>Baronet.</b>

**No. III.**—Some very good snap-shots were submitted, afternoon tea in the garden being the most popular meal pictured.

**No. IV.**—A great many well-expressed essays on "Hobbies" were sent in, the most popular being Stamp Collecting, Gardening, Fretwork, Photography, and Keeping Pets, the great point in all mentioned being the promise of small outlay and speedy returns. I must specially mention the essay on "Learning English," sent in by **Achille Van Swae**, who seems to have ridden his hobby to some purpose.

**No. V.**—Excellent indeed were some of the enlargements of THE CAPTAIN Stamp submitted, the winning drawings in each class being almost *fac-similes*.

**No. VI.**—I had to disqualify quite thirty letters as post-cards only were asked for. Many of the jokes were enough to make one's blood run cold, such as—

When did THE CAPTAIN readers learn to cook?

When they did **C. B. Fry** (see beef fry).

Why did the railway train?

Because it saw the signal-box;

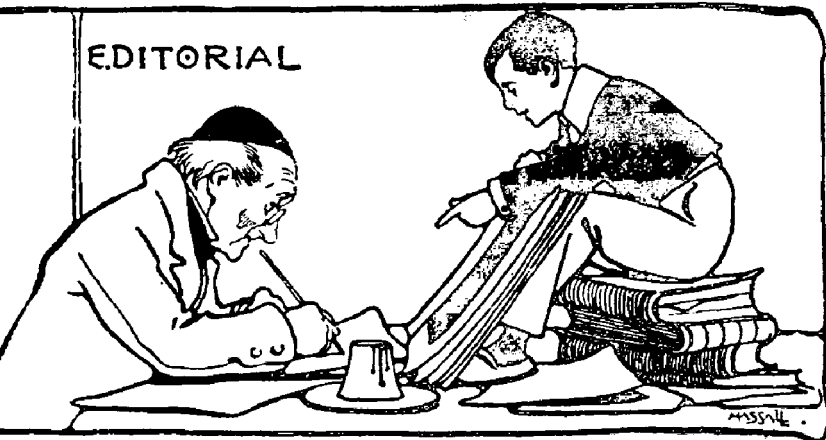
and many more of an equally heart-rending character.

**N.B.**—Important.—Please do not enclose any communications for the Editor with competitions, or applications for CAPTAIN stamps. When asked to choose Consolation Prizes, please write to the Editor direct.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,  
STRAND, LONDON.

in stamps to the Publisher, THE CAPTAIN,  
George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street,  
London, W.C.

## "The Captain" Christmas Number

will, as usual, contain a more than ordinarily big budget of stories by CAPTAIN favourites, specially ordered for the occasion. But this is not all. We shall this year publish, in reality, *two Christmas Numbers*, because the January number, which will be on sale just about the time you are wending your way home for the holidays, will also be filled with contributions suitable for the season. Readers who usually rely on finding copies of THE CAPTAIN at whatever shop or stall they happen to call at, instead of having the magazine delivered at their houses, or kept for them, are advised to make sure of getting these two Christmas numbers by *ordering them in advance*. This is always the most satisfactory method for all concerned, as it ensures the reader his copy, it helps the bookseller or book-stall manager to assess the number of copies he will require, and it assists *us* in gauging what number we shall require to print. All readers requiring copies posted to friends abroad or in this country should send the necessary address and 8½d.

**When** the Fighting Editor went to Margate for his summer holiday, I particularly warned him that he must only take a month. Instead

of that he took two months. When I wrote and told him to come back, he sent me a picture post-card (view of Margate beach, with children paddling) telling me that if I wanted him back I must fetch him back. Now, though I am willing to box, wrestle, run, jump, or swim any old man of my own age, I can't take liberties with a Fighting Editor; so the villain stayed at Margate until he felt inclined to return—until, that is to say, the weather down there grew uncomfortably chilly—when he sent me another picture post-card (this time it was a view of the pier, with a person who looked

like the F. E. very much in the foreground) politely intimating that he would be on duty again immediately. I confess I was glad to hear from him, for his services had been in request many times during his absence. Several wild-eyed poets had gone unscathed owing to his having been "away," and the Idea

## Some Contributors TO THE Christmas Number

C. B. Fry.  
Dick Donovan.  
Tom Brown.  
Rev. A. N.  
Malan, D.D.  
Warren Bell.  
Fred Swainson.  
Clifford Mills.  
W. E. Hodgson.

Stacey Blake.  
"Vive La  
France."  
Alf. B. Cooper.  
Louis Wain.  
Onslow Deane.  
Cockburn  
Reynolds.  
Etc., etc.

READY NOVEMBER 22nd. PRICE 6d.

Merchant had regarded the period as a sort of jubilee—dashing in with ideas all day long, from morn to eve. Indeed, the I. M. chummed up with one of the long-haired ones, and they conspired together against me for all the world like two soothsayers or magicians of the very long-ago times. They knew I didn't want to see them, but they were determined to see *me*, and so they *lunched on the stairs*, sending out a printer's boy for bottled beer, sandwiches, and jam puffs. Their first picnic of this kind was so successful that they decided to have another, and fixed a date for it. Now that very morning I had received the picture post-card from the Fighting Editor, saying he would be back "about lunch-time." So I went off to my own modest little meal with a merry heart, and when I returned I found—well, I did not find either the poet or the Idea Merchant, but I found the Fighting Editor demolishing various light refreshments with all his old appetite.

**Further Food for the F. E.**—I have mentioned the Fighting Editor because I seriously contemplate handing over to him the addresses of correspondents who regularly and wilfully break certain rules which I have made—those correspondents, for instance, who enclose "letters to the editor" with their competitions; who put questions to Mr. Fry, Mr. Nankivell, Mr. Haydon Perry, the Photographic Editor, and myself, all on one little sheet of paper; and those who deliberately copy poems and jokes out of other papers and submit them as "CAPTAIN Club Contributions." The Fighting Editor is thirsting for work, so let the above offenders beware! Aye, and let callers who call with vain questions look to themselves!

**Callers** are one of the worries of an editor's life, especially when they call with ridiculous suggestions. A man who has got some really good, fresh, original idea to propound is always welcome if he will state his business and be off without delay. You may not believe me when I tell you some of the absurd things people call about. One man came up and interrupted me in the midst of a most beautiful thought which I was putting into a correspondent's album. When he had seated himself daintily in an easy chair, he said: "Do you take stories for your paper?" Naturally, I whistled for the F. E., who bounded in fresh from attending to a gentleman who had been trying on conjuring tricks with my hat and coat—trying

to make them vanish, in fact. It must be palpable to anybody who troubles to look through *THE CAPTAIN* that I *do* take stories. Another man once waited on me with a sheaf of articles and tales which had already appeared in two London papers, and remarked that he would be quite willing to sell them to me at a reduced rate. Needless to say, his generous offer was not accepted. Another caller, who exasperated me very much, hurried into the office one day with an air of great importance and asked if I ever printed articles about schools. On my replying that I occasionally did, she observed—for it was a lady caller—that she would shortly be attending a prize-giving at a small private school, and would be glad to write me an account of it. When I told her that that sort of thing was more suitable for the columns of a local paper, she went out looking disappointed and indignant.

**The shortest call** I can recollect was paid me by a rough-looking American customer, who sauntered in without knocking. The following dialogue ensued:—

"Say, are you the boss?"

"I am!"

"Do you want an article on 'How they Flay Folks Alive in China'?"

"No!"

"That's straight talk. Morning!"

"Morning!" And he sauntered out again.

**"A Cavalier Maid."**—The present instalment of this serial ends at a most interesting place. History tells us of many brave deeds that have been performed by women—woman's wit has often won the day when man's strength has failed—and this "Cavalier Maid," as you will shortly see, plays her part to perfection. In the chapters that follow you will be filled with admiration for the manner in which the author, while setting Etienne Glanvil a hard task to perform—such a task as would have daunted the spirit of many a man—shows how the maid, in spite of the fact that she has to pose as a Cavalier and don a Cavalier's dress, preserves throughout her womanliness, and yet never for a moment betrays her secret. But read on—next month she has to ride for her life!

**"In Deep Water."**—Those of our readers who think of going to sea may take to heart Messrs. Blake and Hodgson's description of life on this particular "tramp" steamer. A

good many steamship apprentices have to learn their sea alphabet on ships almost as badly governed as the *Creole* was; in fact, one voyage of this kind very often cures them of any desire to go to sea again. The picture given of the *Creole's* turbulent voyage is not one whit overdrawn; indeed, a good many of the incidents are considerably toned down. The further instalments of the story possess some startling developments, for Captain Howell quite meant what he said when he expressed his determination to "seize the hull tarnation ship." Curiously enough, Mr. W. E. Hodgson mentioned the plot of this tale to me quite five years ago; but, a busy man, he has little time for writing, and so, although the main features of the plot have been in his head all this long time, it was only quite recently that he enlisted the co-operation of Mr. Stacey Blake—ex-sailor and writer also—in order, as he would remark, to get "In Deep Water" "under weigh."

#### "Captain" Club.

—We are making fine headway with the List of Club Members. It may be as well to remind new readers wishing to join that supplementary lists will be published from time to time containing the names of new recruits. In the majority of cases we find that members have given their home rather than their school addresses. Of course they are at liberty to give either, or both. We should be notified of change in address.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**G. H. B.**—I thank you for your kind suggestion with regard to character reading by handwriting. I am not greatly in favour of a feature of this kind, as I don't believe anybody can give you information really reliable and worth having by simply reading a letter you have written to him. Of course, it is possible to determine certain characteristics from handwriting. You can tell, for instance, whether people are slovenly in their habits, or have a firm will (to some extent—not always), or are artistically inclined, but I fear much of the information supplied by graphologists is guess-work. I have heard of a graphologist receiving a letter from a young lady, written to her by the man to whom

she was engaged, and she wanted to know the man's "character." Now, if the graphologist had said he was a bad lot and not worth marrying, she might have believed him and broken off the engagement. In this way, you see, a good deal of harm can be done quite innocently, because, of course, though the graphologist exercises his art to the best of his knowledge, he may, quite unwittingly, upset the peace of mind of a large number of people who trust to his guidance.

**Carrie Ingham.**—Your suggestion re publishing some of the prize-winners' photographs is a good one; but, as the results of competitions only reach us as we are going to press, and are accordingly—as I daresay you have often noticed—printed on the last page of the magazine, we hardly have time to communicate with prize-winners. However, I have observed that some of our readers have got, not one, but several prizes, and it would certainly be interesting to publish the portraits of some CAPTAIN prize-winners who have given proof of their ability in such a substantial fashion. I shall, therefore, be glad to receive the portrait of any CAPTAIN prize-winner who has won six or more prizes, seeing that anybody who has done that must be very clever indeed.

**The Caxton Magazine** is the title of a new monthly periodical, devoted to the printing and publishing trades, especially appealing to all those interested in typographical matters generally and present-day journalism. Printed on toned paper, its get-up is very superior. The subscription is 1s. per month; or post free for one year from the publishers, Messrs. Blades, East & Blades, 23, Abchurch Lane, E.C., 10s.; to foreign subscribers, 13s. 6d. In the number before us (September, 1901), there is an article which CAPTAIN readers will peruse with interest, as it deals with Sir George Newnes, Bart.,

M.P., the founder of the firm which owns THE CAPTAIN.

**Canuck.**—Thanks for your letter. In reply to your query: A fellow can certainly be in love at sixteen in a sort of way. I fell in love myself when I was sixteen; yes, with a blue-eyed fairy who used to sell stamps at the post office, and I need hardly tell you that I often bought stamps when I didn't want them. I cannot tell you how long this passion lasted—at the outside, perhaps, three weeks! I think that is about the limit of all sixteen-year-old boys' "first affairs." After all, a fellow is very much better employed playing cricket or football than dangling round after some blue-eyed sylph, who only laughs at him when his back is turned.

**M. F. H.**—Official representatives at various places are supposed to buck THE CAPTAIN up all they can, and to get absolutely every fellow they know to take it in, as well as all their girl cousins, sisters, friends, etc. If everybody works for THE CAPTAIN

### NOW READY.

#### "Acton's Feud."

By FRED SWAINSON.

Price 3s. 6d.

#### "The Heart of the Prairie."

By JOHN MACKIE.

Price 3s. 6d.

#### "Tales of Greyhouse."

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Price 5s.

like this, we shall soon have the largest circulation in the world, and that will mean the knocking out of a lot of rotten periodicals that ought never to be allowed to disgrace the bookstalls. (2) Clubbed. (3) Your handwriting is a little uneven, but it shows character, and is quite readable.

**M. O. Smith.**—See my little article in the April number, entitled, "Advice to Literary Aspirants." It would not be much use your trying to procure a position on a country paper unless you knew short-hand, and certainly your handwriting might be improved. It is not likely you will be able to get into any office unless you are personally acquainted with the powers that reign there. Is it not possible that you are more suited for some other profession?

**M. Kent** writes: "Your correspondent in the September number of *THE CAPTAIN*, namely, N. Emo, may be ingenious. He is clearly very incorrect. The compound German word of which he makes a hash is, Constantinopolitanischer dudelsackpfeifegeselle. If you compare it with his you will see the difference; for one thing, in mine there are only forty-five letters, instead of sixty-seven. Scotland is not the only country in which the bagpipes are heard."

**W. S. Biggs** has had a stroke of bad luck. He writes: "I was going in for the 'missing word' competition a little while ago, and prepared what I thought might be a possible solution. For some reason or other it was not posted; but when the result was published I found it corresponded exactly with my solution." Our sincere commiserations.

**R. J.**—(1) Mr. Cockburn Reynolds knows quite as much about jungle life as Mr. Kipling does; I daresay he knows more, as he lived for years in the jungle before he came to this country. (2) I have handed your question about the bat to Mr. Fry. You ought to be the best judge yourself as to whether it is too heavy for you. If it is, try another.

**A. H. B.**—The following two books will be very useful in your study of English trees: Mathew's "Familiar Trees and their Leaves," illustrated with drawings from Nature, price 7s. 6d.; and Nisbet's "British Forest Trees," price 6s. net. You can obtain both of them from Messrs. Parker & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

**D. G.**—In order to become an engineer in a shipping company of good repute, you must go through some engineering works. As soon as you become a competent mechanic, you should apply to the company whose service you wish to enter. The engineering course at Derby College will no doubt be of great use to you.

**A Record School Dive.**—V. B. Willis, of the Wanganui Collegiate School, New Zealand, holds, I believe, the school record for a long dive, viz., 238ft. He accomplished this at the swimming sports, held at the school, on March 4th, 1901. The previous best for the school was held by R. K. Murphy, whose dive was 167ft.

**A Bathonian.**—I am very pleased to hear that you have done so much for us in the way of getting new subscribers. We do not send specimen copies of *THE CAPTAIN* to anybody, so I am sorry that I cannot grant your request. I think you will agree with me that if a rule is made it ought to be adhered to.

**W. Newell.**—(1) *Bonâ fide* is Latin, not

French. (2) You can tell how old *THE CAPTAIN* is by looking at the number on the copy before you. (3) Dr. Gordon Stables did write a story for *THE CAPTAIN*. It was entitled "The Cruise of the *Vengeful*," and it ran through Volume IV.

**J. Garratt.**—I believe you can obtain a cheap translation of the "Book of the Dead," from Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co., 20 and 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., from whom you can probably acquire some information respecting the other book you mention.

**Jack V. Pearman.**—The "C.C.C." pages are reserved for members of *THE CAPTAIN* Club, who are supposed to send to them original contributions in prose and verse, also photographs and sketches. Now you know what that corner is for, go ahead.

**P. E. S. A.**—As you are interested in wood-carving, I will bring to your notice a periodical just issued, called the *Woodworker*, price 2d. For designs you might try "Hobbies" Publishing Department, 12, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

**E. A. B.**—I have already said that I cannot undertake the responsibility of putting readers into communication with one another.

**Bandit.**—Your letter was most interesting. The manoeuvres of the boys who wanted to see your badge

were certainly very amusing. **Marjorie Paulley.**—Certainly we review girls' school magazines. **B. A. T.**—Will try and arrange it, but can make no promise.

**Olive Ferrar.**—I think you write in all sincerity, but the majority of readers hold a contrary opinion. **C.**

**J. Brewer.**—No, I am not the Rev. F. A. G. Leveson-Gower. **Eric Rothwell.**—Your writing is full of character, and denotes ambition. **G. F. Bourne.**

—"Clubbed." Freak photographs should be sent to the "C.C.C." pages. **H. W. M.**—I am. "Competition."

—I am afraid that the number of readers that could tackle a "cipher" competition would be limited. **Edwin Turner.**

—You will find your name among the "T's." **Walter McKie Hislop.**—

"Clubbed." Your name will appear in a supplementary list that will be printed

when these lists are finished. **J. M. Luck.**—Your suggestions are very sensible. I will bear them in mind. **R. C. H.**—If you will send the latest number of the *Christowe Record*, I will review it. **Nathan Zelinsky.**—Explanation accepted. **F. R. D. Gibbs.**—The blocks are made of zinc from pen-and-ink drawings, reproduced by a photographic process.

**An Admirer.**—Try Hamley's, High Holborn, London, W.C., re the game you mention. **Winnie M. Rogers.**—Samuel French, Ltd., 89, Strand, W.C. Write for their catalogue of plays. **J. A. M.**

(1) Feed your newts on worms and pieces of meat. (2) No, I don't think they will eat your tadpoles.

**"Amo"** and **W. J. Rife.**—Write to F. H. Butler, Esq., M.A., Mineralogist, 158, Brompton Road, W.

**Official representatives appointed:** W. R. Brooks (Witney), D. C. Blaher (Worthing), H. L. Burton (Burton-on-Trent).

**Letters, photographs, etc., have also been received from:** "S. H.," Walter Forsyth (clubbed), R. L. Bridgnell, H. T. Peirett, Stanley Hide, and others.

(A number of answers held over.)

# Results of September Competitions.

## No. I.—"Four Towns."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: FRANK A. GARRATT, "Holmly," Wolverton Avenue, Kingston Hill.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WILLIAM L. ALLEN, 48, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Evelyn J. Welsford, A. G. Trumble, Constance J. Regan, L. D. Nicol, Joseph W. Connell, Augusta A. Allain, William Borthwick.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: WILLIAM BRUCE, 18, Gladstone Terrace, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: L. E. V. TIFFEN, 51, Sprules Road, Brockley, S.E.; and FRANK B. MORTON, 61, Castle Street, Southwark, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George W. Booth, H. Wentworth Cathie, W. C. P. Austin, Percy L. M. Battye, Fred. Hales, Norman F. Waugh, H. J. N. Kenward, C. B. Tidboald, W. G. Tilling, W. J. Juleff, Robert H. Carrick.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: CHARLES PEACOCK, 110, King Henry's Road, Hampstead, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CECIL S. BIRD, Kennet Lodge, Theale, Berks.; and A. H. MORTON, 15, Ashley Place, Westminster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nancy Parker, Ronald Walker, Edwin T. H. Knight, F. A. Trenchard, William D. Morton, Henry E. Maunder, Denis D. Philby, E. M. Stapley, Francis G. Turner, John Cartland, Winnie Andrew.

## No. II.—"Titles for Popular People."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: J. HAROLD ROUND, 8, Victoria Terrace, Dudley.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: LIONEL D. SAUNDERS, Albion Cottage, Heavitree, Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John L. Turner, William Armstrong, Richard L. Bridgnell, Sidney A. Wright, Edgar H. Cross, W. D. Ereaut.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: INGA S. BELL, 9, Marchmont Terrace, Glasgow, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: T. R. DAVIS, 6, Thurlby Road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Colin A. Arrol, Alex. Patton, William Aitken Oldfield, P. Ramsay Laird, J. S. Baird.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: EDGAR A. PEERS, 10, Stapenhill Road, Burton-on-Trent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ruth McCloskey.

## No. III.—"For the Camera Fiend."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: HERBERT J. MASON, Carlton House, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Owen, F. C. Sharp, O. C. Lupton, C. J. B. Masfield, Mayne Reid, Maude Hart, A. H. Oldham, F. Jarman, Basil Schön, Kathleen Cartland, W. Potchery, Blanch Tracy, Gwynedd Hudson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: S. A. SPRATT, 207, Evering Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. E. Llewellyn, Stella Bedford, Aston W. H. Peach, Allan Drummond, C. G. Dowding, A. D. Stratton, Helen Josephine Tracy, Jerardine Byrom, Gwendoline Finlaison, Leonard Hardy, Eveline Venon.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: R. SHERMAN, 2, Gloucester Place, Greenwich, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Kenyon, Frank Bale, A. Poncon, D. W. Fenton-Jones, Geo. S. McCreedy, Fred C. Lansdell.

## No. IV.—"What is the Most Useful Hobby?"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: PERCY H. BEAZLEY, 152, Usher Road, Bow, E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HARRY PAYNE, 14, Dryden Street, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert E. Ereaut, R. A. H. Good-year, Edgar J. Ereaut, Marguerite Dowding, Ernest A. Taylor, Eleanor V. Taylore.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ACHILLE VAN SWAE, 39, Quai de la Station, Antwerp, Belgium.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WINIFRED D. EREAUT, "Belleville," St. Saviour's, Jersey; and MORRIS THOMPSON, "Brentwood," Regent Square, Doncaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: O. P. Davies, S. G. Ereaut, S. G. Wilson, Wilfred White, E. W. Stiles, Gertrude Sterling, John B. Edgar, Martyr Luck, Cyril Burrage, George F. Good.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: CHARLES MURRAY, c/o Cleghorn, 13, Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. W. IVEY, 171, Barking Road, West Ham, Essex; and R. RAMSAY LAIRD, 11, Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Victor G. Sair, P. Waterhouse, Harry Cooke, M. J. Kemble, Lilian Weber, Alexander Mackenzie, H. H. Wellington, G. T. Atkinson, Mary Douglas, F. Morbey, James Weir.

## No. V.—"Drawing of 'The Captain' Stamp."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: LUTHER SOWDEN, Grafton House, Allerton, near Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred Inkster, John England, E. Cook, A. S. Atkinson, Joseph Johnston, W. J. White, S. Wilson, Gwynedd M. Hudson, Percy Hamer, Edith Winifred Frowd, Mabel Le Maistre, Florence Warde, Helen Blackwood.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

7s. 6d. divided between: TOM STREET, 23, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh; and OLIVER LEWIS, 10, Wren Street, Coventry.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: E. H. WARD, 16, Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. S. Price, Harold Gayton, Grace West, Vera Nikolie (Austria), James Henderson, F. Hales, A. L. Ball, T. W. Collins, C. H. Gregory, Eva L. White, James Weir, Harold Hamp.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Twelve.) No award.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nancy Huntly, Alice Margaret Ogden, H. T. J. Warner, Frank Victor Hall.

## No. VI.—"Riddles."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: C. P. H. THOMPSON, "Corrwallen," Carrigallen, co. Leitrim.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. G. McRae, Q. L. Smith, Geo. Mottershead, H. Mack, L. Keston.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: J. S. PROTHEROE, 18, Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: JOAN THOMAS, Forest Fach, Swansea; and E. HALDEN, 134, Onslow Drive, Dennistown, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. Holford, Olive Jackson, J. Harold Round, E. W. Stiles, M. I. Falkner, Gustavus Hamilton, D. C. Hudson, R. A. Haydon, William S. Harle, Dorothy Wordsworth, H. P. Milsom, H. C. Ransley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

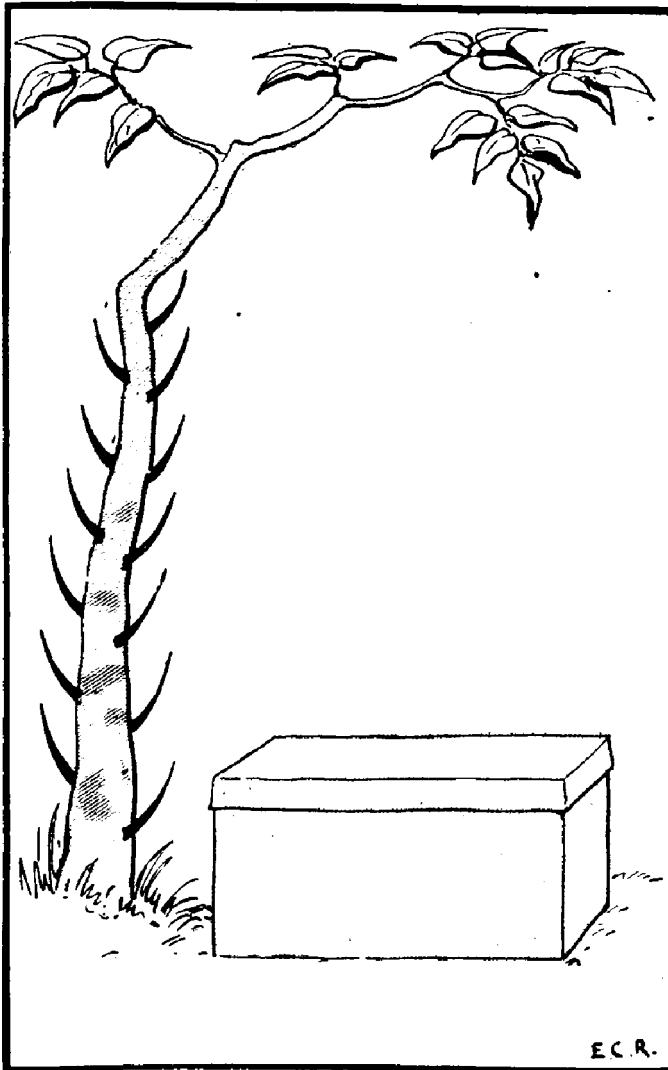
WINNER OF 5s.: GWEN OREDEN, The Grove, Stretton, Suffolk.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: PERCY J. SLADE, Calderon Road, Leytonstone, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edgar A. Shilling, C. G. Murphy, Percy Leonard, Horace S. Dickins, Norman B. Ashford, Gladys Amphlett, Wm. A. Mavin, Fred. Gibbons, W. Ethel M. Kempson, J. Green, Gilbert Dewar.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor: which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number

## **“BOX AND TREE” COMPETITION.**



*Take the thorns from the tree and put them together so as to form,  
in the simplest way, a man on the box.*

Trace your drawing of the box—do not tear this page out.

(For further particulars, see page 283.)

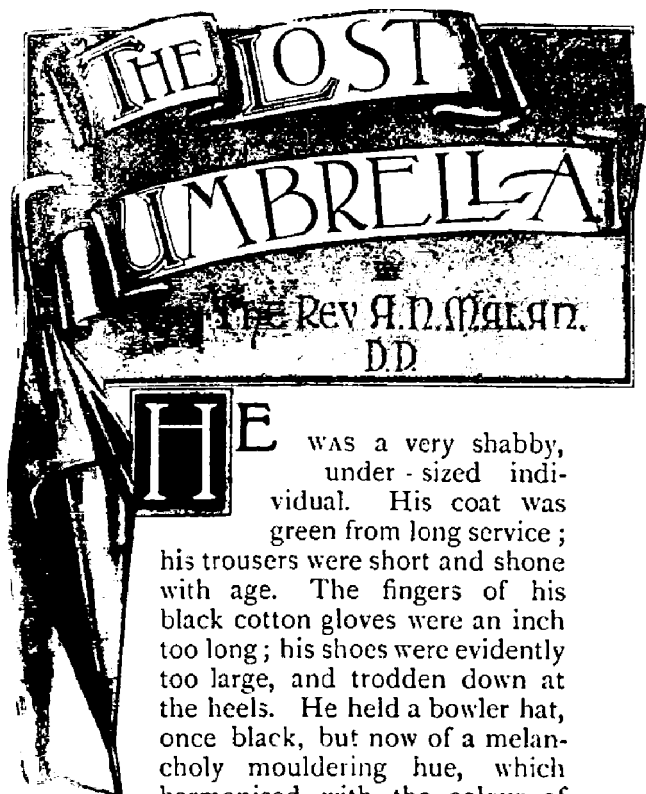
"The Captain" Christmas Card.



THE OLD FAG WISHES YOU ALL A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

*(Specially drawn for THE CAPTAIN by Tom Browne, R.I.)*





**H**E WAS a very shabby, under-sized individual. His coat was green from long service; his trousers were short and shone with age. The fingers of his black cotton gloves were an inch too long; his shoes were evidently too large, and trodden down at the heels. He held a bowler hat, once black, but now of a melancholy mouldering hue, which harmonised with the colour of his coat. He had sandy, straight

hair, a pale and pinched face, wide-open washed-out eyes.

The servant had announced him as wanting to see me. He had declined to give his name, but said he had called on important business. I told the servant to show him in, and a sound of shuffling footsteps was followed by the man's appearance in my study.

He looked about at the ceiling and walls. Then he looked at me, and spoke in a quick, flurried voice:—

"I've lost my umbrella—it was a new one—it cost half-a-guinea."

Again his eyes wandered over the ceiling and walls.

"Here's my card."

I took it, and read, "*Mr. W. Spinks, 132, Red Lion Avenue, S'ho.*"

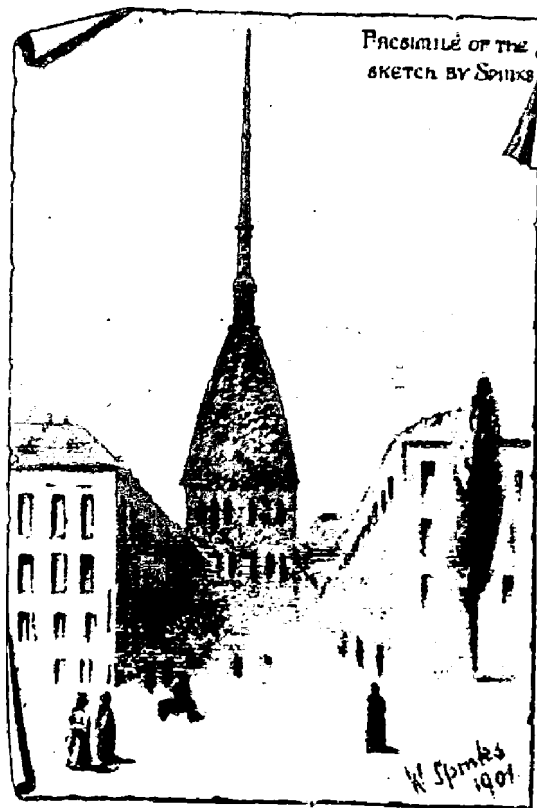
"Well, sir," I said, "what do you want? Do you expect me to look for your umbrella?"

"You couldn't find it—I lost it in Turin."

"Turin? I can hardly offer to go so far afield!"

"Just so—but you can let me have the value of it."

His wandering eyes were never still. I mentally set him down as a man of weak intellect, hard up, and too proud to beg in the ordinary way.



"In plain words," I said, "you want me to give you half-a-guinea."

"No—I can earn it."

"Do you want a job in the garden? I have nothing to offer you—my time is valuable—I must——"

He interrupted me.

"You write stories for boys—I've seen your name——"

"Well?"

He advanced a step nearer, and wagged the flapping finger of a glove at me.

"Look here," he said, in an impressive voice, "I can tell you how I lost my umbrella!" and he drew back with a curious leer in his pale eyes.

"Don't you see?" he continued; "if I tell you, you can put it down—they'll pay you for it—and you can give me a new umbrella, eh?"

So he was sane after all, or else he had method in his madness. He began to interest me.

"How did you lose it?"

"That's what I want to tell you. I left it in a building, and couldn't find it."

"Is that all? How do you imagine I could make a story out of that?"

"It's right enough—look here—if I tell you

and they pay you, will you give me a new umbrella?"

"I do not care to bind myself to any agreement—but, stay—if you like to tell me, and it seems worth writing about, I will send it on, and, if it is accepted, you shall have a new umbrella. But, if I don't think it worth the trouble, I shall have nothing to do with it."

"That's fair enough. I'll sit down, if you have no objection. I'm tired."

He sat down, and bent forward, holding his hat on his lap.

"It was like this. My sister married a rich man. They have a son, George—he's my nephew, you understand. He's at school. They asked me to take him abroad in the Easter holidays—paid everything. We went to Switzerland and Italy. What I'm going to tell you happened in Turin. It was like this:—

"There's a museum in Turin. It's the tallest and thinnest building in Europe, I should say—at least, so it looks. I made a sketch of it."

He took a leathern case from his pocket, and, having found the sketch among its contents, he handed it to me.

"There, you see, it seems to have outgrown its strength. Anyhow, there it is. We looked at the notice over the entrance, but it was in Italian, and we could not construe it. We went in. My nephew can talk French, and the man at the turnstile knew something of that language. He said there were a thousand and eight steps to the top. Think of that! A thousand and eight steps! Then he turned us adrift into a passage and left us.

"We came to a short flight of steps, about a dozen. Then straight ahead, and another flight, and so on, till we came to a door. It gave entrance to a hall, magnificent in its spacious proportions. I never saw such a majestic room. But it was full of emptiness, so to say, except that it was entirely blocked with gigantic scaffolding. There was something about it that made me feel shivery. The great stone pillars, with carved capitals; the noble arches; the lofty roof, with its decorated ceiling. You would have expected to see a swarm of workmen, busy as bees, upon the scaffolding, but there wasn't one. The silence froze your marrow. It reminded me of the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner.'"

Mr. Spinks stood up, and carefully placed his hat upon the chair. Then, striking an attitude, he recited some of the lines in a tragic voice, and with dramatic gestures:—

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold;  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The nightmare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold."

He must be a lunatic, after all, I thought—he seemed to be working himself up for some outburst of frenzy. To bring him back to the point, I asked what that had to do with his umbrella.

He glared at me with a terrific scowl, and wagged his finger-top of glove at me. After a brief silence, he went on again:—

"Four times fifty living men  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one."

Mr. Spinks imitated the ghastly performance by dropping down upon the chair, regardless of his hat. Then, with a startling shriek, he suddenly sprang up:—

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribb'd sea sand.  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay."

He paused, and pointed to the floor. Then he sat down exhausted by the vehemence of his feelings. When he recovered, he said:—

"That was just to show you how I felt, while gazing at that great, grim, desolate hall. Well, sir, my nephew and I went on, up several other flights of steps—till we came to another door."

His voice sank almost to a whisper.

"What do you think? That door led into a second hall, even more palatial in its proportions than the first—enormously lofty, and crowded like the other with a maze of scaffolding—gaunt, mysterious, silent as death. There was not a sign of workmen's tools, or any hint of labour being merely interrupted by a holiday. It was as though death had swept out every living man. I would not spend a night alone in that hall—I should see troops of ghostly workmen swarm upon that scaffolding.

"Now, sir, if you look at the sketch,\* you will see that those two halls occupy the lower part of the building. After passing them we began to mount the dome. So far the steps had been wide enough for two or three persons abreast; now they were so narrow that a stout person could only ascend sideways. Luckily we were both slim. The steps were packed close against the concave side of the dome. You looked up and saw the dome gradually sloping and drawing in overhead, as though it meant to close and crush you, like the terrible iron chamber in Poe's tale. The steps were laid

\* See heading to this story.

true to the level, and were protected by a rail; but the narrowness of the steps obliged you to bend your body to suit the curve of the dome. You had to hold the rail, and lean over the abyss. My nephew said it made him feel seasick. He very soon gave up—he dared not go on. I don't wonder—it made me feel liverish, sir, liverish.

"Well, George," I said, "you can stay here, if you like, and wait for me. One of us ought to see this show out. If you can't, I must."

"All right, uncle," he said. "I'll wait—but I can't go a step further."

"So I left my nephew there—say, one twentieth part accomplished of the long climb. I bade him keep up his spirits—and, crooked in the curve of a scythe, I proceeded to mount higher. The stairs corkscrewed round the dome in flights leading to galleries. On reaching one of those galleries, you



"ALL RIGHT, UNCLE;  
I'LL WAIT."

might turn right or left, and find a flight leading up to the next gallery.

"I had long since passed out of sight and hearing of my nephew. At times the steps were plunged in darkness, and I had to grope my way till it came again into light. There were port-holes at intervals. I had gone up in a haphazard sort of way, sometimes turning to the right on

reaching a gallery, sometimes to the left. Then it occurred to me that I might miss my way coming down, and fail to find my nephew. Happy thought! Let me steal a hint from the Indians when threading the mazes of a forest. True, I cannot bark the walls, but I can mark the route by leaving some token at intervals. I would begin at once by hanging my umbrella on the rail by which I was standing. I would make a point of always turning to the right on reaching a gallery.

"After negotiating a few more flights, I tied





"MON NEVEU! MES HABITS! MON CHAPEAU! TOUT-A-FAIT PERDUS!"

my handkerchief round a rail. Further up, I was glad to leave my coat, for it was hot work—then my waistcoat. Onwards and upwards once more, leaving my hat and my handkerchief till I had done with the dome.

"Look at the sketch—I had reached the first gallery which goes round the spire outside. A superb view of the city and its surroundings lay spread out in the vast depth below, with the mighty snow mountains of Mont Cenis towering towards the blue sky. I revelled in the splendid panorama, walking round the gallery many times. Then I mounted a spiral staircase to the next gallery, and again I admired the view. I tied my braces round a rail, and nerved

myself to scale what remained of the dizzy height.

"You can see from the sketch how slender the spire becomes. As I looked up, it seemed as though I could almost clasp it round the waist. There was a long iron ladder in place of steps. I mounted it half-way, and then—! Horror! horror! horror! I turned my head and looked down! As I think of it, the same feeling of giddysickness that came over me at that moment returns.

"I was paralysed with a terror which took all the strength out of my hands. My knees grew limp, my feet felt like cold lead, my fingers were numb. The agony was unbearable! I let go. By some instinct of self-preservation I flung my arms round the ladder, and the next moment I was sliding down, utterly

powerless, sick with that fainting terror.

"Oh, dear sir, I thought I was killed! But I wasn't. I came with a rush and a crash against a stone pillar. My head was cut, my shirt was torn across. The bruises I sustained caused such physical pain that I partially recovered my senses. I staggered to my feet, impelled by the one desire to reach solid earth again. I seized my braces and began the descent. Dazed and bewildered I thought nothing of retracing my original course. I lost all method, turning now to the right, now to the left. I could not find my waistcoat, and plunged madly down any flight of steps. I could not find my coat, or my hat, or anything

As long as I continued getting downwards I cared for nothing. I shouted for George, and listened; but no answer came. I had no handkerchief to mop the blood which streamed from my wounded head. My torn shirt was dyed as red as Garibaldi's.

"At last I reached the ground floor, and I staggered to the turnstile entrance. The official was dozing in a corner. He jumped up and threw out his hands in amazement at my wild appearance. I brandished my braces and tried to make him understand. '*Mon neveu! Mes habits! Mon chapeau! Tout-a-fait perdus! Au secours!*' I gesticulated and pointed vaguely upwards. I glared at him, and gibbered, till the foam flew from my lips. I laid my hand on his arm, and tried to pull him into action. He resented. He assumed a warlike attitude. I hesitated.

"At last I induced him to follow me. We hurried up the steps, past the halls. I shouted 'George!' I was desperate!

"Relief at last! We suddenly came upon George lying comfortably asleep. Poor boy! he was blissfully ignorant of all my terrible experience. I roused him, and explained the bare facts. Then, with his superior French, he contrived to make the official understand the main outlines of the matter. The man went in search of my missing articles.

"To sum up briefly, he succeeded in finding everything except my umbrella. He said it might take

him a month to search all possible places in which I might have left it. I gave him the address of our hotel, and charged him to find my umbrella and send it on. But he never did. That's how it was, sir."

Mr. Spinks rose from the chair, and walked abruptly to the door. As he opened it, he turned and said:—

"I cannot stop longer. Please forward the new umbrella to my address. Good morning, sir."

I heard him shuffle down the passage and leave the house.

The next day was showery. In the afternoon, when setting out for a walk, I could not find my umbrella. Strange coincidence! Where could I have left it?

Two days afterwards I received a post-card. It read:—

DEAR SIR,—As I left your house the other day, I noticed that your umbrella was very similar to the one I lost. It seemed in good condition. To save you the trouble of forwarding a new one, I took the liberty of appropriating it. With many thanks, yours truly,

W. SPINKS.

H'm! Rather cool! I thought. Was the fellow a common swindler after all? I communicated with the police. They made inquiries. There was no such street in Soho.

Well, I've got his sketch. There's nothing for it but to try the luck of sending it with his account to the editor of THE CAPTAIN.



FIRST CONSPIRATOR: "Hush—sh! Not so loud! Walls have ears!"

SECOND DITTO: "Ah! and even the potatoes have eyes! Be careful!"

(They withdraw to the deeper blackness of the green-grocer's cellar.)

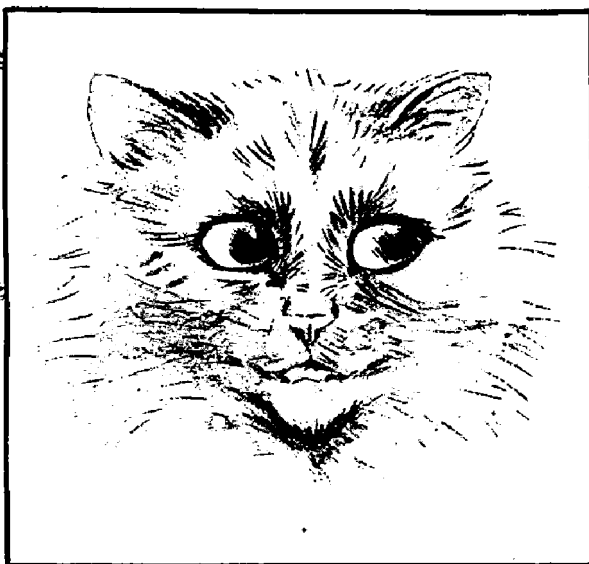


MR. LOUIS WAIN MAKING STUDIES OF EXPRESSION FROM  
*Photograph by George Newnes, Ltd.*

HIS PERSIAN CAT, "PRINCE."

# THE ART OF LOUIS WAIN.

BY PAUL PRESTON.



*Study from  
Louis Wain's  
Note-book.*

I HAD dined — and dined well—with the famous cat artist. Ere I retired to rest I drew my blind, and the moon's effulgence poured into my room. As I slept, I dreamed, and beheld cats innumerable—tom cats, she cats, Manx cats, Persian cats, Bunny cats, and last, one huge “brindled cat”—the identical animal, probably, which mewed thrice in *Muc-beth*—dance around my bed. My host had been asking me some of those idiotic questions, probably to stave off those I wished to ask him, which

have even more inane answers, and these and the cats got mixed, for, as they danced they sang, “When shall the moon of Louis Wain?” With awful iteration they dinned this question into my ears. I tried to sit up and think out an answer on correct lines, but the brindled grimalkin had left the rout, and had seated himself on my chest. He

punctuated the song with the one word, “When?” which he pronounced with a grin which made me sure he was born in Cheshire, and which so exasperated me that, with a superhuman effort, I flung him off, leapt up, and drove the whole lot up the chimney—a direct, though unusual, route to their customary boudoir on the tiles.

Well, that's a dream picture, and Louis Wain is the only man in England who could realise it on a square of millboard with a bit of red chalk. He has dramatised the cat; he has made it human—impish, ghoulish, angelic, what you

like, but human always, and therein lies his charm. He never paints a cat's portrait, on principle. It would not be one of Louis Wain's cats if he did, and his cats are unique, and exist nowhere save in his wonderful drawings.

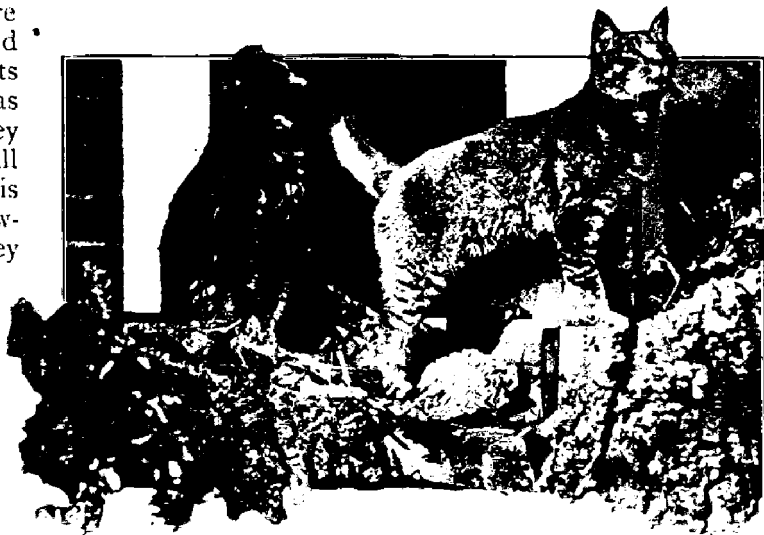
In this connection, I said to him: “I heard a man say the other day, ‘Louis Wain's cats are not like cats at all!’”

The artists smiled—he only smiles about twice a day on an average, for he is a preternaturally solemn man,

although I have not the slightest doubt he laughs inside pretty often. “Well,” he replied, “if my cats are not like cats, what are they like?”

I shook my head dolefully. “They are like nothing else,” I said.

“Exactly,” he replied. “I suppose I have



TWO RARE CATS.

“Goblin,” the cat sitting down, is a weird blue Persian, which was given to Mr. Wain by the Duchess of Bedford. The cat standing up is a “Bunny cat, with a coat like a rabbit. He is the rarest cat in England.

*Photograph by George Newnes, Ltd.*

drawn in my time upwards of seventy thousand cats of all sizes and descriptions, in all positions, possible and impossible. I have represented them in almost every human relation from the cradle to the grave. I have drawn them engaged in every sport, from circus-riding to croquet. I have painted them as prattling infants and aged

creatures, but I defy anyone to mistake one of my cats for any other known creature. Now, that is all I aim at. I am first and foremost a caricaturist. I represent foibles, failings, passions, pleasures, anything in fact but politics, by means of my cats, and I claim the caricaturist's right to exaggerate defects, emphasise features, and generally to use my subject for all it is worth, in order to bring out the special moral which the picture is designed to point, or to adorn the particular tale which I intend the picture to tell."

I felt that this was good sense, and I made up my mind to give the grumbler afore-mentioned a very bad quarter of an hour the next time I met him, and, if I did not succeed in convincing him that Louis Wain was right and he wrong, I felt that he must be very dense indeed, and certainly devoid of humour.

Talking of humour, I am beginning to think that all humorists are of a saturnine visage. Mark Twain is one of the most serious of men, yet he has given two continents thirty years of laughter. Louis Wain takes life seriously, yet, the moment he sits down to his work, humour seems to bubble out of him. It must not be thought, however, that he is an ungenial man, although, when it comes to forcing him to talk about him-



"BENDIGO," MR. WAIN'S HOUSE AT WESTGATE-ON-SEA.

Photograph by George Newnes, Limited.

self, it almost requires, like the Scotchman's joke, a charge of dynamite to set him going.

Catch him however, by guile, and he will tell you many a good story. Here is one. Most readers of *THE CAPTAIN* will remember reading in the papers about Louis Wain's dinner to the vendors of cats' meat, so common an occu-

pation in London, and so rare in the provinces. When he alighted at the door of the Strand restaurant, where the dinner was given, there was a vast congregation of small boys, who set up a dismal caterwauling in honour of their popular friend.

Even after he had seated himself at table, one of these urchins, who had by some means found his way inside, came upon all fours, arching his back, and purring round his chair.

Another story he told me was connected with the picture published as a supplement to *Myra's Journal*, some way back in the eighties. It is a long picture, representing almost every known species of cat, all singing a different tune, and is entitled, I believe, "The Cats' Concert." Louis Wain said: "The office cat at *Myra's Journal*

took a dislike to the white cat in that particular picture, and used to stand in front of it and swear at it. One fateful morning the editor found a hole in the picture. The office cat had torn his hated white rival to pieces. He had evidently been exasperated beyond endurance."

"Cats' concerts, by the way, are all very well in a picture," I said, "but when a really non-artistic corporeal cat calls his friends and relations from near and far, and locates himself and his clan upon your own particular tiles, one is



"GOT A PAIN—TOO MANY MICE"

From Louis Wain's note-book.



reminded forcibly of the immortal poet's words:—

"Hear the roof-tree tom cats' yells!

Defiant yells!

What a pack of petulance their intonation tells!

How they wrangle, wrangle, wrangle

In the middle of the night,

While their strident voices jangle,

Like a rusty, unoiled mangle,

As they settle to a fight,

Giving scratch, scratch, scratch,

In a frenzied feline match,

With discordant execration that continually wells,

Into yells, yells, yells, yells,

Yells, yells, yells,

From wrangling, and from jangling, into YELLS!

"The fact is, Mr. Wain, you may take it from me that it has needed all your skill to make the cat a social success."

Mr. Wain smiled for the third time that evening, and I felt that I had not lived in vain. But the serious aspect once more settled upon his countenance as he said:—

"Cats are like children, and are just as amenable to Solomon's dictum as they. If you train them up in the way they should go, they will not depart from it, *even* when they are old. I am really immensely interested in bettering both the breed and the treatment of our feline friends, and I know, perhaps as no other man knows, that there is no animal which so quickly and completely assimilates its surroundings, and the characteristics of the humans with which it associates, as the cat.

"There are still people who turn their cat out of doors at night, without even the proviso 'weather permitting,' and, of course, such



"PATIENCE."

From Louis Wain's note-book.



A CURIOUS POSE. FROM LIFE.

By Louis Wain.

treatment has its natural effect upon the sensitive nature of a cat, and he becomes a hardened sinner. On the other hand, there are people who pet their cats to death, and I have even

seen cats allowed to walk about the table and select the choice morsels which most appeal to their jaded appetites. Both courses are equally a mistake. The cat is none the worse for being properly disciplined, though it is never necessary to use any worse reprimand than can be conveyed by a look or the tone of the voice. Cats are extremely sensitive, and a reproof is never lost upon them."

I sighed, perhaps a little unbelievably, but as Louis Wain is one of the best judges

of a cat in the United Kingdom, and has been President of the National Cat Club, I reckoned he knew more about cats than I did, so I at once included his views on cats among my articles of belief, in spite of everything to the contrary.

"But now, Mr. Wain," I said, "the readers of *THE CAPTAIN* will probably like to know how you do it."

"How I do it? Well, in the first place I get a bit of white cardboard, then I take a piece of chalk in my left hand—yes, and then I draw cats."

"Tell us how artistic contributors to the C.C.C. pages can draw cats—or, if it comes to that—dogs, and make money out of it?"

"There are two ways," said the artist, "and,



TWO WATCH-CATS.

The cat in the foreground is "Prince," a black Persian, who was stolen from the Shah's palace in Teheran, the man in charge being beheaded for his loss. "Prince" was bought by an American in Paris for £100. The other black Persian is "Johnnie," a French cat, who with "Prince" acts as watch-dog at "Bendigo."

Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

as in most things, the hardest is the best. Some young people who show artistic ability are able, by means of their friends and their social standing, to make a pretty early entry, and often a fairly successful entry, into the ranks of the profession. They get introductions to editors. They are occasionally able to organise a private exhibition of their work, or to have it included in a general exhibition in connection with one of the schools, and generally their path is strewn with roses. All I can say is that my career was not made in that way. For a long time, indeed, my path was strewn rather with thorns, but I am inclined to think, and think strongly, that the lad who has to fight for his bread and for his fame has a better chance, not only of capturing but of keeping his public, for in the fight he has developed those qualities of grit and indomitable perseverance which stand him in good stead when the inevitable time comes, as come it will, when it is touch and go whether he will crown the moderate success he has made with a lasting one, or whether he will lose his hold upon the public and drop back into oblivion.

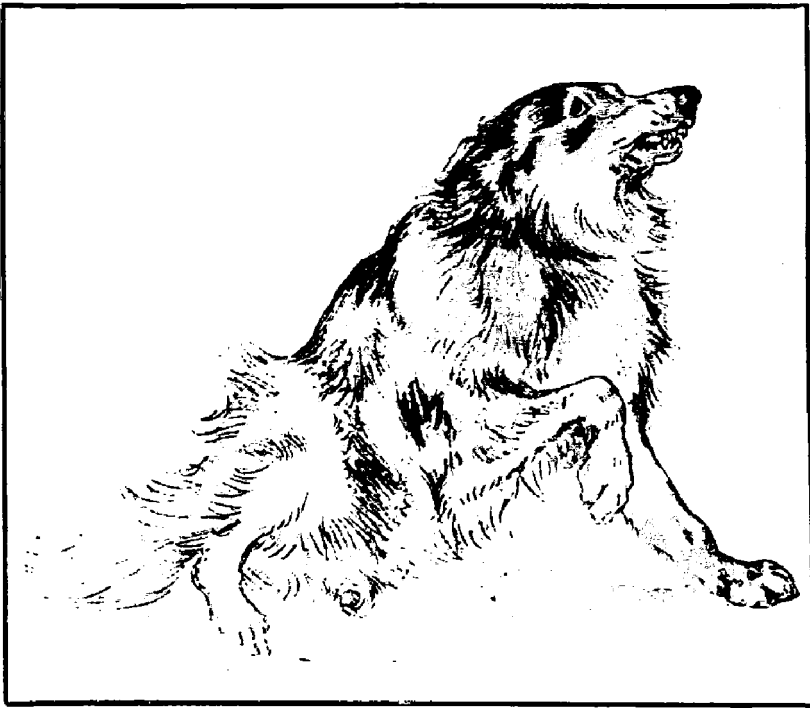
"These are palmy days for the artist," he continued. "He is welcomed as a man and a brother. When I first started, the Bohemian taint was strong upon him, and the editor's sanctum was a sealed room as far as he was concerned. He had to be content to do his business through the engraver, and be well content if he received five shillings a drawing. That day is over, but the aspirant must not forget that where, in my young days, there was one artist, there are now fifty, and one's work must be extraordinarily good to get a show at all. I have found it a good thing to specialise.

Editors and the public associate you with a certain class of work and type of subject, and, if you can do that one thing pre-eminently well, there will always be a market for your wares. I would not advise every boy to specialise in cats, but I would advise him to specialise in something, and be master of his subject."

"You get piles of letters, I see?"

"Yes, from all sorts and conditions. Boys write to me very often, and there are no letters I like better to receive, but, if any of your CAPTAIN readers should write to me—and I hope they will—they must not expect long answers. I am much too busy even to write a long letter to a boy. I get strange letters

sometimes. One old lady, who lived in Oxford, took in every stray cat and dog she came across. If she found a cat living a scratch sort of life—that's not a joke—she became a mother to it. Her theory was that a cat or dog that had had to fight for its existence, and had been personally acquainted with sorrow and starvation, was the more loving and kindly for



STUDY OF A COLLIE DOG.

*From Louis Wain's note-book.*

its experience. There was one fly in her ointment, however. She found that these vagabond pets were intensely jealous of each other. She used to write to me, and her letters were a great curiosity. I used to call them my 'variegated letters,' because she associated a different colour with every animal in her establishment. If she wrote of Tommy, the cat, she used blue ink. If she wrote of Dash, the dog, she used green ink; if she wrote of herself she used black ink. This last, she explained, was by reason of the fact that all her people were dead, and she was in perpetual mourning. If in the middle of her letter she turned from talking of one animal to speak of

another, she changed the colour of her ink, so you may imagine the effect."

Louis Wain has a very jolly place at Westgate-on-Sea—where he lives—and the name thereof is "Bendigo." He has innumerable friends in every circle of life, from the peer to the peasant. His chief recreations are boxing and fencing, but, as all the rest of his household is comprised in four sisters and a mother, there is no one immediately to hand who is able to "take him on" at either of his sports, so, as he says, he grows a "little stale." But, as a matter of fact, he finds his most regular recreation in his garden, where he prides himself on growing every known English garden flower. In addition to his sisters, who are all capable and clever, and his mother, there are six other important members of the household as yet unmentioned. Four cats and two dogs. The latter are both pugs, and one of the cats, of the Bunny species, is wonderfully interesting, and is one of Louis Wain's most frequent models. At a word of command he will feign death. He will box and skip, and even stand on his head.

"And what about the future?" I asked. "Have you any new scheme hatching?"

"No," he said, "I am content to plod along on my old



A CHARCOAL STUDY.

By Louis Wain.



"GOBLIN."

Photograph by George Newnes, Limited.

course, finding, as usual, infinite variety on the old lines. You may tell the boys of the new generation that if they are growing up jolly boys, healthy and hopeful, crickety and footbally, with just enough seriousness to make all these things help them to become men, then I shall go on drawing jolly cats; but if the boys of the new generation are going to wear spectacles, and mope too much over books, and become little wiseacres and stuffed museum specimens, then I am going to draw serious cats, gloomy cats, studious cats, old-mannish cats; so they had better make their choice quick.

"But, seriously now, I'll tell you what I would like to do. If the readers of THE

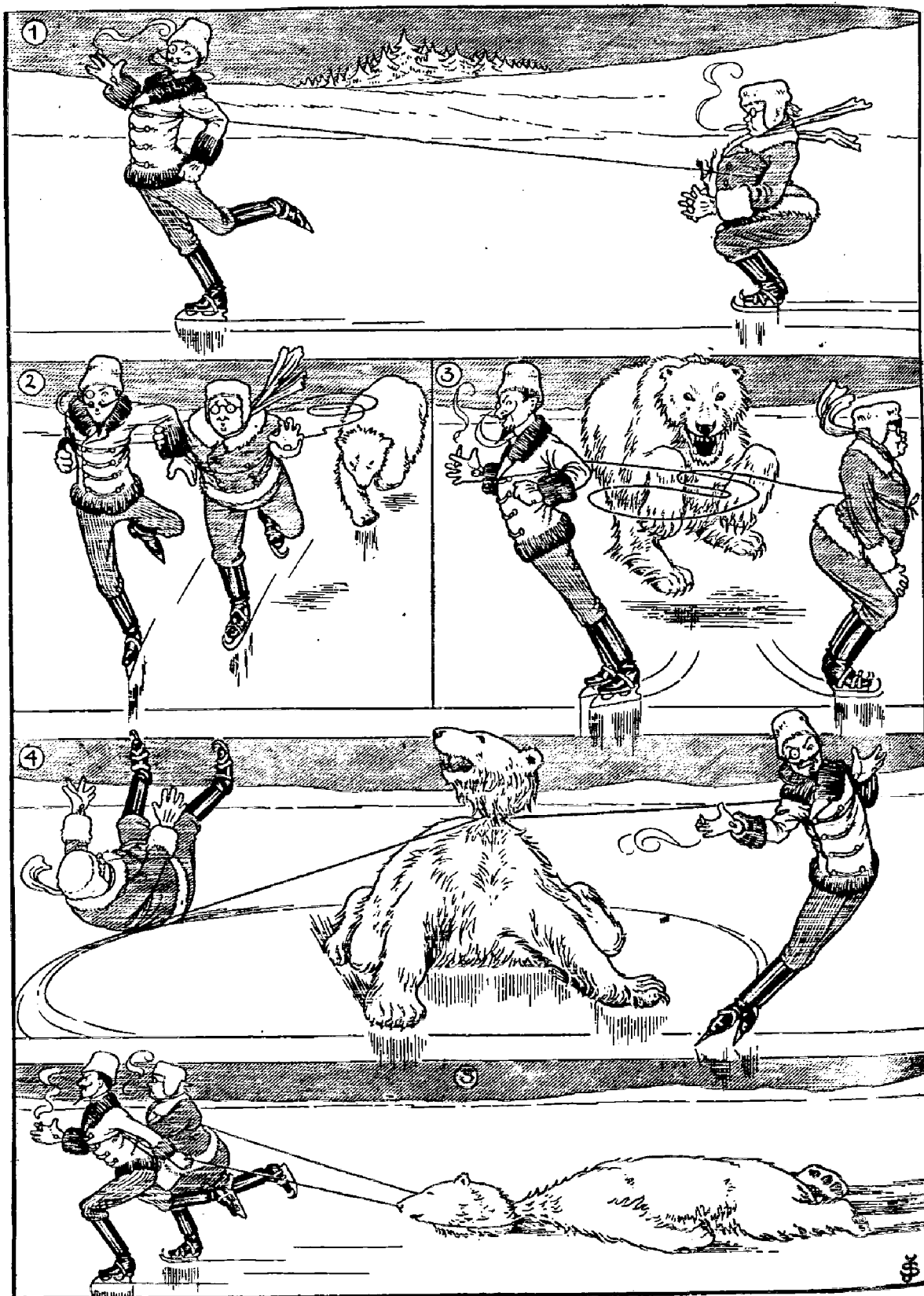
*CAPTAIN will forward to the Old Fag an anecdote, joke, curious circumstance, or such like, connected with cats, I will place in his hands six original drawings, to be sent as a prize to the successful competitor.*"

Thus ended a delightful interview. In his line there can hardly be a better example for British boys than this great cat artist. His initial advantages were nil, and yet, out of one unlikely, out-of-the-way, unappreciated subject—the despised pussy cat—he has made a name which is familiar all over the world; and, while it is true that he is to some extent a man of one idea, yet, like most men who specialise, he is able to do many things almost equally well. As a musician, for instance, he is exceptionally skilful. As a musical composer he is by no means unknown. As a short story writer he is well known, especially in America; and as an authority upon certain scientific subjects he is highly respected. So there you are! Talk about being Jack of all trades and master of none!—here is a man who is master of one and Jack of heaps—truly a happy condition.



"WHO SAID 'RATS'?"

A sketch from Louis Wain's note-book.



WHY THE BEAR STOPPED LAUGHING.

Drawn by S. Jacobs.

# A New Burglar Trap

Illustrated by Tom Browne, R.I.

by A. B. Blooper



**Y**ES, sir, five years was quite long enough for me, although lots of my old pals have gone back for second and even third terms. But, thanks to you, sir, and folks like you, who meet a man on coming out and try to find him a job, I'm determined to continue this better way o' life, where, if the plums are not as big, they're sweeter, and the risks of gettin' 'em are *nil*. I agree with you, sir, when you say that a burglar needn't be a burglar all the days of his life, even if he has the prison taint on him. I've stuck to my guns two years, and I'm hopin' to do so to the end.

"I'd a long run—a lot longer than most o' my sort—without bein' caught, but the time came when I was nabbed—as it comes to all of us, sooner or later—gen'rally sooner. Ha! ha! I could burst with laughin' when I think about the way I was hooked, especially now that I've done my time, and am a free man once more. Yes, it was the rummiest go I ever heard of, bar none, and, as you know all about me, good and bad, already, I don't mind if I tell you the yarn:—

"I was on the holiday 'lay' at the time. That is to say, sir, I was paying visits to houses left either empty, or in the hands of careless caretakers, if I may so say, while the fam'ly was down by the sea, or maybe, in the country, shootin' an' such like, for it was the latter end of September. I'd spotted a certain house—just a middlin'-sized villa, close to the road—as a likely one for my next operations, and I'd made it my business, as usual, to learn a thing or two about its tenants.

"I got to know that, at this partic'lar time, only one person slept in the house, an' sleepin' was about all he did as far as I could learn. The house, as I told you before, sir, was not a big 'un, an' only a couple of maids was kept. Both these, however, had been given a fortnight's holiday, so that they would get 'em over a bit afore the fam'ly returned. So it happened that the son, a young fellow who was in business in the City, slept at the house, but took all his meals at his club. Rather a funny idea! But I daresay he didn't mind much for a short time,

and it would seem better, I s'pose, than leaving the house entirely empty.

"However, I'd nothing to do with the fam'ly arrangements, only so far as they helped or hindered my schemes. The main thing as interested me was, that the young gent stayed at his club late, gen'rally until past midnight. I watched him in from the opposite side of the road, the night before I made an entrance, at half-past twelve. My plan was, then, to get into the place about eleven o'clock, when suburban folks gen'rally are indoors, and to get away, before the young swell got home, with anything light and valuable I could lay my hands on. I always thought 'discretion the better part of valour,' as they say, and although I've cleaned many a house out while the inmates was snoozing peacefully, I much prefer, as a rule, havin' the place all to myself.

"I needn't tell you how I got in. I almost forget. Gettin' in's the easiest part of my old profession, sir. Gettin' out's the ticklish part sometimes, as you'll see. But get in I did, by hook or by crook, and as I reckoned I'd about an hour an' a half to spare, I visited the pantry, thinking to line the inner man—forgettin' it would be as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. I called myself a 'flat' for makin' such a mistake, but, while I happened to be downstairs, I prowled about a bit longer, pickin' up a few unconsidered trifles, an' then up I went to the dinin' and drawin'-rooms.

"Everythin' was covered up, an' I didn't wonder at the young gent spending his time at the club, for the rooms looked dismal and ghostly enough for anythin'. The moon was very bright, too, and flooded some of the rooms with light, while it made others, and certain nooks and corners, pitch dark.

"As everythin' was securely locked, as well as covered up, I thought I'd go upstairs first an' spy out the land a bit afore commencing more serious operations. You see, I wanted to spend my time, when I did begin, to the best advantage, and where I'd be likely to get most value in the smallest compass. So upstairs I started, to visit young master's room especially, to see if he'd left anything lyin' handy.

"I'd hardly got my foot on the first stair, when a key was inserted very quietly in the lock

of the front door. I went up then two at a time, I can tell you, thinkin' of dodgin' under a bed or something, until the young spark had gone to bed and the coast was clear. What had possessed him to return to such a dismal home at that early hour? I was thankful when he fumbled a bit with the lock—I guessed he'd been imbibin' a bit too freely or he would have caught sight o' my legs, for the front door opened on a widish hall right opposite the stairs, and the vestibule door was set back to the wall.

"The door swung open just as I reached the top of the stairs. The landin' carpet was up, and I daren't, for the life o' me, cross it. You know, sir, I didn't belong to the swell type o' cracksmen, though I wasn't one o' the lowest neither, an' so I wore thick boots. Right in front o' me, at the top o' the stairs, was what I took, at first sight, for a cupboard. The moon shone through a skylight right on the door. But when I looked higher I found it was a big, top-heavy, old grandfather's clock, the biggest I ever set eyes on, and before you could have said 'Peter Piper' I was in among the weights and pendulum!

"The clock wasn't goin', so I didn't think the young boss would want to wind it up. I guessed it was more for show—to set the head of the stairs off—than for use. Besides, even if I'd had time for second thoughts, which I hadn't, I'd have taken the risk, for, though it was mighty tight quarters, it was a jolly good hidin' place, an' one not likely to be suspected, even if the young man happened to get wind that there was someone in the house beside himself.

"At first I feared that I'd been seen to enter the house, and that he had come with the police, but the sound of a light step in the hall eased me of that fear. Then I hadn't started business yet, so, unless he went down to the kitchen, there was really nothing to arouse his suspicions, and not much even there, unless he was blest with better eyes than most men who haven't to get their living by their wits, so I

guessed I was safe enough as long as I kept mum.

"I hadn't caught a glimpse of his worship yet, naturally, but I meant to get a peep at him as soon as he came upstairs. You must understand, sir, I didn't mean to do him any harm, except in self-defence. I never was that sort. I have carried a revolver once or twice in my life, but I gen'rally had a life-preserver in my hip-pocket. No, all I waited for was for him to get quickly to bed, as usual, and to pop off to by-bye as quick as he liked.

"I didn't think he'd be long downstairs, for what on earth was there to keep him? An' yet he stayed a weary-time. I could hear him movin' about as if he was inspectin' the rooms to see if all was right, an' I felt glad, then, I'd got into the clock-case, for if he was in the habit of visitin' every room before going to rest, it was ten to one he'd look under the beds, an' in the cupboards, and any hiding-place but the one I'd luckily hit upon would have been unsafe. So, although



'BEFORE YOU COULD HAVE SAID 'PETER PIPER' I WAS IN AMONG THE WEIGHTS AND PENDULUM!'

my quarters was so narrow that I couldn't lift my hand even to rub my nose, which the dust in the old clock had made to itch and smart, yet I bore the cramp and the discomfort with a pretty good grace for me, knowing that I was a lot better there than runnin' greater risks.

"I wasn't likely to have to wait long now for a glimpse of my man, for he began to mount the stairs very deliberately and quietly. He was evidently a well-bred man, accustomed to gentle ways. I was sorry his step sounded so steady, for I'd hoped—not a very good hope you'll say, sir—that he'd bin havin' a drop, so that I should have a better chance, when he tumbled into bed, of gettin' off scot-free, an' takin' a bit of swag with me.

"The door of the clock prevented me seeing him as he mounted the stairs, but, bein' slightly ajar, it gave me a field of view on to the moon-lit landing, where I should have a good look at his back, at least, as he went towards one of the front rooms, where I reckoned he slept.

"But again I was disappointed. He took no more notice of the clock, as far as I could judge, than if it hadn't been there, although it stood very near the stairhead. The landing ran at each side of the staircase, and was protected from it by a balustrade around three sides. Then narrower passages, at each side of the wall the clock stood against, went to a backward extension of the house.

"He passed the niche so quickly that I only saw a shadow as it were, an' he went down the left-hand passage, and stayed somewhere there for another back-aching time. At length, however, I heard him returning, an' I got my eye on the landing ready to see him come into my field of view, as he made for the front rooms. Yes, there he was. He seemed to be going about without a light, but I didn't wonder much at that, as the moon was very bright, an' he was familiar with the house. He was not a big man by any means, so, if it came to a tussle, I shouldn't be overpowered by main force, at any rate. He seemed well dressed, but had rather a smart than a fashionable appearance, so far as I could judge in the moonlight. As I feared, he visited all the rooms, while I longed to get out an' stretch myself, but at last he went into one of the front chambers and seemed to be getting ready for bed at last. I could hear him fussing about, opening drawers and cupboards, but he took longer to settle than any man I ever heard of. I concluded it was the aristocratic way of goin' to rest, so I tried to grin while I bore it, although once or twice I had a notion of stealing out and goin' downstairs, as the odds was a thousand to one against his doing so again.

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"However, a minute later I thanked my stars I hadn't acted on this thought, for no sooner had I finally dismissed it, than out came this strange young man from his room, as fully dressed as when he went in, and he seemed, to my startled imagination, to be makin' straight for the clock in which I was hidden.

"Now, whether it was this unexpected turn-up as threw me off my guard, or whether it was the itching in my nose had gradually worked up to an unbearable pitch, or both combined, I don't know, but, after struggling in agony for about five seconds, quite unable to lift a finger to check it, I sneezed like a thunder-clap. As if that wasn't enough to betray me, my head came with a bang against the door, which, flying open, caught the young gent on the arm as he was passing.

"I've seen men jump i' my time, sir, for wagers and otherwise, but 'pon my word, any of 'em would have a job to beat the jump he gave out of sheer fright. I've no doubt my sneeze sounded very hollow from the old clock-case, and he was nearly startled out of his wits. It wasn't my game to give him time to recover. I was bent on savin' my bacon, an' I made a grab for my life-preserver, at the same time as I made a jump to get out of the clock. I'm pretty thick-set, sir, an' I was in such a desperate flurry that, when I got one foot on the landin', I started for'ard as though I was free altogether. The result was my shoulders stuck a moment, and, struggling to force myself through the narrow door, I brought the top of the clock suddenly forward. It hit the young man, dazed enough already, on the head, and knocked him back'ards down the stairs; then, unable to recover myself, owin' to my entangled foot, the clock launched, with poor me half in and half out, down the stairs, like a toboggan with the rider underneath, rubbin' my face against every stair, until the clock bumped at the bottom, and shot my head with a bang up among the works.

"Clatter? I should think there was. It sounded to me as if all the house had tumbled on me. I was as fast as a thief well could be, for, although the door was open, I was head downwards, as well as face downwards, so, besides being a good deal hurt and dazed, I could get no purchase for lifting the clock with my back and crawling out. It was close quarters afore, but it was perfect agony and suffocation in the position I had been forced into now, and I gave myself up for lost, although, if I'd been able to chuck that bloomin' clock, I reckoned I could have made good my escape, for I could hear nothing of the young gent, and concluded that the fall had stunned him.

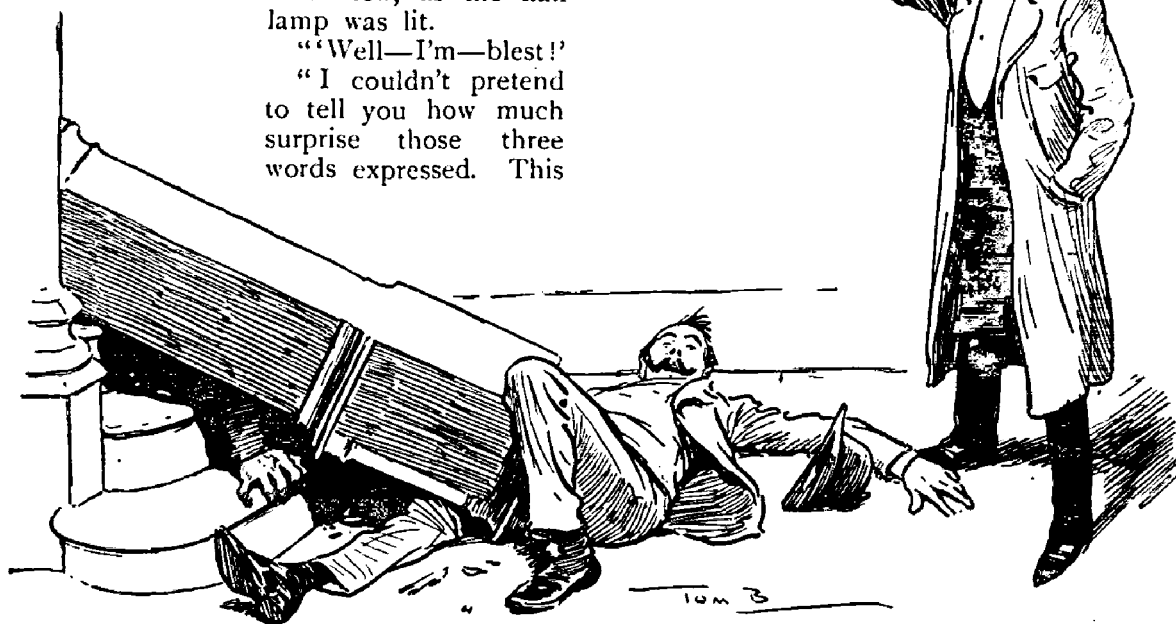
"Then the thought came that I'd killed him,

an' I began to sweat even more than before at the thought that I might be guilty of manslaughter as well as burglary, and yet here was I, helpless as a mouse in a trap.

"Perhaps five minutes passed. Everything was perfectly still. I'd resigned myself to fate, and given up struggling, both from despair and weariness, when I heard again the sound of a key turning in the lock of the front door. What could it mean? Had my young gent gone out quietly, after all, to fetch a policeman to me? I reckoned he must have a hard head if it was so. Yet, sure enough, there was the sound of the door opening, followed by the scratchin' and splutterin' of a match. A moment later the works of the clock, among which my head had been jammed, came dimly into view, as the hall lamp was lit.

"Well—I'm—blest!"

"I couldn't pretend to tell you how much surprise those three words expressed. This



"WELL—I'M—BLEST!"

was a newcomer evidently. But who? Then I heard footsteps hurryin' to the door again, and a shrill whistle, followed by:—

"I say, Parkinson, a job for you, ol' fellah!" and the crunching of number twelves on the gravel outside.

"Did you evah see, in all your born days, such a sight?" said the first voice.

"It's a fair capper," said the bobby.

"How on earth did he contrive to knock himself downstairs with my grand-dad's old clock?" said the first again.

"Nay, sir, ask us another—easier," said the peeler, evidently grinning.

"He's one of your swell cracksmen, I guess, Parkinson, eh?"

"Naught else, sir. But let me clap th' bracelets on, sir, afore he comes to!"

"Right! That's the sort for him. Yes, he's safe. Now give me a lift with the heirloom, Parkinson, and then we'll try to bring him round."

"I'd tumbled to it with a vengeance, and I could have kicked myself for the biggest ass in creation. There I'd been act'ally dodgin' one o' my own kidney—another burglar!—only one o' the swell sort. And now, as if to add insult to injury, if these two unsuspecting men—the

young master and the bobby—didn't suddenly lift the head of the clock shoulder high, and, consequently, as the foot rested on the sixth stair or so, out I dropt like a kernel out of a nutshell, and so surprised 'em that they let fall the blessed thing on top of me again, and nearly killed me outright!

"It seemed a nat'ral consequence, after being trapped by a clock, that I should do 'time,' an' I got five years. The swell cracksmen, whom I caught, but got no credit for catchin', got twice as long, for he'd been sadly wanted for some time, on account of half a dozen jobs of much more importance than the one he was on when I met him. So he's still goin' upstairs daily, at a slower pace by far than he came down that night, with your humble servant in a clock case at his heels."



# THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY  
**C. B. FRY**

## AN IMAGINARY MATCH.

BY AN IMAGINARY SPECTATOR.

**Y**ES, I've been to the "Great Glass House." Cat show? No! Football match — Lipton Charity Shield — Athenians v. Bladeton United. Best game I ever saw. No, the "pros." didn't win. It was a draw, one all. The Athenians scored in the first ten minutes. Philip put it through, but J. O. Faber made the opening. After that it was neck and neck all through. Just after half-time Dyke miss-headed the ball against the wind, and Feedham made a hard, long shot across the goal; it curled into the corner.

Yes; full teams. Here is a card:—

The Athenians: W. Scott (goal); H. V. House and W. J. Ashley (backs); W. R. E. Ford, M. D. Dyke, and A. Rector (half-backs); C. J. Flare, C. Philip, J. O. Faber, R. C. Berdling, and A. Serf (forwards).

Bladeton United: Houlke (goal); Abel and Rickett (backs); Boswell, Warren, and Feedham (half-backs); Church, Hazel, MacPen, Jeffries, and Huson (forwards).

I cannot tell you every move in the game, but I can yarn what I thought of the sides. They were on their metal and went for all they were worth. It was exciting all through. I thought the Athenians would win, but they could not quite last the pace. It teaches you something to watch a game like that.

The most striking point in the match was the half-back play of the northern team. I never saw anything to equal the soundness, efficiency, and brilliance of the trio, both individually and as a line. Yes; it is no crab on the southern halves to say that had the sides exchanged half-backs the Athenians would have won easily. But it is nearly always the same story; in a match between a crack amateur and a crack professional team it is the halves that make the difference.

However, there would not have been much difference in this respect between the Athenians and most professional teams. The Bladeton trio are super-excellent—they were always in their places, at the right spot at the right moment, yet never trespassed on one another's domain. The individual work of each was noticeably fine, yet the three worked together with the mechanical accuracy of parts of an engine. They were on the ball like lightning; the Athenian forward line seemed scarcely to have a fair chance of getting away. Their tackling, too, was wonderfully clever and effective; they scarcely ever missed their tackle, and when they did were round worrying at the ball in an instant. They seemed to do the work of six men, so ubiquitous was each in his own sphere. They could kick, too; it was a tremendously long kick with which Feedham cleared when Houlke ran out of goal and Ford returned the ball into dangerous proximity. How Feedham got there I cannot think; but he does those things—he is a genius at turning up in the nick of time. Then, again, how clever they were with their feet, and what perfect control they had over the ball! Each of them dribbled and passed with a subtlety and accuracy almost equal to J. O. Faber's best efforts. Feedham was the prince of them. I expect he would get his international as a forward did he not prefer half-back.

But the best part of their work was their passing to their forwards. Every time one of them got the ball he managed to pass it to advantage, so that the forwards had a chance of making ground.

So good was this defensive work that the backs had more free kicks than not: so good

their attack that their forwards never had occasion to come back to get the ball; it was always given them, so they were always fresh for making a telling effort.

If these halves had one fault, it was that they took too much upon themselves. They did not let their backs help them enough. This superb trio could do it; but the game they play would scarcely be successful in the case of half-backs less skilful, or in less splendid training. There was not enough combination between halves and backs. The latter seemed to lie rather too far away to be thoroughly in touch with the halves. Consequently, when the Athenian forwards did get past the opposing half-back line there was an open space in which they were able to pull themselves together and get well off before the backs could reach them.

The Athenian halves and backs played together as a quintet. The backs were always in touch with the halves. So, though the amateur halves were not so clever, accurate, or brilliant as the professionals, the defence as a whole was equally sound and powerful. Had the Bladeton United halves and backs co-operated as completely their defence would have been more impregnable. The goal Faber scored was due to his beating Warren and then having room to get up pace before Rickett could tackle him, and a neat pass to Philip did the rest, for the back was obliged to rush from goal to stop Faber.

The fault of the Athenian defence seemed to be that the backs played so close up to the halves that a long forward pass could be placed judiciously behind the backs, so that the Bladeton wings could rush through. To save, the backs had to sprint like hares, and then turn right round to clear. As it happened, both the Athenian backs were very fast, faster than most forwards, so they could play close to their halves with some impunity. But this method would be dangerous were they a trifle slower.

The amateur halves did not feed their forwards quite as well as did the pros., so the forwards had to work harder for the ball. I think that is the reason they tired somewhat in the last quarter of an hour.

I told you how completely the Athenian backs co-operated with their halves. That put them, to my mind, a point or two above the pro. pair. But they also seemed to me to be better kicks. They kept the ball much lower than the pros. did, and placed it more judiciously for their forwards to take on. Sometimes Ashley drove the ball clean along the carpet, right through to Flare or Faber.

The Bladeton backs nearly always kicked hard and high, and, as a consequence, the forwards had less chance of getting the ball. The Athenian backs and halves had time to dash in and clear. Still, the pro. backs were fine kicks, and wonderfully strong, determined tacklers, rather better, I think, at engaging a man who had got away with the ball than were Ashley and House. On the other hand, the latter were quicker and more frequent in nipping in at the right moment and at intercepting passes. All four were grand at heading the ball, but I think the pros. were a trifle the cleverer in front of goal. Both the amateurs tried several difficult kicks where the other two would, I am sure, with less risk, have used their heads. By the way, I forgot to say that the Bladeton halves were perfect demons with their heads. They seemed as useful with them as with their feet; and, my word! their foreheads do drive; the hard part, you know, just where the hair begins. Heading makes my head-ache, but I expect I take the ball too much on the top.

As for the forwards, the pros. were wonderfully clever, neat, and tricky. They had the ball oftener, and kept it among themselves longer than the amateurs did; but they did not make as much ground—did not go ahead as straight and quick. They piffled a bit. When the Athenians got the ball they went through in some style; right for goal on the nail. The Athenian centre, J. O. Faber, was the best forward on the ground, by a class. He knows and can do everything. Resource and versatility—well, he is a marvel! Long or short, the pass always went right. Now a tip to the inside man, now a long drive to the outside, now a feint and straight through himself. Consummate individual skill, yet not a touch of selfishness. He kept the whole set of forwards working like one man.

The amateur forwards were not as unimpeachably accurate as the pros., but had more dash and speed. The pros. attacked in a sustained series of short passes, and seemed to want a certainty before they tried a shot. The amateurs went ahead with all sorts of passes, mostly rather long, and well in front. They were oftener tackled and dispossessed than the opposing set, but when they got going they were more immediately dangerous; and they shot at the very first opening.

Of course, in criticising the two teams one must remember a thing or two. They play under different conditions, and are rather different in material. Up north they play most of their matches on muddy grounds, where that short tricky passing pays. The amateurs mostly

perform on a stretch of fine turf, where long passing and fast running is at a premium. Then, again, as a set the amateurs are faster and heavier than the pros., and can adopt a style of defence and attack that suits speed and weight.

Both goal-keepers gave fine exhibitions of skill. Scott is a small man, but extraordinarily active. Houlke weighs about 18st. and has a huge reach. Scott tries to catch everything; Houlke is fond of punching. The former missed his goal by trying to catch a ball he could not quite reach with two hands, but might possibly have punched away with one. The latter's mistake was the opposite; he punched at a ball he would almost certainly have caught: he did not hit it full in the middle, and it glanced up into the corner of the net. He

laughed, but I think he was sick. He was a trifle over-enterprising now and then. The amateur backs several times passed back to Scott when they were in difficulties. The pros. did not do that. Both goal-keepers kicked off well—not down the centre of the ground, but right out to the wings.

It was a great match between two sporting sides. I don't know which I would back in the re-play. There is not a pin in it. The pros. last better, but you never know when a chap like Faber will not shoot an impossible goal. What a marvellous team you could get by picking the best men from each side. It would never be beaten.

Yes; I'll see the next match.

*C. B. Fry*



## JOLLYBOY'S CHRISTMAS.

**O**H, Christmas is blithesome and jolly,  
It ousts dumps and dull melancholy,  
Not a sorrow or care—

And I have my fair share—  
But is off at the sight of the holly!

It's good-bye to the work and the worry,  
So one cannot help being merry;

It's hurrah for home joys,  
With the girls and the boys,  
Singing "Hi-diddley-di-down-derry!"

Though old, yet I don't mind the weather,  
Let it rain, snow, and hail all together,

Well, I care not a pin,  
For we're jolly within,  
And my heart is as light as a feather.

If it's just in the humour, it freezes,  
Then I feel in such spirits, it eases

My mind when I take  
A friend's hand to shake,  
To give it a few extra squeezes.

My efforts at skating are humble,  
And my bones are a bit apt to grumble,  
But I run with the rest,

And can slide with the best,  
And how we all laugh when I tumble!

When the bell rings the hour for dining,  
For turkey and pudding we're pining;

So away we all burst,  
As I cry, "Who'll be first?"  
Till my face beats the silver for shining.

And what can be brighter or better  
Than to get a nice card or a letter!

It makes my heart heave,  
Ev'ry gift I receive,  
And I feel I'm to friendship a debtor

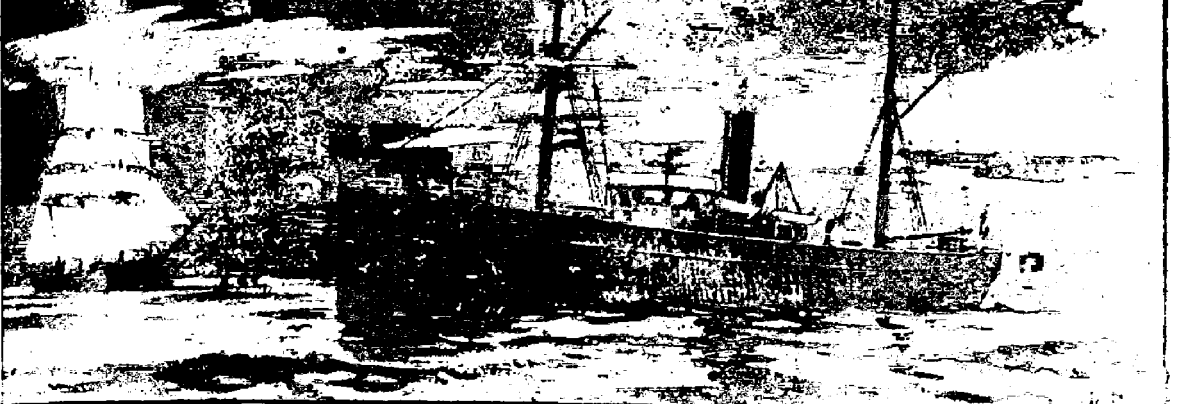
So I wish you the joys of the season;  
If you want to be glad you'll find reason,  
For Christmas-time brings  
Such troops of good things,  
To be doleful or dull is rank treason.

A. B. C.



"THAT STEAMER ASTERN THERE HAS A CREW OF DRUNKEN MEN. BOYS, I PROPOSE WE JUST SWAP SHIPS."

# IN DEEP WATER



## A TALE OF THE MID-ATLANTIC.

BY STACEY BLAKE AND W. E. HODGSON.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

This story concerns the fate of the ss. *Creole* (belonging to the well-known shipping firm of Grimm, Channing & Grimm) and of the *Creole's* second mate, Grant Heath. Hudson, captain of the *Creole*, undertakes to get rid of Grant Heath, against whom Martin Grimm, junior partner in the firm, bears a grudge, and afterwards scuttles the *Creole*, which is heavily insured, in return for a bribe of £3,000. While Martin Grimm and Hudson are discussing the scheme, their conversation is overheard by Edith Hopewell, niece of Mr. Channing, the senior partner, who is lying at the point of death in his house at Hampstead. Grant Heath goes aboard the *Creole* at Cardiff. Finding the ship in a great state of disorder, as the crew, having signed on, are spending their advance notes ashore, it is with difficulty that the two mates get any of the men to come and work. Captain Hudson, arriving just as the ship is ready, sees the new second mate and treats him roughly. Once the voyage has begun the crew find they are to be almost starved, and mutiny—but as they are calling at the Azores the captain gives them money, which they spend in drink, and the voyage proceeding, the crew neglect the ship, and Grant Heath, when taking in awning poles, is knocked overboard by Captain Hudson. From this time all on board drink heavily, and navigation is neglected—the crew lying about the decks in an unconscious condition—when a barque, the *Stella*, heaves in sight flying signals of distress. Getting no answer from the steamer, the captain and one of his men come aboard the *Creole*, and finding the whole crew in an unconscious state, the captain of the barque conceives the idea of transferring the crews. Chapter IX. opens with the Yankee captain overhauling the *Creole*.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### A CHANGE OF CREWS.

CAPTAIN HOWELL passed down into the saloon. The same disorderly evidences were there, but they were on a grander scale.

Bottles, broken spirit cases, straw envelopes, broken glasses, and cigar stumps lay scattered about, the polished mahogany of the table was

scored with knife gashes, and the mirror that stood above the stove and the chimney of the hanging lamp were both smashed to atoms.

He stepped over the debris to the skipper's berth. Hudson was lying in a stupor. Thence Howell went into the pantry, and nearly fell over the recumbent form of the steward. The Yankee gave him a kick, but he only grunted in reply.

Then they turned into the mate's berth, where that officer lay quietly in his bunk, amidst the fragments left over from his last few meals.

Howell glanced briefly at the sleeping man, and the fittings of the berth.

"First mate," he snapped. "Durned hog! And I guess that'll be the second's berth over there."

He flung open the door. The berth was empty, and it contained none of the evidences of dissipation that characterised the other quarters. Some clothing hung on the pegs, a pipe lay on the locker, and there were indications of some refinement in the choice of books that occupied the shelf over the bunk. There was a chest lying beneath, on which were imprinted the initials "G. H.," and there was a photograph of a rather pretty girl tacked to a panel by the door.

His sweeping eyes took all this in at a glance, and it conveyed to him instantly that his scheme for seizing the *Creole* might at any moment receive a check. For it was a different manner

of man who had occupied this berth, a man who would be sober and vigilant, very likely a gentleman. He passed amidships to the mess-room and engineers' berths, vaguely uneasy lest he should find the second mate there—but those apartments were empty.

Down in the dim fore-castle all was squalid confusion. From the seas that had washed down during the rough weather, the floor was still wet; empty and broken bottles lay about in the utmost confusion. Most of the men were in their bunks, some curled up curiously in strangely distorted attitudes, with arms flung this way and that, but all sleeping heavily.

"Sakes alive! I'd whip the hide off every skunk of 'em!" muttered Howell, as he stepped up the ladder.

He stood and glared round the ship. He looked as if it were in his mind to drag the crew up and thrash them into sobriety; then the ferocity on his face changed to a hard smile.

"Bar the second mate turning up," he said, speaking to the bo'sun (for there still stuck in his mind that the officer whom he had not accounted for, had, for some reason or other, not joined in the ruinous orgies), "the thing's as good as done."

"You are going to seize the ship, sir?"

"I am, Sawbatch, and I calc'late in a way you wouldn't guess, sure. Git one of the men aboard with you, and give the ship a clean searching. I want to find where this second mate 'as hoofed it to. Meanwhile, I'm just going below to look up the articles. Now git!"

The first move of Captain Jasper Howell was to scrutinise the log-book. He glanced down the entries, and found that they ceased five days before, which was a pretty good indication of the time when the disorder on the vessel reached its acute stage. Going back on the dates, he discovered something that brought an exclamation from him.

"Singe my skin! Why didn't I overhaul this first?" he said, a light breaking over his face, and then he read out the entry recording the loss of Grant Heath overboard five hours out from Fayal.

After a swift survey of the ship's papers, Captain Howell discovered a most interesting thing. He found that, taking away the three engineers of the *Creole*, except for the missing second mate, the respective crews of the two vessels were identical in number. On the *Creole's* books were entered the master, mate, and second mate, three engineers, donkey-man, five firemen, a similar number of seamen, a steward and a cook. On the *Stella*, the difference lay in the preponderating number of seamen; but the respective aggregation of men aboard the two vessels, except for the difference named, resulted in crews of equal

number. A few more facts digested, and Captain Howell went on deck. He slipped into his boots with eyes afire.

"Row, boys, row; there's good grub ahead for you," he shouted, "and plenty of it!" Then, for very impatience, he laid hold of a spare oar and straightened his back to a powerful stroke.

A rope ladder was lying over the ship's side, and Howell bounded up it as the bo'sun caught hold with a boat-hook.

"Skip below, Mr. Skinner," he cried, almost before he had set foot on the deck, and when that officer hastily followed, curiosity so consuming him that he forgot to put into words a joke that he had prepared during the skipper's absence, he found the ship-master straightening out a piece of paper on which a list of names was jotted.

"The derelict?" began the mate.

"Has a crew aboard of nineteen hands," answered Howell, indicating the paper on which he had made a list of the steamer's crew.

"Then she is disabled?"

"As sound as a rivet. But the crew, Mr. Skinner, are just lying about like smoked-out bees. They've been letting the liquor run, and I guess they're just sleeping it off. But I'll tell you what I'm going to do. If the boys are willing—'cos we shall all have to be in this deal—I'm going to swap this old hulk of a coffin ship for that seaworthy steamer; take our crew aboard there, and bring those hogs here, and leave 'em to work the ship as best they can when they gits their addled brains cleared up."

"What? Pirate the ship, sir?"

"Waal, I calc'late some people might call it that, but the word ain't in my vocabulary."

"But what about engineers? There's no one on board here, I reckon, that could work a steam-whistle."

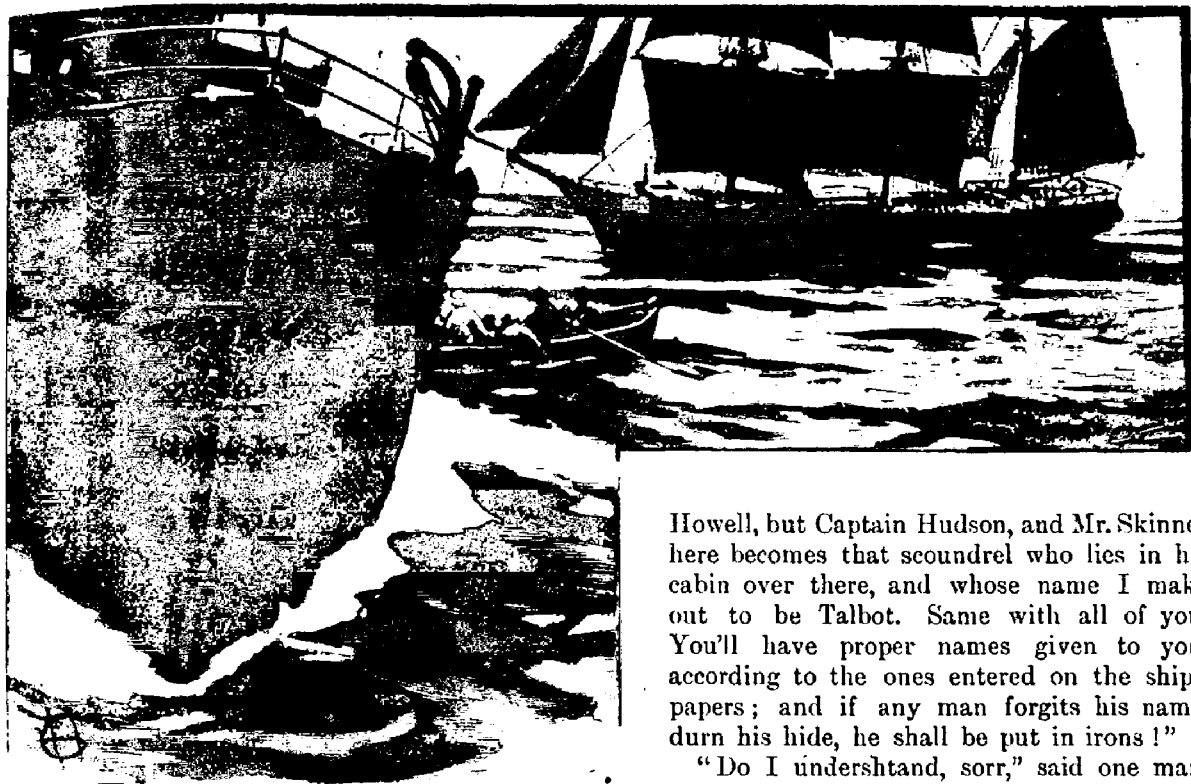
"No! I guess we shall have to keep the engineers aboard, and some of the men will have to turn to as stokers, which ain't very skilled labour. Now, Mr. Skinner, jest pipe the men aft."

It was Captain Howell's habit to harangue his men at every opportunity, and he had done it on an average three times a week since the ill-fortuned voyage began, so the men gathered on the poop expecting news of little import. The ship-master stood with stiffened legs before them, blowing out clouds of smoke through his whiskers.

"Boys," he said, tilting his hat back, "I've a notion you've starved and thirsted long enough."

A low murmur of approval came from the men.

"And," he continued, pausing to draw at his cigar with a long suck, "I've tumbled across an idea that should not only give you a good time, but a sound ship under your feet, which you ain't had for many a week. That steamer astern there has



THE FIRST LOAD TO LEAVE THE STEAMER.

a crew aboard of drunken men. They're all lying like so many logs, with all the stores and tackle around 'em that we're starving for the want of, and a seaworthy vessel that will go to the bottom at the first blow of wind. I propose that we just swap ships. We'll take possession of the steamer, and dump its crew aboard here. They won't know how they got here, because we shall be hull down to 'em before they've come to, while we will navigate just as if the ship was all our own. Those who like the idea will just put up their hands."

As a result, every hand shot up, and the skipper resumed —

"There are three engineers aboard, and o' course we shall have to keep them, but the move is conditional that five of you agree to serve as stokers."

"Aye, aye, sir!" assented a dozen voices.

"That's all right. Another thing I want you to remember is that the number of men aboard this yer vessel is about the same as that, and to make things slick it will be necessary that you change all your names for the ones that are on that ship's register. For instance, the skipper of that craft, I figure it out by the ship's papers which I have in my pocket, is called Samuel Hudson. Well, as soon as I get on board that vessel, I'm no longer Captain

Howell, but Captain Hudson, and Mr. Skinner here becomes that scoundrel who lies in his cabin over there, and whose name I make out to be Talbot. Same with all of you. You'll have proper names given to you, according to the ones entered on the ship's papers; and if any man forgits his name, durn his hide, he shall be put in irons!"

"Do I undershtand, sorr," said one man, coming forward, "thot we take the shteamer into port as if we wuz th' proper crew?"

"You've tapped it, Kelly, first time."

"And phwat will my name be, if ye plaze, sorr?"

Howell glanced at the paper on which he had copied the names and ratings of the *Creole's* crew.

"The cook on board that vessel is called Hans Spaander," he said.

"Whirroo, sorr! Ut's a Dutch name, bad luck to ut! Can't I hov another wan?"

But the Irishman's protestations were lost amid the exclamations of his mates. A host of questions were asked. Satisfactory replies awaited every one.

"Get out the long-boat!" came the crisp order.

Presently the davits were swung out, and the creaking pulleys let the boat down into the water.

The first piece of work that was done aboard the *Creole* was the conveying of the three engineers below to the engine-room. Neither Watson, the second, or Jackson, the third, made the slightest resistance, but McPherson, though he was utterly incapable of recognising anyone, showed strenuous fight when someone tried to part him from his banjo.

"Losh, mon," he murmured, as he regained possession of it, "I wadna loose sicht o' it! I used tae play it when I was a wee bit chiel at

Dhoontrochty, and went tae the Free Kirk school." And then they carried him below, while he clawed at the strings helplessly and gurgled strains of "Annie Laurie."

Afterwards, the unconscious crew were carried out on deck and laid in a row. They were counted carefully, and lowered one by one into the long-boat. There were eleven of them, and these made the first load to leave the steamer. Next they hauled up the skipper and the mate, who blinked like owls as they were brought to the daylight, but, realising nothing of what was happening, were dropped into the other boat that lay alongside, the cook and steward being placed beside them.

With some little difficulty they were got aboard the *Stella*. The deck-hands and stokers were deposited in the dark deck house. The skipper of the *Creole*, Howell caused to be placed in his own berth, and the mate was put in possession of the first officer's cabin.

Another boat was loaded up with the personal effects of the crew, as they were found in the fore-castle, and the private possessions of Hudson and Talbot respectively, and these were all put as near as possible beside their owners, in some semblance of order, except that, of course, no discrimination was possible in the case of the fore-castle hands. A few barrels of the *Creole's* stores were put on board, so that the transplanted crew might not starve.

Then the *Stella's* helm was lashed, and, under close-reefed top-sails, fore-sail, and fore-topmast stay-sail, the wind took her gently northward with her new crew aboard, slumbering where they had been placed.

"There'll be no more wind than this to-night," said Howell, as he stood on the *Creole's* bridge, watching the barque glide away, "so they'll come to no harm, and by the morning that four knots an hour will have carried her out of sight."

"And now, sir," said the mate, "what about these 'ere new names? Mebbe we'd better git 'em all off slick."

"Waal, I reckon we'd best begin with ourselves, Mr. Skinner," returned the skipper, lighting another cigar, "so I'll proceed to call you Mr. Talbot, see? And you'll remember that my name in future is Hudson—Captain Hudson, sir. Now, I've made out a list of the crew's names, so you'd better just go forward and instruct them. See that each man has his name and sticks to it."

"What about this missing second officer? I s'pose we can't dump Gosser overboard to make our crew coincide with the other? The log sez that the second mate was lost overboard."

"I reckon Gosser might feel that we was insisting on too close an imitation if we insisted

on him gittin' drowned as well. I guess Gosser will have to go as bo'sun. Have you found out whether any of the hands have been in steam before?"

"A couple of 'em, sir. One was a trimmer aboard a White Star liner, and another sez he once served as stoker on one of the Lake steamers."

"That's prime. Now, just pick out three more likely men fer firing, and put the stoker on as donkey man. Give 'em all their names, and let them go below with the new donkey man. The fires had better be trimmed, so as to be ready for when those hogs of engineers heave round. Another thing ter remember is that the firemen had better jest grime up their faces with coal dust a bit, 'relse if those engineers twig 'em straight off, they'll get something on their minds."

And the *Creole's* new mate went forward with the list of names in his hand.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MYSTIFICATION OF MCPHERSON.

"**M**ON, I've got siccan a heidache! Happen ye'll ken what time it is?"

•Mr. McPherson's voice had lost its festive sound. It was very husky by reason of his dried-up tongue and parched throat. There was no reply to his question.

He sat up from the recumbent position in which he found himself, and gazed dully round the engine-room. He was not surprised to find himself there. It seemed the most natural place for him to be in, but with strange intensity there fell upon him a sense of unfamiliarity in the intense silence that overhung everything. The murmur of the boilers was absent, the familiar intermittent hiss of the condenser-water escaping did not reach his ears, and, save for the clanking of an empty oil-drum, and the occasional clink of a stray bottle at the bottom of the crank-pit and on the iron grating, the brooding silence was unbroken.

He looked at the engine-room clock, but that offered no information, for it had stopped.

Grasping the hand-rail with a nervous clutch, he rose to his feet and glanced instinctively at the steam-gauge, and then at the telegraph-dial. The indicator pointed "full speed ahead." Apprehensively his eyes veered round upon the cold and moveless engines.

He shook his head in dull bewilderment.

"I dinna ken what's happened," he said, huskily, "and ma heid feels fu' large for ma bat."

He did not know, quite, whether it was night



or day. He looked up through the gratings and saw that the stars were shining in a clear sky, and, in a vague way, he was conscious that it was night.

He saw the lamps burning in the engine-room, and from all appearance they had been recently trimmed. He thought he heard a sound of movement on deck towards the port side, but he was not quite sure, and he stood, limp and bleary-eyed, clinging to the rail, as he tried to gather the scattered threads of his memory. Suddenly, his eyes descried the form of an arm and head protruding from the shadow by the door leading to the stoke-hole, and then, as he concentrated his gaze, he made out the rest of the body, and saw that it was the form of the third engineer, Jackson.

It occurred to him that his subordinate was neglecting his duty, and a little flush of indignation came upon the Scot.

"The gomerill!" he muttered. "I ken he's been at the whusky. I'll gie him siccan a shake o' the heid as will send it all intae his boots," but he forgot his intent the next moment, for, letting go the rail to cross over to his comrade, he slipped on the greasy floor into a pool of castor-oil, which had flowed from an overturned drum. A long groan escaped from the corner where the third lay doubled up. More than a little alarmed, McPherson crawled across to his subordinate, not daring to rise.

"What's wrang, Jackson?" he inquired in a frightened whisper. "Losh, mon, me bluid's running cauld! What's happened?"

He shook the third's shoulder violently. The other opened his eyes and huskily requested the chief to choke off and let him sleep.

"Nae, nae! Something awfu's happened," said McPherson, hoarsely. "She's run ashore, and I'm nae sae sure but the crood hasna taken tae the boats."

The third looked up, thoroughly awakened. His face was white and bloodless. There was a vague, indefinite fear in his eyes, and he staggered to his feet and looked around the engine-room with apprehension.

"Something's wrong," he said, "but I don't know what. I can't remember."

The third had been the scapegrace of a good family. He had come to sea because caste is not reckoned much of a quality in an engine-room. He put his hand to his forehead wearily, and glanced with aching eyes down the dark alleyway leading to the stoke-hole; the depressing silence struck his ears even as it had fallen upon the hearing of McPherson. He turned and put his nose within three inches of the steam gauge.

"Why," he said, with a sort of chuckle, "it's

all right, Mr. McPherson. We're in the Bute Dock, and, if you recollect, the skipper wired that steam was to be got up by five o'clock."

In immediate contradiction of his conclusion, the steamer gave a violent lurch, which caused him to slip with sudden helplessness on to the oily floor.

McPherson gazed at him impressively. He was now propped up securely against the spanner rack, and he nodded his head with solemn dignity.

"I dinna want tae be creetical, Meester Jackson," he said, dwelling on each word, so that they individually might receive their full weight, "but it seems tae me that ye dinna hae enoo memory tae ken we've left Cardiff some days sin', and that either ye must hae been drinking, or ye must be going mad."

"I'm hanged if I know what's the matter with either you or me!" replied the third. "I feel confoundedly bad."

"Dinna include me, Meester Jackson," replied the chief with heavy dignity. "I've been a wee bittie indeesposed for the last day or twa, an' like the gomerills ye are, baith ye and Meester Watson hae been neglecting yere duty. I can see that ither drunken loon under the fitter's bench yonder."

"We're broken down, Mac," said Watson, "that's what it is."

"Ye've neglectit yere duty, mon," continued the chief, sorrowfully. "It's vera sad that as soon as I get my eye off ye—" A bottle rolling across the iron floor, as the ship gave a sudden lurch, stopped dead at McPherson's feet. He picked it up and observed mournfully that it was empty.

"And I hae sic an awfu' dryness in my throat," he murmured.

From under the bench there came a convulsive sob.

"Yes, ye loon, it's time ye repentit," said the chief, crawling with great deliberation over to the spot whence the sound originated. "If ye dinna overcome this vera sad liking o' yours for alcoholic steemulants, there'll be trouble in this engine-room. Dinna ye ken we've broke doon?"

Watson was pulled out into the light. He gazed at them in a dazed kind of way, and asked feebly what they were jolly well playing at.

"You've wiked me up art of the awfulest dream," he said. "I thought I was on a crawft where the navigitors had all got drunk, and had run us onter a rocky shore, where the ship's bottom was bein' 'ammered art."

"Ye're mad, mon, like Jackson here. I've done wrang in trusting ye. It's a meeracle the engines isna twisted intae scrap iron."

Watson rose to his feet. He glanced round at the cold, silent engines, the almost empty steam

gauge, the telegraph dial, then at the far from prepossessing faces of his companions.

"Tell yer what it is," he said, "we've been norty, and the engines is broken down in consequence. Where are we and where's the crard? I can't 'ear no one on deck."

"Losh! we're at Fayal, mon, and the crood's gone ashore," rapped out McPherson, with some attempt at briskness.

"Fayal be blowed!" returned the second disrespectfully. "Your brine must be jolly well turned. I remember Fayal right enough. We've left there dyes ago. I remember that, but awfter then me mind's a blank."

"So is mine," murmured the third, holding both his hands to his forehead in a hopeless gesture. "Great Scott! my head feels as if it were bursting."

All at once there came a sound of footsteps on the iron deck above.

"Below there, below there, Mr. McPherson!" sang out a voice. "How much longer are you going to be fixing up the old rattle-trap? Great thunder, sir, you've been four hours already, and it's about time we got way on her again!"

A thrill ran through the three men, but they were as if bereft of speech. Jackson was the first to speak. "It's the old man," he whispered, "and we *are* broken down." Then he raised his voice, and promptly replied to the query from above:—

"All right, sir; we're not quite ready below yet, but we shall have finished in a couple of hours."

"Right!" came the sharp reply. "Hustle things, boys! What's wrong with her now?"

"It's the auld break-doon, Captain Hudson," said McPherson, pulling himself together, "only a bit wairse than usual. The head-going eccentric-strap's seized, and she's bent a wee."

To their intense relief, the captain shouted down: "Two hours, then!" and walked away.

The nature of Mr. McPherson's reply had been pure guess-work, but, when they set to work to overhaul the engine, they found that it was precisely from this injury that the engine was suffering, and then it came into the third's mind that during his last watch, when he had been making an extra visit to the cross-bunkers, upon his return the brasses were hissing through his neglect to oil them, and he vaguely remembered that, as he was about to remedy this neglect, he lost consciousness. Of anything that had happened since, what time had elapsed, and how there came to be no steam, his memory had no cognisance.

"The link-motion is damaged as weel," said McPherson, concluding his examination. "Now just get tae wairk, while I gang doon and rouse

up the stokers, whae've nae doot been also taking advantage o' my indeesposition tae neglect the steam."

He went into the stoke-hole, where, finding a fireman asleep, he quickly shook him to wakefulness.

"Why hae ye no steam, ye daft loon?" snapped the chief engineer.

"Fires been banked up, sir," replied the stoker, "awaiting while the repairs wuz finished. Shall I shake her up now?"

He had been accurately instructed. He spoke without hesitation.

McPherson looked at him a little doubtfully.

"What's yer name, mon?" he asked. "I dinna seem tae remembèr yer phiz."

"Fletcher, sir," answered the fireman promptly.

"Fletcher, eh? The name is fameeliar, but I dinna ken yer face. Ah, weel! ah, weel! I've been a wee bit indeesposed the last day or twa, and maybe ma pairceevin' faculty is obfuscated, as the meenister at Dhoondrochty used tae say, but yer face is vera strange tae me."

After giving orders for steam to be got up at once, he climbed the stoke-hole ladder somewhat disturbed in mind, which uneasiness was not lessened when he saw another fireman coming on duty whose figure and face seemed as strangely unfamiliar as the last.

"I hae an awfu' bad memory for faces, laddie," he said, stopping the stoker, "'specially sin' the little indeesposition I had a day or twa ago. Happen if ye'll tell me yere name, I'll remember."

"Stokes, sir—Jim Stokes," answered the other, wiping the back of his hand over his mouth.

"Losh! Air ye Stokes? Ye've changed considerably, mon."

"No, sir! I reckon not. I was allus like this."

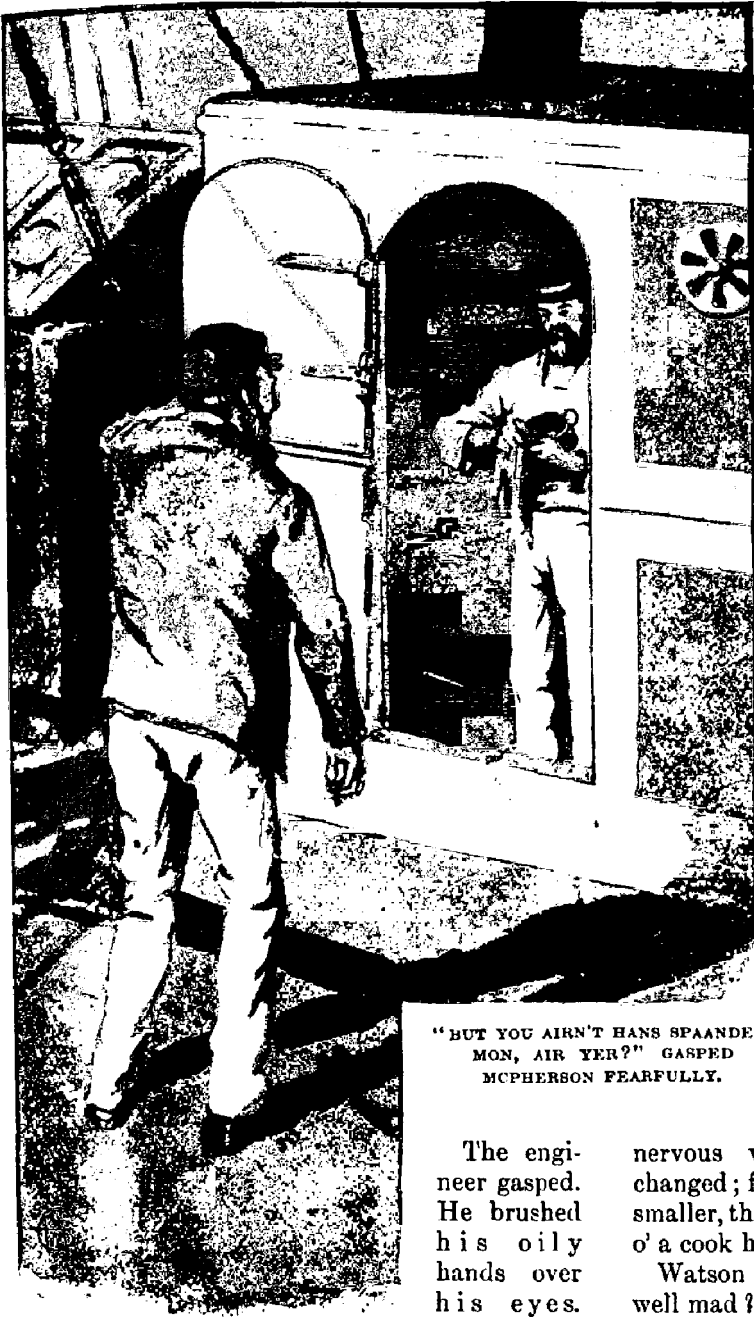
"Nae, nae, ye've changed," murmured the engineer, shaking his head strangely as he came down in front of Stokes and made for the engine-room, just as eight bells were struck (4 a.m.) "Unless I hae changed. I dinna ken, I dinna ken."

Owing to the muddled state of the three engineers, the repairs did not proceed very rapidly.

At five o'clock Mr. McPherson went upon deck and made his way to the galley in search of coffee. It was something of a shock to him to see a small thin man, with red hair, presiding over the pots and pans.

"Where's the cook, mon?" he asked, almost dreading the reply.

"Arrah, Misther McPherson, I'm that same gint, wid hot coffee all ready, which I was just going ter bring below to yez."



"BUT YOU AIRN'T HANS SPAANDER,  
MON, AIR YER?" GASPED  
MCPHERSON FEARFULLY.

The engineer gasped. He brushed his oily hands over his eyes. Was he going mad?

"But you airn't Hans Spaander, mon, air ye?" he gasped fearfully.

"Me very name, sorr, bad luck to it, fr it's a Dutch wan."

"But hae ye been aboard sin' we left Cardiff?"

"Arrah, sorr, thot's the very same truth!"

"Losh!" ejaculated the other.

He went below again, to where the second and third were working. He had reached the second grating when a voice cried out:—

"Mr. McPherson, how much longer? This delay's gittin' serious."

"Is that Captain Hudson?" asked the confused Scot.

"Well, consarn it all," came the reply, for Captain Jasper Howell found it difficult to drop his Yankeeisms, "who else do you think it is? This waiting is making me tired, Mr. McPherson."

The chief engineer came up the engine-room ladder.

"It's been a vera deeficult job, cap'n," he said; "but, losh mon! hae ye been drinking?" he rapped out in sudden fear. "Ye're aboot twa sizes smaller, and ye're face——"

"I'll thank you, Mr. McPherson, to git below and jest hustle them old rattletraps into working order, and not make personal remarks. You've been drinking, sir, yourself, and you know it, 'relse we'd have been under way hours ago."

McPherson turned round and went below without a word. An awful fear was upon him, a preying horror that was so terrible that he scarce dare let his thoughts dwell on it.

He took Watson by the shoulder. "Luik at me, laddie," he gasped in a horror-stricken whisper. "Dae ye see anything strange aboot me?"

"Yer fice ain't no beauty-show," said Watson, candidly.

"It isna my face that's troubling me," returned the chief with nervous voice; "it's the ithers. They're a' changed; fresh faces, new voices. The old man's got smaller, the stokers hae changed, and that gomerill o' a cook has bewitched hissel' intae an Irishmon."

Watson stared in astonishment. "Are you jolly well mad?" he said.

"Aye, aye, mon," returned McPherson in an awe-stricken whisper, "I believe I am clean daft. Gang on deck yoursel' and see. Everybody's changed. I dinna ken what's happened."

"Is that Misther Jackson coming up?" cried a voice.

"No, Watson," growled the second.

This was the information Captain Howell and the new crew of the *Creole* were short of. It had been easy to discriminate the chief engineer out of the three, but the identification of the other two, with their respective names, was not so easy. The cook made mental note of this engineer who volunteered that his name was Watson.

"There's some coffee ready for yez in the mess-room."

Watson, emerging from the engine-room door, looked blankly at the Irishman.

"You ain't Hans Spaander."

"Aroon! then, Misther Watson, bless yer eyes, for sure they can't see, ye're wrong entirely, for though ut's a Dutch name, ut was the wan tacked onter me in me youth."

Watson passed his hand over his forehead wearily. He looked forward, and saw men whom he did not know. He gazed up at the bridge, and saw two unfamiliar forms there. He had a question on his lips, but he hesitated, with a strange fear gripping him.

"Who's that on the bridge?" he asked at last, in a low, trembling voice.

"Is ut yere dishgraceful condition 'as made ye so's ye can't say? Sure ut's Captain Hudson and Misther Talbot, and foine and mad they're gettin' about this long shtop."

Watson turned on his heel and went straight down the engine-room ladder with horror in his eyes.

"It's right," he gasped, as he got below. "We're mad! The cussed whiskey has turned our brines."

He sank down on the plates, and buried his face in his hands.

"Jackson," said McPherson, with a sob in his voice, "gang on deck yersel', and see if you can pairceeve any change. It's awfu', mon; it's awfu'!"

What happened on deck, the first and second could only conjecture, for in a few minutes Jackson returned too hopelessly terrified to give any coherent account of what had taken place.

"It's true what you say," he gasped, while his pallid lips and chattering teeth made plain his terror. "The whole crew are bewitched, or else I am."

"That's it, mon, that's it," said McPherson, in a voice that grated harshly through his throat. "We're a' the same—mad, clean daft—and it's the whusky that's done it."

"That's so," said Watson, huskily; "we're balmy. And wot'll the old man sye when 'e finds art?"

"Dinna ye ken?—we'll hae tae conceal it," whispered McPherson, cunningly. "There must be method in our madness, mon."

## CHAPTER XI.

WITH THE "CREOLE'S" CREW.

"O H, my! Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is rampageous, and not so much as a drop of cold water to wet me tongue."

Pipp crawled to his feet and looked around.

"Ow my 'ead does ike," he said, "and me stomach feels like a bottomless pit, and gnaws like ravening wolves. I dunno quite where I am. This hain't my berth. In my hawful condition I must 'ave come in 'ere by horror. I do 'ope I hain't 'urt anybody in my frenzy."

He turned out of the berth, and walked softly into the saloon with puzzled eyes. The place seemed to have shrunk; it wore a bare and poverty-stricken appearance. A cheaply varnished deal table ran the length of the cuddy from the mizzen-mast, instead of the mahogany that he had been accustomed to, and on either side this table was a stout, hair-covered bench, where had formerly been velvet and upholstery, with a swing back.

He looked with dazed amazement at the incomprehensible change in the garniture of his surroundings. The cabins all seemed in the wrong place, and the companion-stairs ascended to starboard instead of turning aft. He stepped up the companion hopelessly mystified, and, when he reached the deck, a greater surprise greeted him. There was no funnel to the ship, no engine-room, and above him bellied great stretches of canvas and a maze of ropes. The significance of this change took some moments to soak in, for Pipp was no seaman, but when he realised in part that either some drastic change had come upon the *Creole*, or he was on a different ship, a chill of fear came over him. So great was his fear and horror of the virulent liquor he had been forced to drink, that he readily persuaded himself that it was capable of effecting the most extraordinary circumstances and changes, and it occurred to him vaguely that he was suffering from some hallucination.

He went forward. The galley door was open, but though there was a sense of strangeness about it, the pair of legs that sprawled through the doorway was familiar enough. He saw, beyond, the features of Hans Spaander. With no gentleness he kicked that preparer of food, and then waited to see what manner of awakening the Dutchman would make.

Yawning prodigiously, the cook staggered to his feet. He looked inside the galley, and then paused. He glanced outside and down the main deck, and then up at the masts.

"My good gracious, vot a fright!" he murmured, "I tream I vos on a steamship, when all der time I was on this old wind-jammer. My! but it vos a very real tream. She was called der *Creole*, bound for New Orleans, and—"

"It hain't no dream at all," the steward gasped. "I was on that ship, and I wikes up to find this hawful chinge."

"You vos tream the same tream?" murmured the cook, stupidly. "Dere was no such ship as der *Creole*."

"Then what bloomin' little ship upon the sea is this?" asked the steward, blankly.

"You vos lose you memory, eh?" said the cook, gravely. "Dis ship vos der *Upsala*, bound from Hernosand to Grimsby mit timber."

The steward clapped his hands to his forehead in an attitude of dumb despair. "I can't understand," he moaned, "I can't understand. I believe I am going balmy."

"Dots about der size of it," returned the cook. "Now I comes to tink of it, I tream about a schap like you on der steamer, who wouldn't take a drop of nodings until we forced it down his throat. Jah, he vos mad, I tinks."

"It is no dream," cried Pipp. "It is true."

"Hein! it vos foolish. Don't I tell you it vos all a tream? Here vos der ship. Dis vos solid, eh?" He stamped his foot on the deck and pointed to the interior of the galley.

There was a step on the deck, and the mate, looking very dazed, his mouth wide open and his eyes large with wonder, stepped on deck.

"Oh, Mr. Talbot, sye it's not true," cried the steward; "sye I didn't ship on this 'ere hawful fishin' smack."

The mate, as if he had not heard, took a slow survey of his environment, like a man who walks in his sleep.

"What has happened?" he murmured, in blank amazement. "Where's the *Creole*?"

"Then the *Creole* was not a dream, sir?" burst out the steward. "Thank goodness! But wot har we doin' 'ere, sir?"

Talbot seemed stricken with dumb amazement. He gazed along the deck from forecastle to poop; his eyes wandered from the deck to the mast heads, and then round the horizon.

"How have we got here?" he ejaculated. "Great thunder! what is the meaning of it?"

There was no answer forthcoming. He moved forward as he observed a group of men standing under the break of the forecastle. There was a nervous movement among them as they saw their superior officer, then there broke from them a seaman named Wilks, who had been about as bad as anyone in the orgies on board the *Creole*.

"Wot is it, sir, wot is it?" he cried, huskily. "We've been a bad lot, sir, that we 'ave, and we've been playing Old Harry with the ship's cargo, but, unless we are all raving lunatics, we went to sleep aboard a steamer and woke up on a wind-jammer."

"My lad," said Talbot, "I'm as mystified as you are."

"My opinion is we're bewitched, sir," said the bo'sun, with a frightened look in his eyes.

"*Madre de Dios!*" muttered Gonzalez, with tremulous lips, "it ees dark work. We are cursed." He shivered, and edged closer to his companions.

Superstitious awe was in each face. There was a tendency among them to keep together like frightened children.

There was one old seaman, named Bunsen, who sat contentedly on the forecastle pulling at a pipe. He took no notice of the others, and only moved to sweep the horizon with his eyes sometimes.

"Bunsen's mad, sir," whispered the boatswain. "He thinks he's been spirited back inter ancient times, and this is the ship he sailed on when 'e was a boy. He's callin' us all by different names, an' 'e thinks we're homeward bound from Melbourne."

"And my opinion is, 'e ain't the only one mad aboard," exclaimed a fireman, "only we're mad different ways. It's that horrible whiskey. Oh, lor! look at this awful old craft how she flops."

"My lads," said the mate, "there's some terrible mystery here that I can't fathom yet. Are you all here? Is anyone missing?"

"The engineers ain't been seen yet, sir," broke in a fireman.

"They may be aft. Anyhow, our first duty is to give this craft a thorough overhauling. I don't like the heavy way she takes the seas forward. Just sound the well, bo'sun."

The iron rod was dropped down as the vessel, in the midst of a roll, rested a moment on even keel, and then it was hauled up again.

"There's five-and-twenty inches, no less, sir," sang out the bo'sun.

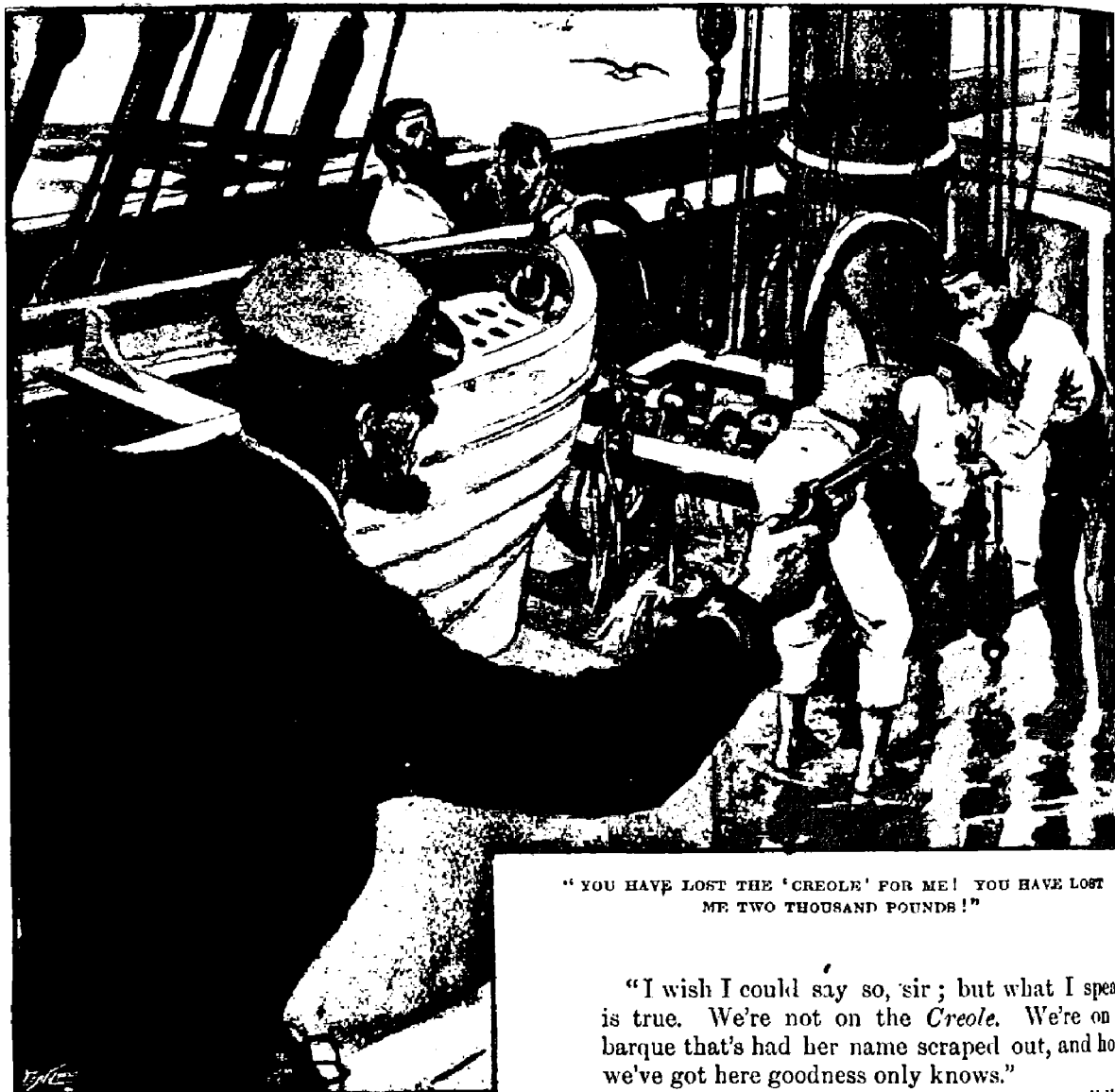
"Then it means pumping, lads," said the mate. And presently there came the regular clanking indicating that the water was being sucked out of the ship. The wheel was unlashed and a man put in control, but the yards and sails were not touched, though the vessel in the light breeze had little more than steering way.

The mate went below, with Pipp whimpering on his heels. His face was set sternly. Though he was hopelessly incapable of even guessing the nature of the mysterious calamity that had befallen them, he was conscious that his own neglect of duty had contributed to its happening, for, whatever this mystery was—supernatural or otherwise—it was his reproach that it had occurred during his lapse from that duty which was expected of him.

There was a bottle of spirit lying in the fiddles on the cabin table. He picked it up and thrust it into the steward's hands.

"Take this on deck and throw it overboard," he said.

The berth in which he had found himself was



"YOU HAVE LOST THE 'CREOLE' FOR ME! YOU HAVE LOST ME TWO THOUSAND POUNDS!"

one of two abaft the mizzen mast. He had not entered the other before, for in his stupefied amazement, when he had failed to recognise his strange surroundings, he had instinctively made for the deck.

He flung open the door and beheld Captain Hudson sitting up in the bunk gazing stupidly around him.

"Mr. Talbot," he said, speaking very thickly, "wot's the matter? Has she stopped? I don't hear the engines; and, by the way, wot's the matter with this cabin? The door useter be there, and the wash-basin——"

"Everything's the matter, sir," cried the mate, sinking on to a locker. "We're not on the *Creole* at all, but on a leaky old wind-jammer."

"Not on the *Creole*, Mr. Talbot?" echoed Hudson. "Is this a confounded joke, sir?"

"I wish I could say so, sir; but what I speak is true. We're not on the *Creole*. We're on a barque that's had her name scraped out, and how we've got here goodness only knows."

Hudson glared out of his bloodshot eyes wildly, as if he but half comprehended. He gave a snarl like an angry cur and slipped from his bunk.

"On another ship?" he muttered, staggering out into the cuddy. He gazed round the cabin dumbly while his lips writhed and his eyes rolled redly, and then with frantic haste he ran madly up the companion-ladder and burst out on deck.

"My ship! What have you done with my ship?" he cried in fierce frenzy, letting his eyes wander all over the barque. He saw the group of men at the pumps. He turned to them with sullen ferocity.

"What has become of her? It is a plot to ruin me with the owners. What have you done with the *Creole*?"

He turned and faced the mate, and lifted his hand menacingly as if he would strike him.

"What have you done with the *Creole*?" he shrieked again. "Gone, gone!—and I am a

ruined man. You have lost the *Creole* for me! You have lost me two thousand pounds! Take this, you lubberly scoundrel!" and, drawing out a revolver, he fired point-blank at the mate.

But a quick arm had shot out from the crowd of seamen, and knocked up Hudson's hand as he pulled the trigger, and the bullet was embedded in the main-mast. The next instant the revolver

was cracking wildly, as Talbot, closing with the other, tried to disarm him. They fell to the deck, rolling over and over in their mad struggle. Talbot got the pistol by its muzzle, and while he gripped it, keeping it directed away from himself, it spat viciously again as Hudson made an attempt to shoot his opponent. But with the report there came instantly a cry from the skipper, and he ceased to struggle.

(To be continued.)

## THE WEARY XMAS EDITOR— Can Only Hint at Certain Words Which Make Him Tired.



CONTRIBUTORS are all alike,  
They make one melancholy;  
Ah! how I wish they'd give a rest  
To m + t l + t + + and h + + l + !  
And I should be so very glad  
If they would kindly pause,  
Ere they decide to write about  
The g + f + s of S + + t + C + + + s.

A famous Saxon drink they much  
Prefer to honest Bass ale,  
And hence I find that, as a rule,  
They're bent on h + l d + + g w + s s + + l.  
They're sweet upon each "chestnut"  
theme—

They're fond of i + e and s k + t + s,  
And changes they delight to ring  
On w + t + r j + g s and w + + t s.

They don't appear to think that they  
Are seasonably scoring,  
Unless they kindle on some hearth,  
A b + a z + that's good at r + a r + + g.  
And just to deepen, if they can,  
The horrid gloom that fills  
One's breast, they outrage novelty  
By rhyming "p + l l + " with "b + + l s"!

FELIX LEIGH.

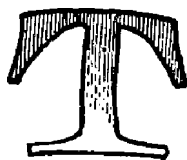


# A TALE OF FEARFUL ODDS.

*Being a Page from the Indian Mutiny.*

BY DICK DONOVAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.



HE globe-trotter of to-day who gazes in admiration on the magnificent monument—the marble angel, with outstretched wings, and pitying and sorrowing face, who keeps silent watch and ward over the charnel-well where so many of our countrywomen and children were hurled, mangled and gashed, after the awful massacre of Cawnpore—can hardly realise the fiendish cruelty of the mutineers, or the splendid valour displayed by Great Britain's sons. But there were deeds done in those stirring days, the mere recital of which are as epic poems that shall ring down the grooves of time until the world be no more. Commonplace enough Cawnpore was before the Mutiny, and commonplace it is now, with its reek of leather, and its huge shoe, and saddle and harness factories, but its name will live in history; and generations yet unborn will thrill with pride as they read how a few men, in whose veins flowed British blood, kept a host at bay, while the sky was lurid with flames and the earth ran red with blood. And linked indissolubly with Cawnpore for ever and ever are the names of Azimoolah, Tantia Topee, and last, not least, the human wolf, Nana Sahib, who satiated himself with gore, then disappeared into space, and whose end no living man knoweth.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, during the Mutiny, fire and brimstone rained upon Cawnpore; and one comes to realise the poverty of language when any attempt is made to describe how the gallant few defied the swarming host of rebels. In a cramped space, behind friable earthworks, surrounding a miserable, tumble-down barrack, crouched and starved, and gradually died, five hundred women and children; and, for their sakes, and the honour and glory of the splendid Empire they represented, about the same number of men held the foe, and vowed to God that they would fall to the last man, but surrender—never! Think of it, you gentlemen who sit at home at ease; around those friable sandhills howled fifty thousand of the enemy, drilled and trained by ourselves; armed with modern weapons, and

plentifully supplied with big guns; and from the muzzles of these guns a stream of shot and shell was poured, night and day, on the devoted garrison, and those fifty thousand were aided and abetted by 250,000 of the populace. During the day the sun shone with blistering fierceness, and the nights were nights of furnace heat. The wells dried up; children wailed for bread, women drooped, wilted, and died, and their bodies could not even be buried; and for those who were mangled with the shot and bursting shell little could be done, for of surgical appliances there were practically none. When there were no longer bags for the powder, women tore up their stockings and clothes, and went all but naked to supply the want. The men, scorched with the sun, and grimed with dust and smoke, starved and ragged, hungry and parched, sleepless and weary, stuck to their posts until they were shot down, or dropped dead from exhaustion. Then the corpses were dragged away, and gaunt, famished survivors took their places. At that time, even if a child had whispered the word "Surrender," he would have paid the penalty with death. Again and again did the infamous Nana Sahib command his legions to rush those sandhills; and again and again were they hurled back, shattered and stunned by the gallant few who recognised no such word as defeat in their vocabulary. And when the "Tiger of Cawnpore" realised at last that not even his hundreds of thousands could crush the brave hearts behind the sandbanks, he resorted to stratagem. There were women and children still living—white women and white children—and, for their sakes, the Nana would grant terms. The garrison should march out with the honours of war, and, with their women-folk, should have safe escort to Allahabad.

General Wheeler was in command of the little band of heroes. He was stricken in years. He had daughters of his own with him, and his heart was broken by the unutterable suffering and misery and anguish he had witnessed. And so he decided to accept the terms, and capitulate. And forth from the reeking shambles marched the ragged rabble, the pride of race still burning within them—ragged, weak, gaunt, hungry; with



festered wounds and mangled limbs, but every man still an unconquered soldier, and every woman still ready to endure, and suffer, and die, rather than to confess defeat. With their arms in their hands, their torn flags flying, their drums beating, these defiers of a host made their painful way to the river ghat, where lay the budgerows in which they were to embark for the voyage on the Ganges to Allahabad. Many had reached the apathy of despair, so that they hardly cared now what fate befell them; but some few suspected treachery, and kept on the alert.

What followed reads almost like the description of a hideous nightmare dream. As the white-haired general descended from his palanquin at

And so the slaughter went on until the very angels of heaven must have wept with pity. But, while shattered men and helpless women and children could be destroyed, there were still men, gaunt with hunger, but with lion hearts, who turned a defiant face to the foe.

For hours the awful work proceeded. From every conceivable point on both sides of the river, grape and musket balls were rained upon the doomed people. It was the dry season. The water was shallow, and long stretches of sand and mudbanks were exposed. On these the shattered corpses of men, women, and children drifted. But the butchers were unmoved by the sight, and the



THE NEXT MOMENT HE PITCHED INTO THE GANGES.

the ghat, his head was severed from his body by the sweep of a tulwar. That was the signal for a crime that has but few parallels in history. The boats, which it was hoped would be arks of safety, proved to be traps of destruction. From both sides of the river, big guns and muskets poured forth a deadly fire, under the direction of Tantia Topee and Azimoolah.

In the thatched roofs of the budgerows, combustibles had been concealed, and when these broke out into flame the scene became hellish in the horrors that ensued. The invalids and the wounded were roasted alive. Men went mad and plunged into the blood-encrimsoned river, only to have their brains scattered by musket balls, fired by concealed marksmen

slaughter was continued. Thirty-nine boats had been destroyed, but there was a fortieth, that got into mid-stream and began to drift. The boat was without oars, rudder, or sail. Her freight consisted of about eighty British men, many of them wounded and mutilated, and all more or less ill. But they had muskets, ammunition, and hearts of heroes. A boat laden with Sepoys went after them. A Sepoy officer rose up and commanded the British to surrender. The next moment he pitched into the Ganges with a bullet through his brains. The native boat grounded on a sandbank. It was the white men's chance. They swarmed into the water. Their swords in their mouths, they waded to the stranded boat, and, falling upon its occupants, cut them to pieces. They smote

with the might of giants. In the enemy's boat were stores of ammunition. These the attackers conveyed back to their own craft as best they could, and drifted down the stream. Night fell, and for the time they were safe. Weary and worn as they were, they slept, and when the morning dawned, they found they had got out of the main stream, and were aground in a creek. Here the watchful and relentless enemy discovered them, and poured upon them a hail of bullets. The officer in command of the white men was Captain Vibart. He lay on his back with both arms shattered, but he delivered his orders with coolness and courage:—

"All who can go, jump on shore and attack the enemy. Remember our murdered ones."

Fourteen men sprang with alacrity to obey the order. Fourteen only were physically capable of doing so. They had only a few yards to wade, and as soon as they scrambled up the bank they hurled themselves on the astonished foe and smote him hip and thigh before he could recover from his astonishment. When they turned to go back to their boat they found that, lightened of their weight, she had floated, and was drifting out into the main stream, while those on board were absolutely helpless, for they had no oars, and they floated to destruction.

When the devoted fourteen thus found their means of retreat cut off, they formed up and ran to a Hindoo temple a short distance away. They were followed by a savage horde of natives, thirsting for their blood. Then ensued a struggle that reads like a page from Homer. The white men stood at the door of the temple, and fought with desperate and magnificent courage. The natives fell in swathes. The British piled up the black corpses, and made a rampart, and over this bulwark of human flesh they kept the on-rushing hordes at a distance. One of the brave defenders found an earthenware jar of water in the temple. He ladled it out to his famishing comrades. It was putrid and full of insects, but it was like nectar to them; it gave them new strength, and they scattered death and destruction among their enemies.

Some weak-hearted native rode with all speed to Nana Sahib, saying that a little band of white men had got into a temple, and could not be dislodged. The human wolf broke into a fury of passion when he heard that there was still an unconquered remnant. There must not be a single survivor to tell the tale of his treachery. Those white men, he declared, should be slain, though it took a thousand Sepoys to do it. The temple must be razed to the ground, and in less than an hour word was brought to him that the last of the hated Feringhees had been destroyed.

The Nana's orders were conveyed to the soldiers, and attack after attack was made on the invincible defenders, but without result—the rampart of dead bodies could not be rushed. Then the assailants collected great quantities of faggots and dried cow-dung, and piling these combustibles behind the building, they fired them, and as the flames rose high the cowardly natives threw bags of gunpowder into the fire, and the temple began to crumble. The little band was under the direction of Lieutenant Delafosse, of the 53rd Regiment of Native Infantry. The number of the brave remnant had been reduced to twelve, as two had unfortunately been shot. It was now only too obvious to the defenders of the temple that they must be defeated; the burning building was becoming untenable, and the ranks of the enemy were increasing almost every minute. Under such circumstances men might well have been pardoned, if, recognising the hopelessness of their position, they had capitulated and sued for mercy; for, in that supreme hour when death surrounded them, and a loophole of escape was nowhere to be seen, thoughts could hardly fail to wander to dear ones at home. Moreover, they had gone through those lurid weeks in Cawnpore, and witnessed horrors such as few mortal eyes have gazed upon. Suffering, anguish, disease, death—death in its most horrible form. These scenes of blood and unutterable human misery were well calculated to unnerve and unman the strongest; but never one of the unconquerable twelve ever hinted at surrender. Their ammunition was almost exhausted; but each man had a musket, and each musket was furnished with a bayonet, and woe betide the enemy who came within striking distance. When the natives saw that the temple was crumbling and the flames spreading, they raised their voices in a roar of triumph, and one excited giant of a fellow, who had been a sergeant in a native regiment, rushed forward, brandishing a sword, and calling hoarsely to his fellows to follow him. Inspired by his act, several responded to his call, and he was heard to exclaim:—

"We have them now. Not one of the white devils shall escape. Death to the Feringhees! Maro! Maro!"

They were the last words he ever uttered. The next instant he leapt high into the air, and fell prone upon the earth with a crash. A well-directed bullet had gone through his heart. Then the little garrison roared back a shout of defiance, and the brave followers of the sergeant turned tail and got under cover as fast as they could. In a few minutes, however, they, and many others who saw the sergeant fall, plucked up a little courage and made another rush, but were met

with such a well-aimed volley from the twelve, that eight of their number were hit, three mortally. One fellow was struck in the jaw, the lower part of his face being carried away. The rush was stopped, and once again the cowards retreated; but others had crept round to the back of the

smoke another attempt was made to reach them. But tongues of flame leapt through the smoke, and bullets sped with fatal effect into the ranks of the enemy.

This last volley was a mere chance one. When the smoke rolled down, Delafosse recognised that



THEIR AMMUNITION WAS ALMOST EXHAUSTED.

building and cast more fuel on the fire, and a small keg of gunpowder was carried forward and thrown in. The shock of the explosion killed several natives, and it caused the temple to tremble to its foundations, while a dense cloud of black smoke obscured the whole place, and well-nigh suffocated the defenders. Under cover of this

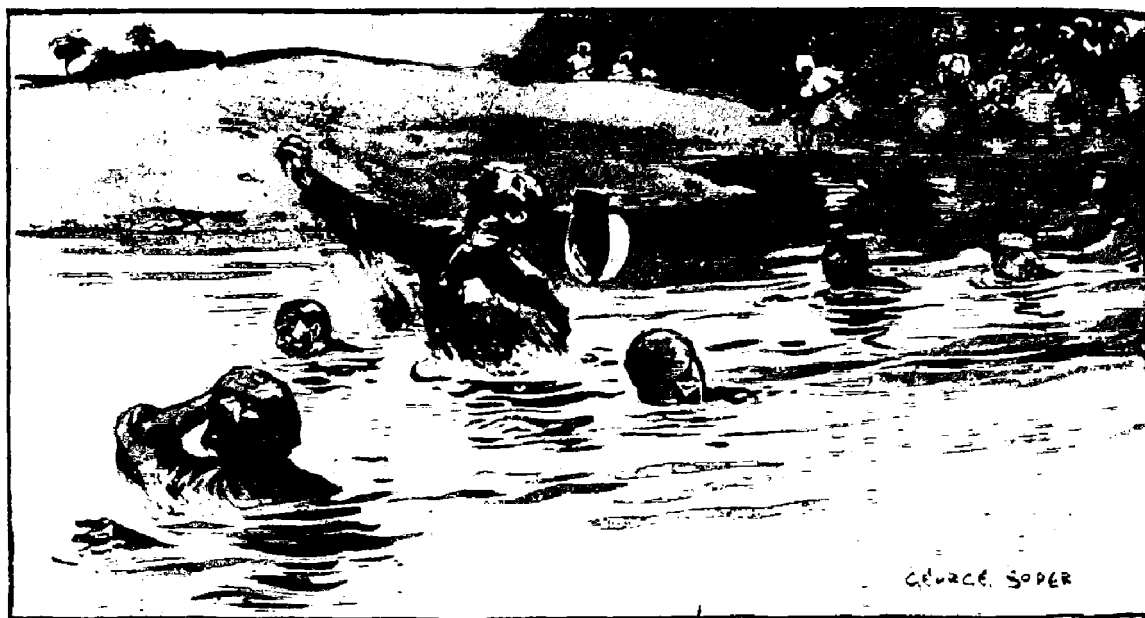
it was the psychological moment for a sortie, and in low tones he told his comrades to fire together, then re-load, and make a dash for the river, he leading the way. They divested themselves of nearly all their clothing, for the flames were swirling round the doorway, and already licking the human rampart.

"Are you ready?" asked their leader.

"Yes, yes, yes," came the answer.

"Off, then," and Delafosse leapt over the dead bodies, and the others followed him. Some were scorched with fire, and all were grimed black with smoke and powder. As soon as the natives realised that these wonderful Feringhees, who would not be conquered, were escaping, there arose a mighty shout, and a rush, and the little

gazed on the broad stream of the noble Ganges. There, alone, was their last hope. They cast their muskets far out into the river, for they had no further use for them, then plunged in and struck away from the shore. For a moment the pursuers were baulked of their prey, and the pursuit was checked. It had not been anticipated that the white men would take to the water. What did they expect to do by such a move? They must



SEVERAL SEPOYS KNELT DOWN, TOOK DELIBERATE AIM, AND FIRED.

band found themselves hemmed in. A volley was fired, then the deadly bayonet commenced to clear a pathway, but in that final encounter five of the splendid heroes were bowled over, and the number was reduced to seven.

Hacking their way through the yelling mob, the seven dashed for the river, the lieutenant still leading. At their heels, like a pack of mad, starved wolves, the rebels followed, hacking and slashing with sword and tulwar; but in the mad scurry and excitement they slashed and shot each other, and some fell and were trampled on, and others gave up the chase from sheer exhaustion. It testifies to the wonderful powers of endurance possessed by those white men, that, notwithstanding all they had gone through, lack of sleep, food, water, and ordinary comforts, they were enabled to out-distance their demoniacal pursuers, who filled the air with execrations and cries of "Deen, deen" (death). Their ferocious hatred prevented their recognising the magnificent heroism of these seven men, who would die, but never give in.

When Delafosse reached the water his comrades were close beside him. With weary eyes they

surely drown. But no, they were swimming lustily. A havildar major yelled out to his men to shoot.

"By Allah, they will escape us! Shoot, shoot! Will these cursed English never die?"

Several Sepoys knelt down, took deliberate aim, and fired. Two of the bullets found their billets, and two poor fellows threw up their arms, and sank to the bottom.

Five only remained, and the rapid stream bore them farther and farther away. The pursuers were furious, for there wasn't a boat to be had. They ran their swiftest along the banks; and they emptied their rifles again and again at the heads of the swimmers. But Shiva, the destroyer, had turned his face away, for the bullets fell harmless. For three miles the pursuit was kept up. Then one of the five, an artilleryman, became exhausted and turned on his back to rest. Unconscious of where he was going to, he drifted to the bank, and a black craven, jumping down to the water's edge, raised the butt end of his musket, and brought it crashing down on the spent swimmer's head.

Four now remained. Four out of the splendid

band who had marched away from the wretched earthworks, ragged and famine-stricken, but hopeful. Four only had come through that hell of fire, and fiendish slaughter, and the river; the Holy Ganges, more merciful than the land, gave them life and freedom. The rapid current made swimming an easier task than it otherwise would have been; but for another three miles the mighty four, who for a day and a night had gone through an ordeal that very few men have ever been called upon to endure, were harassed by the cowardly rabble, who taunted, jeered, and expended powder and shot to no purpose. Fate had decreed that those four should live. At last the shouts died away, the firing ceased, the pursuers gave up the chase, and in a little while some natives, who were fishing on the Oude side, hailed the swimmers, when they had recovered from the surprise that the apparition caused them, and asked them to come ashore. Exhausted as they were, the four comrades decided to trust these fishermen, though they parleyed with them first, and received an assurance that they were subjects of a Rajah who was friendly to the British, and they vowed by their gods they would give those broken men safe escort to their ruler's presence. So Delafosse and his three companions left the friendly river. They had to be dragged up by their new-found friends, for they were weak and exhausted, and when they had recruited their strength a little they proceeded, with their guides, to the palace of the Rajah, who received them kindly and furnished them with food and clothes, and protected them. The four survivors were Delafosse, Gordon Thomson, Private Murphy, and Gunner Sullivan.

Upwards of forty years have passed since those fearful Cawnpore days, and probably there is not now a single survivor of the heroes who caused Nana Sahib to exclaim:—

"These British people can be killed; they will die, but they cannot be conquered."

Such men need no monument. Their names are indelibly written in history, and until time shall be no more they will be remembered. But Macaulay's lines may well serve as their epitaph:—

To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late,  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods?

These representatives of the Imperial race had worthily upheld the traditions of the British Army, and for the honour and glory of their flag they poured out their blood like water. Although Delafosse performed prodigies of valour, he was but a type of man to be found everywhere among the "scattered handfuls" who kept the wolves at bay, and yet his courage was of no ordinary kind, as was evidenced by an incident that occurred during the bombardment of the earthworks at Cawnpore by the Nana's troops. One day an ammunition wagon was set on fire by a shell from the besiegers' lines. As soon as the flames shot up, that spot became a target for all the insurgents' guns, and a perfect hurricane of iron beat upon it. Almost all the artillerymen in that part of the defences had been killed or wounded, and the rest of the soldiers were so exhausted that it seemed as if nothing could be done. In a few minutes the fire must have spread to the other wagons, and caused a disastrous explosion. Delafosse took in the situation. He rushed forward, threw himself under the blazing wagon, pulled away as much of the burning wood as he could with his bare hands, and threw earth on the rest. Two soldiers, bearing buckets of water, now ran to his aid, and the young lieutenant dashed the water about, and sent the men for more, while he continued to scatter earth on the smouldering timber, and all the time the iron hail fell around him. But he succeeded in his self-imposed task. The fire was extinguished, the wagons were saved, and the youthful officer and the two soldiers escaped unscathed. All this splendid valour, however, was fruitless, and could not avert the awful doom of the women and children, who, a little later, were butchered with barbaric cruelty.

Cawnpore to-day is a busy, toiling city; but the stain of the infamy of '57 can never be washed away. And the marble monument over the awful well, with its touching inscription:—

"Sacred to the Perpetual Memory of a great company of Christian People, chiefly Women and Children. XVI. Day of July, MDCCCLVII."—

recalls one of the most hideous pages of man's cruelty to man in the world's story.

## A QUICK CURE FOR CANNIBALS.



"Gentlemen," said Professor Makeyouopenyoureyeski (known to the London police as "John Smith"), "If you will delay your meal for one moment I will prove to you—



"That you will do infinite damage to your digestions by endeavouring to make a meal off me—



"Inasmuch as I am composed, not, as you seem to imagine, of flesh and blood, but of a variety of other articles—



"And so, if you are quite satisfied that I am uneatable, I will, with your permission, bring my entertainment to a close!"

## THE RECREATION OF ESCATING.



R. THE EDITOR,—  
My friend go to make  
a visit to Mr. his  
Uncle Sir Smith of  
Broxley Hall, York-  
shire. Mr. his Uncle  
hope that I also will  
render visite at him.

I make my  
paquet, my mail  
in leather, my  
night sack, my  
hatbandbox. I

send to arrest a cab. "Vite! cocher, the Dock of  
the Grand North." Very scarcely I make him  
comprend. But at length the Dock. I give my  
bagages to a factor. I take my billet, thicket is it  
not? I stand on the quai—the train, they say,  
goes to part. I enter—I am alone—good! I ar-  
rangemyself—it is the train rapide—that goes well.  
A bell sounds—a siffle—a train part all gently at  
the other side of the quai—I regard it with tran-  
quillity. A factor is crying—it is the mine—he  
jump to my eye, he agitate his arms of a manner  
extraordinaire, he precipitate himself upon me.

"Your train, Sir! it comes to depart!" I  
descend in all haste. It  
is too late—it has already  
sorted. "What to do?  
There is another train?"  
"Yes, Sir, in an hour."  
"A rapide?" "No."  
"What then!" "An  
omnibus train!" "Thou-  
sand thunders! but, que  
voulez vous?" I can no-  
thing of it. It must to  
attend.

At last the omnibus train.  
All the world throw itself  
on it; me also. I have  
not the means to voyage at  
the first class; there is not  
of the second; it must then  
to rest at the third. I enter  
a compartiment of smokers.  
Very scarcely I can see—  
three soldiers, some works-  
men, some commis voy-  
ageurs. Messieurs the  
soldiers have a bottle; they  
partage with the workmen.  
They sing at loud voice.  
Ah, Bah! I cannot; it is  
not possible I descend—

another compartiment. Ah, better! No soldiers;  
again some workmen, a woman grosse,  
enormous, of figure enflamed—a mountain  
you say? my friend, I tell you she is a vol-  
cano. At feet a box, on high a sack, a valise,  
a paquet, some panniers; more women, some  
children. But what do I hear? a cri infantile?  
Ma foi, an infant! its cries piercing fall on my  
ears. For me, I love not some infants. I will  
search another compartiment. I descend. But  
the conductor siffles, he agitates a flag, he push me  
into the compartiment with grand force. I enter  
precipitately with the grosse woman, the infant  
crier, the children, the bagages. Very scarcely  
I find a room. The train departs. The infant  
cries always. Ah Bah! it must to be philosopher.

I am at middle, near me the monster female.  
Outside the snow, the wind. My companions  
converse of a patois incomprehensible. Very  
scarcely I comprend a few of words; it appears  
that it makes the weather convenable, seasonable  
one says. My faith! it is the sacred weather of  
England. Always the children eat buns and  
bonbons; their fingers are gluants, their mouths  
also: they are inquiet, without repose. By bye  
the infant has the nourishment, its cries cease:



THE BRAVE HORSE TROTS.

the woman monstrous nods, she incline herself to me, her head rests itself on my shoulder: Ciel! what horror! An odour of peppermint discover itself; it is disgustant. I am opprest of a weight immense, very scarcely I support myself. I am Atlas sustaining the world. In attendance the atmosphere is thick, horrible, stuffing.

A station—the train arrest itself, the door is open, the snow enters, also three women of more. "Pardon, mesdames, there is no more of place." They insist; I rise with precipitation; the woman monstrous fall on the banc, she roll on the floor, in throwing some piercing cries. I assist her. She is enraged. "Do I," she say, "call myself gentleman?" I make my apologies; I essaye to lift her.

Ciel! what a monster! she is a female hippopotamus. But the good fortune come to my assistance—a factor repeat the name of the station. Ah! with precipitation she seize her sack, her valise, her pannier, her paquet, then her great box; it is her destination. She descend; she make a faux pas; her bagages fall from her arms, the mountain engenders an avalanche. But courage! she is gone, an odour of peppermint alone remains. We advance—the hours pass—little at little my companions of voyage depart. At last I rest alone. Outside always the snow—the country is white; the trees, the houses are as fantoms. The sun couches himself—it makes itself night. I sleep.

What is it that it is? The train is immobile—it is still dark—my ears are full of some voices—there is a noise of feet—the people outside haste. I open the window. "Factor! how does this station call itself? What then? York! Is it possible!" I am then arrived, but what to do? "Bagages? No, I have not of them—they are gone, lost. Hotel? No, I expect a friend, a gentleman, but at this

hour— Ah, ah! At the good hour! My friend, I am happy! I am enchanted! It is then you! Permit that I embrace you!" He has a vehicle, my friend—a dogtrap; my bagages, it appears, are already arrived. We ascend the dogtrap, the valet sits himself at behind, my friend knows to conduct, the brave horse trots; it makes cold, but we have quantity of couvertures—raps is it not? no, wrugs. The wheels roll silencely on the snow. Enfin we enter a park, we traverse an avenue all white with spectre trees; at the end is a large chateau—it is the Broxley Hall.

The door open itself—my friend descend. "Well, come, mon ami; we are here." We enter. Ah! the warmth, the light! In the hall Sir Smith, he attends us, he conduct us to the salon. He present me to

madame, her esteemed wife, Milady Smith; at behind her another lady, all young, belle. She turn her figure. Ah ciel! what happiness! It is Miss Mary, the sister of my friend! I place my hand on my heart, I incline myself with impressment—my friend have not told me that her sister is here. Enfin we soup. It is late. I am fatigued. We go to couch ourselves. I sleep. I dream of a demon, monstre, grosse, which abimes me in respiring some

vapours of peppermint. I cry at succours, and voici an angel, of hair all gold, of eyes all blue, of tint of peach, respond to my cry, and exorcise the demon.

It is the morning; I raise myself. It frosts very strong; it makes cold. I make my toilette; I descend. We take the breakfast. My friend demand do I know to escat. I replique, "Pardon, but I know not the phrase 'to escate.'" Mademoiselle interpret, "To escate—patiner." I am desolated; I do not know to patiner; it must some pattens, is it not? I have them not. "Never mind," say



IT IS THIS TIME THAT I FALL ON MY FACE.



Miss Mary, "we will teach you." I am enchanted, I shall without doubt be at the feet of mademoiselle. "Not at all unlikely," his brother respond in laughing. Eh bien! I am content. Mademoiselle retire to put her habits. My friend excuse himself to me; he will return in a little of time; he has some affairs to reglate. In attending John will charge himself of me, he will procure me all that I desire. In a half-hour we shall sort for the tank.

The brave John arrive. "What is it that I desire?" "Eh bien, mon ami, we go to the tank, I desire some pattens." "Pattens? a pair of pattens?" This good John is surprised; he smile with the politeness, he does not perhaps think that I know to patten. My faith! he has reason, but I do not tell him so. "Yes, yes, a pair of pattens!" John gratte his head. "Cook," he say in grimacing, "have a pair of pattens." "But, Mon Dieu! I do not desire the patters of the cook! His master, has he not some of them?" John does not know, he thinks that no, his master never use pattens. "But what then? What to do?" John says cook will lend me her pattens if I wish it. It is absurd, but faute de mieux, I will essaye them. Will he make my compliments to the cook, and desire the lend of her pattens? John depart; all soon he return, in his hand the pattens. Milles tonnerres! they are not at all some pattens; they are some sabots, at bottom

are some rings of iron! they are alarming. But it is a mistake, is it not? "Regard then, my good John, I go to—to—to slip on the ice, savez vous?" John stare; he say, "Don't you do it, sir! you'll catch your death of cold; no one ever goes to sleep on the ice in these parts."

This good John is stupid, he think I say "sleep." I respond, "No, no! not sleep—slip! slip! I go to slip on the ice! I desire—Ah! I know! slippers! I desire some slippers!" John appear intelligent, he say, "Oh, slippers!

Master has lots of slippers." He will fetch me some of them. Again he depart; now he return—under his arm he has many pairs of—what then? slippers? no, my faith! pantouffles! My friend, I give you my word of honour, pantouffles! John is more stupid than never. I say, "Listen then, my good John, I desire to slip, savez vous—not sleep—to slip on the ice with pattens, comprehend you?" John say "You're bound to slip on the ice with pattens! Don't you try it, sir! You'll fall and hurt

yourself." "But your master? he goes to slip on the ice, is it not?" "Master," he say; "he don't slip on the ice, perhaps it is slide you mean." "Yes, yes! without doubt 'slide,' that is it—and in pattens." "No, sir, he never has pattens, only boots." "But, my faith! what is it that he attach to his boots? sliders?" "Sliders! no," say John, "perhaps it might be escates." "Ah! Ah! it is that! it is that! escates! it is escates that I desire. Can you procure me of them?" The good John can. He bring me some escates, my boots also; he attach to them the escates. That is well. I put my boots with the escates attached, I essaye to march, but I fall into the fire corner and hurt myself; it is not then easy to march at escates.

But now my friend return; he also have some boots with escates. But where? I demand of you—on his feet? No! on his neck! Is it then that

one escates on the head? He say "Here you are, m'sieu! come along, my sister is ready." "But, my dear friend, it is impossible! I cannot march at escates." "Cannot march! of course not! do like this; one cannot escate without ice." "Ah! it is true—I will do as you advise." We sort; in the hall is Miss Mary, all charmante; a toque of velvet with plume of eagle; a little jaquette—petticoat you call it—of fur; a jupe all short; she also has her little pattens, escates. We arrive at the tank; two men with brooms; the ice is



I ATTACH MYSELF TO HIM WITH DEVOTION.

smooth, bright, strong; there are some chairs. Miss Mary sits herself, M., his brother, adjust her escates; she lifts herself: she balance for a moment, and then—my faith! she glisse, slip, slide—what is it?—of an elegance altogether admirable, incroyable, ravissing! she is as a bird. “Vite! vite! m’sieu, it must that I also shall follow her!” I sit myself—my friend assist me. Ah! I am ready, en avant donc! I essaye to raise myself. Hélas! my feet make the sudden flight, they save themselves—my chair renverses itself. I tumble on the back; my friend laugh, the two men also. Very scarcely with assistance I stand; the two men hold me at the arms—my friend at behind. “Now, m’sieu, off you go!” Vraiment I go off as they say; it is this time that I fall on my face. En verité! I am not a bird. M’sieu says:—

“Wait a moment, I will put my escates, and you shall hold my hand.” I wait, very scarcely I remain. My friend approach—I seize him of both hands, I attach myself to him with devotion—I embrace him with effusion. He make some efforts frantiques; it is useless. My feet take their holiday; I extend myself all of my long, and with me him also. The ice make a crackment all loud. I do not essaye to stand more; I prefer to be asseated—it is more safe. Here is Miss Mary—she make suggestion of a chair; if I will lean myself on it I shall not fall. A chair is apported; I seize the back of it—it will not rest tranquille. I follow it; my feet depart of different routes; it appears that they are not my feet but of some other. Enfin they divide themselves—I sit myself between them with violence. The wind is very strong, the chair advance always. Miss Mary and his brother are far, but at last they observe me—they haste to my assistance; they replace me at foot—they go search my chair.

M’sieu gives me the good counsel. “Place your feet all near and you will be alright; the

wind will assist you.” Good! I do so, the wind blows, I voyage before it as a ship. My faith, it is not then difficult; in little of time I shall be escateur, moi! The wind blows more strongly, I advance with a rapidity altogether delightful. . . . My friends cry to me, I cannot hear that which they say, but no matter, no dout it is of compliment. Still my friends cry to me—the two men also—what is it that they cry? “mine thole! mine thole!” What then is “mine thole”? Then the voice of my friend. “Le trou! le trou! gare le trou!” Le trou! ma foi! where then, le trou? Ah! mon Dieu! in face, all near is a great hole in the ice! I essaye to arrest myself, but it is too late. I fall myself down, but the ice cedes, he break himself. I plunge into the water. Ah! how it makes cold! I make some efforts frantiques, I seize the ice of both hands, always it breaks itself. I cannot more—the water is in my ears.

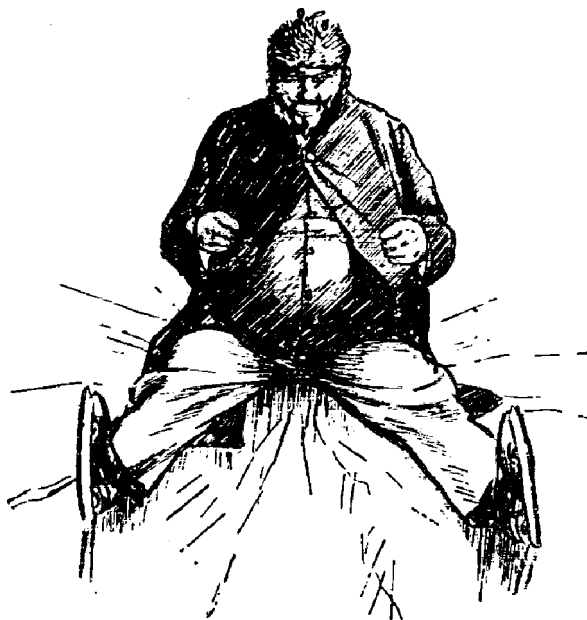
I hear some cries as in dreaming. I raise my hands in despair. What is this? I touch something hard, round, firm, it is the echelon of a ladder. I attach myself to it in pushing some grand cries; a hand seize me. I am dragged from the water. I am extended on the ice as a sea-hog. I feel myself near to vanish. Miss Mary serve me of brandy, his brother remove my escates. “Merci, m’selle, do not be afright, I go better.” They support me. I reach the land; they tell me: “Vite! vite! to the Hall, m’sieu, you are running with water!” “Mais, yes, sans doute, for me it is not possible to run without water, I am a sponge.” At last, the Hall. I mount on high, I deshabelle myself, I take a hot bath. John bring me a glass of broiled whisky.

Ah Bah! it is a bagatelle. I am ‘alright’; it is a pleasantry of the first rate. To-morrow I shall essaye again.

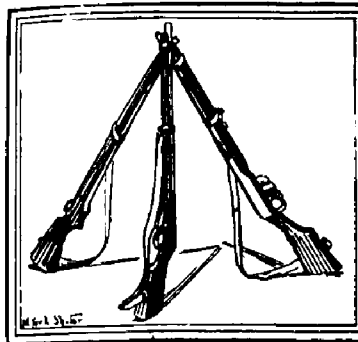
*It is the caracteristique exclusive of the french people that they never despair.*

Agreez, Monsieur, etc, etc.

VIVE LA FRANCE.



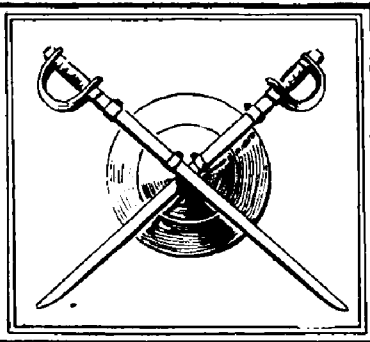
I SIT MYSELF BETWEEN THEM WITH VIOLENCE.



## "HIS MAJESTY."

BY ONSLOW DEANE.

Illustrated by Antony Helmer.



**Mr.** JOHN CLUTTERBUCK was as worthy and estimable a ratepayer as there was in the entire borough of Richmond. Every morning, with unflinching regularity, he caught the quarter past nine train from Kew Gardens to the Mansion House; and the half-past five train in the opposite direction almost invariably brought him home again. And it may safely be asserted that, during the whole fifty-four years of his life, he had been guilty of scarce half-a-dozen actions to which the greatest stickler for morals or manners could possibly have taken exception.

But even a paragon of all the proprieties has his little weaknesses, and the most vulnerable point in John Clutterbuck's armour was his undoubted resemblance to His Majesty the King. This likeness he endeavoured to accentuate by every means in his power; and the style and colour of his clothes, the cut of his hair and beard, even his very gloves and the flower in his button-hole, were an almost exact repetition of the latest fashions adopted by our gracious monarch. His other weakness was the acquisition of old china and pictures—whenever they were to be obtained at a tithe of their proper value, a thing which, thanks to his extensive and accurate knowledge of the subject, not infrequently happened. Indeed, his collection was steadily growing into a remarkably fine one, and in weak moments of confidence he had been known to assure his friends that the judicious sale of three or four of his pictures would alone more than recoup him for the whole of his expenditure upon his art treasures, and that his collection, if sent to Christie's in its entirety, would realise a sum running well into five figures.

But his enthusiasm for the old masters was as nothing in comparison with his delight whenever he was mistaken for the King. The pains he took to place himself prominently before the gaze of royalty, in the hope that he might perchance be some day mistaken for His Majesty,

or, at least, become the object of complimentary notice, were incredibly ludicrous. But until his visit to Stonesea he had been obliged to rest content with attracting a merely insignificant amount of attention. Certainly, a crossing-sweeper, whose pitch he passed on the way to his office, regularly doffed his battered hat with a "Gawd bless your Majesty!" But even Mr. Clutterbuck himself was fain to admit that this greeting seemed to sometimes lack sincerity and spontaneity, although he felt it his duty to reward the knight of the broom for his loyalty to the reigning house with an honorarium of sixpence per week, doled out in six daily instalments of one penny.

Then, too, there was that red-letter Easter Monday in Kew Gardens, when his appearance was the cause of much wagering amongst a party of Whitechapel trippers. But even that affair had an inglorious ending; for, in order to avoid serious maltreatment at the hands of a burly and beer-soaked ruffian, Mr. Clutterbuck was eventually compelled to confess that he was not the King, and also to pay the bets of the losers, which, according to their rough-and-ready calculation, amounted to the sum of sixteen shillings.

However, everything comes to him who waits and works sufficiently long, and at length Mr. Clutterbuck had the rôle of the first gentleman in the land thrust upon him in a manner that was extremely gratifying, if somewhat alarming. The result that came of his playing the part also fell emphatically under the latter head, although the gratification was, in this case, very markedly absent. And this is how Mr. Clutterbuck's adventure came about.

He had successfully concluded a particularly arduous matter of business, and had also picked up, for a mere song, an unknown but undoubted portrait by Sir Peter Lely, and he felt that he might well reward himself with a holiday. He consequently decided to spend a week at the seaside, chose Stonesea as the locality, and engaged a couple of rooms at the "Channel Hotel"—chiefly

because it enjoyed the privilege of using the prefix "Royal." It was late in the evening when he arrived at his destination, and he spent the following forenoon in clearing off arrears of correspondence and generally settling matters, so as to allow of his enjoying the next few days entirely free from all business worries.

He had just completed his task, and was endeavouring to recollect what was supposed to

This was a somewhat hasty conclusion at which to arrive, but that it was the correct one was amply confirmed by the very first words their spokesman uttered.

"We have no intention of unnecessarily intruding upon your Majesty," he began, apologetically, "but we thought it our duty to take the liberty of warning your Majesty to be careful how you take your walks abroad."

Mr. Clutterbuck's face, which had been beaming with pride and gratification, suddenly became clouded with apprehension.

"But why do I need to exercise caution?" he asked, pompously. "Am I not in my own country, and among my own loyal subjects?"

"You have nothing to fear from them, sir," the man who had previously spoken interrupted, "but two notorious anarchists, by name Vernier and Sauffmann, followed your Majesty from Victoria yesterday; and we have every reason to believe that there is a plot brewing which threatens your Majesty's life."

"Threatens my life!" repeated the terror-stricken Mr. Clutterbuck, lamely. "But—but I've never wilfully hurt even a fly."

"I don't think there can be a single human being who could wish harm to your illustrious person, as far as regards the man himself," his informant replied, with a low bow. "But, unfortunately, people with

the views of Sauffmann and Vernier don't give the man a thought. They only consider the position he occupies."

To this philosophic utterance Mr. Clutterbuck made no immediate reply. He was on the horns of a dilemma; for his vanity made him loath to resign his "illustrious personality," while a not unnatural regard for his own skin urged him to the conclusion that it was just now far more comfortable to be plain John Clutterbuck



ANTHONY HELMER.

"WE HAVE NO INTENTION  
OF UNNECESSARILY IN-  
TRUDING UPON YOUR  
MAJESTY."

be His Majesty's favourite beverage at lunch time, when the door was suddenly thrown open and two men were ushered in. They bowed low as they approached him; and when Mr. Clutterbuck jauntily wished them good-morning they were so overcome by his condescension that they cringed to the very ground.

"Hang me," reflected Mr. Clutterbuck, with much inward satisfaction, "if these fellows don't take me for the King!"

than an exalted personage who ran the risk of being made the target for a little revolver practice.

"Pray do not be nervous, sir," his friend continued, encouragingly, noting Mr. Clutterbuck's obvious uneasiness. "Acres, who usually attends your Majesty, has tracked these men to lodgings in the Northbrook Road, and they'll find it a pretty hard job to dodge him. I do not think that your Majesty need have the least fear as to your absolute safety whether you choose to remain in Stonesea a week or a month."

But at this point Mr. Clutterbuck's fears outgrew his vanity, and forced him into an unwilling disclosure of his real identity.

"But—but I'm not the King," he declared. And there were actually tears standing in his eyes as he made the confession which was to strip him of his borrowed plumes. "I've been mistaken for him before, but——"

"Not the King!" gasped the detectives in unison. "Then who in the world are you, sir?"

"My name is Clutterbuck—John Clutterbuck, of Lebanon Villa, Thames Avenue, Richmond, Surrey, and senior partner of Clutterbuck, Fergus & Smith, merchants, Mansion House Buildings"—Mr. Clutterbuck began to explain unsteadily.

"Clutterbuck!" interrupted Mr. Elliott, with an astonishment and admiration that were as balm in Gilead to His Majesty's understudy. "Why, you must be the gentleman whom the King once described to Acres as his double. And upon my word, sir, you and he are as like one another as two peas in a pod. The resemblance is simply astounding—anyway, it has deceived a brace of the sharpest scoundrels in Europe, besides—well, not the worst pair of officers at the Yard."

"Does anything strike you, Mr. Elliott?" broke in Mr. Bland, at this point, with impressive solemnity.

"It has just struck me, Mr. Bland, that if we can only contrive to keep Sauffmann and Vernier here for a week or so, till the extradition papers arrive from the Continent, His Majesty will be safe," replied Mr. Elliott, with an appearance of vast wisdom.

His coadjutor nodded affirmatively.

"Precisely my own opinion, Mr. Elliott," he muttered, with the abstracted air of a Cambridge don wrestling with an intricate problem in advanced mathematics.

"We thought it a little strange, too, Mr. Clutterbuck, that the King should have come to Stonesea yesterday," Mr. Elliott continued, "for he is due to-day at Lord Sandover's place in Berkshire. But between us we must try and detain these anarchists here until the evidence

necessary to warrant their arrest has been obtained, even if we have to get the local police to lock them up during that time on some charge or another."

"Is that the best you can do?" inquired Mr. Bland, smiling pityingly at his colleague.

"Of course, there is another way, Bland," returned Mr. Elliott, testily. "But I really don't see how we can ask so great a favour of a perfectly disinterested party."

"It would be no harm to put the question, I think," Mr. Bland replied, gently scratching his chin as he ran his eye in professional style over Mr. Clutterbuck, beginning at the top of his scantily thatched crown and ending with the soles of his patent-leather boots. "For, as you say, the likeness is certainly marvellously striking."

"I have known of people receiving the thanks of Parliament, and a handle to their name besides, for a smaller service to the State," remarked Mr. Elliott, thoughtfully, as he, in his turn, allowed his gaze to wander over Mr. Clutterbuck's portly person.

Very possibly the latter may have been influenced by Mr. Elliott's last remark, and he certainly did not forget that it was the King's life which was in danger. But he nevertheless proved that he had real grit in him, and that even stout and elderly City gentlemen may only fail to be heroes through lack of opportunity.

"If it is your opinion, gentlemen," he said, with quiet dignity, after a few moments' consideration, "that my remaining at Stonesea in the character of His Most Gracious Majesty will aid the capture of these villains, and prevent their attempting his life, I place myself entirely and unreservedly in your hands."

"You are making a noble sacrifice, Mr. Clutterbuck," cried Mr. Elliott, enthusiastically.

"Splendid, sir, splendid!" exclaimed Mr. Bland, no less warmly. "That's the stuff Englishmen are made of! I think, Elliott, that it is merely right and proper that we should draw up a short memorandum of Mr. Clutterbuck's generous offer, with a view to forwarding it to the proper quarter."

This idea met with the warm approval of his partner; and Mr. Clutterbuck himself, his face crimson with pleasure, also agreed, with becoming modesty, to the proposal. Mr. Elliott thereupon obtained some sheets of the hotel notepaper, and in a very short space of time he was able to hand Mr. Clutterbuck a copy of the following statement:—

*"I, John Clutterbuck, of Lebanon Villa, Thames Avenue, Richmond, Surrey, senior partner in the firm of Clutterbuck, Fergus & Smith, Mansion House Buildings, City, merchants, hereby declare*

*that I have been mistaken for His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. by the notorious anarchists, Vernier and Sauffmann, and that the aforesaid Vernier and Sauffmann, acting under this error, have followed me with murderous intent to the town of Stonesea. I voluntarily agree to run all the risks involved in my continuing to carry out the deception, and trust that my action may be the means of His Majesty being preserved from the attempt at assassination which the aforesaid Vernier and Sauffmann are believed to be plotting against him. And, in furtherance of this scheme, I am prepared, although at great loss and inconvenience to myself, to remain at Stonesea for any period not exceeding seven days, which may be sufficient to allow of Messrs. Bland and Elliott, of Scotland Yard, obtaining the requisite papers for the arrest of the aforesaid Vernier and Sauffmann."*

Mr. Clutterbuck, with praiseworthy honesty, pointed out that as he was taking a holiday the "great loss and inconvenience" was rather in the nature of an exaggeration. But upon Mr. Elliott assuring him that a little embroidery of that sort might perhaps mean the difference between a mere C.B. and a K.C.B. he withdrew his opposition, and prepared to sign the memorandum.

The body of the statement covered three sides of a sheet of notepaper; and Mr. Clutterbuck, after carefully selecting a pen which permitted of his writing his autograph in his very best style, signed his name, under Mr. Elliott's direction, at the top of the fourth page. His signature was duly witnessed by the two gentlemen from Scotland Yard; and, this formality completed, Mr. Elliott placed the document in an envelope, which, after carefully sealing, he proceeded to endorse—

*"The statement of John Clutterbuck, Esquire, with regard to the matter of His Majesty the King and the Anarchists, Vernier and Sauffmann."*

"I am obliged to return to London to-morrow morning, sir, to attend to the preparation of the necessary papers," he said, as he placed the packet in his breast-pocket. "I will then see that your memorandum is at once forwarded to the Home Secretary, who will, in due course, bring it to the notice of His Majesty the King, as well as that of the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister. And I'll wire to the Yard at once for a couple of the smartest officers that can be spared to come down and act with Mr. Bland in looking after your security and well-being."

"I will stake my professional reputation that Mr. Clutterbuck shall be as safe here as if he were at home in Richmond," declared Mr. Bland, with calm self-confidence. "But don't let me prevent your sending the wire, Elliott. Possibly

Acres can do with another man, or unforeseen complications may arise. One never knows; and if I am to guarantee this gentleman's safety, I certainly cannot also guarantee to assist Acres at a moment's notice."

"Very well," said Detective Elliott; "I feel I can now leave you with the certain knowledge that your noble and disinterested action will entail no evil consequences upon you whatever. I fear we have kept you a very long time, sir, over this business, but I am sure that you are not the gentleman to begrudge it when it has been so well spent. There is only one thing more, I think, and that is to impress upon you the absolute necessity for secrecy. Please do not say a word, sir, not only to strangers, but even to your best friend, before we have safely effected the arrest. I hope you will permit us to once more thank you, sir, for the assistance that your courageous offer has afforded us."

With this the detectives bowed themselves out, and Mr. Clutterbuck was left alone to ponder over the marvellous good fortune that had befallen him. Man of peace though he essentially was, it was not long before he arrived at the stage of almost hoping that he might really be shot at—especially if the bullets of the anarchists either missed him altogether or inflicted some merely trifling injury. And then the staid, elderly, matter-of-fact Mr. Clutterbuck proceeded to weave a succession of rose-coloured day-dreams that would have shamed the fertile imagination of some beardless countryman bound for the gold-paved streets trodden by Dick Whittington. He saw himself victorious in hand-to-hand conflict with Vernier and Sauffmann; the flaring contents bills of the newspapers next morning, the photographs of himself in the illustrated periodicals, the flattering interviews in the magazines, the encomiums of the leader-writers on this latest example of British pluck, all passed pleasantly in review before him. He had actually reached the point of arranging the headings of a telling speech on alien immigration, to be delivered to a spell-bound House by Sir John Clutterbuck, M.P., K.C.B., when a suave waiter demolished all his castles in the air at one fell swoop, by the commonplace announcement that lunch was ready. Mr. Clutterbuck did not exactly relish being thus rudely brought back to the realities of every-day life; but he nevertheless commanded the fellow, with the supercilious air that he imagined the King himself might have assumed under similar circumstances, to get him a small bottle of the best champagne the establishment could produce, and forthwith marched haughtily into the dining-room.

As the hours and days passed slowly by, Mr. Clutterbuck continued to dream, with remarkable

facility, of the honours that would rain thick upon him. But even his less vivid imaginings showed no sign of coming true; indeed, his stay at Stone-sea was uneventful in the extreme. Mr. Bland was often to be seen in the neighbourhood of the hotel, and he was usually in evidence whenever Mr. Clutterbuck ventured abroad. Occasionally Mr. Clutterbuck spoke to him and made inquiries as to how matters were progressing. But that reticence which is so conspicuous a trait in our police force was developed in Mr. Bland to a remarkable extent. Indeed, he carried his secrecy so far, that had it been anyone else but the astute Inspector Bland—a man who knew not what it was to fail—Mr. Clutterbuck would have been greatly inclined to rate his intelligence on but slightly higher a level than that of the average village constable. But, after six days of mingled anxiety, pride, and disappointment, a letter reached Mr. Clutterbuck which told him that his impersonation—an impersonation of which, to his secret grief, the Stone-sea populace seemed serenely unconscious—had not been unavailing.

The letter was dated from Scotland Yard, and ran as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I hope to effect the arrest of Vernier and Sauffmann to-morrow afternoon or evening, when the necessary papers will be complete. I should have done so to-day had not a technical difficulty unexpectedly arisen as to Vernier. I would advise you to remain as far as possible indoors during to-morrow; but there is no reason why you should not return to London on the following day, unless Mr. Bland should warn you to the contrary.

Our chief has forwarded your statement to the Home Office, and no doubt you will hear more of it very shortly. But pray on no account mention this to a single soul just at present, for nothing has yet been officially notified.

The entire staff of Scotland Yard desires me to express to you its grateful thanks for your co-operation, and to warmly congratulate you on the well-merited success attending your brave action.—I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL ELLIOTT (Inspector).

To J. Clutterbuck, Esq.

On the morning following the receipt of this letter, Mr. Bland called at the "Channel Hotel," and informed Mr. Clutterbuck that the arrest had been satisfactorily carried out, and that his duties were consequently at an end. Mr. Clutterbuck, in the fulness of his heart, thereupon pressed a five-pound note into the detective's not unwilling hand, and at once set about making his preparations for an immediate return to Richmond.

But an unpleasant surprise awaited him at his journey's end. He found Lebanon Villa shut up and deserted, the blinds down, and the doors locked; and of Mrs. Betts, his housekeeper, whom he had left in charge, there was nothing to be seen. He was wandering about his garden

in much perturbation, vainly racking his brain for some solution to the mystery, when he was espied by his next-door neighbour, who promptly came to his assistance.

"Halloa, Clutterbuck, is that you?" he shouted, in evident surprise. "Where's the wife?"

"Wife! Whose wife?" snapped Mr. Clutterbuck, whose temper was not in a sufficiently equable condition to permit him to properly appreciate his neighbour's wit.

"Whose wife? Why, your own, of course," exclaimed his friend, with an astonishment that was obviously natural. "But we didn't expect you for another week or ten days, and none of the new furniture has come yet."

"New furniture!" repeated Mr. Clutterbuck, feebly. "For Heaven's sake explain yourself, Jenkins! I think I must be dreaming—or going mad."

"Five days ago," began Mr. Jenkins, who feared that his friend must be, indeed, suffering from some temporary aberration of mind, "a furniture van came here, and the man in charge showed Mrs. Betts your written authority to clear all that rubbishy old stuff of yours out of the house and replace it with good, substantial, modern furniture. I must admit, knowing how much you thought of your things, that we were all a trifle surprised; but the fellow said that he understood you were shortly to be married, and that, we, of course, considered a perfectly satisfactory explanation. Anyhow, he packed Mrs. Betts off for a week's holiday, and, since then, he has taken away every stick of furniture you had."

The only comment on this intelligence that Mr. Clutterbuck was capable of making was a dismal groan.

"He left the keys with me when he had finished," continued Mr. Jenkins, volubly, "and I also have that authority of yours that I spoke of. Perhaps you'd like to come into my place and see it?"

"I should, indeed, Jenkins," gasped Mr. Clutterbuck, whose anger and perplexity as his friend unfolded his tale were quite painful to witness. "I am entirely at a loss to understand what you mean—there must surely be some terrible mistake about it all."

After a very short search Mr. Jenkins was able to produce the document in question. It was apparently written on a sheet of ordinary note-paper, and as he handed it to Mr. Clutterbuck, back uppermost, there appeared to the latter's astonished gaze:—

(Signed) John Clutterbuck.

Samuel Elliott ) Witnesses.  
Arthur W. Bland }

Mr. Clutterbuck snatched at the paper with feverish haste, and tremblingly turned to the first page. It was headed, as he had expected: "The Channel Hotel, Stonesea," but it contained

class furniture, to remove everything that might be on the premises at Lebanon Villa, preparatory to an entire re-furnishing.

"I've been the victim of a wicked and cruel



ANTHONY HELMER.

HE PRESSED A FIVE-POUND NOTE INTO THE DETECTIVE'S NOT UNWILLING HAND.

nothing whatever about His Majesty the King or John Clutterbuck's noble sacrifice. Instead, there appeared a peremptory order to his housekeeper to permit Mr. Butterworth, of Blake, Butterworth & Edge, dealers in, and manufacturers of high-

hoax, Jenkins," Mr. Clutterbuck exclaimed excitedly, his face purple with rage, when he had come again to the page containing the signatures. And he thereupon proceeded to give his neighbour, who during the recital had much ado to stifle his



amusement, a full account of all that had transpired during his visit to Stonesea.

"It was a providential thing—a most providential thing—that I was wise enough to insure against burglary before I left home," he concluded, with sorrowful satisfaction. "I believe the terms of my policy will cover my loss; but I'd better just run up to town and see my lawyers about it. And I'll go to Scotland Yard, too, without delay, and put some real detectives on the track of those two arch-rascals, Elliott and Bland."

While in town Mr. Clutterbuck also paid a

third visit—to a hairdresser. And it is quite certain that nobody could have possibly mistaken the clean-shaven gentleman who returned that night to Richmond for the double of His Majesty the King of England.

The Scotland Yard people were unable to lay their hands on the persons who had so successfully understudied them; but Mr. Clutterbuck—still plain Mr. Clutterbuck—has since been fortunate enough to re-purchase some of his own treasures at prices which even he considers extremely moderate.

## THE OLD FAG'S DIARY.

Press Day for Christmas Number.

5 a.m.—Rise. Take cold bath (ugh!). Get out my trusty lauthorn, and grope my way downstairs. Fall over a loose stair-rod. Eh? What? Hush! Member good resolutions made on January 1st.

5.30 a.m.—Prepare own breakfast. Don't seem to fancy the porridge.

6 a.m.—No trains or 'buses running, so have to tramp it up to the office, carrying bag. Stopped by policeman. Thinks am burglar. Show him "proofs." Quite sufficient. "Pass along!"

7 a.m.—I pass a long time before I get into the office, because find left keys at home. Not worth while going back. Wait for boy.

8.30 a.m.—Boy arrives. Feel inclined to—eh? What? Member good resolutions on January 1st. Boy very cold and cross. Me too. Nem'mind. "Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good." *I deny it!*

9 a.m.—Send boy out for more breakfast. Tackle letters. Telephone rings. "Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! What? Fish! No, never ordered any fish! What? No, this is CAPTAIN Office, not 'Hotel Cecil.' What? No, this is—CAPTAIN—Magazine for boys and— Eh, what say? Oh, you bad man! Why did I ring you up? I didn't! I don't want any fish! Eh! Silly old josses? Look here, I'll come round and interview you, you scoundrell! *I tell you we don't want any fish!* Eh? *I didn't* ring you up. Eh? No, we are not the 'Hotel Cecil.' We are THE CAPTAIN, a magazine for boys and—eh? Heard that before! Well, why don't you go away then?" (*Goes away.*) Return to our desk and tackle letters anew. We are ruffled, but we remember our good resolutions made on January 1st.

11 a.m.—Still tackling letters and 'membering good resolutions.

1 p.m.—Telephone. "Hullo! Hullo! No, don't want any fish! Eh? Not fish? Who the Spelling Bee are you? Oh—*priiter!* Well, what is it? Still waiting for Old Fag's 'copy.' Go on waiting then. Eh? Must get to press! What? Got to go to wedding to-morrow? Whose wedding? Own wedding! Impossible! Send one of the men! Eh?

All married? Don't believe it. Must postpone wedding. Can't! Must! Can't! Must! Eh? No, not a new game! Eh? All right. Will send 'copy' along by—" (*Switched off suddenly by Exchange girl.*)

1.30 p.m.—Lunch. Recruit shattered energies.

3.30 p.m.—Back. Boy says telephone been ringing half-an-hour. Go to telephone. "Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Who are you? Eh? You're who? Please speak up! What? Eh? No, we're not 'Hotel Cecil.' No—not hotel—eh? Look here, why can't you say who you are? You are saying who you are? Well—what? You want to know who *we* are? We'll tell you who we are when we know who you are. What? You won't tell us who you are until we've told you who we are—eh? *Speak up!* What? No, we are not 'Hotel Cecil'-r-r-r-r-r-s-s-s-s." (*Stay by telephone another ten minutes, but can only catch confused murmurs, so give it up as a bad job.*)

4 p.m.—In an exasperated and heated way go on getting Christmas Number to press.

5 p.m.—Go out to tea. Recruit shattered energies. On way back catch sight of Idea Merchant. He sees me. I make a wide circuit; pretend I'm going home. After a long and wet walk return to find Idea Merchant waiting for me in the office.

7 p.m.—Idea Merchant still suggesting articles. Telephone ringing; telegram boys following each other in a sort of procession. Four callers waiting in outer office. Half the magazine still to pass for press. At wits' end. Uncertain which way to turn. Interview four callers all at once. They all go, and all come back to mention something they'd forgotten to mention before. Feel am going mad. Piles of letters—still telegram boys come—telephone keeps on ringing—feel am going madder—get desperate—life not worth living—reach for coat—jab on hat—light cigar—say magazine can see itself to press—wash my hands of it—let the telephone ring—let the telegrams telegram—head burstin'—button up coat—put on gloves—laugh defiantly—lock up the office—stride out into the street, and

8 p.m.—Go to *San Toy* with Idea Merchant.



"STOP, SHIRRAH! STOP HIM, YOU LOUT!" (See page 217.)

# A CAVALIER MAID.

## *The Romance of a King's Messenger.*

By CLIFFORD MILLS.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

ETIENNE GLANVIL, an orphan, grand-daughter of the celebrated French soldier, the Marquis de Latour, is living with distant relations—Sir Geoffrey and Lady Stapleton—near Torrington, in Devonshire, when the Parliamentary troops rout the Western Loyalists and drive them towards the Cornish border of Devon. Etienne by chance meets a wounded Cavalier, who is carrying a message from the King to Lord Hopton; owing to circumstances recounted in the opening chapters of the story, it devolves upon her to deliver the King's packet to the Loyalist general. She is suspected of being in possession of the packet by Giles Harrison, a Roundhead officer and suitor for her hand. With the idea of hurrying into Torrington in search of one Stephen Gale, who is favourable to the King, Etienne leaves the Stapletons' house by a secret door only to stumble upon a Roundhead sentinel, who would have detained her but for the intervention of an unknown officer, who proved to be none other than the great Fairfax. Arrived at Torrington, Etienne is so angered by the rejoicings of the crowd at the rout of the Loyalists that she forgets herself, and cries "Shame on ye all, traitors!" It would have befallen her had not a huge man carried her into safety at his own house. The man proves to be Stephen Gale. She is suspected of being a traitress by the wounded Cavalier himself, who escapes from the town and makes for the inn at Langtree. To escape the Roundheads and follow to Langtree to deliver to him the letter, she enters a deserted house and there finds a young gentleman's discarded dress.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### IN THE KING'S NAME.

SAT down on the edge of the bed for a moment, and a thousand thoughts flitted through my brain. A maid could do little—but a youth might do much. A maid was watched for, suspected, even by those she longed to serve, but a youth—why, a youth! Oh!—what might not he do?

I tossed my head and drew in a deep breath of hope and freedom. It seemed to me so simple, if I could but find heart to venture.

Then I minded me how tall I grew for a maid, and I sprang to my feet and squared my shoulders and threw back my head, so that, catching sight of myself in the mirror, I blushed all rosy-red at my own conceit.

For indeed I had found mind to do it, and, this being so, not a moment was there to lose. Yet first did I bend and kiss the King's letter, in no sorrow now, but in all reverence, dedicating my undertaking to this shrine of my heart's devotion.

In the days not so long ago, when my lady had affected the cause of the King, my cousin Hal had found much pleasure in vieing with the gayest of the young gallants who, much to Sir Geoffrey's dissatisfaction, had thronged Stapleton. With a girl's love of prettiness, I had lent my aid to set him off to advantage, and much store he had put on my help, in the curling of feathers and the starching of his laces. This being so, I knew much of the best manner of wearing the gauds before me. Nor did I feel compunction in appropriating them to my use. It was in the King's name, and for aught I knew they had belonged to a servant of his. Of certes, they looked it.

To my satisfaction, I found them beyond expectation in the matter of fit. Neither passing tall nor broad had been their owner, and, of a surety, it seemed to me more than chance that had led me to such a finding.

I had taken needle and thread from the housewife that ever hung at my side, but small need found I for its use. The doublet of mouse-coloured velvet was in truth too wide, but when I had donned the sash of cherry colour, and adjusted the cape, there was little of which one could complain. The hat was a grey beaver with a feather of each shade of the attire, caught with a cerise favour and pinned with a silver brooch in the form of an antelope—as pretty a device as I had ever seen.

Walking to the mirror I shook down my curls. Then, placing the hat on my head, in the same careless fashion once, so approved by Hal, I regarded myself in the glass.

I was bound to confess I looked passing well. Though I scarce knew myself for falling auburn lovelocks and nodding plumes, 'twas a right courtly youth to whom I now bowed in saucy merriment, and wished good luck.

For, in truth, I had put courage on with my new attire, and it was with almost careless indifference that I walked to the door of the

chamber, in riding boots which at first had caused me some misgivings, so small felt my poor feet inside them.

The packet I placed with care inside my doublet, and having bestowed my purse safely in my pouch, and hidden my own clothes where I had found those I was wearing, I took up a riding whip that lay on the floor, and, calling to remembrance Hal's manner of walking and dignity of demeanour, I assumed them as best I could, and opening the door softly gained the staircase.

Despite my courageous bearing, my heart beat painfully, as, half-way down its shadowy descent, I saw a man ascending. Nor was my alarm lessened when I recognised in him a Spanish fellow of the name of Juan Riaz, a disreputable relative of Giles Harrison. But no sooner did he catch sight of me standing above him in the light of the window, than he jumped as if shot, and a deadly pallor overcrept his face. Twice he tried to speak, but no words came from his shaking lips; his hands clutching at his scraggy throat, in which the veins stood like cords, as if he fought for breath.

So alarmed was I by his frightful appearance—for a more villainous face I ne'er had seen—that I stood tremblingly beholding him. Seeing, however, that the light was streaming into the hall below, I concluded that the door leading into the street was open, and determined, whatever came, to at once make a dash for liberty.

But, at the first step I placed on the stairs, the fellow shrieked aloud, and, crouching against the wall, covered his face with his hands, calling out, "Mercy, mercy! 'Twas not I who wronged thee!"

In much terror I fled past him, madman that he appeared, and thankful indeed was I to gain the street without his interference.

Once there, I stepped out as boldly as I had planned. The rain had ceased to fall, but underfoot it was miry and wet. Passing strange did it seem that I might tramp so easily through mud and dirt, and at first, when I came to a miry spot, back went my hand to lift my skirts o'er it, and then up blushed my cheeks at not finding them. But this was only for a few yards, for much did I caution and admonish myself to remember that the street was full of spies, and that, if I would play my part to escape detection, I must endeavour to forget the maid I was, in the youth I appeared to be.

So I stepped out well, with no maid's mincings. But a wilful wind that had sprung up blew my love-locks athwart my eyes, and my cape round my shoulders, so that I soon found a youth had his difficulties to contend with, even though unhampered by flowing petticoats.

Few people noticed me unduly; in the first

place the twilight was beginning to fall, and the streets were less thronged with rejoicing rebels, and those who turned to look probably accounted me some gay spark from Stephenston, who, being young, knew not yet the folly of feathers and laces. So I walked on rapidly with little fear that, should my face escape detection, my attire would cause suspicion.

Now an inn stood at the base of the hilly street down which I was hurrying. Its windows overlooked the river's bridge that my feet were burning to cross, and to this inn I was pressing. For here, if anywhere, could I procure that which would enable me to overtake the Cavalier at Langtree, namely, a horse. With some shyness which I made every effort to conceal, I passed in and lost no time in seeking the landlord. But at my demand for a horse at once, he threw up his hands at the hopelessness of the request.

But, remembering my rôle, I stamped my foot as Hal would have done, and, imitating his well-known tone, reduced mine host to so satisfactory a state of humility, that he sent off a stable boy at once with a command that he must not return without a horse, and that a proper one.

"That suits thee, sir," cried he, with a well-oiled smile. But I, still taking my cousin for copy, eyed him with disdain.

"We will talk of suiting," said I, "when we see what thy boy procures," and, demanding that I might be shown to a chamber where I could rest awhile, I turned from him with much haughtiness.

An apple-cheeked girl showed me to a chamber above, the window of which gave view of the bridge I so longed to traverse. Fearing observation, I partook here of what refreshment I needed; and then bidding the maid—whose ogling afforded me much discomfort—acquaint me on the instant of my steed's arrival, I threw myself on the bed to rest awhile. For in truth I was weary, and that well-nigh to faintness.

Lying thus, I pondered on my journey, the aspect of which was, even now, formidable enough. Of a surety, in the dear gone-by days of my childhood, had I oft ridden the same road with my father, but to no public ways must I now trust my journeying, if I hoped to reach my destination in safety. So I lay, striving to recall once well-known by-paths—by such a lane, and such a copse would I go.

Alas! the grey dawn entreating my eyelids was to what mine eyes opened. Stupefied, I sprang up and gazed round, and like a loosened flood came remembrance, half stunning me with the potency of its rush.

My first thought was for the letter I carried, and finding it was still safely in my keeping, I

breathed more freely. But the next moment I uttered a cry of despair, for day, day was here, and the safeguard for my journey—yesterday's passport—of what would it now avail me?

I rushed to the window, and, pulling aside the curtain, looked out. A grey mist hung above the river and hid the opposite banks from view, but, not a soul being about in the street, nor hearing anyone in the inn below, I adjudged it still to be early morning.

There was yet a chance that the guard of yesterday was unchanged. But to think that I should have slumbered with so much at stake. I could have cried with vexation, and dare not trust myself to think of what the consequences of my delay might be.

I crossed the room with feverish haste, and stayed only to bathe my face and adjust my attire. Ah! the foolhardiness to have lingered! Night, kind night, with her mantle of concealment, had flown without my using it, and here was the garish day abroad, to point me out, and twit of my doings to every sparrow that chose to fix its curious glance upon me.

In my mortification and self-reproach I felt I deserved all misfortunes that would doubtless attend me. That faithless landlord, who had flouted mine order, and allowed me thus to slumber, probably in payment of mine insolence! Or, worse thought far, was he in the pay of mine enemies, and had purpose in his action? Such doubts were intolerable. Donning my hat with haste, I opened the door and walked out on to the landing.

Not a soul was about. Much inclined was I to fly from the inn with all speed, and as little ceremony as possible. But to go thus without payment was a contemptible thing to do, and moreover might, if I was discovered in the act, lead to my longer delay, if not detection.

So without further argument with myself, I raised my voice and called out sharply for attendance.

A moment afterwards a door at my left opened, and, looking round quickly, instead of finding the innkeeper as I expected, I saw a man eyeing me with astonishment, from a half-open door.

His fixed look of deep scrutiny alarmed me greatly, and, forgetting all caution, down the stairs I ran, to stumble in the passage below, across a snoring stable-boy, who slept, head on table, by the side of a guttering candle.

At my exclamation he jumped to his feet and rubbed his eyes.

"The horse, sir?" he cried, blinking and pluttering.

"Yes," cried I, scarce knowing what I said

"the horse, sirrah! Is this the way orders are kept at the 'Torridge Inn'?"

"'Tis ready, sir," he replied hastily, walking to the door. "I acquainted thine honour some hours ago, as did my master, but though we knocked and called a full score of times we could not awaken your lordship. At this my master did away to bed, bidding me await your honour's pleasure."

So this was the way I had kept faith with the King. Worthless, foolish maiden, slumbering like a blockhead at such a time. I was too crestfallen to even reply to the lad, who had by this time led me to the stable, where I found as pretty a cob awaiting me as I could have wished.

As the lad adjusted the bridle which he had removed, he told me it had been a night of wind and rain.

"They who retreat," said he with a wink, "will find it bad weather. Moreover," he added, "the Parliament men are hot after them. Twice this night have a company of troopers rode over Taddyport Bridge on their way to Holsworthy."

Twice that night, and I—with an impatient hand I seized the reins he held, and, having settled mine account with a surplus for his benefit, sprang to the saddle, and this latter without difficulty, having oftentimes ridden in like manner when a child. Then with all speed I turned my horse's head to leave the yard.

At this moment, however, a casement was flung hastily open, and in imperative tones that rang out into the still morning air a voice called:—

"Stop, sirrah!—Stop him, you lout!"

So unexpected was this, that, taken by surprise, I half reined in my horse, while the stable boy, fingering the coins I had given him, looked from the owner of the voice to me in gaping wonder.

Glancing behind, I saw a man but partly attired had pushed his head and shoulders as far through a casement above as its narrow limits would allow. I had no difficulty in recognising, in the handsome face and iron grey lovelocks, the gentleman who had stared at me from the landing of the inn.

Not a second waited I. Before the dull-brained lad at my side had taken in the meaning of the challenge, I was away through the gate with all speed to the bridge of the Taddyport.

## CHAPTER X.

### A RIDE FOR THE KING.



OUT of the mist that overhung the bridge, a sentry loomed, and challenged me.

With all the assurance I could muster, I sang out the countersign. But he still stood in my path. All in a tremor, I waited and

tried to speak, but my heart failed me. I made then as if I would pass him, but he caught my bridle rein.

"What means this?" cried I, in a voice sharpened by alarm.

"It means, sir," replied the man, in firm but respectful tone, "that you leave too late, or start too early. The password of yesterday will not take your honour far to-day."

"Yesterday!" I cried. "Yesterday!"

And then, maid that I was for all my brave attire, down went my head, and out I sobbed like

Alas, it was but as I had foreboded. "'Tis mine own fault," I sobbed. "Why tarried I?"

"Nay, but my lad," cried he, kindly, "none could blame thee; 'tis ill-luck, indeed, that has made thee miss thy chance by just ten minutes."

I stared at him then. Had Fate been so capricious? But he caught my bridle hand, and wheeled round my horse.

"I have it!" cried he. "Dry thine eyes, mother's son that thou art! If thou canst ride as fast as thou canst weep, thou wilt overtake the guard



A SENTRY, WHO STOOD CONCEALED BEHIND A HEDGE, SPRANG FORTH AND CHALLENGED ME.

a babe, for bitter disappointment and aching remorse.

The man looked up at me in surprise, but I cared not, nor offered excuse. I did not even try to stay the tears which rolled down my cheeks. I had said the time for weeping would come when all hope had fled, and here was despair at last.

Apparently realising that in me he had no troublesome customer, the man stood at my side in quietness, only muttering, by way of sympathy, that 'twas passing early to have changed the guard.

"Though in such times as these," he added, "one follows not custom, for greater caution."

ere they reach West Bridge. Stay not, but on and good luck to thee, for the prettiest niny alive."

I waited to hear no more. Off like the wind went I, round past the inn, along the bank of the river, my curls drying my eyes as I flew. Ah! he might laugh at me for my womanish tears, but he should wager I rode with the best. On I went, not daring to hope, yet despair dying hard at each bound of my horse's hoofs, until, through the mist, I saw nearing the bridge the little company of men upon the overtaking of whom hung all my hopes. At a swinging march they went, the morning light picking out their orange sashes—base badges of their disloyalty. But low down

to my horse's head bent I. I rode for the King. Should rebels win?

The yards were dwindling between us, when, at the sound of my approach, the sergeant turned round, halbert in hand, and faced me. Astonishment was in his gaze, and, fearing his intent, I pulled my horse almost to the water's edge as I rode past him to the bridge beyond. A sentry stood on its threshold, and to his challenge I replied with the password, which was so soon to be changed, then waited, sick with apprehension.

Looking to the approaching guard, who were now almost at the turning, he hesitated; but, without more ado, I rode straight in his path, and, muttering something to himself, he stepped aside, and permitted me to pass without further comment.

Had I now followed the promptings of fear, I should have let haste be my only councillor, for almost unendurable was the anxiety in my breast. But, realising how perilous was still my safety, surrounded as I was by the enemy, I curbed my impatience, and rode slowly across to the other side of the bridge.

Here, in a shed, upon benches, a few men lounged or slept. Some looked up as I passed, and glanced at me suspiciously, but, hearing my reply to their comrade's challenge, they turned each to his occupation, and over the bridge was I at last, without let or hindrance.

Ah! what a heart was mine as I rode up the slope beyond to the road! It seemed too good a fortune to be true, after so much peril.

I was calling to mind the way I had planned, and my good little mare was taking me up the hill with a haste of her own setting, when, as we neared the summit, a sentry, who stood concealed behind a hedge, sprang forth and challenged me. As much startled by this as myself, my horse swerved with such suddenness to the opposite side of the road that I was well-nigh unseated.

Recovering myself with difficulty, I found, to my chagrin, that my hat had dropped from my head, and was now held by the soldier, who stood well in my path.

Plucking up my courage, which was somewhat shaken by this sudden encounter, I repeated the password, and requested him to give me my hat.

This he did at once. As he handed it to me, however, he glanced up at me, sitting thus bare-headed, and our eyes met.

Alack! as ill luck would have it, it was a fellow who knew me well, having served at Stapleton before becoming one of the company of troopers Sir Geoffrey himself had arrayed and mustered.

For a moment he looked into my face with

puzzled scrutiny, whilst I, with thumping heart, but assumed carelessness, adjusted my hat and gathered up my reins. Then, peering more closely, he started back, thunderstruck. "Marry!" cried he, "'tis Mademoiselle, the French girl they are seeking!"

But his look had prepared me for this recognition. Ere he had time to recover himself I was well past him, galloping along the road. His wits must have deserted him for the time, for I heard him shouting and running behind me for a moment or two, but, these sounds ceasing suddenly, I cast a quick glance behind me. Dear heart! he stood in the act of firing, musket on crutch in the middle of the road!

This much saw I before the shot rang out behind me. The next instant I was gripping and clutching to saddle and bridle, realising with consternation that the horse I rode had taken advantage of my temporary distraction to secure the bit between her teeth, and was now carrying me full tilt whither she listed.

'Twas all I could do to keep my seat, maddened by fear as she was, but the thought of the honourableness of mine errand strengthened me, and cling I did, whilst, at every bound she gave, the country seemed to fly behind me.

On with the wind up the hill went she, and my thoughts flew as fast as her hoofs, as I clung for dear life, aye, more than life, till my eyes grew dizzy and my head swam.

Already, in the village of Fritholstock below, was my approach noticed, and, ere I reached the Priory there, a man rushed forward and strove to catch my mare's head. But she, jumping aside, eluded his grasp, and, half turning, dashed down a by-path, and so into the open country beyond.

Though it was no easy travelling, yet my heart lightened, for, good little mare that she was, she was but carrying me with thrice the speed the way I had planned.

For not far away from me lay Langtree Common, to whose rounded knolls and wooded combs I had meant to trust my journeying. But I had not more than congratulated myself at the thought, when my mare, whose pace had at each moment been flagging, came to a sudden standstill, and over her head I shot, missing breaking my neck by a miracle.

Picking myself up I found little damage done, and my mare close to my side regarding me with amazement. Catching her bridle I walked on apace, glancing to right and left of me cautiously.

I found myself on the brow of a hill. Below me lay a deep and narrow valley, and far away in front rose a stately hill, all covered with larches, their leafless branches tender purple in the morning light. Close to my left was a wood which ran

down the hill to the valley, and to this I now led my mare, intending to use its shelter in gaining the road below.

But I had scarce entered it when over the hill whence I had but just come a horseman came flying, and behind him half a score of dragoons. Without a glance behind, the pursued rode straight towards the wood in which I stood; but down upon him came the troopers, and, seeing this, he reined in his horse, and waited, swearing with such volubility I would fain have closed my ears, had not surprise held me spell-bound, for in this stranger I recognised the gentleman who had challenged me from the window of the inn.

Meantime, two dragoons had come up to him. One on each side of his horse they rode, and made to seize his rein. But, raising the whip he carried, he dealt so smart a blow on the hand of the man nearest, that its owner cried out sharply for no violence.

"Violence!" cried the gentleman, in high wrath. "I'll have you pay reckoning for such behaviour. Am I a hare to be chased by hounds like you?"

The other troopers coming up at this moment, he turned on their leader, and demanded, haughtily, now that they had succeeded in overtaking him, what was their object in such a liberty.

Dear heart! I well-nigh dropped with fear when I saw that he who rode forward to be their spokesman was none other than Giles Harrison.

One glance he gave in the stranger's face, and then his lips twitched with an ill-conditioned laugh.

"Tis a mistake, sir," he said, in his insolent fashion, "and much pardon do I ask for any inconvenience I have caused thee. Misinformed was I by dolts and idiots, and thus led to incontinently follow thee. Seeing, however, that none ride in these days without credentials from the Parliament, I must trouble you to satisfy me on that score."

"Satisfy *you*!" thundered the stranger. "Is 'a gentleman to be chased like this by any low-born caitiff who chooses to call himself soldier? If these are the manners of your boasted new army, the sooner the King comes to his rights again the better for the nation." And his fingers flew to his pistol.

But as quickly each trooper sprang from his horse and ringed him round, their short muskets charged and waiting.

With an impatient exclamation, the gentleman regarded them wrathfully, and turned to where their leader stood watching him, an amused smile on his face.

"Sir," said Giles Harrison, "we soldiers of the

new army carry not our pedigree sheets with us like prize cattle, yet we shall suffice."

And his teeth gleamed white through his smile.

I saw an angry light flash from the stranger's eyes, but, evidently realising that resistance was useless, he drew a paper from his pouch, and, with haughty contempt, passed it to Giles Harrison.

"There," cried he, "read, if thou hast the wit!"

Watching, I saw Giles Harrison start as he perused it, and a sudden pallor overspread his face. The next moment, bowing low, he returned the paper to the stranger.

"In truth, sir," he said, with an effort to recover his usual composure, "thou hast reason for thine anger, yet so honourable and trusted a friend of His Excellency as Sir Harry Burgoin is known to be, will, I trust, excuse my misplaced ardour."

Then turning without more ado, he gave the word for his men to mount, and away he went the way he had come, his dragoons thundering behind him.

As I watched him disappear over the hill, I could scarce contain my thankfulness. For in truth it was too fine a cozening of this crafty Roundhead. Passing ordinary chance was it that had made him miss me by so short a time, and mistake for myself the man who still stood, fretting and chafing at his grievance, just outside the wood.

So thinking was I in fine content, when what does my mare but whinny out, betraying me at the very moment of triumph. I saw the stranger start, and, with his horse's bridle over his arm, walk quickly towards the wood.

Without a second's delay I hurried my mare through the trees, and, seeking the open some yards down, mounted her and with all speed went off down the hill.

I heard the stranger hallo to me from behind, but I heeded him not, for though I tried to persuade myself that 'twas none of his business to hinder me, yet was my heart full of misgivings, remembering his challenge of me at the inn window.

I soon found out that following me he was, business or no business, and, setting spurs to my mare, I went off at full gallop, seeking my mind as I rode for reason for his interference, but the more I thought the more puzzled was I.

Coming at length to the conclusion that it was but another case of mistaken identity, and realising that to be followed thus might eventually lead to betrayal of my mission, I slackened speed and courted his overtaking me.

But on this he too drew rein, and so I dropped



to a walk and in trepidation waited for his next move.

Coming up to within a yard or two of me, he walked his horse thus for a few moments whilst my hair rose on my head with fear, as I thought it like now that a bullet through my back would be his first question. But for all that I had neither courage nor will to turn and face him, so much had his cat-like creepings up behind appalled me.

The second after he went past me at a quick canter, and no small relief was I feeling, when he as suddenly turned and rode straight towards me.

Though there was no doubt now of his intent, I, pulling my mare to a standstill, sat, as if turned to stone, awaiting him.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE CREST OF THE ANTELOPE.

**TO** MY horse's head he rode, and looked me full in the face.

"Sir," he cried, "such lone voyagers should not disdain comradeship." Then, before I could find time or wit to reply, he added as he scanned me crown to toe, "If I mistake not, gentle sir, you claim close relationship with one Barabbas."

"Barabbas?" I stammered in wonderment.

"Why, yes," he answered, a queer look in his eyes, "for was he not a robber?"

My mind in a whirl of amazement and gathering fear, I could only stare at him speechless.

"At the same time," he added, "allow me to offer my condolence for the wound thou hast so lately received," and here his lips twitched and a break came into his stern voice. "A wound," he said, recovering himself, "that has so foully stained and

torn thy doublet, but which I perceive with content hath left thee still in the possession of perfect health."

My eyes, staring into his face, fell at his words to my doublet, which, being too large, bagged up to my sight, and here my gaze hung, a cry of horror breaking from my lips. For now, for the first time, did I notice that the left side was



"LOOK, THEN, TO THY DEFENCE."

marred by a jagged cut, while all round it was a dark stain—alas—alas! stiff was it to my cold fingers, that shudderingly touched it.

"Well?" cried he, and I lifted my eyes and, meeting his stern gaze,

"Sir!" I faltered, "I know not," and shivered as I spoke.

A puzzled look crossed his face as he regarded me.

"Know not!" cried he. "Boy that thou art, must know that such a wound to the coat does not leave unscathed the heart beneath it. Come, thou wilt at least agree," he added, "that either thy coat was marred when on another's back, or else 'tis another's coat thou wearest."

That there were meaning and threatening in his words I knew, yet, for the sake of my mission, I made an attempt to evade his question.

"Sir," I replied, "the times are not so propitious to gentlemen that one brother can disdain the other's attire—even if so cruelly disfigured."

"Brother!" he shouted, his eyes quite gleaming with fury. "Now do I know thee to be a villain! Pluck off thy hat, sir, unless thou wouldst crave my sword to aid thee, and tell me, if thou canst, what crest thou carriest there with such bold effrontery."

Stern and menacing as was this command I made no effort to obey it, for my glance was fixed on his own beaver, where, set without favour truly, but gleaming bright, I saw the same silver crest of antelope that adorned the hat I was wearing.

Indeed, indeed, I was undone. For what explanation could I give that would not betray my secret? He was watching my face with eyes that never faltered, and no doubt read there the terror that overspread it.

"Speak out, young sir," cried he less harshly. "In truth, by thy looks and tender years, it would appear to me that thou mayst be more victim than sinner. Come, tell me," he added, persuasively, though with most mournful accent, "how camest thou by these garments of my young brother, Hugh Burgoin, who left our home, carrying with him important information to General Cromwell a fortnight ago, and who now, I feel sure, has been most foully murdered?"

With a cry of horror, I covered my face with my hands.

The lone house at Torrington, the fellow on the stairs, who at sight of me had cried for mercy; I was finding meaning to these mysteries.

"Come," said the man at my side, "thy answer."

I raised my head and looked at him, and then towards Langtree. Alas! every moment of delay might see the Cavalier away, I knew not whither.

"Sir," I said impulsively, "I could tell thee much," and here I stopped, checked by caution.

"Why," cried he, "what child's play is this? I say thou *shalt* tell me all, and that right speedily," and he touched his sword meaningly. "Now, how camest thou by these clothes?" said he.

"'Tis true I stole the gauds," I answered, and blushed for shame at the avowal. "But," added I, lifting my head in sudden resolve, and speaking

with no less decision than his own, "if thou dost kill me for it, no word more will I utter concerning how or when, unless thou wilt permit me to ride on unhindered as far as 'Langtree Inn,' and there execute an urgent matter I have on hand. This being so, I do swear on mine honour I will return to thee without delay, and unfold to thee all I know of this sorrowful business."

"So this is your answer?" he cried, in a rage. "Look, then, to thy defence; for, boy that thou art, I owe so much to my brother's memory not thus to let hope of revenge slip through my fingers. But," cried he suddenly with amaze, glancing from me to my saddle, "you carry no weapon! What manner of rogue, then, art thou?"

"An honest one enough, sir," I replied, proudly, "as I will prove to thee, if thou wilt but grant my request, and that right speedily, too, for on my going thither at once, I set more store than on life itself!"

Knitting his brows, he searched my face with a puzzled look.

"Thy mien would almost tempt me to trust thee," he said, after hesitation. "Nevertheless, 'tis against all discretion to accede to such a request, but thus far will I accommodate thee—together we will ride to Langtree."

"But, sir," I cried, interrupting him, "'tis not possible that one accompanies me on the errand I take."

At my words an incredulous smile for a second chased the gloom from his eyes.

"So," said he, "'tis that, you young rascal—a lady, forsooth, and thou with thy chin yet as smooth as a girl's. Faith! when thou art my age, thou wilt esteem life at a greater value than thus keeping a rendezvous with thy lady-love."

"Sir," I implored impatiently, "time passes while we talk."

"Plague take thy audacity!" he cried frowning. "but think not by such a show to undermine my resolution. By all that is holy do I swear that thou shalt not now give me the slip. A just Heaven has favoured me, by strange method, to thus find you where I sought thee not. Together, then, boy, we go, or for my brother's sake I do compel thee to accompany me, by use of violence, from which, seeing thy youth and unarmed state, my manhood recoils."

Alas! I had fallen into a trap, which had but one exit, and that ill-suited to my liking. "Sir," I said earnestly, after a moment's thought, "if we go thus together, thou wilt not strive to discover my undertaking?"

"Nay," he replied, a little smile puckering the corners of his stern mouth. "Thou canst trust me so far. Have I not been a lad myself? But

"Well, then," I said with a sigh, "'tis a bargain, and we help one another," and I caught up my reins.

"Let it be so," he answered, "but fair play, my pretty clothes-stealer! For although thou hast beguiled me into half belief of thee, yet do I swear that, if thou dost strive to elude or escape me, I will shoot thee before thou canst make off to do further mischief."

"I shall give thee no opportunity to test thy skill as a marksman," I replied, haughtily enough, as we rode slowly forward, for the term "pretty clothes-stealer" was a hard morsel to swallow, and the more so since I could not honestly resent its application.

We rode down the hill in silence. Once I stole a glance at my companion, who seemed wrapped in profound thought, but even as I gazed did I see his hand wander



I FELT A SHARP PAIN THROUGH MY RIGHT ARM.

not, thank Heaven, with such a face as thine, or the maids would have pestered me into ending my bachelor days long ago."

Alas, alas! How deceit was enveloping me! My heart smote me that I must thus cheat him, but in truth there was no other way open to me.



to his belt, into which, unobserved by me, he had thrust one of the pistols from his holsters.

I knew then how little he trusted me, and the thought angered me. Tossing my head with contempt at his suspicion, I vowed I would teach him to know that I esteemed honour with no less nicety than himself.

Little desire had I for converse, but when we came to the base of the hill, and the road lay before us, I turned to my companion and said that I thought it right to inform him I travelled without permit of any kind, and therefore, as my business could not brook delay, I should prefer to journey by the open country, that lay before us, rather than court the greater danger the road held for one so unprovided with passport.

He darted a look of suspicion at me and mused a moment.

"Nay," said he, "I think I can promise thee safety from such detention. Should we be questioned, thy masquerade will readily help me to pass thee with my own credentials. So we will keep to the road, young sir."

If he expected me to look crestfallen he was disappointed, for I answered with haughty indifference, "As you will," and again silence fell upon us.

As we rode on, though, my thoughts flew as only a maid's will. Not an inch of the country around did mine eyes miss, for though I deemed it unlikely the Cavalier had not before then reached Langtree, yet accident might find him no further on his journey than were we.

Before I could credit it we had gained the top of the hill, and there at a corner, where three roads met, stood an inn. In front of it grew a spreading beech tree, and upon the swinging sign-board a green dragon was painted with rough boldness. It was in truth the place I sought, and, my heart beating wildly, I rode quickly forward.

As for my companion, though he kept closely at my side, I noted that he glanced around him suspiciously, and that he now held his pistol in his hand, though partially concealed beneath the folds of his riding cape, no doubt suspecting I was leading him into some ambush with evil intent.

Elated and pleased as I was to have thus arrived at my destination, I was still full of apprehension, being not without fear of finding here some soldiers of the Parliament. But all looked quiet, and, indeed, even deserted, as we drew rein at the inn's entrance.

Stooping from my horse I tapped upon the door with my whip, then waited in much suspense. But no one came, and not a sound could be heard outside or within.

Looking up at me sharply, my companion bade me knock again, which I did, this time with increased force. But it not suiting my mare's high spirit to be thus kept dallying, she flanced around with me in fine style, pawing the ground, and whinnying with pretty wilfulness.

I had succeeded in calming her somewhat, and was patting her head, when across the field behind the inn I saw a man running.

His back was towards me, yet did I know him instantly. It was the Cavalier!

Dear heart! Was he again to escape me? Not a moment did I wait. With a touch of the whip to my only too willing steed, and away down the hill, past the church, and over the hedge to the right and into the open went I, like the wind.

I had just gained the top of the knoll, behind which the Cavalier had disappeared, when the report of a pistol startled me, and singing through the feathers of my hat flew a bullet.

Alack! in my excitement I had forgot my companion, and the good faith I had broken.

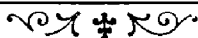
A second later, I had overtaken the Cavalier, but at that moment another shot rang out. I felt a sharp pain run through my right arm, and with a cry fell forward to my horse's head, while the ground seemed to reel before me, and the morning light to fade to blackest night.

Through it all I heard my companion gallop up behind. I expected death at his hand, and felt I deserved it, but instead with a cry of surprise he rode past me to the Cavalier.

"Brian!" he cried, in most joyful recognition, and "Harry!" said the other, as they clasped hands.

This much I heard ere, with a moan, I sank into what seemed a gulf of darkness.

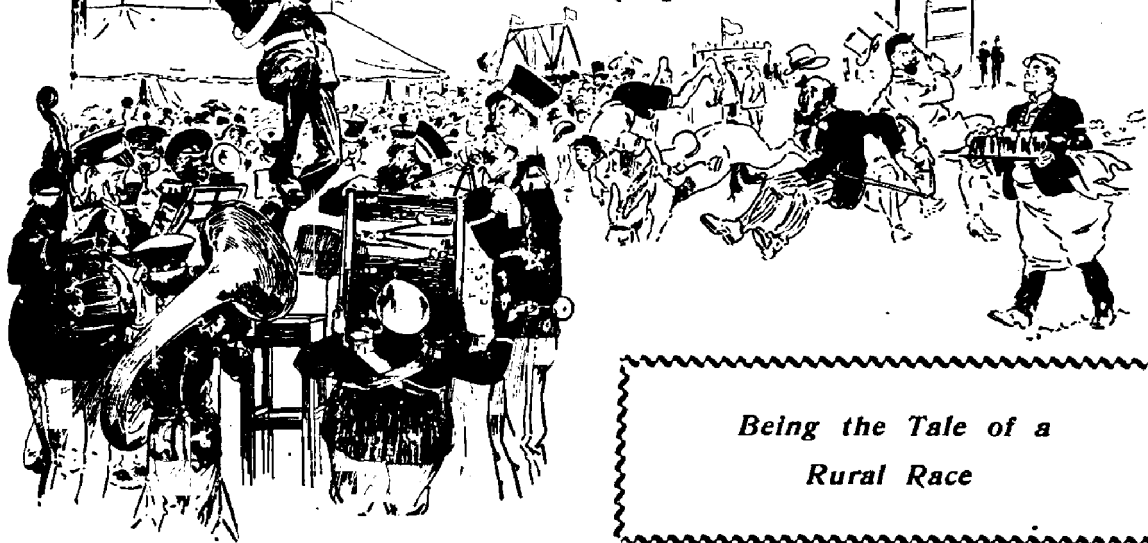
*(To be continued.)*



# PROFONDO BASSO'S BAND

BY ALF. B. COOPER.

SKETCHES BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



*Being the Tale of a  
Rural Race*

PROFONDO BASSO had a Band, or, if  
that statement's wrong,  
Let's say Profondo "ruled the roost" and  
wielded the batôn;  
Yes, wielded it to such a tune that, for some  
miles around,  
At galas, sports, and flower-shows this famous  
Band was found.

'Twas not composed  
of drums and fifes,  
nor yet of blatant  
brass,  
But mixed judiciously  
with "strings" to  
give it "tone" and  
"class."  
The first and second  
violins thought they  
were the *élite*,  
The ophicleide thought  
otherwise—his words  
we won't repeat.



But when the man who beat the drum once got  
into his stride,  
He took the bun for bumptiousness in all  
the country side,

And trombone, on the outside right, his slide  
shot out and in,  
And strove to drown the clarinettes and beat  
the drum for din.

Oh, when Profondo led his men it was the  
richest treat  
To see the swift gyrations of his pet staccato  
beat;

His hands and arms,  
his head and legs,  
seemed lightly hung  
on wire,  
And, when he'd done,  
the band and he  
would sit down and  
perspire.

Now Hoppington-cum-  
Quaffingham is noted  
for its ale,  
And there an episode  
occurred which con-  
stitutes my tale;

For when its yearly gala came the Band, of  
course, was there,  
And, in the intervals of sport, discoursed its  
music rare.

Some lay the blame upon the "lunch," and some  
upon the sun,



Whilst others vow it was a wag who said they  
couldn't run ;  
But all the people yelled with glee and said it  
would be grand  
To hold a "sprinting handicap" for members of  
the Band.



Profondo, who was temperate, protested all in  
vain,  
And said they must be suffering "vrom vatare  
on der prain";  
For every man who entered for this novel  
handicap  
Must carry his own instrument and race for half  
a lap !

They placed the piccolo at scratch, the clarin-  
ettes likewise,  
But cornets got a foot or two because of extra  
size ;  
They gave big drum some fifty yards, and—  
seeing he was fat—  
The man who played the 'cello had ten yards  
tacked on to that.

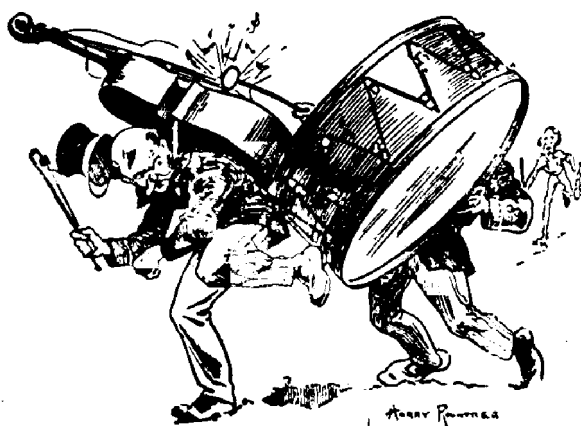
The trombone and the tenor-horn stood fifteen  
yards from scratch,  
Euphonium and ophicleide were such another  
match ;  
So these were given twenty, and bass-trumpet  
twenty-four,  
Although the latter grumbled that he ought to  
have much more.

The violins, as they were light, got precious  
little grace,  
And the youth who played the triangle was  
noted for his pace ;  
So these, about three yards from scratch, were  
ranged all in a row,  
And every man but Basso was at length prepared  
to "go."

The pistol cracks, and now they're off!—the  
trombone makes the pace,  
But piccolo gets off the mark as though he'll  
win the race ;  
The 'cello and the big bass drum are clearly  
losing ground,  
Whilst first and second violins are gaining every  
bound.

But as they draw together, drum and 'cello  
neck and neck,  
The latter, putting on a spurt, becomes a total  
wreck ;  
For, in his haste to head the drum, he o'er his  
fiddle slips,  
And, big drum tumbling over him, they smash  
it into chips.

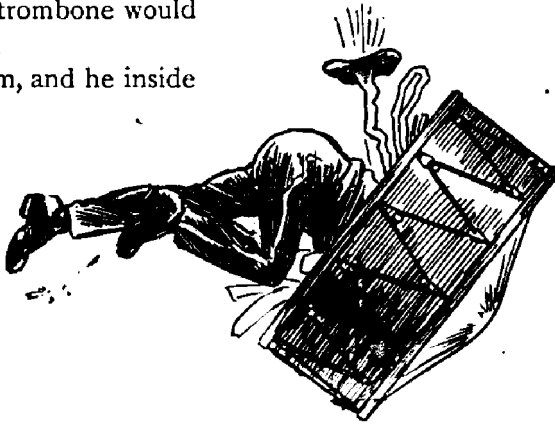
But this is but the prelude for disasters worse to  
come,  
For trombone, in a hurry, takes a header  
through the drum ;  
And piccolo, full fifteen stone, sits on the  
ophicleide,  
And cornet cracks two violins—his cranium  
beside.



'Twas feared at first that trombone would  
most certainly succumb,  
For seven people lay on him, and he inside  
the drum!

But when Profondo,  
hurrying up, used his  
staccato "beat,"

They howled for mercy  
lustily, and quickly  
found their feet.

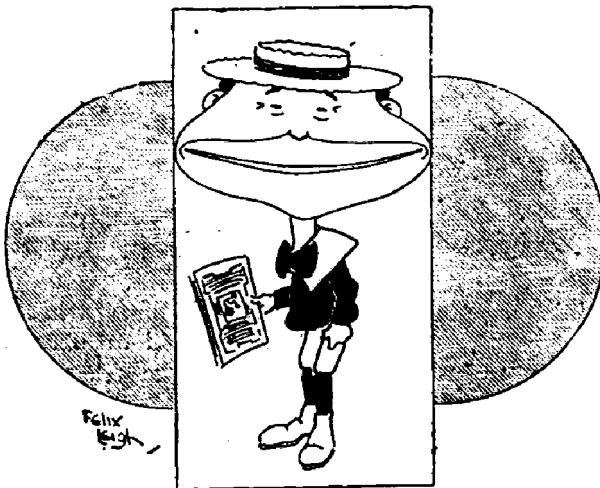


But lo! of all the instru-  
ments bestrewn upon  
the ground,  
The triangle alone  
emerged, in *tune*, and  
safe and sound,  
And as Profondo Basso  
left the field, he  
roundly swore  
To start "von Pand of  
'Hope" at once, and  
lead his men no more.

— R. —



The triangle alone emerged, in tune, and safe and sound.



SPACE NEEDED SIDEWAYS.

"I wonder what I'm to do! If I smile any wider over  
these irresistibly comic drawings in THE CAPTAIN I shall  
break right out of the picture, you know!"

# DRYSDALE—NATURALIST.

BY FRED. SWAINSON, *Author of "Acton's Feud," etc.*

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

IT WAS an axiom at St. Elizabeth's that the oddest fellow there was Jack Drysdale, of Bultitude's House. He had that reputation as a kid, it clung to him when he became a monitor, and even when he left, in a blaze of glory, to go to Oxford, the general opinion was that it would be a long time before Eliza's saw again such an odd genius as he.

Drysdale was no athlete, simply because he hadn't time for cricket or footer, and although Miller, Bultitude's captain, used to growl at him endlessly to turn out and do something for his house, Drysdale would open his eyes and laboriously explain that he couldn't "collect" and kick a football at the same time.

Drysdale must have been Natural History mad from the day he was born. It was a fable that when he came first to Eliza's, raw and gawky, he caught a young yellowhammer between the station and the school, and interviewed Bultitude with the bird squeaking in his pocket, and it is a matter of fact that when he came down the speech-room steps for the last time, he put down his huge morocco, gilt-edged drawing prize on the dusty stones to pill-box a green beetle. Drysdale never swerved to the right or left in his hobby. Winter or summer he was on the look-out for specimens.

As a kid he fielded for the seniors—when he could not coax or bribe some other junior to take his share of fag—with pockets bulging with pickle-bottles, ready for prospective captures, while a few years later, if you had seen a fellow rushing madly along the streets a minute or so before the last tinkle of the lock-up bell, with his straw in strands flapping about his ears, his faded blazer ripped up and across, his trousers muddled and wet up to the knees, clutching a disreputable landing-net, or holding something dead—and whiffy—or alive and struggling, in his huge pockets, you had seen Drysdale.

His den was a museum. Egg cabinets, butterfly cases, black, green, and purple beetles, bottles filled with dead snakes, a litter of pins, pill-boxes, nets, blow-pipes, chloroform bottles, alum, skins

drying on boards, knives, a huge paint-box, canvases, and jars filled the room to bursting point, and over all hung the compounded odour of varnish, oil, camphor, chloroform, and carbolic.

No fellow in Eliza's could handle animals like Drysdale. In his hands a rabbit with a broken leg, a spitting, vixenish cat mauled by a dog, a pigeon with croup, lay quiet and docile. Between animals and himself there seemed to exist a mysterious sympathy; he could stroke them, feed them, doctor them in a sure and confident way peculiarly his own. Juniors would hang round his den for hours to peep at the treasures within, and Drysdale's word was law on moths and eggs; there was no appeal beyond his decision.

In the school, Drysdale was merely average, but in one line he had a gift which enabled him to leave every other Elizabethan hopelessly behind. He drew like an angel, and coloured as marvellously. Hartington, the art master, had never pretended to teach Drysdale anything. What took the average fellow years to acquire Drysdale knew without teaching. He had painted startling copies of Swan's panthers, Nettle's ships, Riviere's dogs and bears, and they hung alongside drying skins on his wall. There was a water-colour of a kingfisher which was simply one blaze of glory, and beneath Drysdale's great treasure—a Purple Emperor—he had painted a copy on the white cardboard, and it seemed one gorgeous butterfly chasing another. About Drysdale's sanity the average blockhead had his doubts, but you could only gasp in wonder and delight before his painting. Drysdale was tall and good-looking, but, as Gale poetically said, "he clothed his beauty in rags." You could hardly have told Drysdale from a tramp until he spoke. Drysdale had no chums, because Elizabethans could not quite make up their minds about him, and until he gave Eliza's that great leg-up at Bisley he was looked upon pretty much as you would look upon a six-legged chicken. How he came to be such a great shot at seventeen years is a rather roundabout story.

Drysdale's people lived in Burmah, and the naturalist owed some sort of allegiance to the



family solicitor, who paid his bills for him, and advised him as to his holidays. But Drysdale generally had his plans mapped out for a month or so ahead, and when he proposed spending his Easter month at Chernside, a little Westmorland village, the solicitor wondered, but agreed. "Brighton should have had my vote, if I'd been Jack, but then, Jack's not an ordinary fellow."

Drysdale had had Chernside in his head a long time, and when he finally installed himself and his impedimenta in a little cottage tucked snugly in the flanks of the mountain side, he thought himself in Elysium. There were woods of birch and beech and larch—the larch already green—stretching up the mountain side, and above them the brown heather rolled over the mountain tops, and away for miles beyond, covering the silent valleys among the hills with its brown carpet. Up there you can still see the raven circling round the heavens, miles high, or hear his harsh croak when he is out of sight. The hen-harrier still hawks swiftly over the heather, where the red grouse fights furiously in the early morning. The sandpipers, the snipe, the teal, the wild duck fly across the still tarns, their legs dangling as they go, and you may hear, if you know the sound, the pipe of the rare dottrel or the whoop of the curlew. This was a new world for Drysdale. There are no hen-harriers, nor ravens, nor dottrel anywhere near Eliza's. A couple of miles from his cottage, along the white country road, were the yellow sands running out to the horizon, their vast spread tenantless, except for an occasional cockle-fisher miles out, or a grey crowd of gulls barking over some shallow pool forgotten by the outgoing tide. A solid wall of limestone ran out into the yellow sand, to bar the rush of the rising tide, and in the holes and crannies countless jackdaws nested, their mates for ever wheeling round the windy cliff, and dodging the sweeping, scythe-like rush of the little brown kestrels, who claimed the wind-swept ledges. Then, below the road, were peat mosses, stretching for miles, a very paradise for moor-fowl, over whose nests in the reeds the silver birches stood

sentinels, and there were old grey barns—but why describe? It was altogether lovely. Drysdale threw open his tiny window, and listened to the cries of the birds in the marsh below, the hooting of the owls in the ivied barn, and the whooping of the curlew as it flew overhead in the dark for the moorlands above. Drysdale had seen a dozen birds he had not seen before, and he had heard the calls in bird language he did not know, and when he shut the window he dreamed of holding handfuls of brown mottled eggs.

Next morning he slipped into the shadow of the green wood, rejoicing. Five minutes afterwards a man lounged lazily across his path—a man who could look down at him, even, from a height, who carried an ash-plant under his arm, and whose retriever sniffed suspiciously about Drysdale's calves.

"Where are you going?" he said, without unnecessary politeness.

"Nowhere in particular," said Drysdale easily.

"Well, that's



HE FOUND ARLINGTON'S NOTICE BOARDS THICK AS CHESTNUTS IN OCTOBER.

the way you've come, young fellow. Hook it!"

"Not by a long chalk," said Drysdale angrily.

"We're down on poachers hereabouts, so hook it back."

"I'm no poacher, and besides——"

"What are you after then?"

"Eggs," said Drysdale, without any beating about the bush.

"Thought so," said the gamekeeper grimly.

"You stick to the road hedges, and don't come tramping through here. See the notice?"

"No."

"It's against Colonel Arlington's orders, young man, but I guess, being a stranger, you didn't know. All the land you can see from here is his, and it's strictly preserved. You know now."

"The moors above?"

"And miles beyond them."

"The marsh below?"

"Yes."

"The cliff?"

"No, you're welcome to the jacks and hawks."

"Well, tell me what isn't his," said Drysdale bitterly.

"An odd farm or two and the cliff road."

Drysdale heard this with a sinking heart. He was on the edge of a bird paradise—the wood pigeons were crooning in the larches around him, and he heard a jay scolding in the thicket fifty yards away even as he spoke—that he could not enter. He wished Velveteens good morning, and, turning on his heel, went dismally back. Then he found Arlington's notice boards thick as chestnuts in October, and they weighed like a nightmare on Drysdale's spirits. He stood the strain of being without the paradise for one day, and then he determined to take the risk—board or no board, gamekeeper or no gamekeeper. It was a little sooty-black bird, with a white throat, flying straight as an arrow, skimming the bubbling water of a little trout stream, that screwed Drysdale's desires up to the trespassing point.

"That's a water-ousel," said he, "and for a sovereign its nest is under the first bridge up stream. Hang Arlington!" Drysdale was over the wall in a twinkling, and moving quietly up stream. Now Drysdale, although he verged on 6ft., could tread almost as softly as a cat, and as he slipped through the hazel covers, and from tree to tree, he made less noise than a rabbit makes in the undergrowth, and the whimpering stream, creaming over the stones, hid that. In ten minutes he had forgotten that he was a trespasser, "the utmost rigour of the law," and Velveteens, for just where the stream broke out of the larch wood a little low grey bridge straddled across it, and, as his

shadow fell upon the dark waters, an ousel whirled out of the gloom down stream.

"Mrs. Dipper's at home, evidently," said Drysdale, as he dropped down into thigh-deep cold water, and crawled under the bridge. He took half an hour to find the nest, a ball of green moss as big as a football, cunningly hidden in the stonework, and when he waded out into daylight two snow-white eggs lay snugly in his pocket. "That's good hunting," said Drysdale. "Whew!"

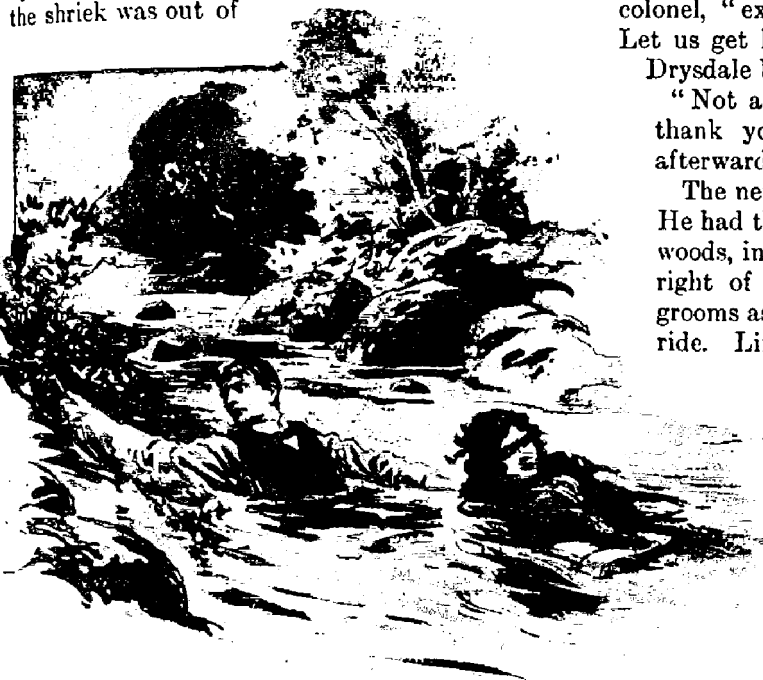
Drysdale hastily pulled back into the gloom of the bridge, for thirty yards below him a girl was casting a line, artistically, over a deep black pool, and sixty yards below her a gentleman, his face framed in grey whiskers, a soldier every inch of him, was reeling up a trout. He held it up to the girl, and she smiled pleasantly as he dropped it into the creel. "First kill for you to-day, father," Drysdale heard her call.

"Arlington père and Arlingtonne fille," grumbled Drysdale. "I'm—ahem!—treed, and it's beastly cold. I wish they'd move off." Drysdale could not get out by the other end of the bridge. There was a sheep guard closing the mouth, and he could not force it back, so he squatted on a brown boulder, his knees up to his chin, and prayed for deliverance. The ousel came back and shot home to her nest, the fisherman moved slowly down stream yard by yard, but the girl flogged that black pool untiringly, and every now and then Drysdale saw the gleaming sides of a trout as it was lifted, sans ceremony, bodily out of the water. "There's a girl who can drop a fly, anyhow," he murmured, admiringly. "That makes four. All the same, dear, do go."

Drysdale's artistic eye told him that the girl made a very pretty picture as she stood, firm and square, under the shadow of the dripping rocks, skilfully covering every inch accessible to her of the water below, and his knowledge of the art made him respect her skill. The girl finally moved away, and Drysdale got off his uneasy perch, prepared to make a hurried departure. As he came to the mouth of the bridge, he found that the fisher had merely moved to the foot of the pool, and was dropping her fly below where she had formerly stood. This manœuvre sent Drysdale hastily back, for the girl was now full face to him. She had sprung from the bank upon a dripping boulder, that her rod might have freer play. Behind her the waters took a leap, breaking into sheets of foam as they crashed on the black boulders below, and the stream raced past her perch like a mill-race. At her second cast she struck a fish, and Drysdale heard the singing of her reel as she drew her captive triumphantly

across the pool. And then Drysdale saw her slither on the wet boulder, he heard a piercing shriek, and the next moment there was no sound but the roar of the waters, and no human being to be seen but a grey-coated gentleman running for dear life up stream.

Drysdale was out of the bridge and scrambling upon the bank before the shriek was out of



DRYSDALE LOOKED UP, AND SAW THAT A SLENDER MOUNTAIN ASH HAD DROPPED A BRANCH FOR THEIR SAFETY.

his ears. He ran like a deer for the pool, stripping off his coat as he ran. In the centre of the swirling waters a girl fought desperately against the racing stream, and Drysdale could see that she could not swim, though her clothes buoyed her up. Without a thought of the risk he ran, he jumped into the black waters, and struck out manfully, as the force of current began to draw the girl towards the leap. He clutched her by the neck of the dress, but, despite his utmost strength, to fight against the racing water was beyond him. Slowly, but surely, they would be drawn over. The black rocks held the waters like a basin, and their smooth sides afforded not a hand-hold; the pair bobbed alongside their prison walls like peas in a bowl. The girl had ceased to struggle, and Drysdale had given up hope when, a dozen yards from the leap, a branch swished him in the face. His hand went up, and with a feverish grasp he held it, and their course was stayed. Drysdale looked up, and saw that a slender mountain ash, growing among the rocks, had dropped a branch for their safety. He prayed that it would hold. A moment afterwards a white face peered down from above

them, and Arlington scrambled down the rocks. With his toes dug firmly into the roots of the ash, he leaned over and grasped his daughter's hand, and the girl was hauled bodily out of the deadly waters. Drysdale followed, and then three white-faced people stared at each other as in a dream.

"I don't understand anything, sir," said the colonel, "except that you've saved Hilda's life. Let us get home at once."

Drysdale began to explain.

"Not a word, sir, now. I haven't words to thank you, but we'll have the explanations afterwards."

The next day Drysdale entered into Elysium. He had the "open sesame" into all those quiet woods, into the brown moorlands; he had the right of the brown trouting stream, and the grooms asked him in the morning if he would ride. Life was perfect, and all because he had

followed a water-ousel home.

Henceforth between their houses there should be peace.

There was the colonel's library, too, Richard Jeffries, Waterton, Edwards, Dixon, books with Bewicke's illustrations, books with Millais' plates, and many more good sorts. Drysdale had never had an opportunity before of studying water birds, and all day long he was pounding over the

moors or squashing through the marshes, gathering in a harvest of olive, brown-spotted, blood-blotched eggs. Among the beetling crags of Hawse Fell he tracked a pair of ravens to their ledge, and all one glorious morning he and Velveteens, his very good friend, spent their time in securing the eggs. Velveteens said that to hold Drysdale at the end of a rope while he swung sheer for half an hour was not easy work. There was a strain on his mind as well as on the rope. But Drysdale had no fear. He raided the cliff where the kestrels built—easy work after the raven performance—and was rewarded with two blood-coloured eggs. He got a carrion crow's green treasure from a giant Scotch fir, and knew of a hill fox's lair among the heather-hidden rocks.

Hilda went with him once or twice, but Drysdale did not approve of girls when he was on an expedition. They tired too soon. Hilda, of course, was quite the nicest girl he had ever known, but she did not appreciate a heron's egg more than a hedge-sparrow's, and that is not the proper way to look at eggs. But Hilda could fill her creel with trout under two hours, and

Drysdale might get a quarter of her poundage in the same time, and that was the kind of girl any one could respect. Hilda dropped her fly into a little eddying swirl, and the next moment there was a gleam in the dark waters as a trout turned to suck in his death. "It's a knack, Jack, which you'll get one day, and then never lose until you die."

"I wish there were happy hunting grounds then," said Jack.

The days ran by until there was but a week left of Drysdale's holiday. "When I get down to St. Eliza's, there'll be the nightingales and blackcaps singing. The south is better for small birds than here. I'm awfully sorry, though, that it's coming to an end. By the way, Hilda, you haven't shown me that picture you said you were busy with."

"Oh! it's finished now."

Drysdale whistled when he saw the canvas. There was a little brown kestrel striking at a thrush a few feet above the yellow sands. The hawk, the thrush, and the sands—that was all; but the sands stretched away into the far distance, just as they ran out from the cliff, and the birds were beautifully painted.

"Jove, Hilda! You *can* paint," said Drysdale, admiringly.

The girl blushed with pleasure.

"They say I can, but I wanted to know what you thought. Then you really think it good?"

"You paint splendidly—there's no doubt about that."

The girl caught the slightest hesitancy in Drysdale's voice.

"Now, Jack, say what it is that's wrong. You've found something?"

Drysdale looked carefully at the picture for five minutes.

"You've painted it splendidly, Hilda, but that piccy's all wrong all the same. I couldn't tell you half a lie. Have I your leave to speak?"

"Yes," said the girl, wondering in her own mind how Drysdale could speak as one in authority.

Between sixteen years in a girl and seventeen in a boy there is no great gulf fixed, but Drysdale was speaking here as to a little child.

"It's only the drawing that's wrong. Kestrels don't stoop like that—they couldn't, their bones wouldn't let them. That wing is far too high, the angle isn't right. You've feathered his legs too low, and the joints in his left claw are wrong. You haven't quite got the colour on his throat, and his tail is too short. I don't like the eyes, either."

Hilda bit her lip. "And the thrush?"

"He's nearly right. You know him better, but

he wouldn't have a drop of blood on his breast already, would he? Besides, Hilda, a thrush is pretty nearly as big as a kestrel. I don't think he'd tackle a full-grown one. Young one he might, and, anyhow, a kestrel catches with his claws; he doesn't use his beak until he's eating—I know."

"The sands?"

"They're magnificent. Jove, Hilda, you can paint! What's the name?"

"*'Murder.'*"

"That's wrong—horribly wrong. That's not murder. It's '*Life*.' Call it '*Life*.' See, I'll show you his wings."

Drysdale sketched for the astonished girl a dozen pair of wings, and at the end of half an hour she gasped:—

"Why, you're a painter, Jack."

"I shall be one day, Hilda. You'll start another to-morrow, and we'll have a chaffinch instead of a thrush; and we'll have the kestrel right to a feather. A week's hard work, and there'll be a real good canvas."

"But that horrid kestrel?"

"I'll see to that."

Next morning Drysdale lay under the shadow of the great sea cliff, a small rifle in his hand. He had slipped into the breech a cartridge of small duck-shot, and his eye scanned anxiously the little brown wind-hovers sailing out from their ledges, and then staying motionless, save for their trembling wings, in mid-air. He was anxious lest he should shoot a paired bird, but at last he thought he had discovered what he was looking for. He rested his rifle on the rock behind which he was crouching, and when finally the bird swept within range he fired. The little kestrel fluttered down forlornly to the sands. "That was murder," said the naturalist, "but Hilda can paint what she sees, and a kestrel she had to have. He isn't torn either."

Under Drysdale's directions—he reproduced for her the pose of a swooping hawk—Hilda commenced her second picture, and, when Drysdale was satisfied that she understood, he left her to the painting. Colonel Arlington strolled with Drysdale on his last night. "Like Eliza's, Jack?"

"Fine place, sir."

"Changed a lot since I was there, I know. How's the corps stepping out now?"

"So-so, sir. We're rather bunchy as we march in column."

"Shooting good?"

"Rotten, sir."

"Why?" asked the old soldier quietly.

"Dunno, sir."

"No hope of the Spencer Cup at Bisley, then?"

"Not by a long chalk. It's all cricket, footer,

and rackets there now, sir. We always cut a sorry figure at Bisley."

"Places like Giggleswick and Blundell's roll you up there, eh?" asked the colonel, sarcastically. "Schools you could smite from Dan to Beersheba at cricket pile on the bulls while you occasionally hit the targets. Why?"

"Don't know, sir."

"You shoot rather well, Jack. You couldn't have murdered that wind-hover for Hilda with that collector's rifle otherwise. Why not take your Lee-Metford seriously?"

Drysdale looked at the colonel quickly, and the old soldier met the glance frankly.

"Are you a cricketer, Jack?"

life into it? I wouldn't ask you if anyone else had it in hand. Get a few fair shots together, Jack, work them, and give the old place a decent position at Bisley. The sergeant can't do it, though he'll show you the way."

"All right, sir—I'll do my best."

"Thanks, Jack."

One of the surprises of the summer term was the awakening of Drysdale to the fact that he had done precious little for his school or his house in any way. The old colonel's words had opened his eyes considerably. He started his campaign at once, and before a month was out he had, say, a dozen Elizabethans who went to the ranges

with considerable enthusiasm. Drysdale cut his beloved hobby to a fearful extent in order to keep his gallant band up to the mark, and then the sergeant began to dream Bisley dreams.

"You and I, Mr. Drysdale, are sweating no end to pull 'em up to concert pitch, and, Lord bless 'em, they *have* come on! Young Gale doesn't cuddle his rifle in quite the old style, does he?"



A DOZEN ELIZABETHANS WENT TO THE RANGES WITH CONSIDERABLE ENTHUSIASM.

"No, sir."

"Play footer?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I always think every fellow should do what he can for his school, according to his gifts. I see Glyn's name, and Higgins's, and Bradfield's pretty frequently, and I like it. Why don't you, Jack, take up the shooting, and put a little

Gale said to his cronies, with justifiable pride—he had put on a highest possible at 200yds. :—

"We all thought Drysdale a mere cracked bug-hunter, but he's not that by a long chalk. What that fellow doesn't know about a Lee-Metford isn't worth knowing. Mine threw high and to the left, but Drysdale spotted it second shot, and now I know her little ways. But he! He's got

a hand as steady as a rock, and an eye that sees flies on the targets. Strikes me we'll do something at Bisley. Perhaps——"

Here the fellows threw cartridge shells at Gale in derision.

Two months afterwards, St. Elizabeth's brought back the Spencer Cup to the old school, and in the daily papers there were little diagrams which showed the marvellous shooting of John Drysdale—little pips swarming in the magic innermost circle—and there were paragraphs headed, "Remarkable Performance by a School-boy." Elizabethans developed an exaggerated respect for "the bug-hunter." Then there came a day when Drysdale went to the station gates and waited.

His straw was new, his flannels had a crease down the middle, his blazer blazed, and the biggest swell of St. Elizabeth's School could not have complained of his collar. Wasn't that a jolly afternoon? Hilda Arlington was on his left, and the colonel on his right, when he strolled easily among the crowd on the cricket field, as to the manner born, and felt it was a thing he'd never done before. He pointed out to Hilda the great Higgins, the renowned Glyn, and Carver, and all Elizabethan worthies; and the colonel was introduced to A. Gale, a Bisley celebrity. Then Arlington met another grizzled warrior like himself, and Hilda and Drysdale drifted away together.

"And, Jack, this is my great secret. I sent my picture—our picture—to the Liverpool people, and they accepted it. They're to hang it at their autumn exhibition, and that is only a

little less honour than being hung in the Academy itself. And father says we must all go and see it."

"Hilda, I'm awfully glad I fished you out of that pool. More than ever."

"And father is going to give you an invitation for the twelfth for that Bisley shooting."

Drysdale sent his straw skimming in his exultation.

"And now, you come, and I'll show you something."

Within the little garden of a small cottage the pair stood before a cage of starlings. "This is where I keep my live stock," explained Drysdale, "and these are what are left of a family I adopted when the old pair were provided for by the cat."

The starlings, all glittering in their glossy green and purple, pressed against the bars when they heard the voice of Drysdale. He whistled, and, as at a word of command, four birds sat bolt upright on the perch. "Three cheers for Hilda."

The starlings shrilled forth three piercing "whee—e—e—s," stretching out their necks and beating their breasts exultingly, as a duck does

when she stretches herself in the water. Hilda looked at Drysdale with a kind of astonished pleasure.

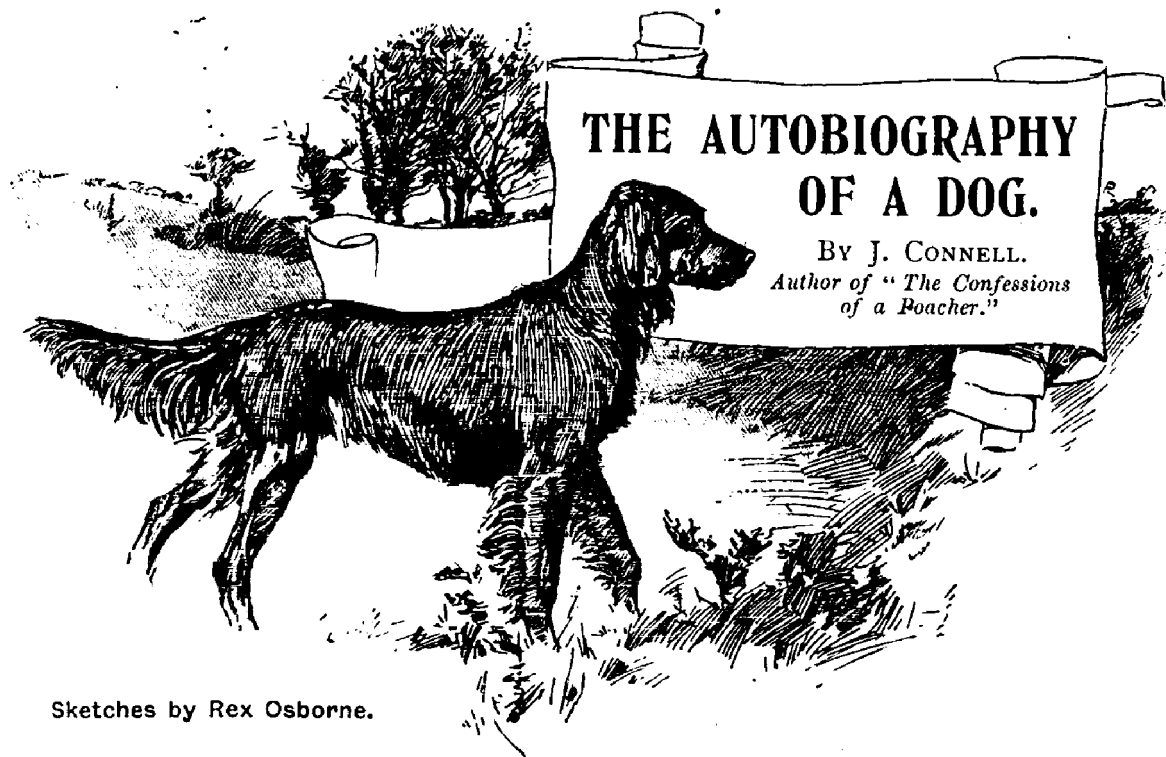
"I taught 'em that," said Drysdale, proudly, "and promised 'em they should go when you had heard them."

Hilda unfastened the door of the cage, and four starlings went in a little cloud, shrilling with delight.

FREDK.  
SWAINSON.



AN IDEA FOR OUR SCULPTORS. A CHRISTMAS SUBJECT—  
"ATHLETE WITH A TURKEY."



Sketches by Rex Osborne.

FINN M'COOL is an Irish setter of excellent pedigree. He becomes the property of Miss Juliet Boxwood, is "broken to the gun" by heart-rending methods which are detailed in Chapter II, and so profits by his tutor's instructions that sporting friends of the Boxwood family declare him to be the best setter they have ever shot over. All goes well for some time, but at length Finn, being disfigured by an accident, is ordered to be destroyed. A sympathetic young keeper, however, gives Finn to his father.

## CHAPTER V.

**The** NAME of my new master was Garlick. He was nearly sixty years old, and was supposed to be an agricultural labourer. It is only fair to say that men of that class very often find it impossible to procure continuous employment. In the winter, especially, they are frequently idle for weeks and even months at a time. As that is the season in which game is most plentiful, and in which the long nights favour its capture, it is not to be wondered at that many of the out-of-works take to poaching. Many do this at first only when driven to it by hunger, but if they are lucky enough to escape prosecution they generally come to rely on it more and more for a living. This was the case with Garlick. The little work he did was performed more to blindfold people than for any other purpose. Indeed, a long experience of his home enables me to say that he always lived better when he was unemployed than when he was working. It was not uncommon to see a pair of

pheasants on his dinner table when he had been a month out of work.

Garlick did not always poach alone. Some methods of poaching, such as netting partridges, necessitate the co-operation of two or more persons. Even when hares or rabbits are caught, by means of dogs, half a dozen of the latter are necessary if a good haul is to be made, and that is more than any one poacher can afford to keep. Garlick himself was always prudent and humane, but some of his associates were desperate characters, who placed almost as little value on the life of a keeper as on that of a hare. I have often witnessed assaults of the most unnecessary and ferocious description on keepers who would have been quite content to allow the poachers to go away quietly with their haul had they been so inclined.

There was one man in particular of this type whom I have reason to remember. His name was Brooks, and, although an inveterate poacher, I verily believe that he took more delight in fighting keepers than in capturing the game. He was such a bully that everybody who took part in our expeditions feared and obeyed him. Soon after I made his acquaintance we were out, one Sunday afternoon, on the fields some four miles away from home. The greyhounds of the party, of which there were several, were chasing and catching hares quite briskly. The sport was, indeed, all that could be desired, when Brooks suddenly ordered

the coursing to cease. For a moment nobody could understand him, but when all the dogs had been put on the lead he pointed to a keeper who had been observing our proceedings from the edge of a wood more than half a mile away, and announced his intention of thrashing him before doing anything else. He immediately set off at a quick pace, and when he reached the unfortunate individual in question we saw the latter pummelled for fully ten minutes, and knocked down half a dozen times. When Brooks had thoroughly satisfied his brutal instincts, he returned to where we stood and ordered coursing to be resumed.

I am never likely to forget the first occasion on which I met this man. I had only recently been cured of my wound, and had not been taken out poaching more than four or five times. On these occasions I had always been accompanied by greyhounds, and my part of the work was to find the game, which I set orthodox fashion, to the great satisfaction of my new master. On the night Brooks joined there were four greyhounds present, and hares came to hand so rapidly that all were soon tired. The bag numbered six when the dogs began to fail, and after that two or three hares escaped. I, however, not having joined in the running, was quite fresh, and continued to find further hares, and set them. I was engaged in one of these sets when Brooks struck me a fearful blow with his stick across the back of the thighs. Had the stick been heavier, it would have broken my bones, but even as it was the blow almost paralysed me. I emitted a howl of terror and pain, and then heard myself addressed by Brooks as follows:—

“Take that, you perisher, and stir your lazy bones instead of standing there like a stuffed dog in a glass case!”

My master interfered, and protected me from further violence, but I gathered from the conversation which followed that even he would be better pleased if I did my share of the running necessary to secure the game. Long-continued habit made a change in the direction indicated difficult, but in my desire to give satisfaction I attempted and accomplished it. Since then, whenever I have found a scent, I have rushed in on my game; and if I have not succeeded in capturing it at once I have taken part in the chasing which followed. Chasing has always been delightful to me, but I cannot help reflecting on the hardship of my fate in relation thereto. When I was young, and full of fire and energy, I had the chasing instinct beaten out of me in the brutal manner described in a former chapter. Later, when my limbs were stiffer and my wind shorter, I had it

beaten into me again by Brooks. How strange and inconsistent are the ways of men!

At this stage, I will make an admission which, perhaps, will not raise me in the estimation of my readers. On every occasion on which I went poaching with Brooks, I was wishing and praying that we might encounter either Cankerbrain, or the keeper who had first broken me to the gun; or, better still, both. Brooks would certainly have given them all they deserved, and I would have added a little by way of interest. The encounter, however, never came off.

## CHAPTER VI.



It is now over five years since I came into the possession of Garlick. A full history of my adventures as a poacher's dog would fill a large volume. I have generally had to work hard for my living, and have seen much of the shady side of life. I can confidently affirm that I have assisted in robbing every landowner for ten miles around my home. I have seen other dogs, generally greyhounds, come and go, whilst I have outstayed them all.

During the last couple of years I have not been able to run fast enough to catch anything, and so am now used by my owner solely to assist him in catching hares by means of what he calls the “parsley trap.” This I will describe.

Everybody knows that hares are extremely fond of parsley, and that they can scent it from a long distance off. My master always has a large bed of this vegetable carefully enclosed within a wire-netting fence. At intervals of a fortnight or so he digs up a quantity of parsley, and ties it in bunches; each bunch is firmly attached to a small stake which is driven into the ground. When placed in position, the parsley plants stand upright, and are bound around the roots by a piece of waterproof cloth, inside of which there is a quantity of wadding, which is saturated with chloroform. Four or six of these bunches are placed in spots frequented by hares, some ten yards apart. This is done about daybreak. My master takes up a position, generally in a wood, from which he can watch the parsley. As a rule he does not have to wait long for results. The hares soon find their favourite food, and as they cannot partake of it without bringing their noses close to the chloroform they are soon overcome. If allowed time to



revive they will return to the parsley and again become insensible. If the watcher be patient, and keep well out of sight, a dozen may be captured in this way in half-an-hour. When my master gives the word I run towards the parsley, kill all the chloroformed hares, and if necessary carry them back to him, one at a time.

My speed has gone and my sight is now failing. My scent seems still unimpaired, but with stiffness daily increasing I am beginning to realise that the end cannot be far off.

The man to whom I was once handed over for execution—I mean Garlick the younger—occasionally visits his father. Whenever he calls I hear more or less news of the mansion and its inmates.

It seems that Cankerbrain's marriage did not improve him. As he grew older his betting propensity grew stronger. In course of time he got rid of all his property, and, Mr. Boxwood having died, he came to reside permanently at Mistletoe Mansion. Even then he continued to bet. To save him from exposure his wife paid his debts, and continued to do so until all her ready money was gone. Then she put down her foot. She told him plainly that she would not sell an acre of land to meet further liabilities. This did not deter Cankerbrain from pledging his credit in another heavy adventure, in which his usual ill-luck accompanied him. He came home, had a violent scene with his wife, and next morning was found dead in his bed.

My own beloved Miss Juliet is therefore a widow. Although I cannot forget her inconstancy, I have forgiven it, and would like to see her once more before I die. I lie on a bank by the side of the road which passes our cottage, and scrutinise the interior of every carriage which comes along. I have not yet given up all hope of bidding her good-bye.

Having had experience of both the palace and the cabin, I may be permitted to say that there is little to choose between them. True, the luxury of the former is an attraction to the idle, but its conventionality is repulsive to the brave and free. Even in the cabin dogs or men seldom die of hunger, and they enjoy a degree of liberty which is quite unknown among the rich. Having to work for one's living is no hardship. Necessity stimulates effort, and effort evolves masterhood. Sound and high judgment invariably admires the worker and despises the drone.

Let me say, in conclusion, that many of my race undergo vicissitudes even more trying than those which have fallen to my lot. Let the reader not delude himself with the notion that we are devoid of sense and feeling because we are dogs. Doubtless there are some among us, as among men, both senseless and unfeeling, but the great majority are capable of the strongest and most whole-hearted affection, and their lives are barren and cheerless if they cannot indulge it or do not find it returned. Let not our inability to speak blind human beings to the fact that we suffer torture when turned out of a home we love, or that we feel humiliated and wronged when sold or gifted to a, perhaps, cold-hearted stranger. The slightest attempt at observation will convince anybody of the truth of this. "He that hath eyes to see, let him see."

My work is performed and my course is nearly run. I have no wish to remain here longer. Inactivity has no attractions for me. If, as I believe, there is another life before me, the sooner I begin it the better. I will, I hope, live it all the more usefully for the experiences of this. I long for the time when, after a short period of profound slumber, I shall awake to find youth returned, vigour renewed, senses sharpened, and ardour swelling. I now calmly await the inevitable dissolution.

THE  
END





## TO SAVE THE MAIL.

### *A Railway Story.*

BY S. A. PARKES AND R. S. WARREN BELL.

Illustrated by Paul Hardy.

#### I.

"**T**IME'S up!" called the guard to the fireman, as he waved his lamp. "How's your old coal-gobbler to-night?"

"If you're talking of the engine," said the fireman, with dignity, "she's all right. Mind you ain't left behind."

"I'd catch that old Jumbo 'opping," retorted the guard with a grin, and went back to his van.

The train in question was of the kind known as a "pick-up-goods," that is, one which stops at every little station which may have anything to send—not to be too proud about it, a sort of railway carrier's cart. And it should be added that we are going back some years for our adventure.

The fireman took a look at the steam gauge, and shouted to the driver that it was time to start. That individual, oil-can in hand, stepped up on to the foot-plate, pulled over the regulator handle, and opened the cylinder-cocks; then engine No. 560 puffed slowly out of Nottingham goods station on her way north, dragging behind her about a dozen squeaking, banging trucks, and a guard's van.

For a few minutes, while they lumbered over the points, neither man spoke; then the driver

gave vent to a grievance which was constantly in his mind.

"I wonder 'ow much longer I'm to be kep' on this lay," he growled. "Here we are night after night, what with shunting out wagons, and them tranships, making four or five hours overtime."

"We get overtime pay," suggested the fireman.

"Little enough," rejoined the driver. "Any'ow, regular hours is my motter. I've been too long on this job."

"You 'ave," observed the fireman, drily.

The driver glanced at his mate, uncertain how to take this last remark. But, as far as he could see, the fireman intended no sarcasm, so he continued:—

"There ain't no pleasure in driving an old bone-shaker like this 'ere; why, even you could do it, Jack."

"Thanks!" replied Jack, curtly.

"You needn't be 'uffy, it's meaning no offence," said the driver, adding, by way of apology, "it was only an illustration, as might be."

After this the conversation dropped, and presently they pulled up at a small station where they took on board various boxes containing cheeses; then, after a short but pithy

argument between the guard and station-master over some way-bills, and renewed grumbling by the driver, they steamed out again into the night.

Mr. J. Baker was not a cheerful driver to work with, and no one fired for him if he could help it. At the same time, it must be admitted that Baker had some cause for growling, for overtime work was not well paid in those days, and his engine—a “six-coupled” of antiquated pattern—was slow in steam and full of faults.

“A leaky old kettle,” the foreman of the running-shed described her to be when she came in five times in about a month for numerous small repairs.

“There’s plenty of variety about the old girl,” granted Jack Downs, her fireman. “Last week it was a hot strap, the week before the feed pump, and yesterday a piston ring. It’ll be a big-end’s turn next by rights.”

This cheerful assurance, given the day after No. 560 had considerably broken down forty miles away (causing considerable expenditure of time and language), was not received with any enthusiasm. However, No. 560 for once disappointed expectations, and was now working fairly well, thanks, perhaps, to her fireman’s unceasing attention to her weak points.

Jack Downs, though only twenty-four, was a smart fellow, careful and thorough in his work. In appearance he was distinctly pleasing, of average height, with dark hair, and moustaches not too heavy to conceal his genial smile. Jack could have had many sweethearts, but he was faithful to one lass, who lived near the village of Luddon, at which his train stopped nightly.

Molly Henderson was the desire of Jack’s eyes. Several times a week she came down to meet Jack, and as this was one of the nights on which she could usually get away from home, it can be understood that Jack was doing his best to shorten the journey by keeping up a good head of steam.

It had been nearly dark when they first started, the autumn being well advanced; but the moon had now risen, and the line for some distance lay clear before them in its cold light. About an hour after leaving Rottingham the distant signal lamps of Luddon shone out, and presently 560 stopped near the signal-box.

It was the usual practice to shunt the “pick-up-goods” here, if running near to time, to make way for a passenger train which did not stop at Luddon. Jack quickly got down from the engine, and pulled over the points. In those days hand-points were common, the signals and points only interlocking at the more important junctions.

After the goods train had crossed into the

siding, Jack put back the points and climbed on to the foot-plate, first taking a good look round for Molly; but she was not in sight.

Presently the guard, leaving his van, came to the engine to make the following statement:—

“The engineer’s relaying the up-road three miles further on.”

“Well, I knew that; ain’t it in this week’s working-sheet?” snarled the driver.

“That’s right enough,” replied the guard. “What I mean is, it’ll keep us here a good hour. The up line is closed between Woodstock Lane and Wickham Junction, so all trains ’as got to be worked over the down line. First, the train we’re shunted for goes by, and when that’s clear the up mail’s due. She’ll pick up the pilotman and cross to our line at Wickham Junction, staying on our metals till just the other side of this station, so they’re bound to keep us back till she’s by, unless they want a collision.”

“I ’adn’t figgered it out, but it’s true enough,” agreed the driver, in a melancholy voice; “ere we are, and ere we’ll stop an hour. Why ain’t there a public-house near this siding?”

“Now you’re talking sense,” said the guard; “that’s what I’ve been driving at. Let’s go to old Brownlow’s place; he’ll give us a glass of beer for certain.”

The driver hesitated. “It’s slap agen the rules—we’d get the sack if it came out.”

“No fear of that,” the guard assured him. “It ain’t half a mile; there’s lots of time, and Jack will look after the engine.”

And thus Mr. J. Baker was persuaded to commit a grave misdemeanour.

Old Brownlow, to whose house the guard and driver of the “pick-up-goods” decided to proceed, in hopes of obtaining some refreshment, was a strange individual who, according to popular belief, had been crossed in love during his youth, and had therefore vowed never to speak to a woman again. Whether this were true or not, he had certainly shut himself up in an old mansion, his wants being attended to by a gardener, who brought him what food and other things he required, but was never allowed to enter the house. If any persons, prompted by curiosity, invaded the over-grown garden and knocked at the door, Brownlow first looked through a small grating to satisfy himself that no woman was of the party, and then talked to the visitors from a window. He always seemed to take an interest in railway-men, and was known to be liberal with his beer when he liked. The driver and guard were therefore hopeful of getting what they wanted.

And they were not disappointed. Old Brownlow, after surveying the callers through the grating, appeared at the window with a jug and two glasses. While the two men partook of the ale, he chatted with them about their duties, though he did not seem to be much impressed by Mr. J. Baker's grumbling.

"After all," said Mr. Brownlow, "if you treat the company well, the company will treat you well. For instance, on your own admission, Baker, you ought to be looking after your engine at this moment."

"Oh, she's all right, sir," growled the driver. "Jack Downs is with 'er; you could leave 'im with a sack of diamonds for a week and find 'em all safe when you got back. 'E's a good boy, is Jack."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," returned Mr. Brownlow. "I heard a different account of Downs earlier on this evening."

The two railway-men stared at him.

"Why, sir, who could have been talking to you about Jack?"

"A man called Bocker. He has looked me up half-a-dozen times during the last few months. To-day he was in a very bitter mood, declaring he had been dismissed the company's service through Downs' agency."

"He's a liar," said the driver, forgetting his own grievances in hot championship of his steady young fireman, "that's what Jim Bocker is. Jack had nothing to do with his getting the sack; it was the drink what queered Jim's pitch for him—not Jack."

"Indeed," said Mr. Brownlow. "I am sorry to hear that a handsome, smart-looking fellow like Bocker should be guilty of such deceit. He seemed to bear Downs considerable ill-will, so I thought there must be something in his story."

The guard laughed.

"There's a woman in it," he said. "They're both after Molly Henderson."

Instantly the expression of Mr. Brownlow's face, hitherto comparatively genial, altered to one of the deepest gloom. When too late, the guard saw that he had touched on the forbidden topic. When the men had handed back their glasses, Mr. Brownlow bade them a curt good-night, and closed the window.

"You did it that time," said the driver, gazing reproachfully on his companion. "This means no more beer for you! Bill 'Awkins once put his foot in it like that, and the old boy didn't open the window to 'im next time he called."

"Well, come on," said the guard testily. "Who'd have thought he'd turn crusty like that?"

Without much conversation they crossed several fields, and at length came to the hedge beyond which lay the siding.



"WHY, SHE'S GONE!"

"Why!" cried Baker, glancing over and perceiving no train, "*she's gone!*"

"By George!" said the guard, his heart in his mouth, "so she has. What on earth has the lad been about, to go without waiting for us?"

## II.

When

THE fireman was left alone on the engine, he stood for some time on the buffer-beam, gazing in the direction where he might expect to see Molly. A little way off the signal lights glimmered, and beyond could just be descried the deserted station, now closed for the night.

"Something must have delayed her," thought Jack; "it's lucky we shall have longer here to-night. I'll do a bit of cleaning to pass the time till she comes."

He got the tube brush, and, opening the smoke-box door, commenced this necessary work, throwing the soot clear of the line.

As he toiled with his hands, his mind ran on other things. Only one cloud dimmed the blue sky of his courtship. This was the rivalry of Bocker. Since he had been dismissed from the company's service for being intoxicated when in charge of his engine, Bocker had divided his time between the public-houses in the neighbourhood and the residence of Mr. Henderson, a retired police inspector. He and Bocker were fast friends, or rather boon companions, with the result that Molly saw a great deal more of this unwelcome lover than she cared about.

Jack Downs, vigorously wielding his brush, was wondering how soon he could remove his sweetheart from such undesirable society, when he heard a voice calling his name. In another moment his arms were round Molly, for she it was who had come up thus softly.

Presently, looking her in the face, he noticed tear-stains on her fair cheeks and other signs of agitation on her countenance.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked, "and what made you so late?"

"My father has been having a long talk with me," said she, with an effort keeping her lips steady, "He is anxious that I should marry Mr. Bocker."

"What! A dismissed railway servant!"

"Father has saved a good deal of money, you see," replied Molly, "and Mr. Bocker has persuaded him to go into some sort of business with him."

"So your father would like you to be a nice party of three?" put in Jack.

"Yes, but of course I refused to listen to his suggestions."

"That's a trump!" exclaimed Jack, as he kissed her fervently.

Molly did not tell her lover, however, that, after getting away from her father, she had fallen in with Bocker, who, finding himself

definitely rejected, had put no check on his language whilst giving Molly his views of the situation.

The down passenger train had passed while they had been talking. To distract Molly's thoughts Jack proposed that they should get on the engine and see how much she remembered of what he had taught her. So they climbed up to the foot-plate, all unconscious that a man, who had been tampering with the hand-points, was now stealthily approaching the goods train.

Molly soon showed that she had been an attentive pupil.

"That handle's the regulator, the one over the fire door—you call it the fire door, don't you, Jack, which you open when you put the coals on?"

"That's right!" said Jack. "What's the regulator for?"

"To start the engine," replied Molly, and proved herself equally well acquainted with the names and uses of other parts of the despised "kettle."

"By George!" spoke Jack, approvingly, "you'd make a tip-top fireman. I wish they'd let you fire for me when I'm a driver."

Jack looked at his watch.

"The up mail is nearly due. While I fire up will you see that our tail lamps are burning brightly, there's a darling?"

Molly got off the engine and walked briskly towards the guard's van to execute this commission, for she liked being made useful by Jack.

As she descended on one side of the engine the lurking figure crept round to the other. A moment later and he had sprung up the steps on to the foot-plate. Jack, bending down to open the fire door, looked round hastily, but at that moment he received a crashing blow on his head from a short iron bar, and fell forward on his face.

Bocker—for it was he—gave a grunt of satisfaction as he seized the fireman's long shovel. Molly, hearing a noise, had come running back, and now attempted to gain a foothold on the engine. Twice she made a desperate effort and nearly succeeded in pulling her unconscious lover from under his assailant's feet. But Bocker, thrusting savagely with the shovel, caused her to release her hold and drop heavily to the ground.

He then threw down the shovel, pushed over the reversing lever with frantic energy to the farthest forward notch, seized the regulator-handle, and started the engine.

The steam rushed into the cylinders, while the train, slowly gaining speed, ran along the siding, over the points, and out into the main line.



HE HAD NOW REACHED THE TRUCK IN FRONT OF HER.

Brocker had done his work only too well. He had set the hand-points for the goods train to leave the siding, and it was now travelling rapidly on those metals which the night mail would presently pass over, owing to the repairs to the up line. Nothing save the revival of the prostrate fireman could prevent the goods train from dashing into the mail, and Brocker made sure against this by binding Jack's arms and legs with some cord found in the tool-box. His amiable task accomplished, Brocker turned to get off the engine, but, noticing that the train pulled heavily, looked back over the tender to see if any truck was off the line.

Now it should be related that Molly, though knocked backwards, had not been stunned, but quickly got up again, only to see the train moving by her. Acting on some almost unreasoning impulse, she caught at the hand-rail of the guard's van as it passed, and with difficulty clambered in. Once inside, the sight of the hand-brake gave her an idea, and she screwed it down with all her might, hoping to stop the train. But the engine was by this time fairly started, and the only effect of her action was to check the acceleration.

The full horror of the situation burst upon

the girl. She knew that the mail must soon be coming to meet them; at all risks she must get to Brocker and entreat him to stop the train.

No sooner was her mind made up on this point than Molly set her teeth and proceeded to put her resolve into action. There were not many trucks, and their sides were low; she was an active girl, and could surely climb from one to another. The first part seemed most difficult, and the jolting of the train made the crossing from the footboard of the guard's van to the truck next it all the harder; but Molly screwed up her courage, essayed it, and succeeded. This truck contained the cheese boxes, which offered no obstacle, and it was an easy matter to get over on to the buffers and climb into the next vehicle. Here a tarpaulin covering some hay made matters worse, but, by lying flat, she managed to swarm across it.

On looking up again she saw Brocker regarding her from the engine, and, before she had realised his intention, he had slowed down the engine, swung himself from the tender to the nearest truck, and was making his way rapidly towards her.

As he came the moonlight showed her his face, on which was an expression so vindictive that Molly, abandoning all hope of mercy, lay

trembling on the tarpaulin, unable to advance or retreat.

He had now reached the truck in front of hers, and the terrified girl could distinctly hear his hurried breathing as he lowered himself over the side, feeling for the buffer with his feet, and keeping his eyes watchfully on her as he did so. Thus he came on while she gazed at him, trying vainly to think of some way of escape.

His left hand was on the tarpaulin, and the other was stretched out to clutch her, when his foot slipped, and for a few seconds his legs were dangling in the air, while he only saved himself by clinging to the side of the truck.

The girl, seizing her opportunity, quickly slipped from her precarious position to the other buffer, out of Bocker's reach, and crossed safely to the truck just quitted by him.

But Bocker soon recovered his footing, and was after her like a cat. Over the bumping wagons he pursued her, gaining rapidly, and the chase promised to end long before the engine was reached.

But chance again befriended Molly, for, when Bocker was within a yard of her, the rusty coupling snapped, and the train divided into two portions, that part which held Molly remaining attached to the engine, while the other, with Bocker on it, was checked by the brake in the guard's van, and soon left far behind.

Molly, though terribly exhausted, pushed forward with renewed hope, now that there would be no one on the engine to prevent her from pulling up the train. Redoubling her efforts she had reached the last truck when something caught her dress and held her back. Oh, the agony of that moment! To be almost within reach of her lover and yet unable to save him. A loud shouting and waving of lamps warned her that the goods train had come to the place where the one line was in use, and, looking down, she could see the plate-layers gazing in astonishment and consternation as she was whirled past them.

No train was allowed to pass over the length of single line without the pilotman, but what availed this and other precautions against a contingency so impossible to foresee?

To prevent two trains from being in this section of the line at the same time, there was only one pilotman, and he was at the other end of it, waiting to be taken on the engine of the mail to pilot it safely over.

All this passed through Molly's mind as she struggled in vain to release herself, for a nail had gripped her skirt as she climbed over the end of the last truck, and she dared not

let go with her hands to unhook it for fear of falling from the train.

Bocker had slowed down the engine, probably to make it easier for him to jump off; but when the train parted, the front part, relieved of the pull of several trucks and the drag of the brake in the guard's van, soon increased its speed, and was now travelling well over thirty miles an hour.

On they rushed past all the land-marks she knew so well, over the bridge which spanned a tiny stream, then into a short tunnel where the sparks from the chimney cast a lurid glow on the dripping roof, and the panting of the steam-blast re-echoed with a dull roar.

Molly gave a last despairing struggle, and literally tore herself free, nearly falling from the train in doing so. Recovering her balance, she clutched the end of the tender, and, holding on tightly, drew herself along the side to the footplate.

There lay Jack, still senseless; heeding him not, for the moment, she snatched at the regulator handle, and was about to shut off steam when a glance ahead caused her to change her mind.

The train was running down a long valley, and, far off in the distance, Molly had caught a glimpse of the mail winding its way up towards her in the bright moonlight. It was still on its own line, but had evidently picked up the pilotman some distance from the crossing to save a stoppage on the incline, and the driver, in the fancied security which the pilotman's presence afforded, was bringing his train along at a speed which would add enormously to the force of the impact.

A problem was presented to the mind of the inexperienced girl, and it had to be solved on the instant. The crossing where the mail would come on to their line was barely a mile away; shutting off steam and putting on the hand-brake would but little check the speed, which had now risen to forty miles an hour. On the other hand, if they could only pass the crossing before the mail reached it, they would leave their line clear for the passage of that train. In a flash Molly had made up her mind and opened the regulator to its full extent, at the same time sounding the whistle loudly to attract the attention of those on the mail, and enable them to reduce their pace as much as possible before they came to the cross-over road.

It was to be a desperate race; the mail had a trifle less distance to go, while the goods train had the advantage in speed, and loco. No. 560 was running as it had seldom run before. Rocking from side to side, it tore down the

hill, not, indeed, with the easy stride which the great wheels give to the engine of an express, but toiling and groaning as the crossheads slid to and fro on their guide bars and the ponderous connecting rods swung round with the heavy cranks.

It was then that the labours of Downs bore fruit, for had a cotter pin been loose or a nut missing the faulty engine could not have stood the strain.

As they approached the crossing an unforeseen contingency filled Molly with a terrible fear. "Had the pointsman guessed her object, and, if not, how were the points set?"

The setting that would bring the mail on to their line would also send the goods train dashing into the mail, and the girl, as this thought occurred to her, first made an involuntary movement towards the regulator-handle, and then, realising that it was too late, could only stand and watch the approaching train, whose headlights were already dancing before her staring eyes.

On the other engine they had shut off steam and were making frantic efforts to stop, but it was before the days of continuous brakes, and they had little to help them. Closer and closer they came, and it seemed to her overwrought mind that the mail was nearer the crossing than they were, while, as she clung to the weather-board, each of the remaining seconds seemed longer than an hour.

A hundred yards more—fifty—would they swerve or keep straight on? The latter meant safety, the former destruction.

The next instant it was decided. The goods train rushed by the crossing and kept on its own line; ten seconds later the pointsman flung over the point lever, and the mail swept

on to the metals the goods train had just passed over. Molly had just sufficient strength to shut off steam, and then sank down beside her prostrate lover.

Little more remains to be told. Brocker, the cause of all the trouble, was found the next morning trying to dig up a signal post with a piece of slate; he was certified as insane, and promptly consigned to an asylum.

Baker and the guard were dismissed, but, a strike of engine men occurring a little later, Baker was taken on again as a stop-gap, and worked so well that he was finally reinstated in the service. The guard, though not

so lucky as his companion, managed to get a billet in some soap works in which old Brownlow happened to have some influence.

When Jack Downs married Molly Henderson there was a big assemblage of railwaymen to see the knot tied, but a person who attracted almost as much attention as the pretty little bride—famed from one end of the line to the other for her daring climb from guard's van to engine over

moving trucks—was Mr. Brownlow. For the hermit had at last come forth, and it may be added that his wedding present was a crisp £50 note.

"My dear," he said to Molly, before she and Jack left Rottingham station for their brief honeymoon, "I'd thought badly of women for many years till I heard what you did to save the mail—and your lover. You've made a lonely old man change his mind about women, and with a paternal smile Mr. Brownlow saluted the girl's blushing cheek in a way that showed he had not entirely forgotten the fact that weddings grant special licenses.



"A WEDDING PRESENT, MY BOY."





## STORIES ABOUT STAMPS AND STAMP COLLECTORS.

**MEDICAL MAN'S SURPRISE.**—An eminent physician had a good patient in an old lady who never had much the matter with her, but who felt more satisfied and comfortable when under the constant eye of her medical man. After many years of pleasant acquaintance, of regular fees for very unnecessary visits, from a medical point of view, the old lady died of sheer old age. In her remembrance of her faithful M.D. there was, *inter alia*, as the lawyers put it, a curious bundle of old envelopes.

Why the dear lady should leave him this bundle of old envelopes was a puzzle to the recipient. They seemed to be of no value. They were only the envelopes. His own habit was to pitch the envelopes of his correspondence into the waste-paper basket, and why the old lady should have taken the trouble to save hers was more than he could understand, and still more mysterious was the leaving them to him among some very valuable souvenirs. They were neatly done up with silk thread, and were in a splendid state of preservation, though very old.

He was a busy man, but this bundle continually flitted before his eyes as a bit of a mystery. He asked friends for a solution. Some suggested that they might have been the precious coverings of old love letters. At last a man who had been, in the long ago of his school days, a stamp collector, suggested that the foreign stamps on the envelopes might have been deemed valuable by the good old soul. That was thought to be a possible explanation.

The M.D. had never been afflicted with such a craze, not even at school, but he had heard, even in his busy life of late, that some of

these things even sold at auction. He had regarded that as idle tattle, but, all the same, he thought he would inquire into the truth of it.

So one day, passing through a London square, he dropped into the office of Messrs. Blank & Blank, the well-known fine art auctioneers, and asked if they ever sold old postage stamps. Being assured that they did, he produced his little bundle of envelopes, and inquired if there was any value in the stamps on them. The auctioneer examined the packet, and replied very definitely in the affirmative.

Said the M.D., "You surprise me. Now what would be their value?"

"Well," said the auctioneer, "I could not say how much they might fetch, so much depends upon condition, attendance, and other things, but they will probably sell well."

The M.D. was as much in the dark as ever. He wanted to know whether the value was likely to be represented by shillings or pounds. So, to put it to a practical test, he asked if the value were such that the auctioneer would be willing to suppose that he was in want of cash, and would advance him any money on the envelopes.

"Certainly," said the auctioneer. "How much would you like—£20?"

The cheque was written and signed, and the M.D. walked away very much astonished, but he was very much more astonished some months after, when he had forgotten all about it, to receive a further cheque for over £200 as the balance of the sum which the stamps had realised.

It is unnecessary to say that they were rare stamps. They were, in fact, valuable old issues

of New South Wales on the original envelopes, and in a splendid state of preservation.

**CONSCIENCE MONEY.**—Every boy has heard of the converted thief who returned part of the proceeds of one of his robberies with a note to say he did so “becos his consheens nawed,” and promising to send some more “wen consheens nawed again.” But I wonder if any reader of *THE CAPTAIN* has ever met a boy whose “consheens nawed” over a stamp transaction? We stamp collectors are said to be hardened sinners when it comes to swapping stamps. Still, we are not all bad.

At least, Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. assure me that we are not. They had long ago sent a collector a selection of stamps. He stuck to the lot. But years afterwards he was converted by the Salvation Army, and, having been led to see the error of his ways, he was seized with remorse, and forthwith sent Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. half the value of the stamps, promising to send the rest later on. But, although that was long ago, his “consheens” has not yet “nawed” a second time.

The same firm assure me that they have had dozens of letters with money sent anonymously by collectors who had swindled them. They once received £2 in gold from New Zealand, with a sheet of paper on which there were simply the words “Conscience money.”

These few facts, I submit, conclusively prove that we stamp collectors are not all bad boys, that, in fact, we have consciences that do “naw” sometimes.



**NOTABLE BARGAIN.**—Nothing so gladdens the heart of a well-seasoned specialist as to get as a bargain for a few shillings a variety which years of searching have failed to secure, even regardless of cost.

Such a variety turned up some years ago at a stamp auction, and, by some wise and fortunate accident, it had not been noted as a rare variety, but was simply catalogued unnoticed with a lot of common stamps. A great specialist, who badly wanted that self-same stamp, spotted it. He treasured up his secret in his innermost philatelic heart, hoping against hope that no one else would be so fortunate as to make the same discovery.

When the day of sale arrived, we sauntered down to the auction room together. He scarcely expected that such a rarity would escape, but, any way, he was determined to outbid all competitors for it up to close on £20.

The lot was put up and started with a bid of 5s., and, after sundry more or less reluctant bids from various parts of the room of ex-

perienced collectors and dealers, it was knocked down to the great specialist for 18s., and it now reposes, as a gem of the first water, in a collection recently sold for £30,000.



**PLAYING OUT A CRITIC.**—Some years ago the writer of these pages was foolish enough to publish his idea of the market value of certain unfashionable stamps. A dealer, in a stamp journal, criticised those values as absurdly “tall.” The writer subsequently called upon that dealer and asked if he had any of those stamps priced down to his own conception of their market value.

“Certainly,” said the dealer. “Here is a nice little lot I bought cheap at an auction last night. You can have them at half catalogue.”

I made a purchase, and we squared up, both parties being eminently satisfied. For one of those stamps I had paid 25s. It was a duplicate of one already in my collection, and it was thinned at the back. So I took it on to another and shrewder dealer, and sold it to him as a bargain, which he was glad to have at £10.

I have never explained to that dealer the true inwardness of that stamp, because it would have been insulting a critic, but he is a reader of *THE CAPTAIN* and an advertiser in its popular pages, and he will, no doubt, recognise the facts. Anyway, I have no “consheens” to “naw” on the matter; indeed, it is a pleasant reminiscence.



**PILLOW-CASE OF RARITIES.**—Some years ago a well-known collector got wind of a whole pillow-case full of real old rarities that might be had for the cheek of asking. Now, an enthusiastic stamp collector knows no bounds when a *bona fide* rarity may be had cheap, and when it may be had for the asking he does not stand upon ceremony.

The possessor of the pillow-case of desirables was quite unknown to the collector, and the news of the treasure came to him quite accidentally.

Said a friend to him one day, “I say, old chappie, you’re afflicted still in the stamp direction, are you not?”

“Rather,” was the emphatic reply. “What of that?”

“Well, my sister is staying with an old lady who, being over eighty years of age, has conceived the idea that it is time for her to put her house in order in readiness for her anticipated departure to a better country, and Fan is helping her to go through her papers. Among the papers that turned up in the sorting over was a pillow-case stuffed with old stamps. She told

Fan to burn the lot, as they were of no use, but Fan thought it was a pity to destroy them, as they might do to amuse her little nieces. So the pillow-case has been put aside for the time, and Fan talks of bringing it home for the kids. The old lady's sons were among the first settlers in Sydney, and, as she had a habit of cutting off the stamps from all her letters, and as her sons were her chief correspondents, it occurred to me that you might like to have a look through the lot and pick out some for yourself."

"First settlers in Sydney! Great Scott! My boy, there may be scores of Sydney Views in the 'ot."

"Sydney Views? No, there are no pictures; only old postage stamps."

"I don't mean pictures of Sydney. What we call 'Sydney Views' are the rare first stamps issued by New South Wales."

"Oh, I see. I expect there is scarcely anything else but old New South Wales stamps, if they are of any use."

"Any use, my dear fellow! They may be worth a little fortune. Let us have them up at the earliest moment."

Ways and means were discussed, shares were arranged in the treasure trove, and a lady friend returning from the old lady's neighbourhood was to be asked to call and bring away the pillow-case. It was agreed that matters could not wait the return of the sister. The sister was written to in a cautious and guarded manner, and the lady friend was commissioned to call for the parcel. In due time it arrived in London, and was met at the terminus and carried home in a state of great excitement. There were visions of months of sales, of gold in plenty, and of many a quiet spree together.

When that valuable parcel was opened and spread out on the floor, thousands of stamps were disclosed to view, but every stamp there was of the commonest red penny English persuasion! There was not a foreign or colonial stamp of any sort in the whole lot! The collector and his friend were a day after the fair. Someone else had picked over the pillow-case and annexed the Sydney Views.

#### REVIEWS.

We have received Part I.—the British Empire portion—of Stanley Gibbons' catalogue for 1902, and find that it has undergone considerable revision. It has for many years been more or less a catalogue for the specialist, and this new edition is more than ever so. Such countries as Griqualand, New South Wales,

New Zealand, and Zanzibar, especially the last country, have been opened out to include numbers of new varieties. When a reader of *THE CAPTAIN* wishes to specialise any country he should take this Gibbons as his guide, for it is as reliable as the best experts can make it. A new feature is the inclusion of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony as British colonies. In the matter of prices, some are up and some are down, but, in the main, prices are mostly up.

From Mr. H. L'Estrange Ewen we have a massive and elaborate "History of Railway Letter Stamps," printed on heavy plate paper and profusely illustrated. It makes a fine quarto of over four hundred pages. The author traces the history of the establishment and the use of the Railway Letter Post. We are told that it was established in 1891 "to legalise the carriage of letters by railway companies; and to enable anyone to obtain quicker transmission of a letter by despatching it by the first train without waiting for the general mail." You place the ordinary postage stamp on your letter and hand it in at the railway booking office with a 2d. fee. The clerk affixes the Railway Stamp, and the letter, at the end of the railway journey, is posted at the nearest post-office or pillar-box. Mr. Ewen contends that these Railway Fee Stamps represent postal work, and are therefore collectable as postage stamps, and he certainly has provided an excellent guide to their collection.

#### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

Again there is little to report in the matter of new issues—a few changes of colour, a provisional or two, and one new design. But the forthcoming King's Head issue, we hear, is being prepared. The first sheet of the half-penny value has been duly filed at Somerset House. According to *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* the colour is a somewhat sagey green; "the design, head looking to left in upright oval with curved label above and rectangular label below."

BAHAMAS.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us a penny stamp of new design for this colony, which we will illustrate next month. It is of large size, like our 5s. English stamp, and of the pictorial bi-coloured order. The central portion of the design, which is printed in black surrounded by a frame in lake, gives a view of an avenue of trees, at the end of which is a flight of steps known as the Queen's staircase. Watermark crown and C.C., perf. 14. 1d. lake, centre black.

HOLLAND.—The current 3c. value has been changed in colour from orange to sage green, perf. 12½ as before. 3c. sage green.

MONACO.—The 15c. has been changed in colour from pale rose to purple brown.

NEWFOUNDLAND promises a new 4c. of purple colour, bearing an engraving of the Duchess of Cornwall, in honour of the recent royal visit of the Duke and Duchess to Canada.

SEYCHELLES.—This colony has for some time been short of 3c. and 6c. stamps, and has been surcharging its stock of other current values to make up the deficiency. The following have been issued:—

- "3 cents" on 10c. ultramarine and brown; sur. black.
- "3 cents" on 16c. chestnut and blue; do.
- "3 cents" on 36c. brown and carmine. do.
- "6 cents" on 8c. brown purple and ultramarine do.

ZANZIBAR.—Two stamps of the current series have been changed in colour, the 1 anna from indigo to carmine, and the 4½ annas from orange to blue and red. 1a. carmine, 4½a. blue and red.

#### NOTE.

*In my article on the issues of British South Africa in the October CAPTAIN I hinted that collectors could obtain the current issues at the London Office at face value. The Assistant Secretary of the Company writes to say that sales at the office are now restricted to orders to the value of £5 or over in the aggregate.*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Ginger (WYNBERG).**—There is no catalogue quotation for Rustenburgs. Their value, in my opinion, is *nil*. The Transvaal Commemoration has not been officially surcharged. **Niatpac.**—New issues are now supplied at such a small increase on face value that the B.S.A. refusal to sell small quantities is not a serious disappointment. Sorry I cannot spare time to work your plan. **Deucher.**—The U.S. 90c. of 1855, used, is catalogued by Gibbons at 120s.; by Bright at £7; and by Scott (New York) at thirty dollars. **T. M. (GLASGOW).**—Thanks for your interesting letter. New Guinea was illustrated in November CAPTAIN. It is a genuine issue. Position of surcharge on stamp is not regarded as a variety. Stars on N.S.W. 2½d. clearly indicate retouching or re-engraving, therefore are varieties. 1d. rose also retouched. Great Britain 1d., used on Cape army letters, is only good as a souvenir. Stamps with perfs. cut, or no perfs. on one side, are of less value than a stamp perf. all round. Many thanks for the official Mexicans. Had not seen them before. Does value of Seebecks admit of discussion? I think not. Venezuela "Resellada" 10c., unused, is catalogued at 3d.; used, it may be worth a few pence more. **Timbre Postale.**—Dealer mentioned by you is thoroughly reliable. **H. Barnshaw.**—In Transvaal V.R.I. there are no raised stops. Sketch was wrong to that extent. **L. M. H.**—U.S. stamp you describe is a fiscal, not a postage stamp. Stamps defaced with a name written across are fiscals; some countries, before cancelling stamps came fully into use, cancelled with a pen. **Bohs.**—There are many varieties of St. Helena surcharged one penny, therefore cannot say value from your description. I never recommend anyone to collect North Borneo or Labuan. **W. Gatis.**—Transvaal 2s. 6d., used, perf. 12½ catalogued at 2s. 6d., and perf. 12½ × 12 catalogued at 6s.

#### COMMENTS ON OCTOBER COMPETITIONS.

**No. I.**—A great many excellent suggestions for a National Memorial to Queen Victoria were sent in. I was glad to notice that the majority were against the idea of the memorial taking the form of a statue, and in favour of public institutions of all kinds, so that the money could be spent in doing practical good.

**No. II.**—The "Four Towns" comp. is as popular as ever, there being between two and three thousand entries again this time. The correct list is as follows: Macclesfield, Maidenhead, Margate, Manchester; Newark, Newport, Northampton, Nuneaton; Oldham, Oswestry, Oxford, Oldbury; Paignton, Peterborough, Plymouth, Portsmouth; Ramsgate, Reading, Ripley, Rye; Salisbury, Scarborough, Sevenoaks, Sheffield. The prize-winner in Class II. had only five wrong.

**No. III.**—In this comp. also the entries ran into the thousands. The correct list, in order of the number of votes, is as follows:—

- |                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Beecham's Pills.    | 7. Fry's Cocoa.        |
| 2. Pears' Soap.        | 8. Mellin's Food.      |
| 3. Ogden's Cigarettes. | 9. Quaker Oats.        |
| 4. Cadbury's Cocoa.    | 10. Monkey Soap.       |
| 5. Novril.             | 11. Koko for the Hair. |
| 6. Sunlight Soap.      | 12. Eno's Fruit Salt.  |

Nobody had the entire list quite right, but Harry Hall, in Class II., had eleven, and a great number had ten right.

**No. IV.**—This competition produced a good number of post-cards, both amusing and artistic, with verses to correspond. Harry Darnley's "orchid" card deserves special mention, also the photographic ones by C. J. Macneil and G. Corfield. I was also much amused by the original cards sent in by L. McDonald Gill, Frederick W. Carman, C. O'Neill, Dudley Buxton, and A. F. Dunster.

**No. V.**—Jas. G. Ritchie, the first prize winner in Class II., managed to find 484 contradictory proverbs—that is, 242 couplets. It's enough to destroy one's faith in proverbs for evermore! Great pains have been taken with the lists, and some are beautifully neat, especially those of Lionel D. Saunders, John L. Turner, and Freda Goode.

**No. VI.**—Out of a large number of entries, comparatively few novel competitions were suggested, the best being those relating to art; but the majority contented themselves with variations of old ideas, and a few proposed such bold measures as a cake competition, regardless of the tax which its adjudication would impose on the digestion of

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

# "CAPTAIN" CLUB

## • • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

As the prize is divided this month, instead of splitting a year's subscription to *THE CAPTAIN*, we shall forward copies of "Tales of Greyhouse" to JOHN STEPHEN COX and G. W. BERRY, for their respective contributions—"Christmas, by a Cynic," and "Saturday Afternoon Rambles."

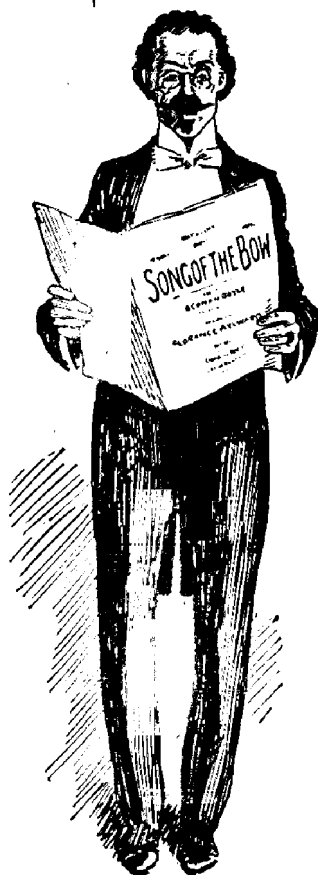
### Christmas.

*By a Cynic.*

CHRISTMAS will soon be with us again, and all the comic papers will issue Christmas Numbers.

There will be the same good old illustrated joke, representing the Modern Youth disgustedly throwing from him the oranges, sugar-plums, and crackers that he has found in his stocking, and deploring the fact that he has been offered neither cigars nor cigarettes, and the same venerable poem about the two lovers sitting on the stair-case while the sweet Christmas bells and the waits outside usher in Christmas morn with joyful melody.

The same ghosts, demons, and goblins will appear to greedy little Tommy in his sleep after the Christmas party, and the same portly old gentleman will slip on an orange-peel and be requested by an ingenuous small boy to repeat the performance "as he looked so funny." We may look forward with certainty to the re-appearance of the picture representing Santa Claus being pillaged by mischievous imps while on his way here from the North Pole, and also to the pathetic little Christmas story of the



-ATSMITH-

#### THE OTHER BOW.

We all like little Timson, and enjoy the good stirring English songs he sings so well, but we think it hardly wise of him to have chosen the "Song of the Bow" to sing at the school concert—boys are so very personal.

(Drawn by A. T. Smith.)

hungry, homeless newsboy, slumbering in a doorway on Christmas Eve, being found by a "tall golden-haired lady," and awakening on Christmas morning in "such a comfortable bed, with downy sheets of snowy whiteness," to find toys of every description piled at the foot of it.

Oh! I had almost forgotten the ancient illustrated joke representing the anger and consternation of a party of waits, who, after having played lustily outside a certain house for the better part of an hour, are informed by a policeman that it is to let—and the joke about the starving family to which a big hamper was delivered by mistake and called for next day, when nothing remained to represent its contents but a cold sausage and a small mince-pie.

The old-maid-and-mistletoe joke will re-appear unblushingly this year, together with our old friend the evergreen wheeze about the convivial toper returning home somewhat "exhilarated" and cordially "shaking hands" with a pump, at the same time wishing it "A Happy Yuletide."

Oh, yes! the comic paper Christmas Numbers will all be out soon!

Order from your newsagent at once! JOHN STEPHEN COX.

### Christmas.

*By One Who is not Cynical.*

**M**ETAPHORICALLY speaking, Christmas is symbolical of a warm, tight hand-clasp of the different members of one family round the cheerful hearth of their common home before scattering far and wide again for their labours in the New

Year ; just one short time of closest and sweetest brotherly and sisterly intercourse before the world's cold business cares and the exigencies of modern life separate them again ; a break between the hurry and rush of one year and the next.

The best known story in the world is that of the holy origin of our Christmas. And now, when we stand in the middle of Christmastide ; "when the soft snow silently falls on trees and fields and houses, covering them with Christ's white mantle" ; when the cheerful faces of those we love best are around us ; when there are no thoughts in the hearts of anyone except those for each other's welfare ; when peace and content seem to steal into every man's life ; what can we desire but to be good, to live a better life, and to follow the clearly put lesson of Christmas more closely ? The warm and inspiring influence for nobler ideals of ordinary every-day life that Christmas has the power of implanting in the hearts of mankind is illimitable !

Then think of the hoary old legends and traditions clinging to Christmas ! How much would the disappearance of "Santa Claus" from the Christmas festivities detract from their charm—to older people, besides the children, for at what other time do they enjoy buying gifts for the young ones as when they buy them at Christmas, telling the happy little recipients that "Santa Claus" brought them ? They are quite willing to stand aside and let all the thanks be poured out to "Santa"—*their* thanks lies in the fact that they have pleased someone.



A COLD (K)-NIGHT.

(Drawn by W. Bridge.)

The man who has not heard himself laugh heartily for months becomes like a jubilant school-boy at Christmas. Everybody is happy, everybody is jolly, and everybody feels good-humoured towards everybody else. Good-hearted enjoyment is prevalent everywhere.

Some people say Christmas is dying away—very slowly, but very surely. Let us hope this is not true ! Whatever should we do without Christmas ? The chances of such a thing becoming a possibility are very few indeed, and I hope the time will never come when you will have no one to wish you "A Jolly Christmas!"

"NOBODY MUCH"

### Another King Alfred Story.

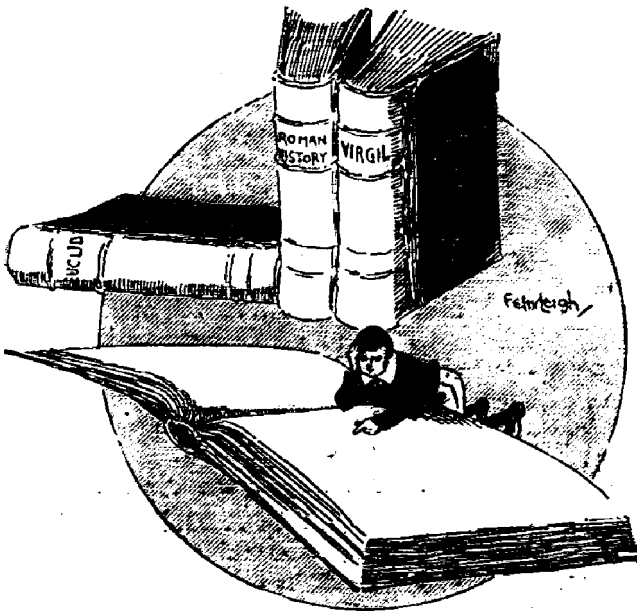
ANNIE (meeting her friend on the steps of a public library): "Ullo, Florrie, what are you doin' 'ere?"

FLORRIE: "Why, dad sent me round to find out all about this Millinery of King Alfred; 'e doesn't understand it at all!"

ANNIE: "Why, you silly goose, it's the drapery round 'is statue!"

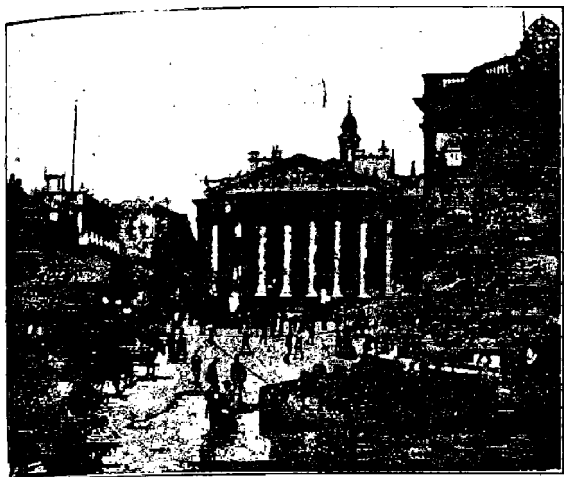
(Sent by M. L. SUNDERLAND.)

[This conversation was actually overheard during the celebration of King Alfred's Millenary, and sent to Lord Rosebery, who repeated it at the banquet held after the unveiling of the statue.—ED.]



According to Smith Minor, this about represents the amount of work he must do compared with the brain power at his disposal.

(Drawn by Felix Leigh.)



A DULL DAY IN MANSION HOUSE SQUARE, LONDON.

(Photograph by E. S. Jinman.)

### Say This Fast.

Llanfairpwllgroyngyagogyrychwyrndrobwyallantisiili-gogogrech. This word is the name of a place in Anglesey. It contains fifty-eight letters, and only Welshmen can pronounce it.

H. H. WELLINGTON.

### A Christmas Carol.

COME usher in His birth-day morn  
With songs of joy and gladness.  
To-day our Saviour Christ is born,  
Come joy and banish sadness.

The church bells ring a merry chime,

Our hearts in time are beating;  
The hedge-rows glisten white with rime,  
Come all and give Him greeting.

Come, deck the walls with berries red,  
With green leaved holly blending;  
A Babe in lowly manger bed  
Hath brought us peace unending.  
With deeds of kindness deck the day,  
Seek out each needy brother;  
Your wealth is but to give away  
In helping one another.

Rejoice, rejoice, and spread abroad  
The glorious gospel story;

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On earth Hosanna to the Lord,  
And in the highest glory.  
The joy-bells ringing high above  
Bring peace to every hearer;  
For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love,  
And Christ hath brought them nearer.

O. H. W.

### Some Arts We Have Lost.

WE may talk about civilisation, of the wonders it has accomplished, of the many inventions it has brought with it; but, before talking about the wonders of vehicles driven by electricity, the electric telephone, and other wonderful inventions of the period, let us glance back and take notice of some of the things and arts that *were* known by the ancients in the past, and are *not* known by us now.

To start with. Are there any builders who can build edifices *to last* as long as the ancient Egyptians could? Some of the modern buildings will last seven hundred years, perhaps, with a great deal of restoration at different dates, but who can build a house, a church, or a palace that will last *three thousand* years, as the Egyptians and the ancients of Anahuac (Mexico) built their pyramids? Nobody. The art is lost, and in the past the later civilisation has not regained it. Then, again, who can embalm a body to make it withstand time, as the Egyptians could embalm? Not to make it



MR. C. B. FRY.

(Taken at Eastbourne—Sussex v. Oxford University—by G. B. Lye.)



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER.

(Photograph by E. S. Jinman.)

last for *one* year or for *two* years, but for *four thousand* years. There are other instances of things that we have gone back in, other arts that we have lost, but there is no space here to mention them.

J. GARRATT, JUNR.

Abbey, very pretty country may be seen. There are many other pleasant walks near London, and I think, if given a trial, this will be found a good way of passing the half-holiday.

GEORGE W. BERRY.

### Saturday Afternoon Rambles.

**P**ERHAPS there are a good many fellows, who, now that the winter months are upon us, find themselves at a loss what to do on a Saturday afternoon. No doubt

there are many who cycle, or play football, but there are some who do not go in for these pastimes, and find the time hang rather heavily on their hands. A very pleasant and also healthy way of passing the afternoon is to go for a good country ramble. This is what I and a friend of mine do nearly every Saturday. As there are so many walks near London, we do not, as a rule, go to the same place twice. We usually start about three o'clock, and go by train to a suburban station and from there walk to a town or village about eight or ten miles away, doing about four miles an hour; so that, supposing we walk twenty miles, and take an hour for tea, and a rest at our destination, we are back again in London in good time. Although there are many pleasant walks round London, I think that those in Kent or Surrey are the best. If a walk in Kent is preferred, it is best to ride to Catford, and from there one may walk either to Bromley, Keston, Chislehurst, or Farnborough, which places are all within ten miles of that station. In Surrey, one may train it to Putney, and then walk on to Richmond, Kingston, Hampton Court, or Sunbury, or go to Tooting, and then on to Ewell, Epsom, etc.

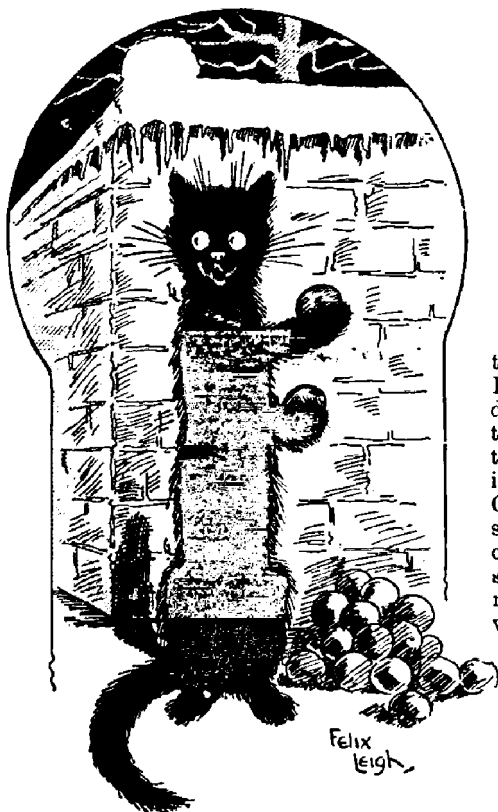
On the north roads, the best stations are East Finchley or Hendon, from which Barnet, Whetstone, Hadley, Pinner, and Watford are all within easy distance. In Essex, the walks are not so good, the country being flat and uninteresting, but still, by riding to Chingford or Loughton and then walking on to Epping, Cheshunt, or Waltham

### "CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

A. H. E. J.—Don't bother about old memories. Describe the present. All very well for an "old boy" of sixty or seventy to "look back" with a sigh, but you are young. As you seem to be fond of essay-writing, choose such subjects as "Strength of Character," "On Making Use of Time," "Truth," "Unselfishness." Read the works of great essay writers like Carlyle, Washington Irving, and Macaulay. Try, in everything you write, not to *dream* of what is gone and over, but to grapple with the events of to-day. S. G. Savage.—A kind thought prompted you to send your description of your little Irish tour, but I fear it would appeal to but few of our readers at this time of the year. S. Wheeler.—I should have preferred a short description of the castle as it is to-day. A dry catalogue of historical facts connected with it is not particularly exhilarating. Can't you send some stories of smuggling on the Yorkshire coast, or something about Scarborough's share in the fighting such a town must certainly have seen in the warlike days of long ago? W. M. and D. C. (TIGHNABRAIGH).

—Regret cannot print your poems. No doubt when you are a little older you will send me something I shall like. Both poems are written with feeling. I. K. E.—You will probably find something more interesting in your old papers to send up if you burrow among them again. B. A. T.—You are a trifle too young to write stories just yet. Bide a wee, and in the meantime—

read good authors. H. L. Dobree.—An ardent hockey player tells me that hockey is no game for ladies and gentlemen to play together, and I cannot agree with you "that hockey will take premier position amongst combined ladies' and gents' games for the season 1901-2." Una.—I think your stories are rather prettily written, and might do very well for children's papers, such as *Little Folks* and the *Prize*. As you do not put your real name on the letter, or send a stamped addressed envelope, I am keeping the stories here for you in case you wish to have them back. Before submitting them to the editors of the papers I have mentioned, I think you will find it advisable to have them type-written. Not quite enough incident in the little article. However, don't despair. No



THE SNOW-BALLING SEASON IN CHRISTMAS CATLAND.

A "Long Tom" and plenty of ammunition.

(Drawn by Felix Leigh.)



doubt a happy idea for a contribution will occur to you one of these days. **Jester.**—Regret I cannot use your contribution. **Kenneth Davies.**—Great improvement. Don't think we can use. The jokes not quite O.K. **P. Blanchard.**—We think the same as the other editor. **Wm. Duncan.**—The snapshots of Glasgow Exhibition are well enough taken, but rather ordinary. Send something more original. **Clubbite No. 916, W. J. Goodbrand, and Harold L. Ball.**—The snap-shots taken with your "Brownie" are altogether too faint, otherwise I might have used

one or two, as the subjects are good. **Fred. Torr.**—Your idea is a good one, but I am doubtful about being able to use the sketch.

Contributions also received from: Leonard R. Scrase, Edgar Baker, John E. Laing, E. King Fordham, J. E. Stevens, W. J. H. Hunter, J. A. Willan, Fred. Thompson, Charles F. Knowles, L. J. Smith, E. A. Taylor, W. Humphreys, F. G. Skinner, Fred. Thompson, "Winifred."

(A number of contributions held over.)

## "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

**NOTICE.**—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,  
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

**GIRLS** may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by December 12th.

The Results will be published in February.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, will be disqualified.

**AGE RULE:** A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

**No. 1.—"Four Towns" (FINAL LIST).**—By a regrettable mistake the list of towns was left out of the November number. It will be found among the advertisements this month. Cut it out and send it up after you have filled in the names of the towns. All the towns contain over 5,000 inhabitants, and are situated in the British Isles. There will be three prizes of 10s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.  
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.  
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

**No. 2.—"Handiwork Competition."**—Here's a chance for readers who are clever with their fingers. Send a carving, or a specimen of your fretwork, or an illuminated text or proverb, or a pen-wiper, or something made out of paper or cork, or, indeed, anything you can make with your fingers. Pack carefully when sending.

**EXTRA CONSOLATION PRIZES.**—Three prizes of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the three competitors who at the close of Vol. VI. have gained the largest number of "Honourable Mentions" during the past six months, beginning with the results published in the October number.

Nothing will be returned, but all articles will be sent to such Hospitals or Homes as the O.F. may decide upon. There will be three prizes of 10s. Date limit for sending articles—JANUARY 12th.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three  
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.  
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

**No. 3.—"Anecdotes of Cats."**—You will see Mr. Louis Wain's kind offer in the interview with him. Send your anecdote in a letter or on a post-card, as you like. You can send as many attempts as you like, but *each anecdote must be sent separately.* SIX ORIGINAL DRAWINGS OF CATS by Mr. Louis Wain will be given to the six successful competitors.

One Class only ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

**No. 4.—"Left-hand Writing."**—It is most important that you should learn how to write with the left hand, in case anything should happen to the right. Mr. David Ker wrote "The Black Evil"—a story which appeared in THE CAPTAIN a few months ago—with his left hand, as he had injured his right hand. This shows how useful the ability to write with both hands may often prove. Write on a sheet of paper or post-card the sentence: "I certify that this is written with my left hand. Signed, John Smith" (or whatever your name is). Underneath this, using your right hand, put: "I certify that the above is written with my left hand. Signed, John Smith." Three prizes of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.  
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.  
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

**No. 5.—"Winter v. Summer."**—Send an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the delights and possibilities of Winter as opposed to Summer. Three prizes of 7s.

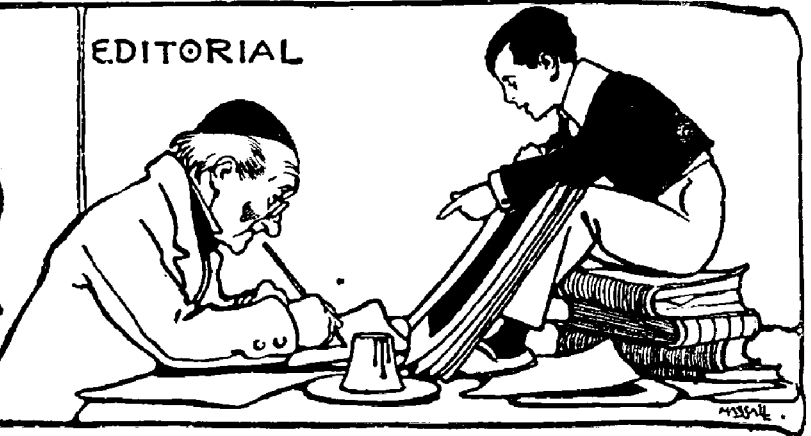
Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.  
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.  
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

**No. 6.—"Box and Tree."**—See back of frontispiece. Trace your drawing; do not tear out the page. A prize of 7s. will be given to the sender of the best competition.

One Class only ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,  
STRAND, LONDON.

**Christmas** is the carnival of kind hearts. Good and kind people are good and kind all the year round, but at Christmas time they excel themselves in thinking of others — such abundant chances does Christmas afford to those who delight in giving rather than receiving! But to all well-intentioned folk Christmas comes in the white guise of a good fairy — to all who wish to bridge over rifts in friendship, to send tokens of remembrance to those at a distance, and to keep fast those bonds of fellowship which neither time nor space can sever if the fellowship be true. Christmas is still a season which, in spite of what sour curmudgeons may say to the contrary, receives the heartiest of welcomes from all who “ponder in their mind” the origin of and the real reason for the keeping of this great and holy festival.

That Christmas calls forth the best that is in us is evidenced by the many pretty and benevolent customs which obtain at this season throughout Christendom. December is the month of countless doles of food and money provided by legacies of the long-ago dead; so can a man cause his memory to be blessed

hundreds of years after he has fallen beneath the hush of his last sleep. Winter is a hard time, when gifts of food and fuel and raiment are most appreciated by those who have but a scanty store of those things which keep out the cold. It is not surprising that Christmas

was the favourite giving-time of those ancient benefactors, for, as they knew well, red berries grow for birds in the winter not without a cause.



A NEW NEIGHBOUR.  
(Drawn by Louis Wain.)

**Once** upon a time, 'tis said, good St. Nicholas used to throw purses of money in at the windows of poor maidens, to be used by them as marriage portions. Hence arose the Continental practice of putting presents in children's shoes and slippers on St. Nicholas Eve, the little ones being told that their patron saint had brought these gifts through the windows, although they were shut! From this custom came our own, of putting presents in children's stockings, a custom that is full of mysterious delight, of wondering, peering wakefulness, and much hunting in the stockings in the dawn of Christmas Day. It is a custom, this, which should be kept up, for those who remember the feelings of

childhood can understand that the anticipation of going through its stocking is a thousand times more delightful to the child-mind than the more prosaic breakfast plate that comes into force when childish things are

being put away and the children that were are children no longer.

**"That's for Remembrance."**—Of all seasons, Christmas is the season of remembrance. Cards flit from John o' Groats to Land's End—tokens that somebody is remembering somebody else. There is much grace in even a cheap little card sent with friendly intent, for the average man is a poor man, who cannot afford expensive things, and therefore his wife and his daughter are poor, too. Yet these poor people seem most of all to keep friends in mind, and to post them Christmas greetings with warm-hearted zeal and regularity. Let your cards, then—cost they a halfpenny or half-a-crown—go flitting to your friends this Christmas. It is very sweet to be remembered. One can't be writing all the year, but one should try to keep friendship green by despatching a line on a card or in a letter at Noël-tide. For a card, be it ever so small, is as reminding as a sprig of the herb rosemary—

There's rosemary for you; that's for remembrance.  
Pray you, love, remember.

A. B. C. sends me the following touching lines on:—

#### THE IDEA MERCHANT.

(With apologies to Southey.)

How does the I.M. go down to the door?  
Bumping, thumping, jumping, stumping,  
Dashing, crashing, bashing, smashing,  
Rolling, bowling,  
Scowling, howling,  
Right side, wrong side,  
Upside, downside,  
Manuscript flying, I.M. crying,  
Old Fag laughing, office-boy chaffing,  
Every-day bore  
Sighing—"Oh, lor,  
Never no more!"

That's how the I.M. goes down to the door.

**By "Captain" Authors.**—The book-shops, stalls and libraries now have three books by CAPTAIN authors, *i.e.*, "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," and "The Heart of the Prairie," so if you want to increase the contents of that "CAPTAIN Shelf" of yours which already holds your volumes, you can add the weight of these works to it. "Acton's Feud" and "The Heart of the Prairie," freely illustrated and in very handsome covers, cost 3s. 6d. each; "Tales of Greyhouse," being a larger book than the other two, is published at 5s. The "Tales," by the way, have been roped together in such a way as to form a history of Greyhouse adventure covering a period of eighteen months.

#### Dear Bounder Football!

WELCOME indeed, old Pachyderm!

In sunshine or in storm

Our thousands shall attend to cheer

Your light and airy form.

You are a *bounder*, there's no doubt.

But as you older grow,

You'll find yourself so kicked about

That all your bounce will go.

"More kicks than halfpence" is your fate.

A fate you've bravely faced,

All undisturbed, with figure trim—

You can't be too tight-laced.

Like other bounders, whom we met,

Your skin is somewhat thick.

But what *they* need, *you* always get—

The simple homely kick.

We like you, though, and with the crowd

You're often well "in touch";

And if you fall on them by chance,

It doesn't hurt them much.

But most we like to see you fly

Amid the din and dust—

So if you'd never fail us, don't

Go out upon the "bust."

O. H. W.

**"The Life of a Century,"** recently published by George Newnes, Limited, is one of the most wonderful books that has appeared for some time. Here we have, set in chronological order, a most comprehensive retrospect of the nineteenth century, commencing at the latter end of George III.'s tenure of the throne, and following the fortunes of Great Britain and the British Empire to the end of the reign of Queen Victoria. No effort has been spared on the part of the author, Edwin Hodder, to present, in all its completeness, a truthful record of the advances of the age in all spheres of life—political, religious, and social. In fifty-four long chapters "The Life of a Century" records in detail everything which has affected the interests of England and her Colonies, embracing in a concise manner such momentous events as—the rise and fall of Napoleon, the Peninsular War, the Reform Bill, the Oxford Movement, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns; and no small amount of space is devoted to biographies of those men to whose master minds we owe Britain's status to-day in Art and Industry. "The Life of a Century" contains 760 pages, over five hundred illustrations, and, with its copious index, forms an excellent *multum in parvo* English History of the last one hundred years. I cannot imagine a more valuable book for a school library. The price is 10s. 6d. net.

**Back of Frontispiece** (November).—Here is the key to the "secret writing." The cipher was the work of Stanley B. King, who has been rewarded with a volume of *THE CAPTAIN*. The sentence was taken from the competition comments in our September issue, and the solution is as follows: If you go down the first column, up the second, down the third, up the fourth, and so on, you will read:—

"A large number of entries for this competition. On account of the quantity, neatness was a good deal taken into consideration."

"Competition Editor."

A number of readers sent correct solutions.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**M. J. R. S.**—(1) No one has a legal right to the English throne except the family now occupying it, as regulated by the Act of Settlement in 1702, by which all other descendants of the Stuarts were excluded. The few enthusiasts who call themselves Jacobites or Legitimists assert, however, that the lawful monarch of these realms is Princess Mary of Modena, an out-of-the-way descendant of a distant Stuart, and in their calendar, published yearly, they call her Queen. Her son they describe as the Prince of Wales, but his own opinion of the rightfulness of his claim to that title may be measured by the fact that he was one of the Emperor of Austria's representatives at the Jubilee Commemoration of the late Queen Victoria. (2) The Marquis of Salisbury has four relatives holding important positions in the Government: Viscount Cranborne, son, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; the Earl of Selborne, son-in-law, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. Arthur Balfour, nephew, First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. Gerald Balfour, nephew, President of the Board of Trade.

**Theology.**—As you are only sixteen, you have seven years to get through before you can be ordained, so you have plenty of time. As regards the University or Theological College, much depends on what you can afford. As you aspire to a D.D., you must go either to Oxford or Cambridge. Get the "Oxford University Handbook," price 2s. 6d., from any bookseller, for particulars as to college fees, etc. Putting the D.D. aside, you might take a three years' course at King's College, London. This grants the A.K.C. (Associate of King's College), which most bishops accept. Write secretary for particulars. If you want my vote for a place, I should advise Oxford. No doubt your clerical tutor can supply you with further information.

**Herbert Latimer.**—I am sorry to say that your letter dated February 6th was mislaid and has

only just been brought to light. However, better late than never! I am afraid I do not know of any book which will help you in your shipping-office work. If I were you I should ask one of the members of your firm, as he would be likely to know a good deal more about this sort of thing than I do. I trust your health is better, and that you are keeping up your tub and Sandow's developer. As for suggestions re keeping in health, read Mr. Fry's articles, especially that entitled "On Keeping Fit," in November, 1900.

**Ignotus.**—The state of the weather in the immediate future can easily be judged by observing the web of any species of spider. When there is prospect of wind or rain the spider shortens the filaments by which the web is sustained. If it lengthens these threads fine calm weather may be looked for, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which they are let out. If a spider remains inactive it is a sign of rain. If it keeps busily at work during rain the bad weather will not last for long. If spiders are at work just before sunset the night will be a very fine and clear one.

**A. H. R.**—I wish you and other people who want to obtain literary posts would study my short article called "Advice to Literary Aspirants," in April, 1901. All you've got to do is to go steadily on working and keeping your eyes open for anything that may turn up in the way of preferment; get to know as many journalists as possible, join the Institute of Journalists, and subscribe to the Newspaper Press Fund; and sooner or later you will probably get your chance if you are a good man. Certainly it helps a man in journalism if he's a barrister, but it is not an indispensable qualification.

**H. Jones.**—It is said that the Chinese used a primitive hand press centuries before the time of Gutenberg and Costa, for both of whom is claimed the honour of inventing printing. The first

steam printing machine was made by a Times compositor, Thomas Martyn, in 1804, but the pressmen opposed it with such violence that it was never used. The first steam printing press to be used at all was the invention of a man named König, and was used for the Times in 1814. Mr. John Walter, of the Times, gave a great deal of attention to the perfecting of both these inventions.

**H. G.** sends me the following unsolicited testimonial: "I am a fairly busy individual—getting on, too—possessed of a refractory liver and jaded out. Hav'n't had a holiday for three years, in fact. Notwithstanding, I find time to read (and sometimes re-read) *THE CAPTAIN*, and I desire to place on record my firm conviction that it beats all the liver pills ever advertised, and as an antidote for 'brain fog' is absolutely without equal."—[I thank you, "H. G." Try to get that holiday! All work and no play—you know!]

**H. F. Bulman.**—(1) You seem to be a capital fellow. What do I consider the best serial we have

### CHRISTMAS PRIZES AND PRESENTS.

#### "Acton's Feud."

By FRED SWAINSON.

Price 3s. 6d.

#### "The Heart of the Prairie."

By JOHN MACKIE.

Price 3s. 6d.

#### "Tales of Greyhouse."

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Price 5s.

published? Well, I mustn't draw invidious distinctions, but I may say that "Acton's Feud" and "A Cavalier Maid" rank very highly in my estimation. I also think that Mr. Ascott R. Hope's "Red Ram," in Vol. I., was particularly good, although it was very short. (2) You are clubbed. (3) If I may give you a word of advice, sign your name a *little* more distinctly. Those flourishes are somewhat confusing.

**Carrot Tops** (BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL) sends me the interesting information that F. G. Brooks, "besides being head of the school, is head of the choir, captain of the footer fifteen this season, captain of cricket last season, and fastest runner in the school." I wonder how many other school captains can show such an admirable all-round record.

**Dandy**.—Undoubtedly too much stamp-licking is detrimental. Any stationer will sell you a "wetter" for a shilling. Use that instead of your tongue. As you seem to belong to a delicate family you should take care of yourself and avoid catching cold. If you feel that there is anything wrong with you, you should certainly consult a doctor.

**Typewriter**.—You can keep up the dumb-bell practice. Don't overture yourself. Consult a doctor about the cold sponge. As you are delicate, you must be careful about these things. A good rub down in the morning with a rough towel will do you good.

**R. S. T.** (CLIFTON).—The new game "Ball Goal" is sold by Frank Bryan, 3, Bayer Street, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

**Expectant**.—Alden & Co. will be able to sell you what you want. **B. A. G. H.**—Clubbed. I've no doubt Smith Mi. will be writing again soon.

**E. A. B.**—When we have received a good selection we will publish another page of "Schools." **E. Jones**.—(1) Clubbed. (2) Stamp collecting.

**Logan Harris**.—Address now rectified. **Harry Payne**.—Clubbed; criticisms noted. **W. D. Ereant**.—Go for the prize, and always send your best—your very best—work. **A. Newsome**.—Clubbed. **Walter Dandie**.—Clubbed. I think the Civil Service is an excellent profession. **Sarnia**.—I will see that your name is put down in the supplementary list. Send the article to the C.C.C. Corner. **E. J. S. D.**—Clubbed. Am much interested in the latter part of your letter. **Arnaak**.—Certainly go in for running, etc., in moderation.

Remember you are not as strong as a boy. Your writing is not at all boyish. **A. G. Walker** (N.Z.) and others.—You may buy a silver badge as well as a gilt one. **Paroro and Orsha** (N.Z.) may join the club if they send their real names and addresses. I will try and give them a good cure for chilblains next month. **A. A. N.**—I do not know of any firms that purchase silver paper. **P. G. H.**—An excellent bull's eye. **C. T. H.**—Very pleased to hear of THE CAPTAIN's record sale at Wellington College. **Rats**.—Only one can join. **Frank Hebbard** (PALANCOTTAH).—Many thanks for the stamps. **Patrick Little** and other readers who signed his letter are informed that the editor will comply with their wishes. **Cosmopolitan** and **X. Y. Z.**—I have handed your letters to Mr. Manning Foster, who will reply to you in due course. **Nancy**.—So sorry to hear you have been such an invalid. Send your album and I will do what I can for you.

**"Captain" Club (would-be members, etc.)**—J. Gill, A. S. Murray, C. P. Harding, Claude Burbidge, and others, are requested to look through their back numbers for particulars regarding club. Also to read notice at foot of editorial, which they do not appear to have done. By joining the club, readers are entitled to consult our various experts free of charge. Other things may follow in time, but that's as far as we've got at present.

**Official Representatives appointed:** J. Fuller (Worcester), Harold Scholfield (Prestwich), A. A. Allain (Guernsey), W. H. Willicombe (Sheffield), George D. Thomson (Aberdeen), Malcolm J. Connal (Seven Kings, Essex), Otho Bingham (Wincanton), Victor C. Bawden (Wallington, Surrey), Hugh L. Dobrée (Jersey), J. B. Higgins (Birmingham), D. Campbell (Belfast), H. Davenport Rice (Bournemouth).

I also have to acknowledge letters, etc., from: "Smut," "Ophir," "Bon Ami," "Natal," F. G. Skinner, "One of the Club," "Gotem," "High-class," William Mate, "S. T.," "S. B. H. Y." (clubbed), and many others.

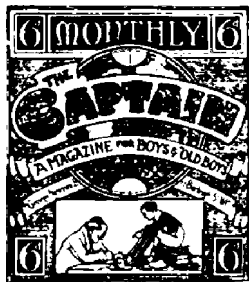
(A large number of answers held over.)

THE OLD FAG.

## "CAPTAIN" CLUB — "CAPTAIN" BADGE — "CAPTAIN" STAMP.

*Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch;

(2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.



FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

# Results of October Competitions.

## No. I.—"National Memorial to Queen Victoria."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. A. H. GOODYEAR, Tube Street, Barnsley, Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: LILIAN MABEL SNOW, Camden Rise, Chislehurst, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ethel Salkeld, Gladys Morris, Ernest A. Taylor, Jas. J. Nevin, Elsie Simmons, Ethel Walker, A. E. Searle, Helen W. Paske.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: LIONEL D. SAUNDERS, Albion Cottages, Heavitree, Exeter.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: MAUD M. LYNE, 2, St. John's Villas, Cheltenham; and GERTRUDE PITT, 15, Regent's Park Terrace, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Waugh, Ismay Trimble, Jessie Tree, W. Aitken Oldfield, Roy Carmichael, Gordon McVoy, William J. Leech, Sydney J. Moses, W. Higgins.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FREDERICK G. BRISTOW, 119, Stratford Road, Plaistow, E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HARRY MULLETT, 208, Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Isabel Pickthall, Alistair Saunders, Daphne Kenyon-Stow, Harold Schofield, M. Schindhelm, William Bradbury, J. Chalmers, C. E. Altman, J. H. Weeks, Frida Phillips, Freda Goode.

## No. II.—"Four Towns."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: KATHLEEN STARTIN, Avenue House, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HORACE TAYLOR AUSTIN, 15, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maud E. Green, E. Amy Lucas, Margaret Hill, Harold Butfield, Edward Goodman, J. T. Crowther, J. Martyr Luck, Andrew Smith, R. Peace, Wm. Honeyman, E. B. Reed, Ethel Salkeld.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: BERTRAM GIBBONS, 29, Coborn Road, Bow, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: EDWARD T. FAIRLEE, 61, Vaughan Road, Romford Road, Stratford, Essex; HENRY KELNER, Morton House, Thornhill Lees, Dewsbury; and HERBERT DOWLE, 24, West Street, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. O. Meas, J. G. Farr, Hal J. Henderson, T. R. Davis, L. B. Harbord, C. Foley, Frank Harper, Edgar Jones, Harold S. Goodwin, O. W. B. Roberts, W. H. Sadler.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

10s. DIVIDED BETWEEN: JOHN GREGORY, 42, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.; W. GORDON LEGAT, 13, Park Terrace, Sunderland, Durham; and HAROLD D. TEANBY, 152, Weston Park, Crouch End, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edgar Baker, Eric Randall, L. H. Newbery, J. Rayner, W. D. S. Brooke, Percy May, Raymond Dobb, E. Rose Dutton, R. Greening, Edgar Moody, James Taylor, Roy Macdonald, Fred. Ewens, George Le Marie, Albert Parker.

## No. III.—"Twelve Most Widely Advertised Articles."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: W. L. TAYLOR, "Gorehead," Kilmington, near Axminster, S. Devon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: MARGUERITE DOWDING, Chelsea House, Bath; and WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, 11, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Isabel Jones, Emily J. Wood, C. Const, Kathleen Deering, E. W. Stiles, Janet Rogers, Oscar Pearn, M. Anvill, John Richardson, H. E. Tetlow, Mary E. Morgan, H. R. Hilton, Harry Darnley, Olive Scanlan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: HARRY HALL, 7, St. John's Terrace, Dolphin's Barn, South Circular Road, Dublin.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: GEOFFREY LANGSHAW-AUSTIN, "The Knoll," Lancaster; and A. G. PEARSON, 24, Glencoe Street, Newington, Hull.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Aston Peach, K. S. Anderson, W. Webster, K. Brinsley, E. R. Mason, Margaret Mellish, J. B. Mayer, Frank Harper, C. A. Tidbould, Lillian R. Ormiston, Donald Sinclair, Wilfrid G. Adams, J. S. Nicol, Katherine Hyde, W. Russell Copke, F. M. Matthews, D. W. Marion.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: MARJORIE HARLAND, "Carmen," Ray Mill Road, Maidenhead, Berks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CHARLEY WOOLLEY, 1, East Bank, Kendal.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jack Campbell, Frank Hughes, Muriel Burt, Eileen Kubling, Norman Ozonoff, Lionel Brooks, K. T. Cox, Victor Jones, A. Mackinnon, Edward D. Ede.

## No. IV.—"Picture Post-cards."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: HARRY DARNLEY, 96, Vicarage Road, Wolverhampton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. J. E. MASEFIELD, "Rosehill," Cheadle, Staffs.; and L. McDONALD GILL, "Strathmore," Bognor.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick W. CHINN, Edgar J. Ereaut, C. O'Neill, S. O'Neill, W. J. White, M. C. Fraser, Mary Moreton, Arthur Burt, F. G. Joyce, A. A. Allain, R. E. Bul, Oscar Pearn.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: G. CORFIELD, Little Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DUDLEY G. BUXTON, "Rosedene," Dollis Road, Church End, Finchley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. H. Joynt, Constance Leigh, S. Goodwin, D. H. Neilson, Norman B. Ashford, Owen Parry-Jones, T. R. Davis, Walter S. Leeming.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ROYSTON LE BLOND, Westminster School, Westminster, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: GEOFFREY SUNDERLAND, Church Hill Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Agnes Mostyn, A. F. Dunster, "Sikk," J. S. Timbs, R. G. White, Wilfred Hall, Alistair G. Saunders.

## No. V.—"Contradictory Proverbs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: C. V. THOMPSON, "Mountain Look," Corrawallen, Carrigallen, Co. Leitrim.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: KATIE H. DUNNILL, Palmerston House, Ross-on-Wye.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert E. Ereaut, Maud E. Green, Edgar J. Ereaut, Mabel Hoon, Edith Kirkman, W. Osborne, Dorothy Hudson, W. Cook, Charles Knowles.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: JAS. G. RITCHIE, The Schoolhouse, Killinchy, Co. Down, Ireland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JOSE THOMAS, "Glas Fryn," Forest Fach, Swansea.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred D. Ereaut, Lionel B. Saunders, F. Const, Kathleen Brinsley, J. Harold Round, John Leigh Turner, A. Edwards.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ALBERT E. HAMILTON, 6, Lawrence Street, Belfast.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: GLADYS H. AMPHLETT, 3, Tolmers Square, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Margaret P. Thompson, End Phillips, James Const, W. Bullard, Freda Goode, S. G. Bryant, Duncan H. Neilson.

## No. VI.—"Idea for a Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: L. MELLOR, 6, Rosleigh Avenue, Leigh Road, Highbury, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: S. E. LIND RIDGE, "Maisonette," Filsham Park, West St. Leonard's.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mollie Siddons, James Munn, M. J. Barry, J. G. Ritchie, W. Parry, Gladys Morris, Mary Reid, William J. Leech, Brenda de Jersey, Dorothy C. Hudson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: SELINA BRIDGEMAN, "Neachley," Shifnal Salop.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: D. M. FALKNER, 10, Cargate, Aldershot; and W. J. JULEFF, 1, Clitheroe Road, Stockwell, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Drummond, A. G. N. Bellfield, Daphne Kenyon-Stow, R. G. Palmer, Stanley B. Kirk, David Pryde, Leslie Wigley, A. Whitehouse, P. Long, E. P. Faint, Maud C. Dowson, Vic. H. Dufour, F. R. Brownrigg, G. B. Marshall, Emma Hedley.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Twelve.)

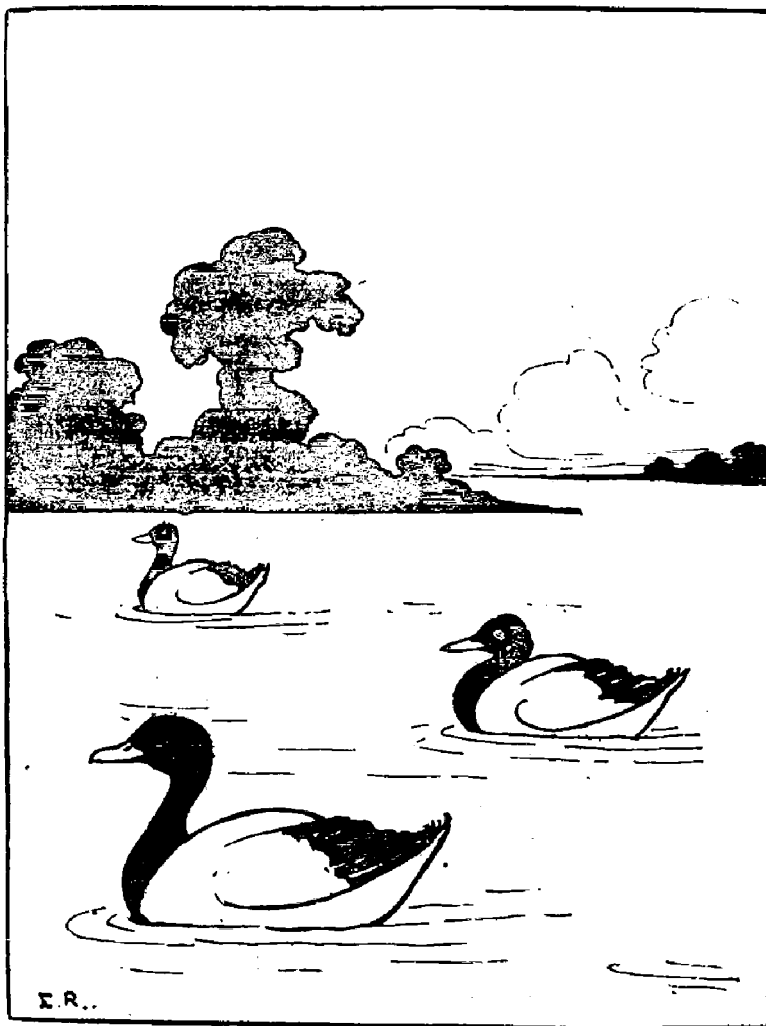
WINNER OF PRIZE: BASIL DRAKE, 4, Hawthorne Villa, Nutfield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. B. EATON, Harrogate College, Harrogate.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Tom Edwards, A. Webb, Ethel Chapman, H. Cartwright, Wilfred Hall, W. English, J. L. Heath, Marjorie Harland, J. H. Smith, Jeanie Ritchie.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

## **"THE THREE DUCKS" COMPETITION.**



*Here are three ducks. Make them into six without adding anything to the picture.*

Trace the ducks, omitting the landscape, and make the necessary alterations.  
Do not tear this page out.

(For further particulars, see "Competitions for January, page 379.")



**"THUNDER! WHO ARE YOU?"**

*(See page 298.)*



# IN DEEP WATER



## A TALE OF THE MID-ATLANTIC,

BY STACEY BLAKE AND W. E. HODGSON.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

This story concerns the fate of the ss. *Creole* (belonging to the well-known shipping firm of Grimm, Channing & Grimm) and of the *Creole's* second mate, Grant Heath. Hudson, captain of the *Creole*, undertakes to get rid of Grant Heath, against whom Martin Grimm, junior partner in the firm, bears a grudge, and afterwards scuttles the *Creole*, which is heavily insured, in return for a bribe of \$3,000. While Martin Grimm and Hudson are discussing the scheme, their conversation is overheard by Edith Hopewell, niece of Mr. Channing, the senior partner, who is lying at the point of death in his house at Hampstead. Grant Heath goes aboard the *Creole* at Cardiff. Finding the ship in a great state of disorder, as the crew, having signed on, are spending their advance notes ashore, it is with difficulty that the two mates get any of the men to come and work. Captain Hudson, arriving just as the ship is ready, sees the new second mate and treats him roughly. Once the voyage has begun the crew find they are to be almost starved, and mutiny—but as they are

calling at the Azores the captain gives them money, which they spend in drink, and the voyage proceeding, the crew neglect the ship, and Grant Heath, when taking in awning poles, is knocked overboard by Captain Hudson. From this time all on board drink heavily, and navigation is neglected—the crew lying about the decks in a fuddled condition—when a barque, the *Stella*, heaves in sight flying signals of distress. Getting no answer from the steamer, the captain and one of his men come aboard the *Creole*, and finding the whole crew in an unconscious state, the captain of the barque transfers the crews, he and his men taking the names of the *Creole* people (which he finds on the ship's papers), and leaving the *Creole's* crew to shift as best they can on the leaky sailing-vessel, where they recover their senses. When Captain Hudson finds himself on a strange ship he attempts to shoot Talbot, his first mate, but is himself severely wounded in the struggle that ensues.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### SAVED!

**When** GRANT went down, as Hudson believed, to his death in the foamy wake of the *Creole* that dark night, half-stunned by the blow he sank impotently for a second or two; then the cold bite of the water brought full consciousness to him again, and he struck out till his head bobbed above the surface.

Almost instantly his arm struck something, and, as his hand caught hold, he perceived that it was a life-buoy. It did not occur to him to wonder just then why it should have been flung to him, for one has no time for conjectural theorising when the hungry water is gripping

one by the throat, but the thought came to him afterwards.

At first, as he swam, his head was more under the water than above it. The great rollers, crested with boiling foam, half suffocated him as they swept mercilessly over him, beating out his breath, blinding him, wearing down his strength with pitiless persistency. But after a while he learned to manage them better, and, instead of trying to rise over them, he dived through their rugged crests, to do which he flattened his chest upon the buoy and put his head down. Then, when the thunderous mountain of water had passed, he would come up again and sink down into the awful black hollow beyond. Up and down he went, with fearsome, sickening monotony. Those liquid hills with their foam-riven sides,

were endless. His limbs were growing numb with the wearying fight.

Presently he found himself almost too weak to dive when the breakers washed over him. His limbs were chilled and aching. He felt a great longing come upon him to give it up; but, when he began to sink, the lust of life broke out in him again, and he struck out with desperate, despairing vigour. Yet even then death seemed imminent, for all his grim perseverance.

Time after time he forced himself from the lethargy and despair that crept over him, but his tired, chilled limbs overcame him, and after a while all consciousness and thought seemed to go out of him and he swam mechanically. When dawn broke he was no more conscious of the lateen-sailed craft that bore down upon him than he was of the hands that pulled him from his death.

When he lay in the little cabin, with the *Creole's* life-buoy—for when he had been seized and taken aboard his fingers were gripped so tightly about it that they would not loosen—still round him, he thought he was still swimming, and he moved his limbs with feeble regularity, while his rescuers poured brandy between his lips.

Then he thought he was sinking, and that death had surely come upon him.

And he was so tired that he welcomed it.

That morning the fishing-boat that had so strangely plucked Grant Heath from the maw of the hungry ocean bore him into a little harbour, called Valdeprado, on the rocky coast of Fayal.

"He will not live," muttered Pedro Tamboga, with a shake of his head, who with Juan Beja owned the boat. She was called the *Santa Maria*, and her owners caught fish in her and traded among the islands.

"It is a job for the priest," replied Beja, crossing himself, and then they sent up to the village, which lay in a valley behind the ridge of cliffs, for the man of God who dwelt among his flock there.

Father Zorita came back with the messenger, who carried the holy oils and articles pertaining to the last Sacrament. He wore an aged cassock, his hat was brown with age, and his shoes had long since been strange to polish; one was tied up with hempen string, because the leather lace had broken. He was one who took no thought of what he should wear, nor was his housekeeper heedful of what he should eat. As he walked along he ate his frugal breakfast of bread and grapes. He was a man who lived simply, roughly, no-wise differing from those whom he ministered unto, save that he could read and had many

books, and that he knew something of medicine. He ran his hands and eyes over the unconscious man.

"He will live," he said, "but he is in danger. He must be watched. You have made a good catch, eh, Pedro?"

"Yes, father, but the storm has ripped the sail there, so that it will cost three milreis to repair. I have no luck, father."

"One milreis will do it," replied the priest, gently, "and the church needs repairing sadly, Pedro."

"Ha! do not be hard, father. I gave candles last week."

The priest shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, this stranger must be taken to my house," he said.

And, borne on a litter, Grant Heath was carried to the priest's house. There it did not take Father Zorita long to discover that a high fever was setting in, and so he tended him and ministered unto him with his homely knowledge of simple medicines all through the slow, heavy days of the illness, till Grant came back to knowledge and consciousness of himself.

The good priest knew no English, Grant was acquainted with but a word or two of Portuguese, so that it came into Father Zorita's mind that the British Vice-Consul at Villa da Horta was an individual with whom a consultation might be useful. Accordingly he wrote a letter, giving his patient's name, for this he had elicited, and the name upon the life-buoy. Then he sent the letter over the hills to the port town, promising to come himself the moment circumstances would permit.

Two days later, through an open door, Grant lay watching the sunlight play upon the vine-sheltered *patio* adjacent to where his room lay, when on the silence—for the priest's house was beyond the village, whence few sounds reached—there came the murmur of horses' hoofs beating on a distant road, and presently the rumble of wheels.

He listened with curious interest, speculating, after the manner of an invalid who has exhausted all the interests of his immediate surroundings, on who might be coming or going. He heard the jingle of bells as the roll of the wheels grew louder, and then the sounds ceased—the vehicle had stopped. After a bit it went on again, uneasily grinding over the rough road, with bells jingling, and the pound of hoofs. There were footsteps in the *patio*, then the priest's shadow crossed the speckled sunlight, followed by another.

"The senhor has a visitor," he said in his soft-voiced Portuguese.

Then, as the sound of the diligence grew duller

in the distance, the sick man looked up in wide-eyed astonishment.

"A visitor?" he repeated, wonderingly.

For answer a shade fell across the doorway as the priest stepped aside, and Edith Hopewell walked slowly into the room.

There are some moments so intense that words seem trivial and ridiculously inadequate. An eloquent silence rested between these two. They looked at each other in a sort of unconsciousness. It came to them both that they were playing a part that destiny had written for them. They forgot that the priest was there; they only saw each other.

"I tried to see you before I left," said Grant simply, "but you were not there."

It never occurred to him to say how near death he had been, to tell her anything else, or even ask why she was there.

"Did you?" she answered, "and I wondered why you went away without a word."

"You were sorry?—you wanted to see me?" He half lifted himself on his elbow.

She took his hands, and he looked deeply into her eyes.

"Yes, I wanted to see you," she whispered.

She saw him there, pale, sick, helpless, in a strange land, wanting care, love, aid. The woman rose up within her. There was a tenderness in her eyes, such as, resting on men, oft brings them nearer to Heaven, and then she took her place by the sick-bed.

"Yes," she said, "I wanted to see you. I was in great trouble—it was men's work and I am only a woman—" and her voice faltered.

The priest went out to snip a dead leaf he saw in the vine that overhung the *patio*.

When he came back they were talking intently, and there was a briskness about his patient that he had not seen before, but though he knew no word of the language they spoke, he understood.

Grant Heath heard with growing amazement the story of the villainy of Martin Grimm and Sam Hudson, and of the plot which had for its purpose the sinking of the *Creole* and his own death.

She told him all that had happened from the moment she overheard the dastardly bargain between the junior partner and Captain Hudson, to the time when she arrived at Fayal, only to learn that the *Creole* had left some hours before. Of the rest, in her despair, applying at the British vice-consulate for advice, she had learned that an Englishman who had been picked up at sea by a fishing-boat, and was lying ill at the house of Father Zorita in the village of Valdeprado, had been saved with a life-buoy upon which was

marked: "*Creole*, Cardiff," and that the priest had written his name down as Grant Heath.

"This letter," he said, "which you say Grimm wrote to Hudson at your dictation, instructing him that their precious plot was not to be carried through—have you got it?"

For answer she took an envelope from her pocket and handed it to him.

He opened and read.

"And now," he said, gloomily, when he had glanced at the writing, "since you have failed to give Hudson this letter, I suppose the rest of the arrangement will be carried out, and that the *Creole* will never reach port."

"What about the telegram? It was worded more or less like this letter, and it was addressed to Captain Hudson aboard the *Creole*."

"Which I am almost prepared to swear never came aboard. I was at the gangway all that afternoon. No telegram ever came. You may depend it was never sent. Grimm is playing a high game. So I suppose it is good-bye to the *Creole*."

"Unless something happens," she answered, thoughtfully. "For instance, Captain Hudson will already count on a portion of his money having been earned."

"Yes," answered Grant, grimly. "I am supposed to be dead."

"So, if we cannot save the *Creole*, there is at least work for us to do. They must not be allowed to escape. Grimm and Hudson are both murderers in heart, and almost in act. If the vessel be lost, their only reward must be their own ruin."

"Unless you know to the contrary," said Grant, after a little pause, "it seems reasonable to suppose that the scuttling would take place on the homeward voyage, seeing that she might conveniently return in ballast."

"I cannot say. I suppose the moment of the act would depend on the convenience of weather, distance of the ship from land, and other considerations. I think she was not intended to come home, that's all, even as you were not."

"Quite so," he mused, turning his head on the pillow, restlessly. "Then there may be a chance of saving her?"

"How?" she asked quickly.

"If she reaches New Orleans safely, we can catch her there before she leaves. Any day may bring a steamer bound for the West Indies, or some place on the coast whence it would be possible to reach New Orleans. I will go. I shall know what to do when I get there."

"But you cannot move. You are ill and weak."

"Yes, I must. I am growing better every day."

I shall be strong soon. The sea-breeze will pick me up."

"There, you are exciting yourself," she said, as she saw the flush in his cheek. "You must not do so, or you will get worse instead of better. I have already talked too long to you."

She put her hand gently on his forehead and smoothed his pillow softly.

"No, no," he protested, "I have much to say to you."

"You must sleep," she whispered. "I will come again to you when you wake."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I am going to Villa da Horta. I must find out about a passage to the West Indies. I know you are safe. Now there is the *Creole*—and my uncle's honour."

"So you will leave me?" he cried.

She paused, a soft light glistening in her eyes.

"No; perhaps we will go together," she answered.

And a dark-skinned, narrow-faced man, sitting in a London office counting up his prospective gains, little knew how strangely and completely all his schemes had gone astray.

Four days after, the 3,000-ton steamer *Adrian*, bound from Liverpool to Jamaica, took Grant Heath and Edith Hopewell aboard.

Of the voyage there is little to say. To both of them there was nothing and no one on board but each other; to both the hours were spent in a glamour that outshone and shut out all else, for their love was a new thing that had come suddenly and filled their lives, so that there was no room for anything else.

And so the days passed uncounted. A short spell of sunshine and sea breeze sufficed to put fresh blood into Grant, and that and his happiness made him a new man.

The voyage was quiet and uneventful, tedious to the other passengers, serenely happy to Grant and Edith, till one morning there came the unusual excitement of a ship in distress.

To the other passengers it was just a sailing ship with a number of flags fluttering at the yards, to Grant the craft was a barque flying the signal: "We want immediate assistance."

He stood on the forecastle of the *Adrian*, watching the distressed ship as the steamer approached, then he saw, through the telescope which he held to his eye, that the former was preparing to launch a boat.

Presently, when the *Adrian* slowed down and hove-to a quarter of a mile away, the boat was already rowing across the intervening water to the steamer. There were five men in her. Grant followed them with his eyes. The four who were

rowing had their backs to him, but he could see the face of the man at the tiller.

Suddenly, as he gazed, an exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips. The man who was in the stern of the boat was Talbot, the mate of the *Creole*.

"Then they have sunk the *Creole*?" gasped Grant, hoarsely.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A MAN'S DUTY.

A first grim despair seized upon Grant when the belief came to him that, after all, the machinations of Martin Grimm and the villainous ship-master had in part succeeded, and that the *Creole* had been scuttled. Then it was followed by a fierce and active resentment that quickly shaped in his mind a desire for reprisal, and a strong resolve to strike a blow at the villainy that would render it futile.

He ran below to knock at Edith's door, purposing to tell her of his fears; then, at the foot of the companion, he paused. He would not alarm her needlessly; he would confirm his suspicions before communicating them. So he turned and went on deck again. At so early an hour few passengers were about, though one or two, awakened by the stopping of the engines, came up and joined the little group, by the engine-room skylight, which was watching curiously the distressed barque and the boat that was fast drawing alongside.

Grant hung over the rail. He had little fear of being recognised, for during his illness at Fayal his beard had grown. With beating heart he observed that the other men in the boat were of the *Creole's* crew. Three of them were stokers, who handled the oars clumsily enough for farm labourers, while the fourth was a deck-hand. Now his doubt was changed to certainty, and he was persuaded that the scuttling of the *Creole* had been effected.

He stood at the top of the accommodation-ladder, as Talbot stepped on deck, and overheard the first words that were spoken.

The mate of the *Creole* had learnt his lesson as from a book. He spoke glibly, without hesitation, and told a rapid story of an over-prolonged voyage by reason of storm and disaster; how they were short-handed, low in stores, on a leaky ship, and having no officer but himself to navigate. The skipper was ill in his berth; the second mate had been lost at sea in a storm.

"Who are you?" questioned the captain of the *Adrian*.

"The *Foam*, of Hull," answered Talbot, unhesitatingly. "We are bound for New Orleans, and have been at sea fifty-six days."

Mr. Talbot did not shine at fiction, but he did his best. The absence of all papers aboard the *Stella*, the name scraped out on the ship, boats, and

life-buoys, the non-existence of any clue to the barque's identity, necessitated at least some intelligible story to account for their condition.

"And what sort of assistance do you want? I carry mails, so you will understand that I am running against time."

"If you could let your doctor come aboard and look at the skipper, sir, we should be very grateful. He's in a bad way. I think he's dying."

"And you want provisions, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, and water. Our tanks have been salted by the seas. And we are too short-handed for safety. We are badly in want of a man or two, and an officer."

"I'm afraid I have no officer to spare you; but I might let you have a couple of seamen, or perhaps three. How is it you are so short of men?"

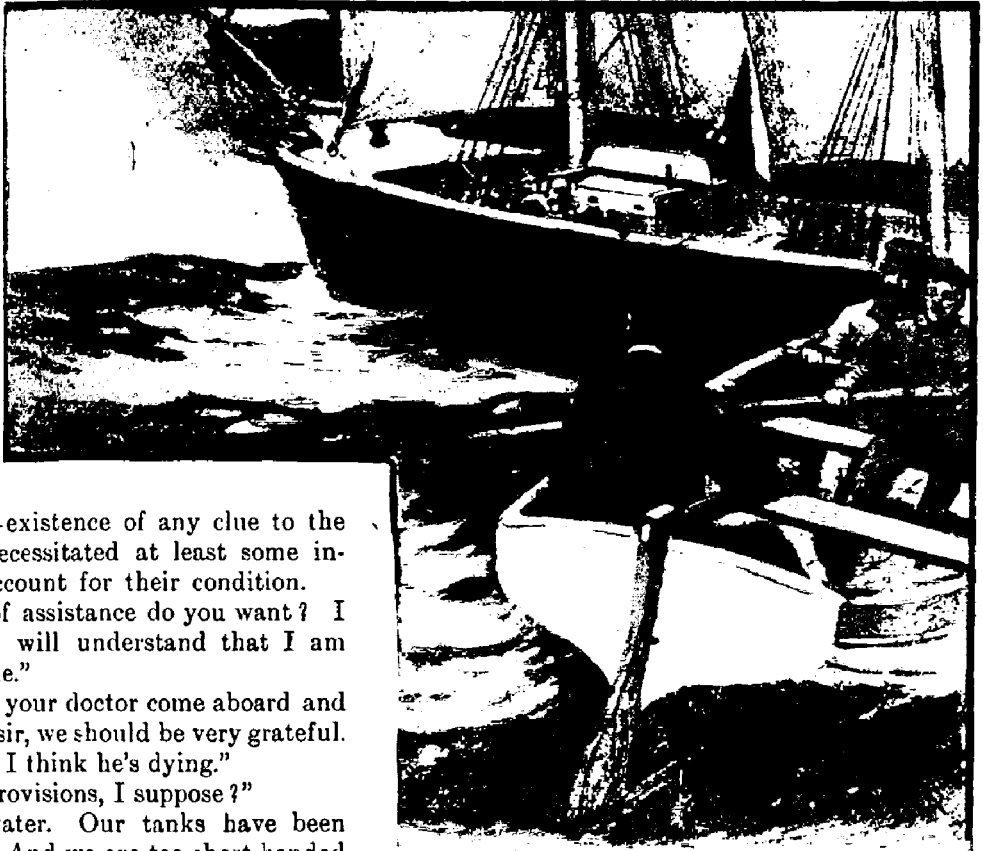
"Lost overboard, sir," answered Talbot, uneasily.

He had not expected to be cross-questioned. He was not skilled in deception; every lie he told burnt his lips. The truth was that, though the number of men aboard the barque should have been ample to work her, no less than five of them were firemen, who, except in the unskilled work of pumping, were no earthly use aboard a sailing-ship; while a sixth hand, the donkey-man, was little better. But all this could not be told.

"All right," assented the captain, "my doctor shall go aboard with you in your boat, and meanwhile I'll send some stores."

He gave an order to clear away the port boat; then he made for the bridge to consult with his chief officer.

Every word of Talbot's mendacious story burnt into Grant Heath's brain. There came a fierce desire in him to know the truth, to learn the worst. Instantly his mind was made up. He stepped after the captain, and begged permission to accompany the doctor aboard the distressed ship.



A ROW OF FACES HUNG OVER THE PORT SIDE OF THE BARQUE AS THE BOAT APPROACHED.

"Why, I had you in my thoughts, Mr. Heath," returned the captain. "They are in need of an officer; you, at present, have no ship. What do you think of the opportunity?"

"There is a lady here who to some extent is under my escort, sir," returned Grant, "so perhaps I cannot serve my own inclination wholly in the matter until I have consulted with her, but, if you will permit me, I will go aboard the barque, and see what I can do."

So Grant Heath went with the ship's doctor down into the boat in company with the first mate of the *Creole*. He was satisfied that the latter did not recognise him; his beard was sufficient disguise, so long as he did not speak.

A row of faces hung over the port side of the barque as the boat approached. With a strange thrill, as Grant's eyes ran down them from end to end, he perceived that this was the crew of the *Creole*. There were no new faces among them; nor were any missing, so far as he could see, though presently it occurred to him that the three engineers were not there.

They reached the deck, and Talbot bade the doctor come below to where his chief lay ill, and Grant followed on their heels with grim thoughts

dancing through his brain. He wanted to know the fate of the *Creole*—how many of them had been concerned in her loss.

Had they got rid of the steamer by scuttling, and pirated the barque in her stead? Had they found this ship a derelict, or seized her from her original owners? In such case, what had become of her former crew?

His mind was full of questions, and there were no answers.

Hudson they found tossing in his bunk in the mad delirium of fever. There were bandages round his shoulder, and these had blood-stains upon them.

"What is this?" asked the doctor. "Has he been wounded?"

"Shot, sir," replied the mate truthfully. "He has been half crazy with drink, and he tried to shoot me in the presence of the men. I struggled with him, and as we fought the revolver went off, and he was hit in the shoulder. The wound turned to fever almost immediately, and he's been growing worse every day."

The surgeon whipped off the bandages, and ran his professional fingers over the wound.

"There is no bullet in," he said, "but he is in a bad way. I will send you some antiseptics for the wound, and a supply of medicines to allay the fever. He must have milk foods, too."

"We have none, sir," replied the mate.

"I will send some;" and he added, "see that he drinks nothing stronger than cocoa."

With mingled feelings, Grant gazed upon the unconscious Hudson, whose face he had last seen that stormy night when murder had been written upon it, and he had cast him to the mercy of that stormy sea.

The sick man talked incessantly in his delirium, voicing all the things his fevered brain had ever known. Now he was signing on crews; now abusing them for skulking. Again he was on the bridge giving orders; and then followed a length of confused incoherent babbling that was meaningless to those who listened.

All at once he began to talk plainly again.

"I'm a steamship captain, I am," he said, hoarsely. "Who's put me on this filthy wind-jammer? I know, the old *Creole* has been bewitched; she has been changed into a rotten barque. Here, sir, d'yer know, I've got the rottenest crew that ever signed. They've let my steamer turn into a sailing tub."

Talbot stood by with blanched face. "He's wandering in his mind, sir," he said huskily. "He thinks he was in command of a ship called the *Creole*."

The doctor shook his head.

"Yes," continued the fever-stricken man, in a

harsh whisper, "three thousand pounds is a good sum, and I reckon I'll do it."

There was a little pause, and then the delirium took him on to something else.

"My stars! wot are you messing about on that taffrail for, you swab? Wot, unshippin' the awning poles? You hound! Take that! Down you go to your death—he's gone—gone into the water——"

Thus the man shouted, in his fevered frenzy.

Suddenly he sat up in his bunk and stared at Grant. His eyes stood out in terror, his lips bared from his teeth.

"Wot are you doing here?" he gasped huskily. "You're Mr. Heath, aren't you?—friend o' the howner's, and you're dead. You're allus looking through the port-ole at me, an' your face is white and green, and your eyes stare. You're come ter torture me, I know. Go away! go away!" he screamed, and then he fell back into his bunk. His delirium had given him unnatural perception and eyes that no sane man could possess. No disguise could have hidden Grant Heath from him.

"He's jolly bad," murmured the mate. "He thinks you are Mr. Heath, sir, who was lost overboard in a storm a few hours out of Fayal."

The doctor nodded gravely. "Yes, he's in a bad way," he said; "but I'll send him some medicine, and he'll soon be better."

Meanwhile, stores from the steamer were being discharged on to the deck of the barque, and when the empty boat went back Grant returned in her.

Edith was on deck. She seemed to read in his face that something portentous had happened. When his eyes caught her questioning gaze, he beckoned her aside, where they could speak without being overheard.

"You have news of the *Creole*?" she said. The idea was instinctive with her; she seemed to know intuitively.

"The *Creole* is scuttled," he answered under his breath; "at least, to the best of my belief."

"How do you know?" she gasped, clinging to the rail.

"Because the *Creole's* crew are on and in sole possession of that barque. They are in distress, and they are telling a cock-and-bull story to account for their condition. Hudson is ill on board, and Talbot, the first mate, is in command."

"They say nothing of the *Creole*, nor of the lost second mate?"

"Hudson raves of both in his delirium. Talbot is silent, but he begs the loan of an officer to fill the place of the second mate, who was lost at sea, and I——"

She grasped his meaning.

"So you will go?" she whispered.

She turned her head, and gazed out across the blue with mouth adroop and colour fading from her cheeks.

He hesitated.

This was a man who had worshipped duty before he had worshipped love, and who could suffer because of either.

"What is my duty?" he asked, huskily.

He knew what it was; but he wanted to hear it from her lips. For when a true man loves a woman, a word from his love will set him doing deeds, my ladies, like unto naught else.

"You do not want to leave me?" she asked, with a little catch in her voice.

"No, no!" he answered quickly, "you know I do not, but it is your uncle's name—the honour of the firm. There is justice to be done."

"Yes," she murmured, looking him full in the face, with courage shining in her eyes, "I must be brave. I will go on to Spanish Town alone. I shall be all right; I have friends there."

"And I will sail in that barque to New Orleans, and those villains shall know what the law is."

"You will sometimes remember me?"

"Always and for ever. Good-bye!"

And so Grant Heath went to the captain of the *Adrian*, and told him that he was ready to sail on the distressed ship as second officer.

With the last load of provisions, in company with three seamen from the steamer's crew, he went aboard.

So the barque's sails were trimmed, and the great liner got under weigh again.

By eight bells, to those aboard the *Stella*, for thus we will continue to call her, in spite of Mr. Talbot's fiction, she was hull down; and in another half-hour she was but a faint smudge of smoke on the horizon. A little later, when Grant mounted the foretop with a telescope in his hand, there was nothing to be seen but blue sky and ocean.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE SKIPPER AWAKES.

**A** THIN ripple shot out in a semicircle from the *Stella's* bow, though what was giving her way was difficult to say, for the light sails aloft hung almost flat, and only half filled now and then. She swung slowly up and down the great, smooth, rolling hills that undulated right out to the limits of sight, where the sky began, rising leisurely as an occasional sea tipped over her blunt bows.

Grant was in charge of the deck, for Mr. Talbot, worn out by lengthened duty, was taking a double watch below to recoup his tired energies. Grant looked over the bulwarks and watched the blue-green water slip by the vessel's side, while his mind ran riot among the strange circumstances that had befallen him since he had left Cardiff.

His thoughts seized hold of one thread after another, but each tangled hopelessly when he attempted to follow it. There was so much he did not know—so much to find out.

He took out the letter which, early on the *Adrian's* voyage, Edith had handed over to him, the which she had forced Martin Grimm to write; and he read again the words which might have saved the *Creole* if it had come to hand earlier. For he was convinced now that the ship had met the fate that had been designed for her.

"But now it is too late," he murmured to himself. "For the rest, there is justice to be done."

He early perceived that it was necessary to know who, if any, had been sharers with Hudson in the villainous business, as also it became needful to know what had become of the three engineers. The thought came to him that perhaps they had gone down with the ill-fated steamer. He turned to the man at the wheel, who chanced to be Brady, the bo'sun, and made some ordinary remark about the prospects of a wind.

The bo'sun replied stolidly; he did not appear to recognise the second mate's voice. The few days' voyage from Cardiff to Fayal had not been enough to impress it very deeply on his memory.

The clank of the pumps and the wash of the water into the scuppers began again.

"She's a rotten old craft, sir, eh?" said Brady, inspired to the remark by the sound. "Look how she falls ter leeward. I guarantee she drifts one knot for every five she sails."

"Yes, hardly up to the old *Creole*, with all her faults," answered Grant in an even tone.

"The *Creole*!" exclaimed the bo'sun, quickly, and dropping his voice. "What do you know about the *Creole*, sir?"

"She went down, didn't she?" said Grant, tapping the ashes out of his pipe on the spokes of the wheel.

"Did she, sir?" asked Brady, giving the wheel a quarter of a turn nervously.

"Have you forgotten, then?"

"Yes, sir; everybody's forgotten. Nobody knows wot's 'appened."

"Oh!" said Grant, dryly, "and didn't you know that the three engineers went down in her?"

A look of horror came into the bo'sun's face.

"I didn't know, sir," he said. "We none of us

knew wot had become of 'em. We're all 'ere except McPherson and his two mates."

"And I suppose you are equally ignorant as to how you got on this ship?" asked Grant with irony; for he was persuaded that the bo'sun's attitude was nothing but the clumsy cunning of a man unskilled in the arts of high deceit—sometimes called diplomacy—attempting to conceal the crime in which he had probably shared.

"I'd give a month's pay to know, sir," answered the bo'sun fervently.

Grant laughed contemptuously.

"I fancy you will remember better in a while, my lad," he said, "and a wise saw you might write down and hang over your bunk is, that although it is a generally accepted fact, considering the high authority whence it comes, that all men are liars, it is well to bear in mind that sometimes we find men who are not fools," saying which, he left Mr. Brady in a worse state of mental fog than he had been in since he recovered from his orgies aboard the *Creole*.

Grant did not see the mate till well on in the dog-watch, for that officer had a lot of rest to make up, but when the latter did at last turn out, he found Grant at tea in the cuddy. He came out with the intention of doing the agreeable to the new second mate.

"I'm sorry I've not had a chance to speak to you yet," he said, "but you will understand I was badly in want of a sleep. I've been on deck eighteen hours out of the twenty-four for the last day or two."

"So that part of your story was true, was it?" queried Grant, over the top of his cup.

"What story?" asked Talbot, opening his eyes.

"I mean the one you told aboard the *Adrian*."

"What are you getting at?" questioned the mate, with a suspicious glance.

"I was criticising that imaginative little effort of yours by which you accounted for your condition aboard this vessel," replied Grant, dipping into a piece of the *Adrian's* butter, which was served in a tin pannikin. "You didn't mention, for instance, that you were short-handed because five of your men are stokers."

Mr. Talbot grew red in the face.

"Confound you, sir!" he blurted out. "Have you been talking to the men?"

"No," answered Grant, coolly, "except that I have had a word with the bo'sun, who is either mad or very foolish."

"Look here, my lad," snapped Talbot, plainly disconcerted, "I don't know who you are, and I don't even know your name yet; but I tell you this, you'd better keep a civil tongue in your cheek while you are on board this craft."

"My good fellow," returned Grant, "I am a civilly itself; but remember I was under compulsion to come aboard this ship to help you, and therefore, when I am off duty, I take it that I am on the footing of a passenger. We are on the *Creole* now."

If a shark had suddenly dived through the open skylight on to the tea-table the mate could scarcely have suffered greater surprise. He started to his feet, half spilling the cup of tea he was drinking.

"Thunder!" he cried, "who are you? I've somehow heard your voice before."

"I am Heath, second mate of the *Creole*," answered Grant in an even voice.

The cup crashed from Talbot's hand. He clutched the edge of the table for a moment as if he were about to fall, and he went pale to the lips.

"You—Heath?" he gasped, with strange business. "How is this? I don't understand. You were drowned at sea."

"On the contrary," answered Heath in an unemotional voice, "I was saved. Now, you will please tell me what hand you have had personally in the scuttling of the *Creole*?"

"Scuttled?" echoed the mate, with a note of horror in his voice. "Was the *Creole* scuttled?"

"Um—m, yes. You are acting that very well," said Grant, dryly; "but—only bearing in mind what I know, don't you think it is rather wasted?"

"What do you know?"

"Everything—at least, all that is most important."

"Then for Heaven's sake tell me, for there are a few things I'd like to understand!"

"For instance, how you got on this ship?" suggested Grant, with a little sneer in his tone.

"I would give anything to know," returned Talbot, vehemently.

He looked at Grant with an honest enough gaze. Either his mystification was genuine or a gigantic and impudent piece of dissimulation of a most skilful kind.

For a moment Grant took it for the latter. It was too much to credit that a sane crew could lose a vessel and become possessed of another without knowing anything about it. The story was too ridiculously improbable.

"Do I take it, Mr. Talbot," pursued Grant, "that you wish me to believe that the *Creole* was scuttled—or we'll say 'lost at sea' if you like—without your knowing anything of the occurrence, and that you became possessed of this ship in similar ignorance? Don't you think the story is a little childish?"

Talbot's pale lips worked convulsively. "Heaven knows," he muttered. "The story is as mad as



any out of Bedlam; but if it is the last word I speak, Mr. Heath, I declare to you I don't know what has happened. I don't know what has become of the *Creole*, nor do I know how we got on this ship; and, worse still, there's not a man on board who is any wiser, unless you know."

"After the scuttling of the *Creole*, I take it that you must have seized this ship—or, perhaps, the scuttling took place after you had secured her, finding the craft derelict, or maybe overpowering her original crew—in which case you must have a very ugly story to tell, as there seem to be none but the *Creole's* men aboard."

"No, no—stop!" exclaimed Talbot. "We may not have got very clean sheets, any of us, but we are not murderers."

"I cannot say, Mr. Talbot," returned Grant, relentlessly, "speaking for the bulk of you, but I can vouch for one. The man who is lying in his bunk yonder has been as near writing his name down in red as a man well could be. Go and listen to his ravings. He convicts himself a dozen times an hour. You heard him this morning. He believes I am dead. He was going through it all again, for my fall overboard was no accident. I was knocked overboard by a blow as I stood on the taffrail taking in the awning, and it was Hudson's hand that delivered the blow."

"Is this true?" asked Talbot, with set face and hardened eyes.

"It is true," repeated Grant; "and, further, it was a crime resolved upon before the *Creole* left dock, as also was the scuttling of the vessel."

"By whom?"

"It was a plot between Martin Grimm and Sam Hudson. The latter was to have been paid £3,000 for the double job. The *Creole* was heavily insured," he added significantly; "as for me, I have chanced to come between Mr. Grimm and a dear desire."

"But the *Creole* has not been scuttled!" burst out Talbot, with a little wail in his voice. Then he stopped, for he knew the question that would follow, and he could not answer it.

"Then what has become of her?" asked the other quickly.

"I don't know," answered Talbot, in a hollow voice.

There was a little silence between them, broken only by the lap of the water outside and the intermittent babbling of the delirious man in his berth. The cabin-door was kept open for the sake of fresh air, and Pipp, the steward, watched beside him and gave him medicine at intervals.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," said Grant, coldly. "You are keeping something back."

"Aye, in deep water, Mr. Grimm, in deep water," cried the fevered voice from the berth; "somewhere among the islands she shall be sunk, where there's a hundred fathoms, and—this ain't like the usual cheques—fifteen hundred pounds—"

"I suppose that is my answer, Mr. Talbot," said Grant, grimly, as the voice slipped back again into unintelligible chatterings.

"No, no!" cried the old man, for he seemed to have grown very aged all at once, "not that!" He almost sobbed the words out. His lips were tremulous; he tried in vain to hide his weak mouth with hands that were weaker. "I don't know what has happened. I only know that for days after leaving the Azores there was not a sober man on the ship, and, Heaven help me! I was as bad as any of them. The skipper was in his berth drinking hard, and I was doing no better. The crew got liquor from somewhere, and, Mr. Heath, I don't know what madness we didn't do aboard that ship, for everyone was the same, and the ship looked after herself. I think the engines broke down, but I won't be sure. I don't know what happened next. I woke up to find myself on this craft. I thought I was mad, that the vile liquor had turned my brain. I had gone to sleep on a steamship and wakened up on a rotten barque. And that is all. I am not sure now whether I am quite sane; but if I am mad, then every man aboard is the same. How we got here, we do not know. It is all hopeless, unfathomable mystery."

"And the skipper?"

"His fever is a result of the wound he got from his own pistol, when he tried to shoot me because he thought I had lost him the *Creole*. He knows nothing. Besides, suppose he could bore a hole in the *Creole* without assistance, he could not put us all on this craft alone."

"Then someone else has had a hand in it?" said Grant.

The mate nodded his head despairingly. "As the *Creole* was bound for New Orleans," he said, "we are steering the same course. It is perhaps best. I suppose it means losing my ticket. But," he asked with sudden inspiration, "how have you found all this out?"

Grant Heath told him everything; how Edith Hopewell had overheard the plot of the two villains, of Mr. Channing's illness, of the check-mating of the junior partner by the girl, of her journey with the precious letter annulling the compact between the shipowner and Hudson which she had forced from him, and of her failure to reach the Azores in time.

He felt in his pocket and drew therefrom an envelope. He opened it, and took out a folded paper.

"This is the letter," he said. "Read it!"  
And Talbot read:—

"To Captain Hudson, s.s. *Creole*.—In confirmation of my wire of this afternoon, please take this letter as final with regard to the matter we arranged this morning. The special instructions I gave you are to be cancelled. Owing to difficult and unforeseen circumstances, our arrangements cannot be carried out.

"MARTIN GRIMM."

*"I'll risk pilin' up the old Creole, Mr. Grimm, but I draws the line at—Pipp, Pipp, there's a face lookin' through the port-hole at me! Bash it! Knock it off!—It's grinning at me, and it's all green and white, and there's seaweed in its 'air! Pipp, oh my—"*

The voice dropped into a horrified whisper, terror marking each word with horrible distinctness.

## CHAPTER XV.

WHAT THE SKIPPER SAW.

"I 'VE been thunderingly bad, Mr. Talbot, haven't I?"

Captain Hudson sat up in his bunk. His face was yellow and sunken, his eyes prematurely bright, and the stubble sprouting from his upper lip looked pitiful in its grotesqueness. He spoke in a voice that was lifeless and strange in tone. His right hand clutched the blanket nervously.

"You have, sir," said the mate softly.

"What's the matter with my shoulder? It feels sore."

"It was chipped with a bullet, sir. Don't you remember?" answered Talbot, uneasily.

"I don't think I remember. I seem to 'ave a lot ter catch up. Wot's the matter? I don't hear the engines going."

"We are not on the *Creole*, sir."

"Ha! I have not dreamt it, then? We are on a wind-jammer? The *Creole* is lost?"

"Yes, sir," replied the mate, watching the other narrowly. "Lost—scuttled, maybe!"

"Scuttled?" whispered Hudson, hoarsely.

"You have been talking in your fever," returned Talbot, significantly.

"And what have I told you?" gasped Hudson, with a greater paleness stealing over his features.

"Everything," answered Talbot, with set face. "Heath——"

"Was lost overboard in a storm," interrupted Hudson fiercely. "It was an accident."

"No, I know the truth of that."

"The truth?" snapped Hudson, while the fear stole into his eyes. "What is the truth?"

"That you were paid to get rid of the second mate, and that you knocked him overboard the night after we left Fayal."

"You cur!" hissed the skipper, between his teeth. "You eaves-dropping scoundrel! You have been listening to my fever talk! Is that one of the things I said? It isn't true, anyhow."

The mate shrugged his shoulders.

"We might as well understand each other, sir," he said. "I happen to have got the whole business at my finger ends, right from the moment when Mr. Grimm agreed to pay you £3,000 to scuttle the *Creole*, and at the same time to arrange that Heath shouldn't return, down to the present."

Hudson gripped the side of his bunk, but he replied in a firm voice that must have cost him infinite effort:—

"And who is your informant?"

"Heath himself. He is aboard this vessel."

Hudson clawed at his blanket. He slipped back impotently against the panelling.

"But I haven't scuttled her," he whined, huskily, in a childish effort to vindicate himself and show that at least he had not accomplished one of the crimes imputed to him—that he was not as black as he was painted. Then he dropped into unconsciousness.

Talbot, calling Pipp, went out into the cuddy and made his way on deck.

Grant was taking a turn on the quarter-deck. He gave the mate a look of interrogation.

"The old man's found his brain again," said Talbot. "I've been talking to him, and I've told him things. He knows you are on board."

"And how did he take the news?"

"Fainted bang away."

"Ha!"

Grant cast his eyes round the horizon. Little blue flecks of islands were spotted about the far circle of distance southward. He looked up at the bulging sails. The ship, with a full breeze on her quarter, surged slowly forward, parting the toppling seas with thundering blows of her blunt bows.

"I've been sounding the well, Mr. Talbot," he said. "The water's coming in faster. You suggested lying up somewhere and trying to find the leak."

It was the sixth day of Grant's coming aboard, and since that time the water oozing into the ship had steadily gained in volume, till, at that moment, the pumps were almost continually at work.

"Yes, it seems to be the only thing to do," replied Talbot gloomily, "if she's going to be

kept afloat. There are the Bahamas there," he said, screwing his head towards the southern horizon; "but one of the islands to the north would suit our purpose better. We are making plumb for Providence Channel now. Half a point to the north should land us among the Cays by sunset. There are any amount of such islands to suit us, with soft sandy shores in little sheltered bays, where we might beach her, if the worst comes to the worst. We shall have planks dropping out of her at the first bit of a blow."

"The wind seems to be petering out," said Grant. "We'd better get more sail on her."

The mate surveyed the canvas critically. Then, with lungs of brass, he gave an order for the jib-sheets to be eased and the mainsail set.

The ship heeled over to the extra weight of sail, and presently she began to surge ahead at greater speed, with the green seas dancing round her bows in milky froth.

Marks of deeper blue began to appear on the horizon westward, which presently shaped themselves into low-lying islands.

When they began to get among them, the lead was kept going, but the soundings dodged about most amazingly.

Now the report would be: "No bottom!" then, as suddenly, twelve fathoms would be found, which would shoal away rapidly to six, till their hearts stood in their mouths. But the next cry would be ten fathoms, and then it would drop to unknown depths.

It was dangerous navigation among the islands. The sea was thickly strewn with shoals and reefs, some sunk or just awash; others sprouting up above the water, with surf boiling round their bases, and the Gulf Stream swilling by them at six knots an hour.

But the island towards which Talbot was steering offered both safe and easy anchorage. It was one he had known before, and he declared that there was not another to equal it as a haven in the whole Caribbean Sea.

Without ceasing came the monotonous clank of the pumps. When one set of men was tired out another lot took their places; and so the wearying toil which kept the *Stella* above water went on, till there was scarce a man aboard who was not exhausted. At first the firemen, owing to their inability to do any of the seamen's work, mainly manned the pumps, but afterwards, when the work became continuous, all took a hand, even to Spaander the cook.

When Captain Hudson opened his eyes he was alone. He felt that his front hair was wet, so judged that Pipp had been laving his forehead in order to bring him to sensibility; but he did not

call that individual. He wanted to be by himself. He had much to think about, much to decide. He was conscious that a great danger stared him in the face. The reappearance of Grant Heath was pregnant with portentous possibilities of peril to him.

He foresaw that no train of future circumstances could save him; for, no matter which way he turned, accusations were written up against him. The neglect of duty, although equally shared by his officers and crew, which had brought about such disastrous happenings, was enough of itself to dirty his ticket for ever; while behind this lurked the sinister charges that would brand him "Criminal."

In the first all were implicated save the second mate, and perhaps their mouths could be kept closed.

And the man who had returned from the dead to accuse him—could not his tongue be stilled?

Thoughts flashed quickly through his brain. It was no time to let weak scruples paralyse him. His face grew dark, and cunning stole into his sinister eyes.

All at once there rose up in him a desire to see his accuser. He was afraid before; now he was no less fearful, but he wanted to satisfy his eyes, to assure himself that the sea had given up Grant Heath living. He threw off his blanket with trembling hands, and noticed vaguely that he had become dressed in pyjamas during his illness. He moaned querulously because the light was dim in his berth, owing to the approaching night. He lifted one heavy leg over the side of the bunk to the floor, and then the other. He felt horribly weak, his joints were like unsupported hinges that wanted to shut up, and he had to cling to the edge of the bunk for support.

He got his arms through a jacket and his head into a cap; then he tottered into the cuddy and made for the companion. He climbed up, stair by stair, and at last reached the deck, where he gazed round with wondering eyes. The scene before him was strange; it took him some moments to take it in and understand.

Right ahead he saw a flat-topped islet with a strip of amber beach at its foot and a fringe of feathery green crowning its head. It loomed heavily against the roseate sky, the burnished water and the clouds aflame at the horizon, where the great red oval of sun was slipping from sight.

The crew were crowded along the port rail, gazing with strange intentness towards a headland round which the ship was curving. He heard the chant of the leadsman, and the sonorous orders of the mate aft, but he did not turn his head. He was watching rigidly straight forward, where the crew's eyes were fixed.



"YES, IT IS THE 'CREOLE'!"

He saw, just beyond the headland, as the moving ship brought it abeam, a steamer lying at anchor in the shelter of a little bay. The crimson sun was glinting on her decks, the rigging stood like finest tracery against the pink of the middle sky, and she floated on a sea of brightened gold. From her funnel rose the veriest thread of smoke, and there came the *tap, tap* of

metal from her, as of a hammer at work, which fell strangely on the silence.

The ship-master looked at her with a queer feeling gripping his throat. He saw on the funnel the familiar "G.C. & G." He took a step forward and tried to articulate something that his tongue wanted to say, but, before he could speak, the men at the rail snatched from his very lips the words that were forming there.

"It is the *Creole*!"

He staggered to the rail; his mouth writhed in excitement and his eyes caught the flame of the sky.

"Yes, it is the *Creole*!" he cried thickly.

Quivering with emotion, he stared wildly at the steamer.

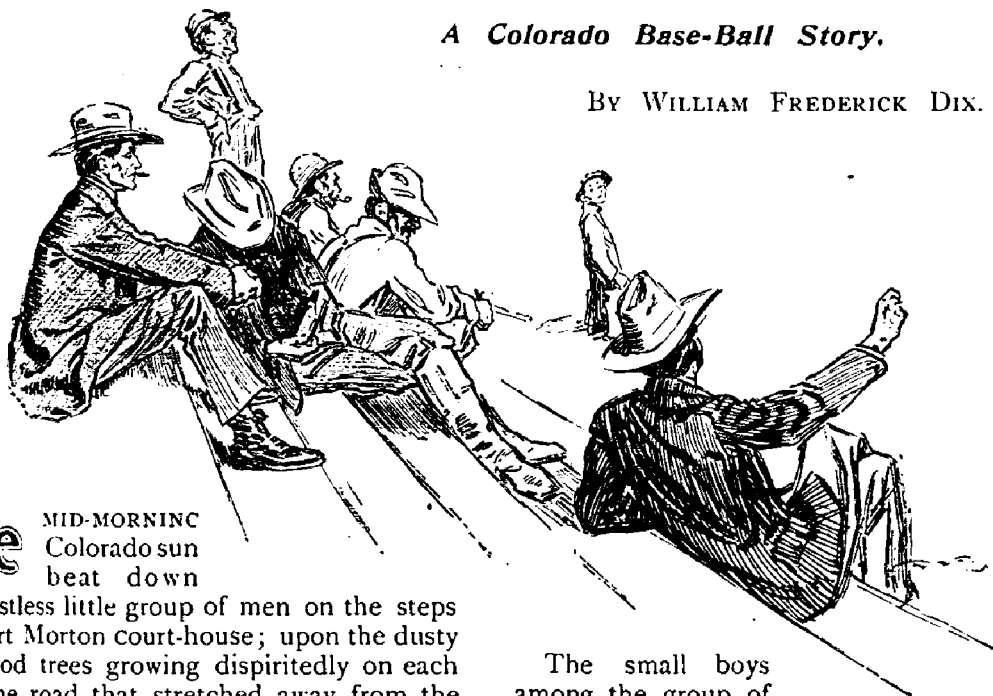
The sky was white, the sea silver; then the tropic darkness swiftly gathered over all.

(To be continued.)

# WHILE THE JURY WAS OUT.

A Colorado Base-Ball Story.

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX.



**The** MID-MORNING  
Colorado sun  
beat down

upon a restless little group of men on the steps of the Fort Morton court-house; upon the dusty cotton-wood trees growing dispiritedly on each side of the road that stretched away from the little sandy square to become, a few hundred yards below, the main street of the town; and upon the tin roofs of the two-storey brick or frame stores on each side of it. The jury had been out over night, and, although it was ten o'clock in the morning, had given no sign. The prisoner had not yet been brought up from the county gaol near by, and the group of men directly interested in the proceedings were sitting and lounging about the steps, smoking and carrying on desultory conversation. The district judge, sitting on the top step, was an Eastern college man, about forty years of age, once an athlete, and still with a trim, slender figure. The only touch of the Western in his dress was the grey slouch hat worn straight and firmly set upon his brown hair.

"A pretty bit of grazing land," he was saying to the sheriff, as he looked out over the level prairie, dotted here and there with an adobe shack and occasional herds of cattle.

The sheriff, a brawny, blue-shirted young fellow of thirty, with unkempt hair and moustache, uncrossed his booted legs, straightened out one of them, pushed his hand deep into the pocket of his corduroy trousers, and yawned. As his coat was thrust back with the movement, the butt of his forty-four calibre "gun" might be seen. Without replying, he drew out a large silver watch and studied it absently.

The small boys among the group of hangers-on in front of the steps were beguiling themselves tossing ball, and the prosecuting attorney, a young graduate from the East who had come up from Pueblo, called out:—

"Here you are, Johnnie, give us a catch!"

The small boy who had the ball grinned sheepishly and threw it at him.

"Harder, harder!" said the young lawyer cheerily. "That's no way to pitch a ball. Throw it this way," and the boy's hands were scorched as he caught the return.

"Say, kin you pitch a curve?" he asked. "Let's see you do it."

"All right," said Hardy, rising good-naturedly and taking off his coat. "Here you go. Hold on," he added, "you couldn't catch it if I did. Here, Mr. Hackett, go out there and let me throw you a few curves."

The others laughed at this, for Hackett, the senior counsel for the defence, also up from Pueblo for the trial, was an enormous, middle-aged Hoosier, six feet two in height, and weighing 250lbs. He had a mass of crisp black hair, and wore a black broadcloth frock-coat and trousers, low turned-down collar, and ready-made tie. He was slow-moving and ponderous, though forceful and shrewd in his profession; deliberate of speech, and anything but an athlete.

"Here, I'll catch you," exclaimed the junior

counsel, Blake, a somewhat lanky, powerfully built Westerner, rising and depositing his rough brown sack-coat beside Hardy's.

"Gee! you've got muscle," he added, rubbing his hands after the first pass.

"Hurrah!" yelled the small boy, "that was a corker. Git on to them curves, Clarence!" he cried in worshipful admiration.

"Wouldn't mind a little of that exercise myself," said the judge, rising interestedly and hesitating on the steps.

"Why not have a little game while we are waiting?" said Hardy, half jokingly. "Come on, sheriff!"

Moved by a common impulse, the little group brightened up, threw away their cigar-ends, and moved half apologetically into the sandy square. At the left of the court-house and adjoining it was a small open field of well-trodden, dusty grass, where a scratch ball-game was played occasionally, and where horses were tethered during court. One of the small boys was despatched for a suitable bat and ball and a catcher's glove, and, by the time the sides were arranged, he came racing back with them highly excited, followed by several other small boys.

No one had the slightest idea of being drawn into a game when he left the steps; but the reaction had worked insidiously. The trial had been a particularly exciting one, and those who had followed it were tired after the three days' strain in the ill-ventilated courtroom. The sympathies of all had undoubtedly been with the prisoner, although the State had been vigorous in its prosecution and the judge had conscientiously done his duty. Murder had been committed at Jamestown Creek a few months previously, though a change of venue had been obtained to Fort Morton, the prisoner's own town. Copperthwait had always been a quiet, law-abiding ranch-

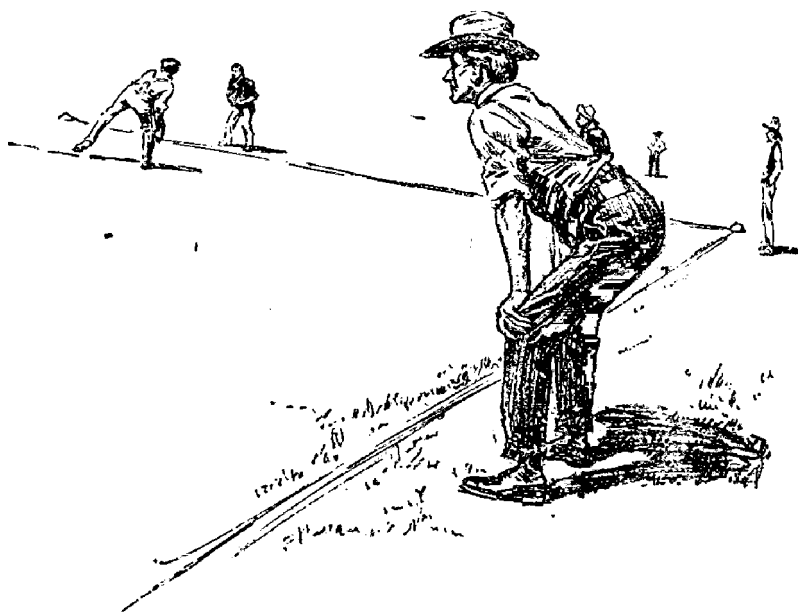


MR. HACKETT HAD BEET MADE UMPIRE BY GENERAL ACCLAM.

man. He was under thirty years of age, big, broad-shouldered, and swarthy, diffident in manner and somewhat slow of speech, though he had been slowly and thoroughly angered in a quarrel over a bunch of cattle. Six or eight steers had been branded twice, one mark over the other, and the dispute arose over this. Duke, the victim of the shooting, had borne a bad reputation, and the village street was unusually more or less uneasy during his infrequent visits. He had killed his man, and had been known to boast of it several times in Flynn's saloon. After this last quarrel, he had sworn to shoot Copperthwait on sight. The quarrel had occurred in the morning. That afternoon Copperthwait had just left the "Eagle Hotel," to mount his mustang tied to the hitching post in front, when

Duke happened to turn the corner.

"Here comes Duke!" a bystander exclaimed. Copperthwait started and caught sight of his adversary. Duke stopped short and put his hand behind him, and Copperthwait, quick as a flash, fired once and put a bullet between Duke's eyes. He had offered no resistance to arrest, and was now in the rough little gaol near by, while the twelve good men and true deliberated in the hot back room under the tin roof of the court-house.



HIS HONOUR FOUND HIMSELF COATLESS ON THE FIELD.

"I guess my hands are a little too soft to play," said the judge good-naturedly, feeling a qualm as to the appropriateness of his joining actively in the sport; "but I'll be umpire, if you want me."

The two teams were quickly formed, the "Comanches" against the "Sioux." The Sioux won the toss and took the field, and the Comanches were struck out in one, two, three order. When the sides changed, Hardy, the prosecuting attorney, took the box, and Blake, the junior counsel for the defence, caught him. After much urging the judge had consented to preside over first base, since Mr. Hackett had positively refused to play, and had been made umpire by general acclaim. As soon as His Honour found himself coatless and on the field, he threw himself into the battle with the greatest enthusiasm.

There was many an evidence of "softness" in the condition of the players, and a noticeable tendency to let swift balls go by rather than grapple them with fingers unused to the hard impact. Wild throws to bases were not infrequent, and in consequence there was much base-stealing and hilarious sarcasm from the players in both teams. The official relations of these men were, for the time, lost sight of; they were merely healthy, enthusiastic Americans, feeling the joy of tingling blood in their veins, the zest of friendly competition and of physical exercise.

The runs were frequent and the errors numerous, and at the end of the third inning so many hands were sore, and so many arms growing stiff, that it was mutually decided by the teams to call the next inning the last. The score stood eleven runs for the Comanches (the team made up of Judge Hillier, Hardy, Blake, the keeper of the "Eagle Hotel," and one or two other witnesses), and nine for the Sioux, the battery of which was formed by the court clerk and the sheriff, whose heavy long boots, extending far up inside his corduroys, detracted somewhat from any grace of move-

ment he might have had as he lent his entire soul and mind to the clerk's erratic curves, ably backed up by the assistant prosecutor, the stenographer, and several witnesses.

At the beginning of the fourth and concluding inning, the deputy sheriff had come up with the prisoner, who was not handcuffed, and they became interested on-lookers. Copperthwait's nerve had been superb throughout the trial, and he seemed to take an instant interest in the game.

Just after play had commenced Hardy knocked a hot grounder to "short," who fielded the ball swiftly to first base. The baseman

caught it, putting Hardy out, and then quietly remarked:—

"That settles me. Look at this thumb."

"See here, old man," Hardy panted, examining it, "it's broken."

"Well, never mind; let somebody take my place. Here, someone—you Mulligan. Come and take the base. I'm out of it."

"Guess not," said Mulligan, the deputy; "I ain't played ball since—"

"Go on with the game!" cried a dozen others excitedly. "Someone, anyone take the base."

"Here, Copperthwait, play first base; we've only got to hold 'em down this inning, and we'll beat 'em easy. There's one out already."

Copperthwait looked uncertainly at the deputy, then at the judge, and quickly pulled off his coat and stepped to the base. His face showed clearly the prison pallor, and this warm sunlight and fresh air seemed wonderfully sweet to his spirit. Taken suddenly away from the active, vigorous life of the ranch, for seven months confined in a dreary prison, the world had seemed gradually to recede from his life. This sudden contrast of green, open field, ringing with the hearty voices of his fellow-men, and the vision of the free, limitless prairie on all sides, was a tragic one to the man. He glanced at the players about him, pausing in the game and thinking only of it.

"Go ahead," he said quietly; "I'll play."



THE PRISONER SLOWLY MOVED HIS BAT BACKWARD AND FORWARD OVER THE PLATE.

The Comanches failed to make a run during the rest of the inning, and when the Sioux came in they made two runs almost at once, tying the score amid enthusiasm.

As Copperthwait came to the bat it was evident that the psychological moment of the sport had arrived. Everything had been completely forgotten save the game, and so intense was the interest that the approach of the court-house janitor was entirely unnoticed. He had come slowly down from the steps, and, after a few moments of bewildered surprise, stood leaning against a tree near the catcher, watching the prisoner as he slowly moved his bat backward and forward over the plate.

were all gathered now in a frantic crowd between third and home, yelling like their prototypes, and the Comanches were also noisy.

"Go it, Copperthwait!" shouted his teammates. "Get home and you'll win the game! Steady, now! Look out, look out! Don't let them catch you!"

"Now, Hardy," pleaded the judge, "for heaven's sake, play ball! Don't let him make this run!"

"Steady, Hardy," said the catcher; "watch my signs."

The janitor had crept up close to first base.

"Say, Judge," he whispered to His Honour, who was now dancing like an Indian, and



"SAFE!"

"One ball!" yelled Mr. Hackett, mopping his neck with his handkerchief.

"Two balls!"

"Strike one!"

"Three balls!"

Crack!—

The ball flew straight from the bat high above the right fielder's head, and Copperthwait was safe on second before the ball was fielded in.

The janitor began to grow very uneasy, and edged slowly down the field towards the first baseman. The crowd yelled as Copperthwait, still panting, edged off toward third. Hardy turned suddenly and tried to catch him napping, but in his excitement he threw a little wild, the baseman missed it, and Copperthwait reached third amid much uproar. The Sioux

watching every move of the pitcher and Copperthwait with devouring anxiety—"say, Judge, the jury has come in and is ready with the verdict."

"Oh, hang the jury!" snapped out the judge. "Go on with the game!"

Hardy slammed in the ball straight over the plate, the baseman bunted it for a sacrifice hit, and Copperthwait, who had crept nearly halfway, rushed in and slid triumphantly to the plate at full length.

"Safe!" yelled the umpire, and pandemonium broke loose.

"I guess 'safe' is the word, all right," muttered the janitor to the deputy, who had instantly started for the prisoner. "I had a wink from the foreman of the jury as he came in."



# SPORTS OF THE BUSH



## ALTHOUGH

AUSTRALIANS have long since earned, and well earned, a hearty recognition as

being amongst the best all-round exponents of cricket in the whole em-

pire, it is not cricket, curiously enough, that forms one of the chief pastimes in the bush. It is played, undoubtedly, in every bush township, and on every station where there are enough hands to make up a team. But when one speaks of the "bush," the term includes a vast area where townships are scarce, and population is mostly floating; where, indeed, before an eleven could meet, the members would have to ride hundreds of miles in the aggregate, and days would have to be devoted to journeying before an afternoon's match could be enjoyed. Therefore, in the bush, in the outlying portions of the continent—or, as it is generally expressed, in the "back blocks," cricket does not rank as a general pastime. Horse-racing does, and, for the matter of that, any other sport in which a horse can take a part, for a bushman without a horse is like a fish out of water, helpless, listless, and dull. It is said, and with truth, that he will walk a mile round a paddock while catching his horse to ride a half-mile journey; for he is not happy unless he is in the saddle, and in a country where movements are not restricted by time or space, a man

always does well to have the means of locomotion with him, in case of emergency. Even in such a sport as 'possum shooting, which has to be followed on foot, the shooters ride to a rendezvous where they can leave their horses. So, also, in the case of a raid on the flying-fox; but when a bushman hunts for the emu, the kangaroo, or plain turkey, the horse plays a prominent part in the game, and these branches of bush sport are therefore amongst the most popular.

It is not with the accessories of scarlet coats



AN ABORIGINAL BAT, WITH A STYLE LIKE STODDART'S.

and trimly cut "cords" that one rides in the back blocks to the "meet" for a kangaroo hunt. Oftentimes there is no "meet," save for the brief yarn and smoke which precedes the start, when two or three "bushies" and their dogs come together for a ride after an "old man." Oftentimes the hunt is arranged on the spur of the moment, without an earlier thought, and so it was when the chase took place which forms the foundation of the following account.

There were three men and two dogs, the former comprising a new chum, a drover with whom the new chum was travelling, and a station boundary rider, whose possession of two kangaroo dogs was the prime origin of the hunt. Camping for the night at the boundary rider's hut—a simple affair with four walls and a roof, and a single interior fitted with bunks like a ship's fo'castle—a start was made with the dawn for an ironstone ridge where the boundary rider was certain of a find. The dogs—big, powerful brutes, a cross between a greyhound and an Irish deerhound—had a local reputation of being perfect "boomers," and the horses being bush-bred stock horses, with all the tricks that only a stock horse knows, it was obvious that if an "old man," as the vernacular has it for kangaroo, was anywhere in the ridge, he would have a hot time when once the dogs were on his scent. The country around was open, timbered land; not quite the style of country that would appeal to one used to the shires, but, nevertheless, capable of affording unlimited excitement during a run. Perhaps it would be more correct to attribute the excitement to the horses and their methods of negotiating the country. A stock horse, to the uninitiated, is not always the most pleasant to ride. From long usage, he knows almost instinctively what to do in the case of a break-away or



THE COSTUME OF A BUSH SPORTSMAN.

rush of cattle, or in cutting out a beast from a mob, or rounding up stragglers. He takes his head and leaves his rider free to handle his stock-whip; or, if a new chum, to use his utmost endeavour to stick on. A good stock horse will turn in its stride to head off a bolting steer—a very enviable accomplishment in the horse, but one which is trying to any but an expert rider. Then it also has a deeply rooted objection to changing its course to avoid timber. If it can scrape through between the stems of close-growing trees it will do so, quite indifferent as to the amount of space left for its rider's knees, or whether overhanging boughs threaten to lift the rider from the saddle and drop him, with something broken or fractured, in the wake of his galloping steed. A stock-horse rider has to be prepared for emergencies at

all moments under very ordinary conditions; when riding one after a kangaroo, he is assured of excitement from the moment he starts until the hunt is over.

The promise of the ironstone ridge was not verified, and the hours went by till the sun was well up in the sky, and still no sign of the quarry could be discovered. Leaving the ridge, a search was made in the surrounding country, till, on arriving at a water-hole, the hunt called a halt, and set about preparing for refreshment. Pipes were barely alight when there came the sound of the dull thud-thud of a travelling kangaroo. The dogs were seized and held, as between the trees an "old man" hopped in

sight, followed by all his tribe, hopping in line behind him, and ranging in size from the full-grown doe down to the veriest "piccaninny feller," as the aborigines term them. Being to windward, they had no scent of the men, and hopped along in an undulating line, with their heads in the air and their powerful tails curving behind them.



THE AUSTRALIAN DINGO.

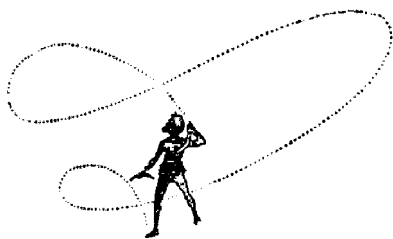


DIAGRAM SHOWING FLIGHT OF THE  
BOOMERANG.

Then the hunt began. As soon as the dogs were let loose, and the men were in their saddles and away, the "old man"

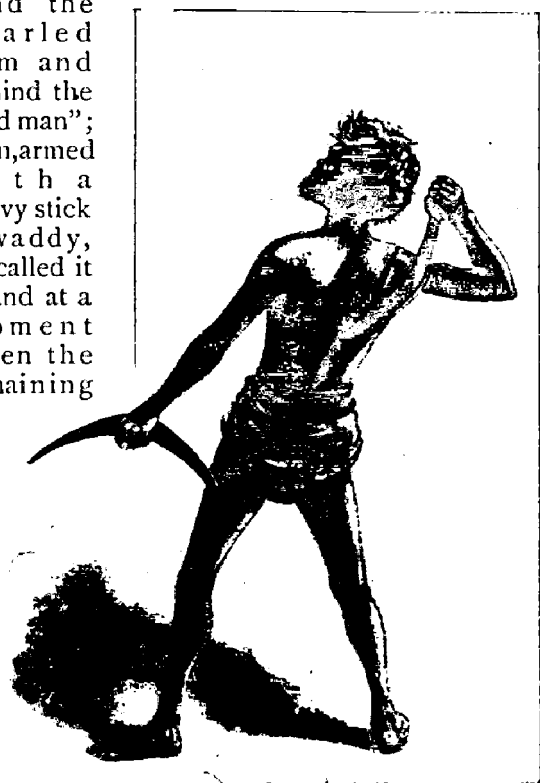
at the head of the column halted and looked round. A momentary glance sufficed to show him the situation, and, with admirable pluck, he reared on his hind legs, sitting up like a hare, watching the intruders, and waiting while his family scattered to the right and to the left, and hopped full speed for cover.

Not until they were at a safe distance did he move, though by that time the dogs were close upon him. He evidently trusted to his powers of flight to save himself, and waited as a decoy to save the weaker members of his family. His quality of speed justified his confidence, for when he did move, he sprang off in such tremendous leaps that he out-distanced the dogs so easily that the new chum might have thought the chase was over and the quarry escaped. But the bushmen knew better. The horses were given their heads, and closed in on the dogs in a fine free stride, never attempting to over-ride them, but allowing them the lead, as though they quite understood the rules of the sport and played them fair and square. The "old man" headed straight through the bush in great springing leaps, going steadily ahead through the undergrowth and over dead timber without a flinch or a waver, and with a grace and a power that seemed entirely out of keeping with the ungainly figure of the kangaroo as seen at rest. The big, heavy haunches and long shanks, the pear-shaped body, and the thick, clumsy tail were at the work for which they were designed, and marvellously well they fulfilled the conditions.

The body swayed forwards as the hind legs touched the ground, so as to get the full force of the impetus when the massive muscles of the haunches sent the hind feet to the ground with a double thud that resounded through the bush, the while the heavy tail, curving away behind, served the dual purpose of a spring to break the force of the descent and a balance to maintain the position of the body in the leaps. Only the quick thud-thud of his feet on the ground and the crackle of the breaking twigs could be heard as he continued his mighty leaps, without a glance to the right or to the left as he went forward, profoundly confident

in his power to wear out the energies of his pursuers.

It was a long run and a tough run, and both dogs and horses were showing the strain when the "old man" leaped suddenly aside. There was no trace of fatigue in his movements, and his leaps had been as full of vigour, apparently, as at the start, when he changed his direction and bounded off at right angles to his previous direction, to where a big, old gnarled gum grew on a small rise. As he reached the tree he faced about, and, sitting up on his haunches, put his back almost against the tree, while he raised his forearms with the hand-like claws wide open. The dogs jumped from side to side, snapping and yelping, but keeping well out of range of the heavy hind feet. The "old man," with his mild eyes keenly on the alert, watched them as they capered round about him, until one, more venturesome than his companion, or forgetful of danger in his excitement, approached nearer the kangaroo. Like a flash one of the powerful hind legs went out, and the hound, howling dismally and with blood streaming from a rip in his shoulder, was flung away as easily as a cat flings a mouse in her play. The sight was too much for the boundary rider, for good dogs in the back blocks are worth having, while kangaroos are only valued for the price paid for their scalps. Springing from his horse, he crept round behind the gnarled gum and behind the "old man"; then, armed with a heavy stick—waddy, he called it—and at a moment when the remaining



THE MYSTERIOUS BOOMERANG.

dog held the attention of the "old man," he sprang from behind the tree and felled the kangaroo by a swinging blow on the head. A quick thrust with a knife in the throat completed its discomfiture, what vitality remained being quickly accounted for by the dogs, which, injured and uninjured alike, were at its throat almost as soon as it fell.

Of a different order is the sport of wallaby and kangaroo shooting, if the word sport may be applied to what is a matter of slaughter only. As a general rule the inhabitant of the back blocks regards all marsupials as unmitigated evils, and his one hope is to eradicate them. Therefore, he does not waste time in giving them those chances of escape which, in a sporting sense, are the essence of the game. He prefers rather that no chance of escape shall exist for them. If he shoots them he is usually a scalper—a man, that is, who is earning his living by killing off marsupials and other pests, and for which he is paid by the local authorities at a fixed rate per scalp brought in, the price being highest for a dingo, and lowest for a wallaby. The scalper shoots to kill, however, and neither "old man" nor doe has a run for its life. It is marked down and waited for, and shot when the scalper is dead certain of his aim. To one of sporting instincts the method may seem brutal, but it is nobility itself compared with the slaughter of the battue.

When a squatter, or a number of squatters, decide upon this form of entertainment, word is passed round the district, and every available man, boy, horse, and dog are assembled. First a "yard"—corral expresses it better, but yard is the bush term—is constructed, with "leads" running away on either side, from an opening in the yard fence, through the bush. The opening is so arranged that it can be closed with slip rails immediately the work of the hunt is over and the slaughter of the battue begins. The hunt is commenced on the opposite side of the yard from where the opening and its funnel-shaped lane of leading fences are made, and is little more or less than a mighty "round up," the riders scattering over the country in two roughly formed lines, starting marsupials on the run wherever possible, and always heading them off, as soon as they are started, in the direction of the other side of the yard. Soon the rush of the horses, the baying of the dogs, the yells of the men, and the resounding cracks of the stock-whips, turn the ordinarily quiet peace of the bush into a bustling pandemonium. Wallaby and kangaroo, startled and shy, hop hither and thither, forming themselves into mobs by force of circumstances, and becoming more startled and more shy in consequence. Con-

fused by the confusion of one another, each individual loses his independence in the general flurry and excitement. The mobs meet and blend into one big army, all the members of which are undecided as to the way they ought to go, until the shouts of the men, the cracks of the stock-whips, and the snarling of the dogs sound on their ears. Then they go, madly, blindly, desperately forward. The echo of the sounds which terrify them on their right or their left, as the case may be, sends them dashing away through the bush in the opposite direction. An emu, perhaps, may have been caught in the *melee*, but he makes short work of it, for with head up and his curious half-barking note sounding his defiance, he flies over the ground straight ahead, through wallaby, kangaroo, horse, and dogs, until he reaches the open and the safety no one wishes to keep from him. But his movements only serve to strengthen the terror of the marsupials, and they blunder on, believing they are flying from danger, but in reality being driven straight into it. Presently each flying army sees the other approaching at break-neck speed, and the leaders halt in their leaps to sit on their haunches, with ears flicking to and fro as they turn their heads from side to side and try to catch some point from whence the babel of sounds does not come. Those behind, forced on by the press of numbers, are on their resting leaders in a swarm, and the two mobs spring forward at one another and then stop, and then spring forward again, while still the pressure of those behind is enormous, and still the panic grows.

Now is the moment of the huntsman at hand. The mass of terrified animals has been formed just beyond the widely gaping ends of the lane of leading fences. Once started in the direction of the yard the marsupials will rush helter-skelter into the wide opening and plunge onward, pressing closer and closer together as the fences converge and make the lane narrower. Soon the lane is so narrow that they jostle one another as they leap, but even at the same time they see where the fences seem to terminate, and redouble the mad energy of their flight—to swarm into the enclosure. Behind them the horsemen ride, shouting and cracking their whips, and the dogs bay when not busy in killing weaklings that straggle in the race.

The first arrivals in the yard rush on until the fences on the other side stop them. Turning back, they plunge into the ever-growing swarm that pours into the enclosure, and an indescribable turmoil ensues. The noise the riders make forces the last of the stragglers to leap into

the seething mob in front of them, and without a moment's wait the first horsemen to reach the slip-rails spring from their saddles and close the opening, and so effectually complete the operation of yarding.

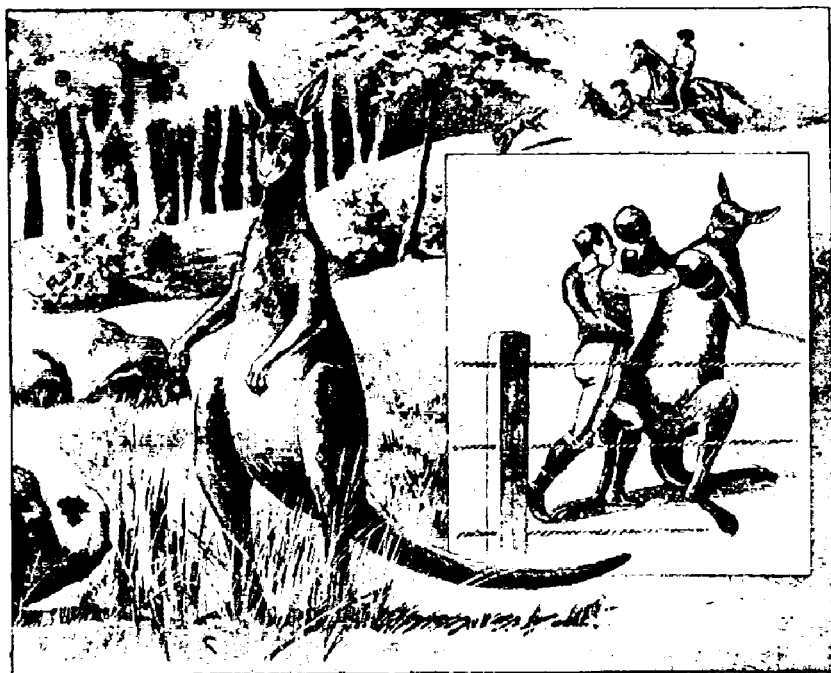
The next scene is one of unrelieved slaughter, for the men, armed with thick-headed but handy sticks, or waddies, climb into the yard and emulate the example of the frequenters of Donnybrook Fair, by hitting a marsupial head wherever they can see one. The animals are too frightened even to kick, and so fall an easy prey before the swinging blows the men rain upon them, until not a living marsupial remains within the yard fences.

Of a less murderous nature is the sport of shooting the dingo. As a cross-country quarry for the fox-hunter, this Australian variety of the hen-roost robber and lamb-stealer might offer considerable attractions, but the residents in districts infested by them are more than satisfied to pay half a sovereign apiece for them to anyone who undertakes to kill them, leaving the manner in which they are to be slain entirely for the slayer to determine. Poisoned baits are sometimes used, but the dingo is possessed of a cunning all his own, and poisoned baits are often laid only to be left alone.

Therefore, the man who wants to make sure of earning the capitation grant adopts another course, and one in which there is a slight suspicion of *bona-fide* sport. Having selected a comfortable tree, in the branches of which he can pass a fairly restful night, he fastens a bait of dead and somewhat odorous meat at a convenient distance, after having well "dragged" the country in the immediate vicinity with another equally odorous bait. At nightfall (it must be a moonlit night) he climbs into his tree and settles down to watch, rifle in hand, for the advent of his prey.

It is at night, and especially on a moonlit night, that the bush of Australia presents its most weird and mysterious appearance. In that latitude the moon has a luminous power not to be realised by the dwellers in this

country. Intense, cold, clear, and white, the light falls upon any object and illuminates it, but where the light does not fall there is shadow profound and impenetrable. The stems of the trees are then bathed in light on one side, while the other is in darkness, but the ground at the base of the trunks is more often in darkness than light, thanks to the shade of the undergrowth. It is at night, also, that the dingo becomes a creature of dreadful import. Two sounds there are which, heard in all the loneliness and indescribable solemnity of the bush at night, weigh upon the imagination, and lead the mind of the solitary bushman into the intricacies of insanity. One is the cry of the bush curlew,



"BLOW."

KANGAROO: "I wish I only had to fight like my brother in England. Very little danger there, I should think."

a long-drawn-out wailing note, rising in a gradual crescendo as it ascends the scale, until, reaching its altitude, it drops in tone and volume, as though the strength of the creature had been expended in one despairing effort, and had given way before the call could be completed. The other is the howl of the dingo, a howl which so effectually combines the demoniacal with the dismal that one cannot say which predominates; only can one follow the bushman's practice, and give relief to the emotion it calls forth by the utterance of deep, unwritable maledictions. The single occasion when the sound of the howl, coming away through the still, silent

night from the mysterious shadow of the bush, produces an approach to satisfaction, is when one is sitting perched up in a tree watching where the evil-smelling bait is fastened to the ground. Eagerly the ears are strained to catch the repetition of the howl, and learn whether one of the trails made by the drag has been found. The note is shorter and sharper when the keen nose catches the scent, and the watcher has need of some nerve now, for an ill-timed shot may mean a wasted night, and a hasty move may mean a scared quarry. But if there is no move to warn the dingo of the trap that is laid for him, the thin form,



A PET 'POSSUM.

half fox, half wolf, creeps out from the shade, and the moonlight plays over his dun-coloured coat. Crouching close to the ground, he sneaks along until his keen nose, and keener eyes, locate the bait. Then with a snarl and a whine he springs upon it—and, if the watcher knows his work, receives a bullet behind the shoulder, as his fangs meet in the flesh. A clean shot leaves him lying there as an extra attraction for other fellows who may come along the scattered trails, for a dingo will always prefer to rob another dingo rather than forage for himself; wherefore the sight and scent of a piece of meat in the jaws of one will act

as a double attraction to another—to the benefit and entertainment of the man in the tree, if he knows his business, and waits with patience.

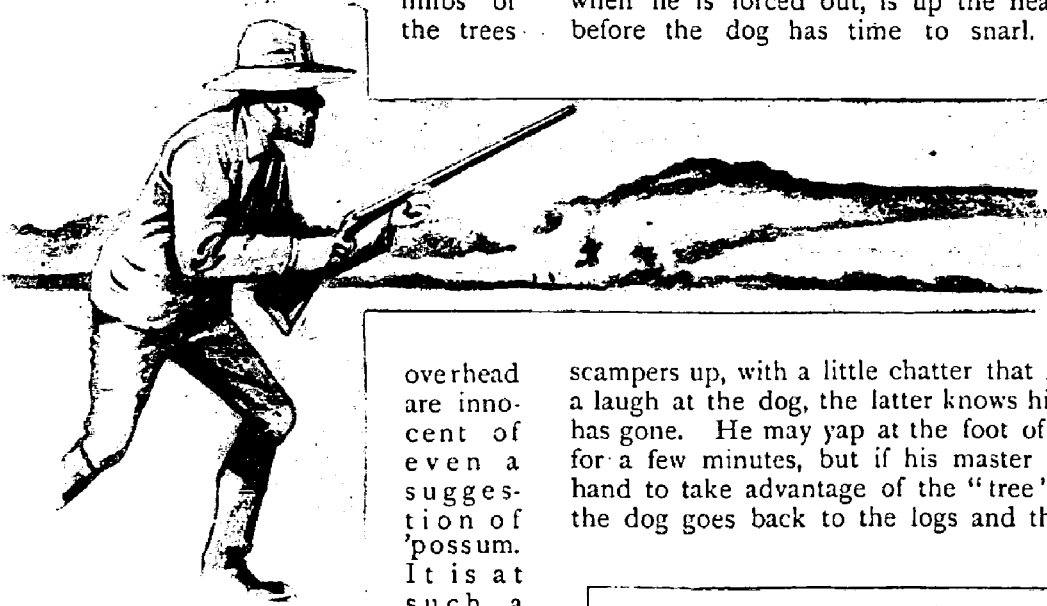
Yet another form of bush sport which has to be carried on at night is the shooting of the 'possum, for that soft-furred marsupial is a "night-bird" of the most pronounced type, and is never voluntarily abroad by day. When the sun is up he cuddles down away in the recess of some hollow tree or log, wrapped in so deep a slumber that his stupor, on being aroused, has given rise to a saying applicable to one who shams sleep so assiduously as to be more than unwakable—playing 'possum, in fact. But the slumber of the 'possum is genuine when he takes it by day; it is at night, when he strives to escape detection, that he plays his own game of over-simulated simulation. The fur of the 'possum in winter is thickest and finest, and as it is only for his skin that the white man needs him—a taste for his eucalypt-flavoured flesh never having been acquired by other than the aboriginal—the moonlight nights of winter form the time for shooting him, the crisp, clear nights, when the air is as exhilarating as a tonic, and the sky, innocent of the merest suggestion of a cloud, is a dome of deep purple blue, spangled over with stars, and forming a wonderful and weird background to the silver splendour of the moon.

A start is usually made late in the evening, in order that even the most sleepy shall be left ample time to awaken and come out in search of the fresh young gum-leaves that constitute the chief item of their diet. As they feed they play, chattering and scampering up and down the limbs and trunks of the trees, and chasing one another through the undergrowth. Weird and mysterious their chattering sounds through the grim, solemn, moonlit bush; and it is not difficult to understand why the black fellows cling so tenaciously to their camp fireside when once the sun has gone down. Many a sober-minded white man has felt a decided tendency towards "jumps" when, through the silence of the night, a couple of 'possums have danced and chattered along an overhanging limb of a gum, their plump little bodies standing out against the light of the sky and their tails whisking from side to side—the more particularly if he has not a gun handy to profit by the spectacle. And rarely does it happen that a gun is in the hand when such a chance occurs.

When one wants to shoot 'possum it is

invariably the case that in the distance the scampering and the chattering can be heard, but as soon as the shooter arrives at the spot where the "corroboree" was in progress, only silence—dead, oppressive silence—reigns, while the limbs of the trees

In the hollow logs on the ground, and among the undergrowth, unless he has a smart dog with him, he may look the live-long hours through, but all in vain, and even when he has a dog, he must needs be as smart as the animal. A 'possum lies close in a log, and when he is forced out, is up the nearest tree before the dog has time to snarl. As he



STALKING THE EMU.

overhead are innocent of even a suggestion of 'possum. It is at such a moment that the

scampers up, with a little chatter that is almost a laugh at the dog, the latter knows his chance has gone. He may yap at the foot of the tree for a few minutes, but if his master is not at hand to take advantage of the "tree" at once, the dog goes back to the logs and the under-

animal is playing his own game. If the shooter is playing his own equally well, he carefully scans the forks made by the limbs branching from the main stem. Right in the fork of the shady side of the tree, a small object may be discovered by the practised eye, and a charge of shot sent in its direction will probably result in a squeal, as a fat, well-furred 'possum falls to the ground with what the cheap novelists would rightly define as a "dull, sickening thud." There would be no other sound. Not a scratch nor a chatter from the companion 'possum that but a few minutes ago was chasing or being chased by the little victim lying on his back by the undergrowth. The report of the shot echoing through the bush may have stilled many a scamper, but it does not produce any. The 'possums are playing 'possum for their lives, some in the forks of the trees and branches, some in convenient hollows in the standing trunks or dead logs that encumber the ground, some in cosy nooks among the undergrowth, but all dead to the world, to judge by appearances. Sharp eyes are needed to spot them, for galls, and fungi, and ants' nests often decorate the trees, and at night a man may empty a score of cartridges into one of these objects before he discovers that he might as well be firing at the moon.



NATIVE METHOD OF STALKING THE EMU.

This is managed by the hunter carrying a bush, which at the right moment he throws away, and uses his throwing stick or spear.

growth, where more fun exists for him than yapping at a tree'd 'possum. If the man has no dog, he must wait, in patience and silence, until the fit of alarm has passed away and the 'possums come to the conclusion that they are wasting time in lying hid. As they come out of their hiding places, an occasional shot may be had at them, but every time the gun goes off the alarm is renewed, and the shooting becomes sleepy work with poor results as the night wears away. If, however, there is a sharp dog to assist, sport is plentiful and the excitement varied, for as the dog sniffs at the hollow logs and tangled undergrowth, he may rouse more than a hiding 'possum. The Australian snakes are almost without exception night travellers. They are, moreover, timid, save about the month of October, and retreat rapidly on being disturbed, with the result that a man may have one pass uncomfortably near to him as he is standing for his dog to "put up" whatever is holding its attention in

the undergrowth. In the scrubs and thickets there are also leeches, which have an unpleasant habit of insinuating themselves into a man's boots and leggings, and sucking so copiously at his blood that he finds his boots filled with it at the end of his night's sport. Ticks and mosquitoes also abound, and are equally attentive to the sportsman, especially if he is a new chum with the tender skin and thick blood of a northern climate. But even with all these drawbacks, and the somewhat pot-shot nature of the sport, there is much to charm, to fascinate and delight in a night devoted to hunting the 'possum.

The aboriginal has the art of taking 'possums by daylight, but it is very exceptional for a white man to be able to boast of such skill. Wherefore, the hunting for 'possum by day will soon be a forgotten enterprise, but while a single representative of the genus remains in Australia, 'possum shooting by night will flourish.





# "RATS!"

A School Story, founded on fact.

By W. H. WILLIAMSON.



ARRY was exulting. It was his birthday, and a hamper had arrived from home, filled with the savoury and sugary things his soul loved. Of course, he called his friends to him, and Garterre and Blackmoor rejoiced around the well-filled hamper. They unpacked the good things and placed them for inspection.

But at that moment MacFinn appeared. Now MacFinn was big, and in the Sixth, but generally detested, because, it was said, he sneaked, and the small boys knew his temper. He was Scotch, and his accent betrayed him.

"Ha!" he said, catching sight of the good things, and the faces of the three boys. "Cuttin' cricket forr this: but ye'll not enjoy it. Yours, Barry?"

"Yes, MacFinn; will you have some?"

"You're humorous," and he began to scrutinise the eatables. "This will only make you ill. Chocolates — they're bad for you!" and he threw the chocolates back into the hamper. "Biscuits — hideous!" and they went into the hamper. "Sweets — caramels! spoil your teeth." The caramels went into the hamper. "Jam — strawberry! You can't fag on strawberry jam." The hamper held the strawberry jam. "More biscuits — more beeleousness!" MacFinn shook his head and shut the hamper. "Ye're wasteful and ye're wanton. D'ye want to make yourselves ill?"

"We wouldn't mind," said Garterre, with angry

WIL

"Then I'll arrange ye can be ill with a stick — not with jam," said MacFinn threateningly, "if ye don't clear out quickly."

"Please, MacFinn," began Barry, "help yourself. I meant to give you some; but it's my birthday, and——"

"Yerr birthday! Many happy returns, young 'un. I'll mak' ye a birthday present of the hamper when I've finished with it," and, smiling at his joke, MacFinn strode away, carrying the hope and longing of Barry and friends under his arm.



"I'LL MAK' YE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT OF THE HAMPER WHEN I'VE FINISHED WITH IT."

"Sneak!" said Garterre savagely, when MacFinn was out of hearing.

"Beastly cad!" said Blackmoor. "He's always doing some dirty trick like that."

Barry was biting his lip severely to keep back the tears.

"I wonder if he'll send any back?"

"The greedy old guzzler!"

"Never mind, Barry! We'll pay him out some day."

"We should have pitched into him—the three of us might have managed him."

"That's no good," said Barry, finding his voice at length. "The Sixth'll call him a sneak though, if they hear of it."

"Shall you write home and tell them?"

"No fear!" said Barry, with pride. "I'll tell them it was a ripping hamper, and all that. So it was, too. Just imagine that beast of a MacFinn stuffing himself with those ice-biscuits."

"And the caramels."

"How can we pay him out?" said Garterre, with ugly intentions.

"Let's drink the lemonade," suggested Barry.

"It's lucky he didn't see that, or it would have gone too. He's an old Boer!"

They drank the lemonade out of the bottles, and swore confusion to MacFinn. But they were very sad at heart, nevertheless, and Barry had to drop a tear at last. They walked disconsolately over the playing fields, with their hearts burning with anger, and magnificent projects for revenge on their lips. They had read Indian stories, and wondered if they could apply them. MacFinn would have ended his career in torments if the three desperadoes could have had their way at that moment.

A suggestion was made that they should inform Leonard, captain of the school; but they at once decided not to sneak, and determined on a lovely revenge in due season.

MacFinn went in joy and haste to his study. He called his friends Tinklar and Leach together, and they had an extensive feast.

The following day, MacFinn told Barry to fetch the hamper from his study, and Barry went with hope. He found a third of a cake, much broken, some chocolates scattered loosely in the hamper, and nearly half-a-bottle of sweets. The three friends disposed of these fragments, and swore more vengeance on the empty biscuit-tins. But the conspirators could not fix on a plot.

"At any rate," said Garterre, the next day, when they were still full of indignation towards MacFinn, "we had better keep mum. Let's say nothing about it—play the slim game. We'll just sham we've forgotten his rottenness, and lull him."

For almost a week Barry and his friends tried in their spare moments to devise some means of getting even with MacFinn. They did forget their grievance during cricket, and frequently during lessons. But the box room, with its empty hamper, was full of mute reproaches.

Garterre ran to Barry and Blacky, as they were coming from the bath.

"Got him!" he said.

"Who?"

"The MacDoodle!"

"How? Come to the Elm; we can be quieter."

They went under the spreading tree, and Garterre unfolded his plan, while the other two listened with satisfied longings.

They laughed till they shrieked again.

"Won't he be wild when he finds it out?" cried Barry.

"And he daren't do anything. If he does, we'll split."

"*Insidiae lupo*—snares for the wolf. Oh! they'll spoil your teeth," said Blacky in delight, with a superfluous accent.

Barry was in ecstasy.

"The MacFinn in a fit! Let's sing 'Rule Britannia,' 'Hold the Fort,' and 'Gaudeamus' all in one. We shall laugh till the end of term."

They rehearsed the act on the chosen ground, and lived on the tremor of a glorious excitement till the next day.

MacFinn had to be tempted to the box-room, to fall into the pit.

At the appointed time, Blacky and Barry, fielding for MacFinn, bolted ostentatiously to the box-room the moment he had finished batting.

MacFinn observed the manœuvre, and holloed. The two innocents were deaf to his appeals. So, after taking off his pads, MacFinn walked to the box-room.

Garterre, standing outside and out of sight, chirruped.

As MacFinn entered, Barry and Blacky looked guilty, and attempted to hide the remnants of a tart with only ill-success.

"Ho!" said MacFinn, as he saw the crumbs. "So there's another hamper, is there? Ah! that's why ye can't play cricket. Na! Na! We'll have to put a muzzle on your mouths. Moreover, we'll lead ye away from temptation. Hand over the spoil."

"Please, MacFinn, we thought you had finished batting—" began Barry.

"The spoil," interrupted MacFinn.

"We haven't got any, MacFinn," said Blacky, brushing away a crumb somewhat pointedly.

MacFinn took hold of Blacky by the arm, and screwed it till a groan was uttered, and Barry attracted the attention of the bully by adding:—

"No, MacFinn, we haven't any left, really, except—but no, we haven't any; there's no except."

MacFinn turned to Barry.

"If the two of you don't turn out all the tuck you have in the place at once, I'll pump-handle an' then roast you."

Barry looked at Blacky, and Blacky looked at Barry. The game was going on beautifully.

"We haven't any left, really, MacFinn, except this," said Barry; "and that isn't ours at all—it's Garter's."

"Garter's!" said MacFinn, with scorn. "What's his is yours, and what's yours is his. I

fancy you've been eating Garter's, if the truth were known. Where is it?"

Barry, looking very like a martyr, walked slowly to a box and opened it.

"Of course, I've only shown them because it's you, MacFinn."

"Of course," was the reply, in irony. "Tarts—let me see if they would be bad for your stomachs." He took one, and finished it speedily. "One isn't enough," he said, and took another.

Blacky was trying to keep his face straight, and Barry was gazing through the window.

"I'm no sure," continued MacFinn. "I think I'll convince myself," and a third tart disappeared. "I'm sure they'll disagree with you

abominably; you'll no be able to work or fag with them," and he reached for the last tart.

Garterre appeared at that moment. If the truth be confessed, it was the psychological moment, and Garterre had been waiting for it.

MacFinn was standing before Garterre's box, and held the tart in his hand. He evidently saw humour in the situation, for he balanced the fourth tart neatly, and spoke kindly to the newcomer.

"Well, Garterre, have you had a good game?"

"Yes, thanks, MacFinn," replied Garterre, with a great chuckle, hidden very deeply.

"An' now I suppose you're goin' to have some tuck?"

"Is somebody giving it away?"

"Ye're sly! Where's your little lot?"

"I haven't got any—wish I had!"

MacFinn was hurt by the seeming duplicity.



BALANCED THE FOURTH TART NEATLY.

"What!" he exclaimed, in upbraiding.

"Well," replied Garterre, while Blackmore and Barry were struggling desperately to repress their feelings. "I have had some, of course."

"Have had!" repeated MacFinn. "You have none left, I suppose? You're bereft o' your cakes?"

"Bereft! What's that, MacFinn?" asked Blacky, with assumed solemnity. MacFinn

took him by the arm and twisted. Blacky howled. "That's bereft," said the big boy. "Ye're bereft o' your cheek now."

Garterre interrupted.

"MacFinn, do rats ever get into your box?"

"Rats!"—this was repeated with humour, accompanied with a laugh that was taken up with a strong suspicion of boisterousness by Blackmore and Barry.

"They do into mine," said Garterre. "The beastly things are always nibbling my cakes and that."

MacFinn, being dubious of the remark—probably on account of his conscience—hesitated whether to take it seriously or as a hint. He decided to raise the conversation to a more unambiguous level.

"Have ye ever seen the rats?"

"I've never caught them flagrantly, as old Shaver says, but they are rats, I'm sure."

MacFinn was still uncomfortable. He cast a glance at Barry and Blackmore to see if he could gleam an index to the situation from them. He was probably baffled, for he fished with this: "How do you know they're rats?"

"Dunno," said Garterre, "I 'spect they are, because mice wouldn't make so many crumbs."

Blacky and Barry laughed outright, but MacFinn still felt uncertain, and did not wish to make a false move. He was obviously ill at ease, for he essayed a high note and said, ostentatiously holding out the tart in his fingers, "Do y u like these?"

"Could eat a million!"

"Would you like this?"

"You're awfully kind, MacFinn," said Garterre, playing his *rôle* with touching innocence, and looking as though the one thing he desired before all others on earth was the tart in MacFinn's hand.

But the Scotch boy was *fin*. "It 'ud mak you ill," he said, and popped it in his own mouth.

Barry and Blacky almost choked with laughter, and MacFinn thought they were amused at *his* joke; which was a bad deduction.

"I have some tarts like those," said Garterre.

"Now you've broken the commandments. You declared just now that you had no tuck whatever," and MacFinn assumed a correcting attitude.

"But I'm not going to eat them myself, MacFinn," said Garterre.

The big boy was once more tickled in fancy.

"Ah! that's geenerosity! Garters, you'll have quite a respectable funeral oration when you die. Some Demosthenes will say nice things about ye—an' yere fondness for tarts."

"Not for those," said Garterre, with splendid assurance; "they're for the rats."

This recurring phrase annoyed MacFinn. Garterre continued:—

"A chap told me the best thing for rats was arsenic, or something like it—the stuff you get out of fly-papers, you know. So the rats are going to have a cayenney time."

MacFinn listened in fear and trembling, for a dreadful suspicion was taking possession of him.

Garterre continued:—

"It's a rotten kind of death, I believe—awfully rotten. There's so much pain, you know. It takes two or three hours to kill, and they say the legs of the rats, and their backs, are doubled up all ways, like a bicycle accident. It sounds Chinese-like, and beastly horrid, but you can't have an afternoon-tea sort of poison for rats. Just look at the tarts in my box, and I'll show you the lovely stuff mixed up in the jam. But don't put your fingers on the poison, because that's almost enough to give you the collywobbles."

MacFinn was white.

"Is that true, Garters?" he mumbled, with his hand resting on his waistcoat.

"You can read it in a book in the library—it's a beastly caddish poison."

MacFinn groaned.

"Oh, Garterre! I'm poisoned then! I took those tarts. What shall I do?" he cried out in great agony, beginning to feel pains already.

"MacFinn!" cried Garterre, in anguish; and he rushed to his box to receive dreadful corroboration.

"Poison!" ejaculated Blacky and Barry in a breath.

"Oh! what shall I do?" groaned the victim. "I can feel something working inside me now."

"Poison!—and so painful, too!" said Garterre, in a voice filled with emotion. "Do you feel hot in the mouth?"

"Yes—a bit," replied MacFinn. "Hadn't you better tell the Head? No! no! Oh! do something—I can feel the pain coming on." And he began to execute manœuvres unknown to the drill-sergeant.

"Salt and water is a good thing when you're taken poison," said Barry.

"Get some," said Garterre, anxiously.

MacFinn was now groaning horribly.

"I can feel the pain getting bad," he said.

"Lie down, MacFinn," said Garterre, in deep sympathy. "Let me undo your collar. You aren't feeling faint, are you? Fetch a bucket of water, Blacky."

Barry returned with a quantity of Epsom salts and a mustard-pot—somehow those things were handy.

"Be quick! Be quick!" said MacFinn in moans.

So they mixed a liberal dose of Epsom salts. "Put mustard in too?" asked Barry.

Garterre nodded.

"Drink!" he said to MacFinn, who recked little of the composition of the cure—till he had swallowed it.

His distress grew terrible as the mustard did its work. He began to look very ill, and Barry and Blackmoor almost feared for the worst. But Garterre was optimistic.

"You're getting better, MacFinn," he said, comfortingly. "It can't kill you *now*. You may have a few knifey digs that will make you curl up; but that won't *kill* you."

MacFinn still groaned.

"I feel beastly bad," he said. "I—I didn't mean to take your tuck, Garters—really—"

"Such a rotten mistake, wasn't it!" replied that bright boy. "Look here! Let's stop those 'agony columns' for you. If we tie your arms so that you can't move them, the

knife business doesn't hurt you half as much. I read that a chap who was held, and had water just

put on his face, was cured of some beastly torture. It can't do any harm, can it?"

Under the circumstances MacFinn would have submitted to anything. He not only had the fear of death before his eyes, but also the disgrace of his end. Poisoned through stealing another boy's tarts! What would the school say?—the Head?—the Prefects?—the Sixth? He shuddered, and submitted.

He was tied very securely, with one scarf round his wrists in front, and another round his elbows at the back. Then they gently laid him on the floor.

"You'll be better after this, MacFinn," said Garterre, in his deep sympathy. "I'm sure that the danger's over, only it's better to stop the torture."

MacFinn being prostrate, bound, and fearful, merely groaned. But he lost his breath for a moment when Garterre dashed a can of water in his face. "Oh-h-h!" he gasped.

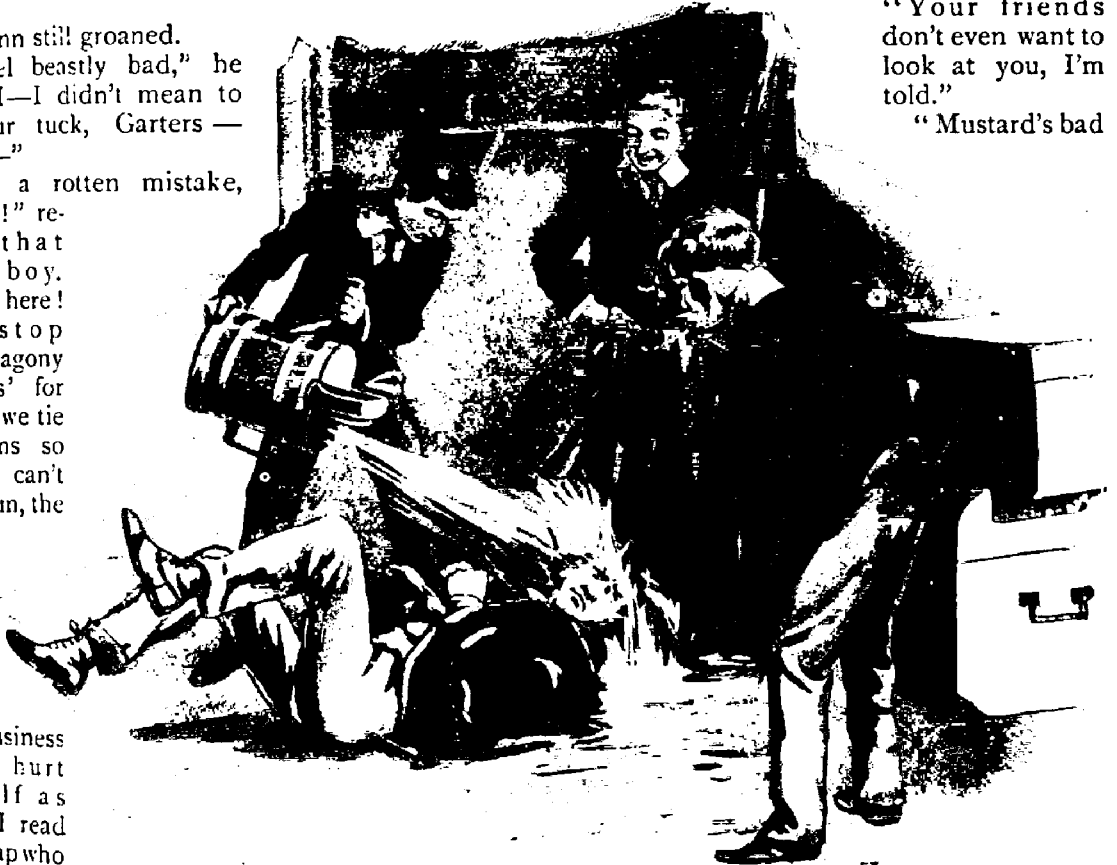
"You'll be better now," said Garterre, and he nodded genially to Blacky and Barry.

"I'm glad MacFinn won't die," said Barry, loudly.

"Poison does make a mess of you, doesn't it?" said Blacky.

"Your friends don't even want to look at you, I'm told."

"Mustard's bad



GARTERRE DASHED A CAN OF WATER IN HIS FACE.

enough, *savez-vous*," said Garterre, with significance.

"Doesn't this teach us that we shouldn't take other people's tarts?" said Barry, in the tone of a preacher.

"It's a terrible warning, an' tarrts are so beeleous too," said Garterre, with such audacity that both Barry and Blacky shrieked with laughter.

"You were a very foolish virgin, MacFinn." And the three friends danced with delight round the prostrate youth.

"Bereft! I'd forgotten bereft," suddenly

said Garterre, as though he had found a jewel of great price, and meant to make the most of it. "In bereaving me of strawberry tarts, you nearly bereft yourself, MacFinn. That was courageous . . . Oh, my jaw! How do you manage your worrds—eh, poisoned one?"

The comic tyrants were revelling in glee.

MacFinn was recovering amazingly under this stream of gentle irony. But the mustard had certainly upset him.

"To think that we blamed the rats!" said Barry.

"I shouldn't think MacFinn was so very like a rat when he's dry. Of course, now—" and Blacky accompanied his remark with an appropriate gesture.

"You are cads," said MacFinn at length. "It's a beastly shame to make fun of a chap who's been nearly dead."

"You've broken the commandments," said Garterre, "an' ye'll have no respectable funeral oration when you die."

"You wretched sneaks! You wouldn't dare to do this if I were not fast and ill," said MacFinn. "Untie me!"

"Shall we wash his face again?" suggested Garterre, who was rejoicing in his *rôle*.

"If you do—" began MacFinn.

"Well?"—this very suggestively.

"You are cads! You won't dare!"

"You're getting better, Mac! But, for one who has been very nearly dead, you are very 'full of rowdiness,' as Shaver says. Suppose we call the Sixth to see you—in this new kind of picture frame. What do you say to that?"

"You would be cads to do that! Don't be so beastly! Untie me!"

"You're abowminable!" said Garterre. "Blacky, fetch water!"

Blacky responded with alacrity.

"Now for your catechism, MacFinn. Wash him first, Blacky."

Blacky threw a handful of water in the face of MacFinn, who gasped and breathed threatenings of slaughter.

But Garterre, as grand inquisitor, was a great success.

"MacFinn, of the Sixth, you are convicted of having most criminally and abowminably bereft me to-day of three strawberry tarts. For that offence you have been obliged to swallow mustard and water, and wallow in the mire. It is only our goodness and loving kindness to you that prevents us from exposing you in your present picture of unloveliness to the rest of the school. But we have agreed to spare you if you will answer some questions politely and nicely, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you understand, Mr. Cronje,

this is an unconditional surrender? Question No. 1: 'Shall you take any more tarts from Barry, Blacky, or myself, unless we offer them to you?'"

"You cad! Untie me!" said MacFinn in reply, feeling very deeply the hopelessness of his position and the audacity of his tormentors.

"Bring forth the River Thames, Blacky."

Again MacFinn gasped and was wet.

"I'll give you beans for this."

"He'll give us beans! Ho, there! The prisoner in the dock says he'll give us beans. Thou art insolent, sirrah! What ho, guard! without there! Constable Barry, call the Sixth Form!"

Barry stood erect, wheeled in military fashion, and was going on his errand, when MacFinn said hurriedly: "Don't call the Sixth! Don't be cads! Of course I won't take your tuck."

"That's better," said Garterre. "Now, there must be no ill feeling between us, you understand, MacFinn?"

"Yes." It was clearly the voice of humiliation.

"You won't try to hit any of us?"

"Loose these things."

"Promise, or——"

"All right! I don't want to touch you—you little beasts!"

"Oh! He must be polite," said Barry. "Let's make him call us 'mister'!"

"Oh, chuck this fooling! I won't touch one of you. I don't want to hurt you. Untie me and let me go, before some of the other chaps come."

Garterre, Barry, and Blacky looked at each other, and decided to release their victim.

"I say," said MacFinn, when he was free, "was that really poison? Do you think I'm all right now? There's no danger?"

"You're all right now," said Garterre. "I don't think you need be afraid, except on account of the mustard."

"You little cads!" and MacFinn rushed at Garterre as if to hit him.

"We'll split if you do," cried the three in a breath. "We'll tell all the school about it—how we put some tooth-powder in the tarts—and describe your struggles, if you bully," said Garterre.

So MacFinn, looking white and angry, gave one nasty look at the dauntless three, and went away feeling very much humiliated.

And Garterre, Barry, and Blackmoor danced the dance of exultation once more, and it is reported, when MacFinn threatened to "slump" one of them the following day, the audacious boy merely answered:—

"RATS!"

# THE STAMP COLLECTOR

CONDUCTED BY E. J. NANKIVELL

R.P.G.

## GAMBIA.

**W**HAT we stamp collectors call Gambia is more correctly known as "The Gambia," for it is the great waterway, and not the adjacent territory, that is the valued possession of British enterprise. It is to guard this possession that we have annexed the islands in the estuary, and the banks of the river for some six miles inland on each side for a stretch of 250 miles from the sea to the trading port of Yarbuthandi, not far short of the Barraconda Falls, which mark the limit of navigation.

Bathurst, the capital, is situated on the island of St. Mary, a sand-bank three and a half miles long and one and a half miles wide. The settlements in the estuary have an area of only sixty-nine square miles, but the extension of territory along the banks of the river increase the area of the little colony to about 2,700 square miles, and the population to about 50,000. The capital has a population of 6,000, but Europeans are almost conspicuous by their absence.

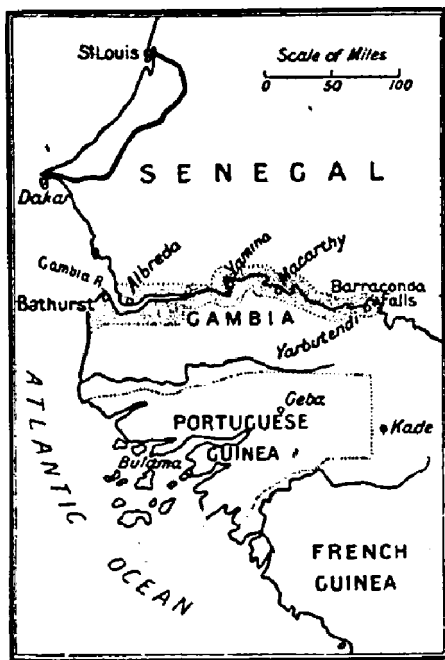
The history of the colony dates back to 1816, when some British traders, driven out of Senegal by the French, established themselves on St. Mary's Island. Since then the

colony has been variously administered, some times as part of one group, and then of another. But it has practically had its own local government since 1843, and from 1888 it has been administered as a separate Crown Colony.

The colony is surrounded by French territory, and there have been rumours that it was to be given up to France for some *quid pro quo* elsewhere; but it is very unlikely that this country will ever abandon its key to one of the three great waterways of West Africa.

From the stamp collector's point of view, Gambia is a most tempting little country. Its issues are confined to five simple series, and all but the last are of the self-same beautiful, unaltered design. There are no complications, no puzzling varieties, and only one perforation throughout, from start to finish. Wealthy specialists collect the embossed series in complete sheets, for the sheets consist only of fifteen stamps each, arranged in three horizontal rows of five. There are no

priceless rarities to bar the way, and most of the issues may be said to be within reach of the collector of moderate means, whilst the young collector can get a very fair sprinkling of the later issues in an unused condition for a few shillings.



MAP OF GAMBIA.

Unfortunately, they are not to be had much cheaper used, for used copies are scarce. The first two issues are gradually rising in price. Indeed, the solid popularity of the country is evidenced by the fact that its stamps are amongst the very few that have not suffered from the severe reductions which had to be made in 1897-9 from the inflated prices of 1896-7. Here, for instance, are the figures for unused copies from 1896 to 1902:—

1869.—NO WATERMARK. IMPERF.

	1896.	1897.	1899.	1900.	1902.
4d. brown...	15s.	20s.	24s.	24s.	32s.
6d. blue ...	15s.	40s.	40s.	40s.	40s.

1874.—CROWN C.C.

	1896.	1897.	1899.	1900.	1902.
4d. brown...	15s.	35s.	35s.	35s.	50s.
6d. blue ...	25s.	20s.	22s.	25s.	30s.

The first design, or the "embossed series," as it is generally called, is one of the prettiest, if not even the prettiest, in the whole range of postal labels. The deeply embossed head of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, in sharp, pure white profile on a ground of solid colour, belongs to the period of very limited printings. Such exquisite medallions would be far too costly, and involve too slow a process, for the long numbers now required to satisfy the demand for current stamps. The early printings, it is true, have advanced in price, but the 1886-7 printings from the same plates are to be had at three times face, and are likely to remain at those rates for some time, because dealers bought up the stock of remainders on hand in the colony in 1898, when the current surface printed series displaced the embossed stamps. When those dealers' stocks are exhausted the little medallions will be treasures worth having.

**1869.**—Embossed head. No watermark and imperforate. Two values only, each in two recognised shades of pale and dark. Really fine mint copies are rarely to be had. In most cases the embossing is flattened or the gum is missing.

NO WATERMARK. IMPERF.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
4d. brown ...	32 0	35 0
6d. blue ...	40 0	35 0

**1874.**—Same design, with paper marked Crown C.C. Also the same colours and values, and still imperforate.

CROWN C.C. IMPERF.

	Unused.	Used.		Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
4d. brown ...	50 0	—	6d. blue ...	30 0	30 0

**1880.**—Same design, same watermark of

water Crown C.C., but perforated, and several new values added.

WATERMARK CROWN C.C. PERF. 14

	Unused.	Used.		Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
½d. orange ...	0 6	—	4d. brown ...	35 0	6 0
1d. marone...	1 0	2 0	6d. blue ...	26 0	15 0
2d. rose ...	10 0	5 0	1s. green ...	60 0	50 0
3d. ultramarine	3 6	4 0			



GAMBIA, 1869.

**1886-7.**—Same design, but with the watermark changed to Crown C.A., perforated 14 as before. Some of the colours changed, the ½d. from orange to green, the 1d. from marone to crimson, the 2d. from rose to yellow, the 3d. from ultramarine to grey, the 6d. from blue to olive green, and the 1s. from green to a rich violet. A 2½d. value was added to provide for the new postal union

rate of postage.

WATERMARK CROWN C.A. PERF. 14.

	Unused.	Used.		Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
½d. green ...	0 2	0 3	3d. grey ...	0 9	—
1d. crimson ...	0 5	0 3	4d. brown ...	1 3	—
2d. orange ...	0 6	—	6d. olive green	1 6	—
2½d. ultramarine	0 8	0 5	1s. violet ...	2 6	—

**1898.**—In this year the embossed stamps were displaced by the ordinary De la Rue Colonial bi-coloured type, familiar to collectors of Seychelles, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, etc. The perforation and watermark are the same as before. The sheets, instead of being convenient little pictures of fifteen stamps, are now made up of four panes of sixty stamps to the pane. Still, despite the enlarged sheets, many specialists collect the panes. It is a sumptuous method of collecting, in which even old boys can rarely indulge. There is, however, a modified form of bloating to which I confess I am very partial, and that is in top strips of six stamps across the pane, taking in the top margin with the control number. Old boys who can afford it will find sets of new issues of a favourite country in strips of six stamps make a gorgeous page, but the younger generation with limited pocket money should not be tempted into such an extravagance.



GAMBIA, 1898.

WATERMARK CROWN C.A. PERF. 14.

Name and value in second colour.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. green ...	0 1	—
1d. carmine ...	0 2	0 2
2d. orange and mauve	0 3	—
2½d. ultramarine ...	0 4	—
3d. mauve and ultramarine	0 5	—
4d. brown and ultramarine	0 6	—
6d. green and carmine	0 8	—
1s. violet and green	1 4	—



One word of advice as to the preservation of the embossed series. The young collector cannot be expected to go in for costly albums with sunk mounts, in which to protect the delicate embossing from the flattening which takes place when these stamps are kept in an ordinary album, but he may, by using the simple and cheap little albums we recommended in the May (1901) number of *THE CAPTAIN*, keep them fairly well protected if he will be careful not to let any heavy weights rest upon them.

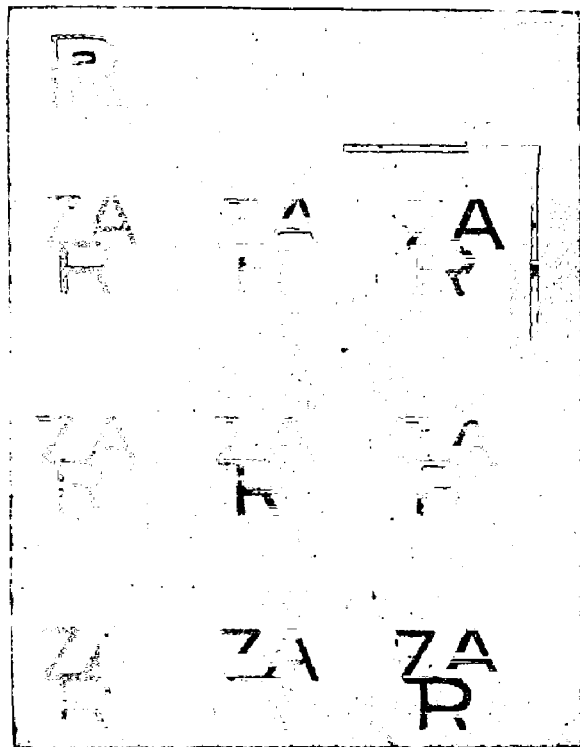
Old boys who can afford it should get for this country Stanley Gibbons' sunk mount album, in which the embossing will be quite safe from flattening. The beauty of a collection of Gambia will always lie in the condition of its delicately embossed stamps, and as the general collector, and even some wealthy specialists, do not seem to realise this, the young collector who has taken a little extra care of his stamps will find some day that the scarcity of mint unflattened Gambias will add very materially to the value of his possessions.

#### A BOER POSTAL RELIC.

Just before the war broke out in South Africa the Boer Government had decided in future to print its own stamps instead of having them printed in Holland. Designs for the new stamps were approved and engraved by a local engraver in Pretoria. One of the two designs contained a portrait of President Kruger, intended, some say, to "stagger humanity." The paper, watermarked "Z.A.R.," i.e., "Zuid Afrikaansche Republiek," was ordered in this country, was made and sent out. A scrap of this identical paper has just fallen into my hands, and I have had the watermarks photographed as a curiosity for the readers of *THE CAPTAIN*.

#### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

We have a few more novelties this month than for some time past. The most notable is the fine new portrait series issued by Bulgaria. Of our forthcoming King's head stamps it is now stated that the printing of the  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 1d. values has commenced. The  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. is in a sage green. The 1d. is similar in design to the  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and is being printed in a deep carmine on white paper, not on coloured paper as was expected. The similarity of design in the first two values



BOER POSTAL RELIC.

is thought by some folks to indicate a series of one design.

**BAHAMAS.**—Here is an illustration of the new 1d. stamp chronicled last month. The scene depicted is in the vicinity of Nassau, the capital of New Providence, the chief of the Bahama Islands. It is a great passageway, cut through the solid coral rock. The cut is about an eighth of a mile long, 40ft. wide, and about 70ft. in depth; at the end is what is called the Queen's Staircase (cut in the rock), which leads to Fort Fincastle, built about 150 years ago, on high land just above the stairway.



BULGARIA.

**BULGARIA.**—We have received the promised new set, with portrait of King Ferdinand. As our illustration shows, the portrait is an effective one, and the design (which is the same throughout the series) a pleasing one.

The figures of value in the upper corners are uniformly in black ink, and are evidently separately printed from ordinary type, for the impression shows distinctly at the back of the stamp. All the values are bi-coloured, or rather, if we include the separately printed



BAHAMAS.

corner figures, tri-coloured. The values and colours are as follows, perf. 12½:—

1st. purple, portrait oval,	dark green.
2st. green, „	dark blue.
3st. orange, „	slate.
5st. green, „	sepia.
10st. carmine, „	sepia.
15st. crimson lake, „	dark green.
25st. blue, „	slate.
50st. bistre, „	slate.
50st. blue, „	sepia.
1l. pale red, „	dark green.
2l. carmine, „	grey black.
3l. grey and mauve „	„

CHILI.—A 50c. value has been added to the current series. It is of a red-brown colour. To bring the series up to date we reproduce the illustration of the type, and add a complete list of the values already issued

- 1 centavo, green
- 2 centavos, red.
- 5 centavos, blue.
- 10 centavos, mauve.
- 30 centavos, orange.
- 50 centavos, brown-red.



CHILI.

HOLLAND.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the 3c. of the current series changed from orange to olive green.



JAMAICA.

JAMAICA.—Mr. J. W. Jones sends me the 1d. red pictorial stamp with a view of Llandoverly Falls, which has been printed in two

colours, the Falls in greenish black and the frame in lake.

MAURITIUS.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the 1c. of the current Arms type in black, and a 4c. in purple on yellow paper with value in carmine.

WATERMARK CR. C.A.  
PERF. 14.

- 1c. black.
- 4c. purple on yellow paper, value in carmine.



MAURITIUS.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—We are indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. for a copy of the much-talked-of 4c. value with portrait of the Duchess of Cornwall, in celebration of the recent royal visit to that part of the world. It has been designed, engraved, and printed in a rich violet by the American Bank Note Co.



NEWFOUNDLAND.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. A. D.—In the whole plate the stamps should be worth double catalogue prices, but dealers in English plates generally make them up for themselves, and do not buy them made up. H. G. Uglow.—Yes, perforations frequently make a difference in value of stamps. The issue of a stamp is told in various ways, sometimes by design, sometimes by watermark, etc. Plate numbers are small numbers incorporated in the design. In the red penny English they are in the scroll work on each side of the head. Letters in corners are of no account except in plating a sheet. Forgeries are told by faults in the endeavour to imitate the original, mostly in the design, but sometimes by the absence of the watermarks, difference of paper, or perforation. Natal.—Thank you very much for specimens of the new ½d. E.R.I. Transvaal. I have seen a large collection of Pietersburgs. They are interesting if a genuine issue. Gibbons' monthly journal for September contained their full history. C. H.—Of Transvaal and Orange River Colony V.R.I. stamps, it is impossible to say yet whether used will be rarer than unused. Up to now the supply has consisted almost entirely of unused. Stanley Gibbons publish a colour chart, which they call a colour dictionary, at 2s. 6d. Gibraltar, 1 peseta. 1889, used, is catalogued at 3s. 6d. It is a rising stamp. H. L. Levy.—Your black Finland is simply a mourning label, issued by the opponents to Russian control, and not a postage stamp. Value nil, except as an historical curiosity. A. H. G. S.—Your New South Wales 8d., "square shape," watermark 8, is catalogued 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. Stampist.—English 1d. red is catalogued at 1d., used. Stamps overprinted "specimen" are worth little. W. H. I. (Plymouth).—Plate numbers of ½d., English have bottoms of figures towards the circle. Ivory heads show up at the back of the stamp. Fine copies are worth several times the value of an ordinary copy. R. H. C.—Catalogue value of large size India 2r. used is 9d.; 3r., 1s.; and 5r., 1s. 9d. Gwalior's: 3p., 3d.; 1d.; 1s., 2d.; 1s. 6p., 3d.; 3s., 5d.; 4s., 2s. Without Gwalior: ½a., 1d.; 1a., 2d.



# THE WOOING OF JUNGLY

BY  
E. COCKBURN  
REYNOLDS

ILLUSTRATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.

"SEE, sahib, the muggers lay their eggs above high-water mark this year. There will be a great flooding of the river before the time of hatching. It was even so these ten years gone, when the great flood came and swept away many villages, and men and cattle past all counting. In those days, sahib, I was but a youth of nineteen summers, a jungle child, knowing naught of the world. Yet the memory of that time is sweet in the mouth—sweet as sugar-cane juice. For, protector of the poor, I, who am a lone man, had a mate in those days, a mate I fought a village to obtain, and saved from the raging Gunga in flood time.

"The sahib would hear the story of that courting? The sahib has a great heart, else what should he care for the joys and sorrows of his slave, who is only a black man?

"It fell that on a day I was standing on the banks of the Gunga, and there I noticed the muggers laid their eggs a full 10ft. above the highest water mark, which I had found meant a flood, and a great one this time it was going to be. Across the river lay the village of Chunnia, but 5ft. above high-water mark, on a tail of land which would be utterly washed away in such a flood. Therefore it arose in my mind that I would warn the head-man of the village about this matter, though by choice I scarce went near a village, being a man of the woods from my birth. The river was shrunk

to a stream of some hundred cubits. This I swam, and with dripping limbs and hair I came to the villagers telling them of their danger, and the flood that was to come, but I told them not how I came by this knowledge. Me they took, wet and dripping, to their village temple, where their offerings for good rains and harvest were piled before the fat priest of Vishnoo.

"Ho! priest of Vishnoo! Here comes one who says the village will be swept away within a month,



"WITH DRIPPING LIMBS AND HAIR I CAME TO THE VILLAGERS."

and our lands flooded. What sayest thou to it? Thou hast taken our money, and promised us good and prosperous times,' cried the angry crowd.

"The fat priest's yellow skin put on a grey shine about the temples and cheeks when he saw how angry were the villagers, and also because he feared some priest or astrologer of the city had made the prophecy, but when he saw me in their midst he was reassured, and laughed.

"Where did ye catch this wild beast? Did someone say it could speak?"

"Cease thy jesting," spoke the headman, in great wrath. 'He is no more wild than thyself, and there is more truth in his face than was ever uttered by thy tongue, thou father of liars.'

"These are evil times, indeed," whined the priest, shrinking from the anger of the headman and addressing the people, 'when the word of a priest does not count in the balance against the jabbering of an ape.'

"Then apes know things which are beyond the knowledge of the priests," answered the headman. 'Remember ye not, O my brothers, how the engineer sahib who came this way three years ago told us that the river was undercutting the bank, and that the village would be no safe place in a heavy flood, and the council would have decided we should remove to the village on the ghat, only for the cunning talk of this priest, who would lose his fat living thereby. And week by week, and month by month, he takes our offerings of money and food, and gives promises of prosperity to come, when he knows of the danger that hangs over our heads.'

"I said naught against the man of science," answered the priest, glad to draw the villagers into a discussion in which he was sure to win, 'for the knowledge of the white race is great in such matters; but I am minded that he spoke of a danger far distant, whereas this man speaks of sudden destruction. Now, see-

ing that he is wholly unlettered, his words must be a prophecy.'

"The people made a sound of assent.

"But who among men can prophesy unless he be instructed by God or the devil?" asked the priest.

"True, oh priest!" cried the villagers. 'There are none.'

"Then it behoves us to find out whence this man received this knowledge. If it is from above, then we will desert the village as a thing accursed, but if we find it is from the evil one, then we must treat him as such are treated, and let him perish amid such torments as we can devise.'

"The priest is right," cried several voices, and even the headman had naught to say against the proposal.

"Then they asked me the question, and I, understanding nothing of the guile of priests, and the madness of the people in religious matters, told them how I came to know these things.

"Said I not so," screamed the fat priest, with joy. 'He received the knowledge from the beasts of the river. Can a man talk with reptiles and serpents unless he have dealings with their master, the archdemon? No! Then I declare his prophecy is false, and as by his own showing he knoweth witchcraft, let him be destroyed as ye know how to destroy such.'

"Then the mob seemed to have gone mad, and howled like jackals. They surrounded me, and, seizing me on all sides, yelled, 'To the burning ghat with him!' and while some went for rope to bind me, and others to bring firewood, I made no resistance for a space.

"For, sahib, while the discussion was going on I had seen a sight which was to me the most wondrous in the world. Hearing the disturbance, many women had left their work and come running to join the crowd. Amongst them came a maiden from the priest's quarters, who, I could see, was the Brahmin's daughter. Never had I seen a being so fair; she seemed a



"NEVER HAD I SEEN A BEING SO FAIR."

dream maiden that had forgotten to vanish with the night. Of what avail to describe her? Many words could not tell how beautiful she was. Yet more wonderful than her wondrous beauty was the strange memory that came to me at the sight of her, for there seemed to awake in me a dim recollection of a time, years and years ago, when I knew and loved that face. And I, a lad of nineteen, felt like a very old man trying to recollect what had passed scores and scores of years ago, and presently, as I struggled to recollect, the dark fog of forgetfulness was rent for a moment, and I saw a bright picture through the mist, a picture of a man and a woman living happily in a forest home. The man was myself, and the woman the maid before me.

"Then I knew I had found her who was to be my wife. 'Twas but for an instant that picture lived, and the fog of forgetfulness closed again. And I looked into the eyes of the maiden and I spoke in my heart these words, 'Dost thou remember?' And in the dark eyes of the maid came the answer, 'I also remember.' And a great joy came to me, so that I forgot where I was, and scarce knew what the crowd meant by shouting, 'To the burning ghat! To the burning ghat!'

"Then I began to understand they were about to burn me for dealings with the evil one, and with that thought I awoke like a man from a dream.

"They bound my arms with a cord, and brought me near a pile of faggots, on which they poured oil to make it burn the better. The mob danced round me yelling like furies, the women more frenzied than the men. My love alone stood aloof, looking on with sorrowful eyes.

"In those days, sahib, I was strong; my muscles were as springs of steel, and my strength was as the strength of a jungle bull. With a blow of my fist I had broken the skull of a black panther, and there were no two men who could have overcome me in a fair fight. But against fifty what can a man do, however strong? Yet the eyes of my love were upon me, and I desired greatly to show her I was a man worthy of her love. So I quickly cast about in my mind how I should escape. We were on one of the piers of the burning ghat, which was some 20ft. above the water. Could I but break my bonds, burst through the crowd, and dive into the river! None could catch me once I was in the water.

"Putting all my strength into my arms I strained against the rope just as they were making ready to put me on the pile, and to my joy the grass ropes gave—first one, then the

other—yet they hung about my chest and arms, and none perceived in the excitement I was free.

"Putting down my head I charged the crowd between me and the river, and with a sudden rush I bore down five men; then with blows I felled two others in my path. There were only some four or five between me and liberty, but these now saw how matters stood and came at me in a body. The first was a small man, and counted as nothing against me. Hip I took by the legs, and used as a club. I swung him round my head, skull crashed on skull, and I had felled a man with him; two only remained, and I felt I had nearly gained my liberty when an old hag ran at me, and, twining her bony fingers in my long hair, hung on to it, shrieking hideously, and before I could shake her off I was overpowered by numbers. I was soon on my back with a heavy man kneeling on my chest, while others held my limbs or ran to fetch cord to bind me with. Overhead the sun shone on the dancing leaves of a sacred peepul tree, and I saw two cobras playing on a withered branch above my head. How I longed they would fall among my enemies and put them to flight! The old hag came and stamped on my face with her foot, screaming curses. Wrenching an arm free I dragged off the soft white-metal anklet she was wearing, and, with a sudden movement, flung it at the branch overhead. It is hard to throw when one is on his back, but I was well practised in those days, and even now I never miss. The anklet struck the branch full, and at the shock the entwined snakes fell and hung like a necklace on the neck of the man upon me. Then the snakes turned in their anger and bit him, and he cried aloud with pain and terror. None having seen where the cobras came from, 'twas thought it was due to magic, and the crowd fled, screaming aloud that I was helped by the devil and produced snakes at will—all except the man who sat on me; he staggered a few paces and fell dead, for the snakes had bitten him repeatedly.

"I was now free, so I sprang up, and, seizing one of the cobras by the tail, I put my foot upon its back, pulling it through the hollow of the foot quickly till the head stuck—as the sahib has seen me catch snakes. Then I took it behind the head in my fingers, the snake coiling and uncoiling its tail about my arm. The people ran shrieking from me as I went. All but my love, who stood fearlessly where she was, and laughed to see me hold the snake like a plaything in my hand. Her I kissed upon the mouth, and, telling her to meet me at night-fall near the bamboo grove, I flung the snake

into the village temple, sprang into the river, and swam to the other shore.

"On that day, and for many days after, I swam the river at nightfall and met my love within the bamboo grove. Those pleasant days of courtship, sahib, will ever live in my memory, a joy and a torment together.

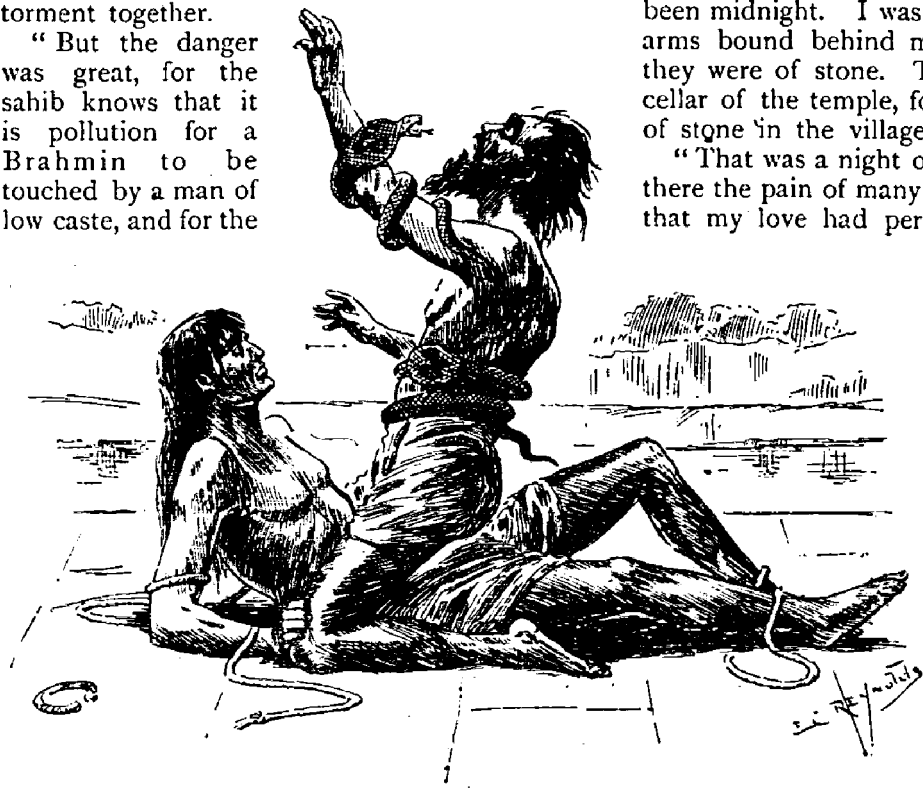
"But the danger was great, for the sahib knows that it is pollution for a Brahmin to be touched by a man of low caste, and for the

on that instant a net fell about me, such as they take deer in, and before I could escape, some ten jawans, all picked men and strong, came out from among the bamboos and fell upon me with their clubs; till I, helpless in the net, swooned under their heavy blows.

"When my senses came again it must have been midnight. I was in a dark room with my arms bound behind me. I felt the walls, and they were of stone. Thus I knew I was in a cellar of the temple, for it was the only house of stone in the village.

"That was a night of torment; not only was there the pain of many wounds, but the thought that my love had perhaps been killed by her evil father, or was suffering some inhuman torture of his devising, pained me like the clutch of iron fingers about my heart.

"Then, sahib, something happened that changed my thoughts for a space. A little tremble went through the walls and floor of the temple. After a time again the floor trembled under me like a horse as he scents a tiger in the jungle. Up near the roof was a gap in the wall—a breathing



"THEN THE SNAKES TURNED IN THEIR ANGER AND BIT HIM."

daughter of a Brahmin to have married me would have been a crime unspeakable. Had her father knowledge of our meetings he would have killed us both; therefore we had to observe much caution.

"Great was the love the woman bore me, for she would forsake caste and creed, friends and home, to live with me in the jungle. And because the flood was now due we planned a flight; thus she should leave the doomed village and the foolish people who took no heed of my warning. That day I saw signs that the flood would come between the setting of that sun and the next, and in the night, when I swam the stream, there was a whisper of the coming rush of waters in the voice of the river and in the quickening current.

"But the crafty priest had found out our secret. That night I went to the bamboo grove at the appointed hour, but she was not there. As I sat on a log waiting, something stirred amid the leaves of the mowah tree above. I raised my head to look upward, and

hole. Through it I heard a distant wailing, which changed to a loud roaring sound, and I could see in my mind's eye the huge wave of water, with its yellow crest of foam, a mile or more in length, rushing over the dry sand—Gunga's charger thundering down the river bed, racing for the sea. The temple shook to its foundations, as a bridge shakes on the passing of a heavy train. Then I thought of my great danger should the temple fall into the water, as I was sure it would do. I tried to break the cords that bound my arms, but this time they were of great strength, and held me fast. I stood up and walked round the walls till I came to a projecting corner; against this I rubbed the cord, and after much rubbing I cut the rope which bound me, and my limbs were free. But the door was locked on the outside, and I could not burst it open. In the distance I could hear a loud boom! boom! and I knew the banks were caving in as the great flood grew in strength. Then there were other sounds—the falling of village huts

alongside, and cries of drowning ones. Suddenly the walls of the temple rocked from side to side, like a man rocks on the back of an elephant, and with a great noise the outer wall rent and stood apart from top to bottom, and the waters, rushing in with great force, flattened me against the farther wall, and held me helpless there till the water could rise no farther. Then I made haste to swim through the rent, but found to my grief that I could not pass through the crevice. I swam round and round that small cell for a long time, the water climbing with the rising flood till it was only a foot from the ceiling, against which I sometimes struck my head as I swam, fearing that my last hour was now come. Then, without

"I looked back to see how the village had fared, but there was no sign of the place; even the trees had been uprooted and swept away. A fat man was struggling with the stream a short distance from me, one who could not swim, but his fat kept him afloat for a space. A drowning jackal tried to find a footing on his back, and pressed him under water, but the stream tore it away. The man, seeing me, cried for help, and then I knew him for the priest of Vishnood."

"'Let him perish,' thought I, but the agony in his face softened my heart, and I tried with all the force of my body to reach him. I was succeeding, and there was but some 6ft. left between us, when the long black locks of a



"THEREON I TOOK REFUGE WITH MY LOVE."

any noise, part of the outer wall sank away and I swam out into the flood; but I had not made many strokes when I heard a grinding and rending behind me, and the tall spire of the temple leant towards the river and fell in, and I swear to you, sahib, by the sacred Gunga, so great was the force of that fall that I was lifted up on the crest of a wave full 15ft. high, for the falling temple had almost struck me. After that I drifted with the stream, for to swim was hardly possible. The current drove me along with great force, and I came against many creatures, living and dead—wild animals and cattle, and now and then a man—for there was light to see, it being about two hours to sunrise.

woman's hair and the gleam of fair skin rose between me and the priest, and I knew I had found my love, spent and dying, in the raging waters. Her I took on my bosom, and, turning on my back, swam in that fashion down stream. I looked again at the priest, and the fear of death in his face was frightful to see. Knowing his last chance gone, he cursed me with vile curses, yet the flood hurried us on for a time side by side till a whirlpool took him and he spun like a top in those waters, until he was slowly drawn down into the nether current, and so disappeared from sight.

"Two hours was I fighting with the flood. Several headlands had I been swept by without being able to land, so great was the strength of

the river; yet it buoyed me up, for who could have swum in still water so long with a burden such as mine?

"At one time I felt I could swim no more and must sink, so wearied was I fighting with the waters, but then a great mango tree drifted by with its torn roots and wide-spreading branches; thereon I took refuge with my love, still unconscious, which rested me very greatly. Then we got into sluggish water, and again I essayed

to swim, and this time, being out of the current, I managed to reach the land.

"Thereafter followed many happy days, living in our jungle home. But, alas! great sir, that year of happiness passed like the shadow of a cloud in the desert. For Parmeshwar, who without doubt knows what is good for a man, took her; and as the smoke of the faggots rose into the skies above, my heart followed also."



## "CURIOUS CUSTOMS."

THESE are very strange people. They seem to feel neither heat nor cold. The men dress in great heavy blankets, winter and summer alike. Some of the more wealthy have beautiful beaded buckskin suits, which would cost a great

### "CUSTOMS AMONG THE RED INDIANS."

By Beatrice Payn Le Sueur.

deal of money if bought from them, and are only worn on great occasions. The squaws and girls wear clothes of the brightest hues and the strangest combinations—such as orange and purple, red and blue, yellow and bright green.

They have a very strange way of travelling about with all their possessions. An Indian is seldom seen going any distance without a train of cayuses, his squaw, a number of children, and several snarlish, wolf-like dogs. They make a very amusing picture, especially when several ride on one horse. I have seen as many as four children riding behind a great squaw, all on one horse. It looks very ridiculous, especially as they have such ugly piebald horses.

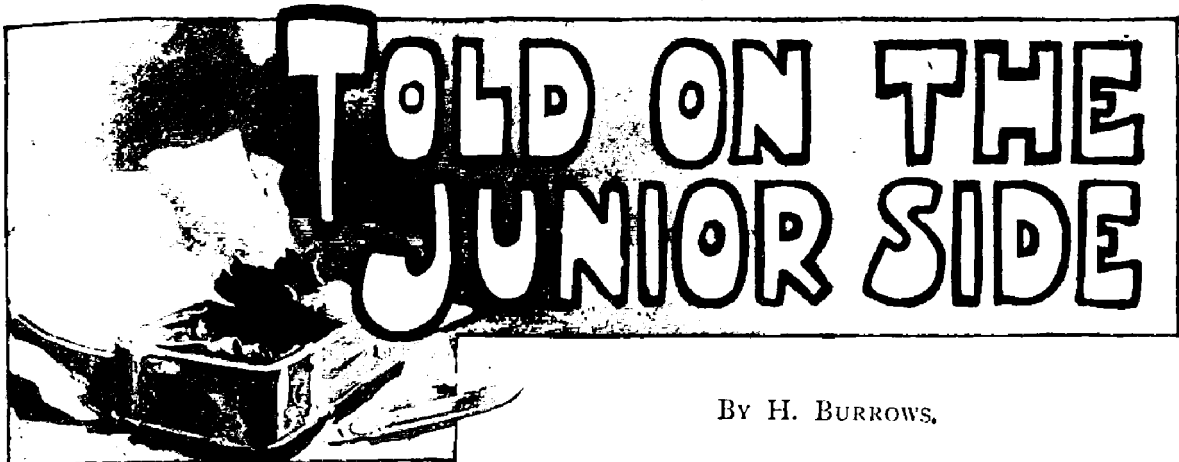
In summer they all live in tents, which look

very dirty and blackened with smoke. But in winter they live in log shanties. After "Treaty Day," in August, they leave their "reserve," and go hunting in the mountains. When they come back, about Christmas time, their horses are laden with furs and venison, which they trade off for blankets, provisions, and trinkets.

They are extremely lazy, and it is almost impossible to get them to do any kind of work. The women do all the work about the camp; chopping wood, carrying water, and picketing the horses, while the men idly lounge about and smoke.

It is the custom for the Indians to celebrate May 24th, the late Queen's birthday, by a large picnic. This year (1901) they spent the day the same as usual. They meet on a large flat piece of country, and have dinner. They erect little bowers, made with branches of trees, to protect them from the heat, and cook their meat by hanging it on a tripod arrangement, and building a fire underneath. Later on a collection is made for prize money, and races on horseback and on foot take place, besides various other sports.





BY H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

### I.—ABOUT A COUNTERPANE.

**W**HENEVER I see you youngsters indulging in various kinds of sweetmeats, my memory always flies to those old school feasts which we used to have in the bedroom. Why we invariably pitched upon the bedroom for a feast may not at first sight be quite apparent. It was exceedingly uncomfortable, you made your bed in an awful mess, etiquette forbade you to invite any of your chums who did not sleep in the dormitory, and, generally speaking, the banquet was attended by every possible disadvantage. But then it possessed one great attraction, which is ever dear to the youthful mind. It was strictly forbidden. And this circumstance was, of course, sufficient to outweigh all other considerations.

To begin with, the difficulty of smuggling the grub upstairs was a source of delightful excitement. There are limits even to the capacity of a boy's pockets, and it is not easy to conceal things underneath an Eton jacket. You see, they were never meant to button, and masters are so suspicious! I recollect that for a long time our custom was to manifest a sudden affection for our top hat, and to insist on carrying it up to bed with us. And this succeeded very well until on one sad occasion—but I will reserve that anecdote for another time. The particular feast that is present in my mind happened in this wise:—

Carter's mother had been ill-advised enough to send him a hamper, which included, amongst other dainties, two or three tins of sardines. Now, at a time all small boys are supposed to be asleep, we were getting on very well with these, and were all quite happy except young Lewis, whose knife we had borrowed to open the tins. I think it took three of us to borrow that knife,

and when we returned it Lewis complained that we had broken two of the best blades, and converted the third into something like a saw. Some fellows never will sacrifice themselves for the good of the company!

So young Lewis sulked, and, being sulky, it occurred to him to accuse Bannister of helping himself out of his turn. There was a hot denial, a bit of a scuffle, and over went the sardines. Carter and I rushed to restore peace to the room, and the fish to their box; but though we were successful in pouring oil on the troubled waters, it was quite another matter to pour the oil back into the tins. You should just have seen the counterpane. And on my bed, too!

And then there ensued many recriminations, followed by an anxious consultation. And a brilliant idea occurred to Bannister. "Let's wash it!" said he.

Now, we did not know much about washing such things, but we did know there was a pump in the playground. So a rope was knitted out of sheets and blankets, and one by one, Carter, Bannister, and I were lowered out of the window, and then the counterpane was flung down to us. Carter took hold of one end and I held the other, and Bannister pumped with might and main, whilst a dozen eager youths watched us from the window, and shouted encouragement and advice.

At last Bannister ceased pumping.

"How is it now?" asked Carter anxiously.

"I am afraid it is not much better," confessed Bannister ruefully; and, as far as we could judge by the light of the moon, that was a very mild way of putting it.

"Here, come out of it, young Bannister," quoth I—he was really a few months older than myself, but I could always lick Bannister,

so, of course, I called him young — "let me have a go."

Forthwith I went to work with vigour, when suddenly the window of the master's bedroom opened and an awful voice thundered forth the inquiry: "Who is there?" And, would you believe it?—those beastly sneaks hauled up the rope and shut down their window, leaving us to shiver there in the playground.

"Who's there?" repeated the master; and for answer we made ourselves as small as we could, and crouched in the friendly shadows.

Bang went the window, and we guessed a warm time was coming.

"Let's bolt for it!"

"Where, where?"

"The schoolroom?"

"That's locked."

"The field?"

"He'll spot us climbing the wall."

"The stable?"

"Ah, that'll do! Come on!"

Off we went, dragging that wretched counterpane with us, and were sheltering in the stable in a trice. But there a fresh danger awaited us. The fool of a horse commenced to neigh. We seized a nose bag, and simply crammed his head into it. Poor horse! I am afraid, in common with other scholastic institutions, he suffered many things at our hands; but I doubt if he was ever quite so astonished as he was on that occasion.

Thud! thud! thud! and peering through the stable window we saw a procession of three emerge from the master's house. First came the butler, carrying in front of him a huge carriage lantern at the end of a pole. Next came the house master, armed with a life-preserver in one hand and a poker in the other. We were relieved to note that it was not another instrument. Last, and a good bit in the rear, came the senior classic. He seemed rather



CARTER, BANNISTER, AND I WERE LOWERED OUT OF THE WINDOW.

nervous, and kept well behind the others. I fancy he did not care very much about the job.

We watched them make for the schoolroom, heard the key turn, and saw them enter.

"They will be here next," quoth Carter; "where now?"

"Up in the loft?" queried Bannister.

"They'll search that, stupid!"

"Suppose we bolt back through the master's house?" said I.

For a moment Carter and Bannister were aghast at the idea of entering the enemy's camp, but it was clearly the only thing to be done. So away we fled, luckily forgetting in our hurry to close the stable door, and made our way through the master's house with that miserable counterpane still trailing after us. As we reached the house-master's room we crept steadily in, and peered out of the window for tidings of the foe. We were just in time to see them emerge from the schoolroom, and, the open door of the stable attracting their attention, the procession at once proceeded in that direction, whilst we resumed our retreat.

But before we could reach the comparative safety of the boys' dormitories, it occurred to us with horror that we should have to pass by the bedroom of the German master. Suppose he had been awakened by the noise? With our hearts in our mouths we crept up to the room, but the sonorous grunts which saluted our ears gave us courage to peer in. Without doubt he was sleeping, and that right soundly; although, judging from appearances, he was not one fond of warmth. The sheet was thrown lightly over his body, the blanket kicked ignominiously off the bed, and there, neatly folded up and put away in the corner as an article never used, *was the counterpane.*

Obviously it had been there for weeks, and would probably remain unused till the end of the term. At once the same thought occurred to all three of us. Dare we?

Well, we could not make matters much worse, and if we did not get rid of our tell-tale burden somehow, the morrow was bound to be a sad one.

Quickly we folded up our counterpane, taking care to put the only clean corner upwards. Cautiously we stole into the room.

One swift glance at the sleeping master to make sure that he was not shamming, and then the exchange was effected, and we were scampering off to our room. Not a moment too soon! Scarcely were we in bed when there came the sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened, and once more the now familiar procession appeared, and perambulated suspiciously round the dormitory. But, dear me, how soundly we all slept, to be sure!

And the next morning at breakfast the master cleared his throat, and remarked that he had something to say to the boys; whereat we felt rather uncomfortable, for you know what it is to have a guilty conscience.—Ah! you do, do you? I must make a note of that!—But there was no cause for alarm. He had got it into his head that the school had been raided by tramps or burglars, and that his valour had frightened them off. So he said he thought he had better tell us, as it was sure to come to our ears, and he felt he could trust us not to be scared. And we all arose as one man, or I should say as one boy, and said we weren't frightened, we weren't; we were British boys, we were. And the dear old gentleman was so pleased with our pluck that he then and there decreed a special half-holiday!

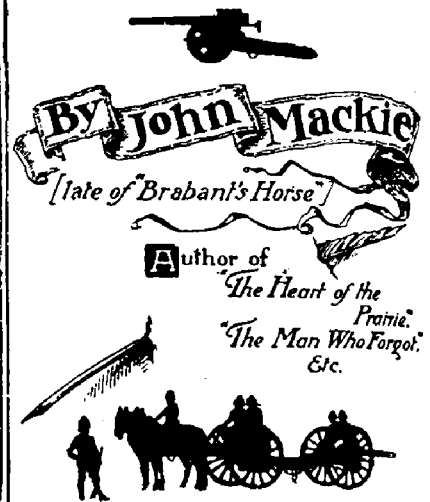


# Tales of the Trenches



THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.

From a snapshot by C. R. Prance, B. H.



Illustrated by  
George Soper.

## VII.—MICKY NOLAN.

### I.

TERENCE MACNAMARA'S eyes became thoughtful and reminiscent before speaking.

"Faix now," he said, "an' if only Micky Nolan wir here, he'd raise a plum-duff sthuck thick wid raisins an' sich like dilicacies in less than no time whativer!"

"But, you see, he's not here," commented the matter-of-fact Macpherson, "an' as the morn's Christmas—though I prefer to haud the New Year mysel'—I'm thinkin' it's time to ha'e the kettles on the fire, an' something in them."

"Some of those Wepener pumpkins for instance," suggested Devine with a tinge of sadness in his voice. Then, with a sigh, "And, by jove, they were pumpkins—weren't they, Macpherson? and to think we had to leave them behind us after all!"

Our little mess, consisting of those who had just spoken, the Long 'Un, Reynolds, and myself, were discussing the prospects of a Christmas dinner on the morrow, and, considering what we then knew, or rather did not know, concerning the enterprise of our comrades in the commissariat line, it seemed the prospects were all we were ever likely to discuss.

True, the resourceful Macnamara had entered the tent on the previous day with a furtive air and a truly noble goose wrapped in a blanket, but, as

we knew he could not have been out of camp, we forbore to ask questions with a delicate consideration for his already overburdened conscience. We had all agreed to contribute to the banquet, but, as yet, little seemed to have been done in the matter. Macnamara had promised to supply the pudding, so that now his regretful reference to the eternally quoted Micky Nolan was surprising and disappointing. We were all heartily sick of hearing about his wonderful friend, whom secretly we looked upon as a species of Mrs. Harris. As for the goose, I admit I was secretly uneasy about our being able to retain legal possession of it until it was finally disposed of. I had to visit an outpost that afternoon, and thought I might be able to supplement our larder on the way. I asked the others what they had been able to do in the catering line.

Then Macpherson, of Wepener and football fame, disclosed how he had been able to come by two bottles of what he called "Mountain Dew" of the famous "White Horse Cellar" brand.

"The dacent man it belongit to," he said, "had guid judgment in Scotch, but he's a teetotaller just at preesent."

This unexpected and agreeable piece of news seemed to liven up the company. Reynolds announced that he had bought a couple of fat chickens at a Kaffir kraal on the previous day;

the Long 'Un had somehow secured a nose-bag full of oranges, and Devine pleaded guilty to having purchased a few pounds of cheese from a source he neglected to mention. The pudding was the only thing wanting.

From where we sat we could see the Provost-marshal's cook at work a hundred yards or so away. We saw him with something in his hand resembling an old-fashioned cannon-ball wrapped in white cloth. He then approached a large bucket on the fire and dropped it in.

"There's corn in Aigyp't!" exclaimed Macnamara, with that old light in his eyes which I always associated with inspiration.

"You don't mean to say you've got designs upon the police officer's pudding, Mac?" inquired the Long 'Un.

"He'll want to be as invisible as his friend Micky Nolan if he has," chipped in the Kid uncharitably, and with an astuteness beyond his years.

"Shoo!" lightly said the Irishman, "an' d'ye think it's a man like Micky Nolan wud be throublin' his head about sich like? No, me bhoys, he laves that to the likes av you!"

It was generally a mistake to measure words with Terence.

As if to avoid further controversy he went over to a biscuit box and took therefrom a square piece of unbleached linen and a can of rice which had evidently gone bad and was full of all sorts of horrors. He put the latter into a tin dish, added some coarse mealie meal, baking powder and water, mixed the lot together, and tied the whole up in the cloth.

"If you think you're going to palm that off on us, Terence dear, you're making a big mistake," remarked Devine, who had been looking on disgustedly. "Ugh! and you used a dirty tent-peg to stir it with—I saw you!"

But Terence only smiled in a way which from former experiences of him satisfied me that he was justified in his actions. He might certainly be excitable, and have a trick of doing all the talking in the course of a projected conversation, but he was discretion and reticence itself when he

had one of his little schemes on hand. Those who knew him best now watched his movements with no little interest.

He took the box, knocked one-board from the bottom of it, put therein his unspeakable pudding, and covered the whole with his cloth. He then put the box under his arm and prepared to stroll out.

"Macnamara," I said, "I know what you're up to. You're going to ring the changes on the Provost-marshal's pudding. He's a fussy sort of customer, I'll admit, and, like a few more of those chaps, doesn't quite understand colonials and volunteers, but that's his inexperience."

"Who took them ducks t'other day from us whin we wir comin' in from pathrol?" asked Macnamara in no way abashed. "He'd have run us up before the colonel only he wanted them for his own blissed self, shure!"

I remembered the ducks, for which we had paid four shillings apiece to a Dutch vrouw, and how the imperial officer on meeting us had confiscated them. The others seemed to remember this also, for as one man they cried out:—

"Good old Macnamara! Remember the ducks!"

When twenty minutes later Macnamara returned, still carrying the box under his arm, I knew by the light in his eyes that his talented friend Micky Nolan could not have executed a certain little job more successfully.



REYNOLDS HAD BOUGHT A COUPLE OF FAT CHICKENS.

## II.



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Macnamara and Devine with me to visit the outpost. The country was very hilly, with high precipitous cliffs, deep wooded kloofs, and unex-

pected little valleys branching off and running, goodness only knew how far, into the plateau. They were generally splendidly grassed, and I noticed that a wagon track led up to each. As we had lots of time we followed some of them up a little way, and on one or two occasions saw picturesque and comfortable stone-built farm-houses and homesteads nestling in sheltered nooks, surrounded by orchards of quinces and other fruits. All those houses, we noticed, flew

something resembling a white flag. This was the invariable custom in South Africa whenever British forces were in the neighbourhood, whether the house might be peaceably inclined or full of ignorant, fanatical assassins.

We reached the outpost in good time, waited there an hour or so, and then prepared to go back to camp. The non-com. in charge told us that although the main laager of the Boers was only some half-dozen miles away, they had not seen anything of them—not even their scouts of late.

"Macnamara," I observed, when we had left the

I resented this unsolicited testimonial on behalf of his absent friend, but merely suggesting that we'd better keep our eyes about us, I led the way along the slight waggon track that skirted the creek and travelled up the valley in question.

"By the way, Macnamara," I observed, as at length we rode shoulder to shoulder, and Devine followed close at our heels, "I've heard you talk a good deal about your old mate Micky Nolan—how is it you came to separate? I understand he came with you to South Africa."

"I don't know that I really had any interest in his friend. In point of fact I felt just then in no

particularly gracious mood towards one who was for ever being flung at my head as a superior being.

"Throth now, an' it's that ye may well be askin'!" was the reply, with a show of awakened interest. "It's somethin' I'd be givin' meeself to find out where Micky Nolan might be. It was in Johannesburg we both wir when the war bruk out. We wir to have met and comed away together wid the last thrain goin' south, but Micky he niver turned up, an' it's onaisy in my mind I am about him, shure!"

"Perhaps he joined the Boers, Mac," suggested the Kid unguardedly.

But Macnamara turned on him such a torrent of scathing abuse at the mere mention of such a contingency that Devine was sorry he had spoken. So was I for the matter of that, because for the

next quarter of an hour we had the high-souled principles and many virtues of the god-like hero hurled at our diminished heads in every shape and form. If there was a loyal man in South Africa, it was surely Micky Nolan.

It was a painful speech, but we had brought it all on ourselves. It was providentially cut short by Devine.

"By jove, Mac, look there!" he cried, as if lost in admiration. "If that's not a sight for sore eyes!"

We looked, and about a mile off, among the



THE DOOR WAS SLAMMED IN MY FACE.

outpost about a mile behind us, "don't you think we took a roundabout sort of way to come here? If we followed up this narrow valley, for instance, and could manage to cross over on to the head of another running north, I fancy we'd save half the distance."

"Faix, an' it was juist what I was thinkin meeself," observed Terence, "an' maybe at the same time we'd strike a bit of a place where we'd git a few eggs. If Micky Nolan were here now, it's 'xactly what he'd be advisin'. Shure, an' a rare feller for eggs was Micky!"

trees, and facing down the valley, we saw one of the most picturesque farmsteads it had ever been our lot to witness. The valley just before us widened out surprisingly, and there were two or three splendid fields under crop fenced in with barbed wire and stone posts. The farmhouse, which peeped from among the trees, was built in the old Dutch style with quaint gables and chimneys, and little dormer windows peeping from the heavily thatched roof. In front was what was evidently a fine garden. It was a very superior sort of place indeed, and it seemed strange to find it hidden away in such an out-of-the-way spot. The most promising feature of the situation was that there was no white flag displayed. With my splendid large size Zeiss glasses I could detect a faint track behind it leading upwards along the face of the valley to the plateau above. It was very unlikely that this place had been visited by our troops, and therefore we should require to be cautious in approaching.

It was decided that Devine should make a détour so as to avoid observation, and striking the track again some distance behind the farmstead, hide himself among the trees, and there await our coming. I gave him the glasses so that he might keep an eye on the situation generally. If anything happened to us he could ride to the camp, and let them know of it. When I think of it now we took too many risks in visiting those outlying places.

Macnamara and I waited for half an hour or so until we thought Devine must have reached the rendezvous we had agreed upon, and then made for the house. We kept as much as possible out of sight until we got close up, and then went quickly towards it. We thought it strange that there was not as much as a dog or Kaffir about. We jumped off our horses at the back door, which stood wide open, and I knocked.

In less than a minute a fat Dutch vrouw with an expressionless face stood before us.

What did we rooineks want? she asked. Did we think that the Dutch were as deaf as the consciences of the English folk that we should hammer upon her door so? Had we come to beg or to steal? Ach! but all the English were thieves. Her uncle Pieter had been in England, and he discovered that what he had mistaken for palaces were gaols; so it must be true.

It was very rude of me, perhaps, but I could not help laughing in her face. I had heard it all before, and felt sorry for the ignorance that bred such absurdities. The reference to the palaces had proved too much for my gravity. It put me in mind of the story of the American who went home happy in the belief that the Calton Gaol in Edinburgh was the castle!

"Madam," I said, as sweetly as I could, "had we wanted to steal we need not have knocked at your door. I came to see if you could sell us any fowls, or eggs, or mealie meal. We will pay you your own prices for them, if they are in reason."

Ach! might the good Lord forgive us, but did we think she was a fool? Did we think that she, whose cousin Jan was an elder of the church, would take the word of a blasphemous rooinek! But perhaps if we paid beforehand at the rate of five shillings a head for the hens—to be chosen by herself—and four shillings a dozen for eggs, she might perhaps accommodate us.

We were just on the point of wishing her good afternoon when a girl came from an inner passage and stood on the doorstep. As soon as I saw her I knew at once that we had been talking to a servant of the house, and that this was the real mistress. I confess to having been considerably taken aback at seeing such an altogether smart and beautiful girl buried in such a remote valley, albeit the house and outbuildings spoke of good taste and comparative wealth. She was dressed simply, but in perfect taste; it was obvious that her dresses were not cut in that part of the world. Her dark brown eyes were in strange contrast to the delicate bronze tinge of her hair, which was gathered up over her small ears in a fashion that she certainly had not learned from her neighbours in the Orange River Colony. It was a strikingly mobile and refined face. As I mentally concluded then, and afterwards learned, she came of good old Huguenot stock. Instinctively Macnamara and I lifted our hats.

"You wish to buy some things," she said in perfect English. "I suppose that means you will 'commandeer' if we do not sell? You English have a knack of adding handy words to your language."

She smiled, and spoke, as I thought, with just the faintest trace of irony in her voice.

"It is a compound language," I observed, "and is still growing. I am sorry you should have such a poor opinion of us. In our regiment, or in any other for the matter of that, if we catch any men 'commandeering' on a farm where there are only women, I can assure you it goes very hard with them. I am sorry we made a mistake in coming here, but, believe me, your live stock is quite safe—we sha'n't touch a feather."

"Not a feather, marm, an' you kin watch us safe off the premises," seconded Macnamara, who was a knightly admirer of the fair sex if he was anything.

The girl looked up at him quickly; her eyes lit up, and there was laughter playing about the corners of her lips. I paused in the act of turning to look at her; it was many months since I had

seen anything so fair. The smile faded from her face as quickly as it had sprung into life, and something that I could not help thinking was foreign to its expression took its place. Still she said pleasantly and easily enough :—

"Stay a minute—if there are only you two——"

"That's all, marm, an' not much to look at neither, I'm afraid!" Macnamara hastened to say, with what I thought at the time was unnecessary warmth—and candour.

"But the prices your housekeeper asked I'm afraid are a little beyond us. You are very good, but I don't think we ought to trouble you." Somehow I felt as if we ought not to be lingering there; still, I could not help thinking what a beautiful picture the girl made.

"Well, marm, if you could let us have a little mealie meal, it's very much obliged to you we would be," chipped in Macnamara again with his best company manners.

"Well, you can have that," said the girl, whose years might have numbered nineteen or twenty, "and you can give Tante here just what you are in the habit of giving."

In two minutes more we had tied our horses in the shade, and the girl walked with us over to the stone store. She unlocked the door and walked in. She talked pleasantly enough, but I fancied she looked thoughtful, and there was an almost apprehensive expression in her eyes when they met mine. In my innocence I thought that she found the ways and manners of the rooineks strange. Poor girl, I felt really sorry for her, living in a place cut off from all the rest of the world!

She went to the far end of the gloomy stone store, and pointed to a four-bushel bag of meal.

"If you can find a bag," she said, "you can fill it from this."

We speedily found one, placed our rifles against the wall, and while Macnamara tilted over the sack of meal in his brawny arms, I held the empty bag to receive it.

"Cautious, Mac," I said; "you're spilling it."

The light seemed bad. I lifted my eyes to the doorway, and there, just slipping out, was the girl with our two rifles. In another moment, before I could reach it, the door was slammed in my face, and the key turned in the lock.

### CHAPTER III.

AS we sat in the darkness, for there was no window to our dungeon, our thoughts were indeed too deep and bitter to be put into words. How I had allowed myself to enter that store against my

better judgment and instincts was maddening to contemplate. As for the dark eyes of that girl, was it not strange that once when she lifted them to mine with that half-shy, apprehensive expression, she should made me think of some beautiful siren?

"Macnamara," I groaned, "we're two of the biggest idiots who ever drew the breath of life!"

"Shure now, ye can kick me ontill ye don't know me face from me back. But, sarjint, dear, wasn't she altogether a swate crathur?"

"Oh, confound her!" I cried; "you're worse than I am! I'd like to kill her!"

There was a gentle tapping at the thick door.

"Oh, come now, you surely wouldn't go so far as that," said a soft woman's voice. "It's not very pleasant in there, is it—wouldn't you rather be outside?"

"It's well for you we're not," I said stoutly. "You're on the other side of the door, so you can afford to give your real nature a treat. You put me in mind of a tigress that has tasted blood."

"You don't understand me—or won't," she rejoined quickly, and with a hint of resentment. "I really don't come here to mock you—I'm not quite so bad as all that."

"Then what do you come for? And what are you going to do with us?" I demanded.

"My brother was killed by one of your men last week when he might have been taken prisoner instead. My father is commandant of this district, and there will be a man here shortly who can identify the murderer. If neither of you is guilty, I will perhaps ask them to let you go; if you are guilty my father must decide what is to be done with you when you are taken to the laager."

"Then I wish your witness would hurry up, for our regiment only came here three days ago. Why do you ask us if we feel comfortable in this place when you know we're not? Why don't you go away and leave us alone?—we've had enough of you!"

Her beauty now only filled me with an insane hatred of her. If she did not go away I should say something I might be ashamed of afterwards. She had evidently neither a heart nor conscience. I would never believe in woman again as long as I lived. But she tapped, and spoke again :—

"I really am glad to hear you say your regiment only came here three days ago. Still, I must keep you till some of the commando come up; they won't be long. Will you give me your word of honour that if I let you out you will stop with me and wait until then?"

This offer rather took us by surprise. I conferred with Macnamara, and we came to the conclusion that, as we were effectually prisoners



it might be just as well to make the best of things. Then through the keyhole of that door I promised her on my word of honour that we would not try to escape if she let us out.

Just then the fat Boer woman came and interfered. Was her young mistress mad? They would both have their throats cut the moment we got out. She knew the accursed English well; they were born liars, every one of them. But there was a short, impatient exclamation from the girl, the key turned in the lock, the door swung open, and we stepped outside into the bright sunshine. And there stood our fair gaoler, apparently as cool and unconcerned for our safety, and for her own, as could well be imagined.

She came close up to me with the key in her hand, and looked into my eyes—there was a wonderful glamour in those clear dark eyes of hers.

"You have promised to behave yourself," she said, "and I trust you."

"I wish I hadn't trusted you," I remarked sulkily. "Where shall we sit?"

"In the shade here." She motioned to the stoep in the shadow.

We went over to it and Macnamara and I sat on the edge. The girl seated herself on a low Dutch chair close to us. We might have been two neighbours who had dropped in for half-an-hour's chat, so coolly did she take the situation. My heart was full of anger towards her, but still I could not help admiring her courage and her beauty. Moreover, there was that in her face that told me I had erred when I accused her of gratuitously insulting us. After all, she had only adopted a ruse that probably any English girl with sufficient courage would have done in her place.

She turned from answering some irrelevant question of Macnamara's, and caught me looking at her. I felt annoyed at being surprised, but she only smiled and asked:—

"Were you trying to trace that tigress in me that you spoke about?"

I looked at the opposite hillside guiltily, and she laughed.

"Yes," I said, plucking up courage. "I think you are the most dangerous woman I ever met in my life, for you are either one of the very best and



MICKY NOLAN WAS FELLED TO THE GROUND.

simplest, or one of the deepest. I hardly know what to make of you."

"It wouldn't matter, would it, if you did?" she rejoined, as I thought, somewhat coldly. "But would you like some milk or coffee—you must want something after your ride?"

She rose as if to go inside.

"Hadh't you better send someone to keep an eye on us?" I suggested.

"No," she said, looking at me again, but still coldly; "you gave me your word, you know!"

I bowed my head, and felt sat upon. She was the first so-called Boer who had shown me that

one's word was something to be believed in. She came back with coffee and cakes, but did not seem surprised in the least to see us still sitting there. Then we talked about many things, and I found, as I had suspected, that our gaoler had seen more of the world than most country-bred women do—she was certainly a very extraordinary and fascinating character. Suddenly we heard a quick step coming round the corner of the house, and in another moment an armed man, whom I took to be a Boer, stood before us.

"Good-day, Pietrus Vogel," said the girl. "I sent for you. Did you ever see these men before?" She nodded towards us.

Pietrus looked, and an extraordinary change came over his face.

"Yes," he stammered, as if taken by surprise.

The girl regarded me sharply and resentfully.

"Why did you lie to me?" she asked; "and why did you not go when you had the chance? You will be shot now."

"I did not lie," I exclaimed hotly—"and if you made me give a promise not to escape, thinking that I might break it, I do not thank you. But you are jumping at conclusions—you are making a mistake."

And she was, for at that very moment Macnamara, who had been staring hard at the new arrival, gasped:—

"Micky Nolan! By the powers of darkness, an' what may you be doin' here?"

And then and there the idol and ideal of Terence Macnamara was shattered and shivered for ever.

Despite my secret sense of supreme satisfaction at thus seeing the vaunted Micky Nolan laid low, I could not help feeling sorry for my poor comrade.

"Micky Nolan," he said in a tragic voice, "ye're a low-lifed scoundrel, ye are; an' I was thinkin' ye wir a man, shure!"

"An' you, Terence Macnamara," returned his grinning countryman insolently, "are a gossoon an' no end av an ass!"

"It's spiling yer ugly physog I'll be in another minit if ye kape on!"

And I really thought that Terence would put his threat into execution, but the girl intervened.

"Are these the men who shot at my brother?" she asked the newcomer.

"Shure, an' I wouldn't like to swear sartin, but——"

"I see you are not telling the truth," she said quickly; "and, after all, you may have lied about my brother. I only hope you have made some mistake."

She turned to me, and I thought the light in her eyes was indeed beautiful; it was certainly very womanly.

"I release you from your promise," she said. "I will give you back your guns and you can go. You will find your horses where you left them."

But just at that moment a slight figure appeared round the end of the house, and Micky Nolan was felled to the ground. It was Devine who had followed him up, and would have come just in the nick of time had the girl not been the true woman that she was.



FORAGING FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Before we left we handed over the still stupefied mercenary to the tender mercies of the Dutch woman, and I noticed that Macnamara was unaccountably silent. We agreed to say nothing at the camp of what had happened.

When I turned aside with mingled feelings to say

good-bye to the girl, I asked her if there was anything I could do for her.

"When Prinsloo's army is taken—as I fear it must be sooner or later—will you look out for my father?" she asked; "and will you try and find out if it is true about my brother having been shot?"

I promised, and took her father's name, which was an old historical one, well known in South Africa. Two months afterwards I met him at Witte-Bergen, and even now we occasionally correspond.

I lifted my hat and bade her good-bye.

"You are one of the best women I ever met," I said, and meant it.

"Won't you shake hands?" she asked, looking at me reproachfully.

And when I had done so I lifted her fingers to my lips and kissed them.

Our Christmas dinner next day was a great success, but my mind would hark back to that

lonely house in the valley, where the girl with the soft voice and the wonderful eyes was keeping her own thoughts company.

But the great event of the day was when the Provost-marshal himself came round to our tent, carrying a large pudding tied up in a cloth.

"Comrades," he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas. I commandeered your ducks the other day, but I had to do it as General Rundle, whom you perhaps didn't see, happened to be looking on. If you don't mind accepting this pudding that I got sent from England, I'll make good those ducks at the very earliest opportunity."

And in all innocence he handed us the vile concoction of rice and meal that Macnamara had slipped into his camp-kettle after purloining the real pudding, which we were at that very moment in the act of eating. It was an awkward situation, but Terence as usual rose to the occasion.

"The saints love ye, sorr, and more power to yer elbow!" he said, "and would yer hanour do us the hanour of tastin' juist the laist bit av ours?"

He was the best of fellows, the Provost-marshal, when once one got to know him, and I was glad to think he helped to eat his own pudding after all.

*John Macbr.*

## MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

**S**IR PHILIP SIDNEY was the eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, and was born at Penshurst, Kent, in 1554. He had only one sister, the Countess of Pembroke, at whose country seat, Wilton, in Wiltshire, he wrote his celebrated "Arcadia." He was singularly gifted, and was one of the most polished members of the court of Elizabeth, who used to call him, "The jewel of her times." He was a very accomplished statesman, and was famed for his tact even among his enemies, of whom he had singularly few. He had many friends, but there was a certain dignity and stateliness of manner about him that repelled the contempt often bred by familiarity. He was possessed of an unlimited fund of that ready tact and sympathy so essential to the success of a statesman. Generous, but never injudicious in his generosity, he was the least selfish of men, and his unselfishness may be traced all through his life, even in his dying hours, when, as he lay on the battlefield of Zutphen, he saw a wounded soldier gazing longingly at the cup of water

about to be offered to himself, and said, "No; this man's necessity is greater than mine."

He was a writer of exceptional beauty of expression, and his command of language was more in accordance with that of the present day than most men of his time. He excelled in all manly sports, and was one of the brightest stars of Elizabeth's tournaments. An orator of no mean value, he was, moreover, a very skilful commander in the field, and was adored by his men.

His nature was an affectionate one, and he was very faithful to his friends. Possessing an endless fund of good humour, he could yet be stern and relentless when occasion demanded. His temper was an even one, and he seldom yielded to fits of impetuosity.

He was mortally wounded on the battlefield of Zutphen, and died on October 15th, 1586, in his thirty-second year. Falling in the prime of manhood, he yet accomplished more in his short life than many have done in twice the time. By his death England lost one of her most skilful statesmen, and many lost a friend.

DOROTHY W. JOHNSON.



WHEN I LOOKED UP IT WAS TO FIND THE CAVALIER BENDING OVER ME WITH ANXIOUS SOLICITUDE.

# A CAVALIER MAID.

## *The Romance of a King's Messenger.*

BY CLIFFORD MILLS.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

ETIENNE GLANTIL, an orphan, grand-daughter of the celebrated French soldier, the Marquis de Latour, is living with distant relations—Sir Geoffrey and Lady Stapleton—near Torrington, in Devonshire, when the Parliamentary troops rout the Western Loyalists and drive them towards the Cornish border of Devon. Etienne by chance meets a wounded Cavalier, who is carrying a message from the King to Lord Hopton; owing to circumstances recounted in the opening chapters of the story, it devolves upon her to deliver the King's packet to the Loyalist general. She is suspected of being in possession of the packet by Giles Harrison, a Roundhead officer and suitor for her hand. With the idea of hurrying into Torrington in search of one Stephen Gale, who is favourable to the King, Etienne leaves the Stapletons' house by a secret door only to stumble upon a Roundhead sentinel, who would have detained her but for the intervention of an unknown officer, who proves to be none other than the great Fairfax. Arrived at Torrington, Etienne is so angered by the rejoicings of the crowd at the rout of the Loyalists that she forgets herself, and cries "Shame on ye all, traitors!" Ill would have befallen her had not a huge man carried her into safety at his own house. The man proves to be Stephen Gale. She is suspected of being a traitress by the wounded Cavalier himself, who escapes from the town and makes for the inn at Langtree. To escape the Roundheads and follow to Langtree to deliver to him the letter, she enters a deserted house, where she finds a young gentleman's discarded dress. This she dons and proceeds on her way. When well out of Torrington she falls in with Sir Harry Burgoin, a friend of Lord Fairfax, who recognises the clothes she wears as having belonged to his young brother, recently murdered at Torrington. She denies knowledge of the crime, but will not explain how she came by the clothes. Catching sight of the Cavalier she is seeking, she gallops on, but Sir Harry brings her down with a pistol shot.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

**WHEN** I looked up it was to find the Cavalier bending over me with anxious solicitude. We were still in the open field. Sir Harry Burgoin stood at my side, his hand on the horse's bridle. Weak and shaky, I sat up and regarded them in some bewilderment.

"Plague take thee, young sir," cried Sir Harry, "for a faithless rattlepate! Thou mayest thank Heaven that I punished thy perfidy no further than by a scratched arm."

"Sir," I replied in tremulous penitence, "I had no intent of breaking my word, and would have returned to thee with all speed, yet, as it fell, none could blame thee for thus using me."

"Marry!" cried the Cavalier, looking from one

to the other of us in amazement. "In truth this seems a very comedy of mysteries. In what hath the lad offended thee, Harry?" he asked.

But before Sir Harry could reply I turned to him. "Sir," I said hastily, "I have thy word that thou wouldst not intrude upon my business. Let me beg thee to allow me a few moments' private conversation with this gentleman."

For answer he bowed his head, and, still leading the horse, walked out of earshot.

No sooner had he left us than with all haste I drew the missive from my doublet. Then, turning to the Cavalier, "Sir," I cried eagerly, "here is the letter, the King's letter; take it, I pray thee, while there is yet time."

But he, starting, stared at me in amaze. "What!" cried he, and then his eye fell upon the packet I held out to him, and with a joyful cry of recognition he seized it.

"Tis indeed the letter, and intact!" he cried, regarding it intently: then, turning to me—"Tell me, my lad," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "who art thou that hath risked thy life to bring me this?"

But I was dumb. Meantime his eyes sought my face eagerly. "Tell me, lad," he asked, "how came you by this?"

Now in all my plannings of the venture I had not accounted for the embarrassment of this moment. One thought alone had filled my mind, and that—the saving of the King's letter from the hands of the rebels. My boy's clothes had been but part of the method by which I hoped for success in accomplishing mine errand, and not a moment's perplexity, except for the best manner of wearing such disguise, had they hitherto given me.

But now, as I sat on the hillside with the Cavalier's eyes upon me, such a sudden rush of shame and startled modesty overcame me at the thought of my attire, that all I could do was to hang my head, and wish that even death

itself would come to spare me such an ordeal as I knew now confession would be.

The Cavalier, thinking my silence was the result of my late swoon, knelt down by my side. "Come, lad," he cried, with kind insistence, "collect thy wits, for time presses, and I may not tarry. Tell me at least who sent thee."

Thus pressed for an answer, I sat in despair, when suddenly an idea flashed to my mind. For one second I hesitated, then, "'Twas my sister," I said, in almost a whisper.

"Thy sister!" he exclaimed with a start.

"Aye, sir," I answered, finding courage under cloak of my new rôle, "my sister—a lady whom thou did'st meet by accident in the woods outside Torrington, and afterwards in that town."

Here he sprang to his feet. "Thy sister!" Then, studying my face, "Why, of certes," cried he softly, "thou art her very counterpart! Alas, true maid! Much injustice have I done her!"

With great content did I hear these words, and note with what looks of remorse he glanced at the letter, which, with a sigh, he now hid in his doublet.

"But, my brave boy," he said, turning to me, "much do I thank thee for thy part in this business. It was most boldly done, I warrant." Then into a reverie again fell he. "Now tell me," he cried, rousing himself, "the manner of thy sister's finding this."

"Sir," I replied lightly, "my sister did but inform me that it was by accident she found the missive, which she was unable at the time to return to thee, knowing ye were then both watched by a Roundhead spy."

"It was so!" he exclaimed, starting. "And I did upbraid her for her treachery, and most cruelly frustrated her help in Torrington." Turning, he paced awhile, then back to me he came. "Said she aught of this conduct of mine?" he asked, his eyes upon me with eagerness.

"Why," I answered, remembering with what readiness he had condemned me, "now I think of it, she did mention thee as one prone to judge hastily, and not over smart at conjecture."

I saw him wince at my words, and at that moment Sir Harry Burgoin came up to us.

Feeling monstrous weak, I got to my feet and walked towards him. "Sir," I said, in as bold a voice as I could muster, "I have executed this business of mine, and am now at thy service."

But the Cavalier, mistaking our intents, at this rushed between us. "Nay," cried he eagerly, "fight thou shalt not, for though I know not the cause of thy quarrel, yet let me implore thee, Harry, and you also, young sir, whose name, though unknown to me——"

"Zounds!" shouted Sir Harry. "What is this? If it is true thou art not acquainted with this youth, how came it he risked his life to overtake thee? Is this some villains' plot concerning my brother's fate hatched between you and this pretty stealer of clothes?" and, beside himself with fury, he confronted me, his face full of suspicion.

At his words my heart sank, for after all it seemed an explanation was to be forced from me, and in a miserable shyness I stood, seeing no way out of my difficulty. Looking questioningly at me, and then at Sir Harry, the Cavalier turned to his friend. "There are things one could tell to thee, Harry, that were better hidden from the friend of Fairfax," he said, sadly, and, taking him aside, I heard their voices, at first in high argument, dwindle to quietness, whilst I stood waiting, feeling sick with embarrassment and the pain of my wound, which latter, though but a scratch, as Sir Harry had said, was too uncommon a hurt for a maid to bear happily.

Like a prisoner awaiting judgment was I while the two talked and walked together down in the dell, and much did I wish, now my task was done, that I was back in my room at Stapleton, even to be clear-starching my lady's laces. But, alas! each moment brought conviction that I had, by the executing of my mission, rendered my return to Stapleton impossible.

What excuse, but the truth, could I give for my absence?—and to have thus served his enemies would for ever close my cousin's door upon me.

Nor could I ignore the unscrupulous enmity of Giles Harrison, that would henceforth be mine. Who so cruel as a suitor spurned?—and had I not crossed his path and prevented the accomplishment of an undertaking upon which he set hopes of future promotion! Thus there was no return to Stapleton for me. But, this being so, the more anxious was I to keep my secret and its consequences from him I had served, his knowledge of the embarrassment in which I now found myself being the last thing my pride desired. But what to do? One friend alone had I left, and this was my old nurse, who, when ruin befell our family, had returned to her kin in Cornwall. But, alas! even of her existence was I uncertain, for only once had news come to me of her since we had parted. Yet to this frail hope did I now cling, determining that, once out of my present perplexity, I would do mine utmost to reach her and seek her faithful counsel as to what future use to put my life.

But, alas! by my taking of the clothes I had placed myself in a double embarrassment. Sir Harry's dismissal of me was not to be counted

upon, and investigation of the business would bring my true identity to light. Nay, I saw nothing to save me but dishonourable flight, and for that I had no mind. In such a perplexed sadness was I when the two came up to me again.

The Cavalier's face was troubled enough, and Sir Harry's full of sorrow, but in neither of their glances bent upon me did I read anger or ill will.

"Now," said Sir Harry, "having learnt from my friend that the sooner you are both on the other side of the Torridge the better for your future safety, and being desirous, if possible, not to return with ill a kindness done to him, I will trouble thee, young sir, to give me instantly, on oath, a full and perfect account of thy finding of my brother's clothes at Torrington."

Though I scented hope of escape in this command, I found myself in no little confusion. Looking up, and finding their intent and earnest looks upon me, I stammered out that, having been hunted by the Parliamentary spies, who suspected me of possessing—but here I caught the Cavalier's eye, warning me to desist. So I stood silent, staring stupidly in front of me, wishing the ground would open and swallow me to save my confusion.

Impatience was in Sir Harry's tone as he bade me proceed.

"Come, lad," urged the Cavalier gently, "thou canst tell how thou didst find the clothes—so much at least dost thou owe Sir Harry."

But for the life of me I could think of no quick method of acquainting him without betraying the King or my own secret. My head swam miserably, and a lump was in my throat that well-nigh choked me.

"It was for thy better disguisement," the Cavalier said, turning to me encouragingly, "being well known in Torrington? Come, lad, out with it! Has thy wound clipt thy tongue?"

Thus urged, I, in much desperation, and helped with timely suggestions from the Cavalier, described how I had taken refuge in the house at Torrington, and, being watched for, and my person and dress known to mine enemies, I had arrayed myself in my present attire for greater safety, little dreaming harm or trouble would come of it. Also did I tell of the exact position of the house, and the name and description of the man whom I had met on the stairs.

"And to this thou dost swear?" Sir Harry asked solemnly, when I had finished and sank wearily on a hillock. "And now thy name?" and he waited, his stern eyes on my face.

Alas! Here was more deception! but I answered calmly that it was "Godfrey Glanvil," for

such had been my father's name. Alack, alack! that a gentlewoman should ever bring herself to lie with such readiness. I could have cried with very shame at the thought; and hang my head I did, feeling as guilty a creature as ever the sun shone upon.

"A right good name, too!" cried the Cavalier, warmly. "Did I not tell thee 'twas a true lad?"

Alas! did he but know, brave soul, thought I, as I sat, sick and weary, answering their questions with calm despair!

"And thou didst leave thine own clothes in the place of these?" Sir Harry asked, his stern eyes upon me. "Tell me then what make and manner of quality were they, that I may note it also, for on this may hang much consequence."

But at this I could no longer endure, so base a thing seemed such deception. "Nay!" cried I, "ask me not!" and I sprang to my feet, only to fall miserably upon the bank again.

Their exclamations of concern roused me, and I strove to rise, but a deadly weakness stayed me. and I could do naught but shiver.

"I have it!" cried Sir Harry. "If I mistake not, the young jackanapes hath ridden on an empty stomach, and is now paying the penalty, Thinkest thou thy friend the innkeeper could be trusted to provide for us? We should all, I take it, fulfil our further duties none the worse if a meal were our next undertaking."

In vain were my protestations that they should not trouble themselves on my account—back we went, the Cavalier a little ahead of us to warn the landlord of our coming, and Sir Harry leading his horse and mine, upon which latter I sat, with as good grace as I could muster.

At the inn's entrance we were met with much welcoming by the innkeeper, in whom I saw a great resemblance to the little barber of Torrington. Much sympathy did he express at my wan appearance, and, leading me into the parlour, he brought me a cup of spiced wine, which he bade me drink.

"Lord love us!" he exclaimed, as he helped me tie up the scratch at my wrist, "what a thing, sir, after all, is friendship! Little thought I, when I saw thee before the inn with Sir Harry Burgoin, that ye would turn out friends to our fugitive—the noble Sir Brian Carthew, than whom no worse enemy hath Fairfax."

"Sir Brian Carthew!" I cried. "Sir Brian Carthew!"—but as I spoke the two friends entered the room in close converse, and our landlord, who seemed vastly amused to see them together, hurried off smiling to prepare our meal.

Dear heart! So this was Sir Brian Carthew, that, renowned Cavalier, beloved of the King,

whose valour and devotion to the Cause I had so oft heard quoted. To no less a personage had the delivery of the King's letter been entrusted! Realising this, I almost forgot my present embarrassment in the joy I felt to think that so faithful a servant of His Majesty's had, after all, escaped from the hands of the Roundheads.

Sir Harry, despite it having been his suggestion, partook little of the food that our landlord now set before us, and at length fell into so profound a melancholy concerning his brother's fate, that his friend was forced to rally him. Of a sudden, into the parlour ran the landlord, his face as white as a clout.

"The soldiers!" he cried. "They are upon us!"

Looking through the window, I saw a party of troopers had drawn up in front of the inn. Before we had time to move, one of these had sprung from his horse and strode into the parlour where we were sitting. I felt we were lost, and sat with my eyes cast on my plate, not daring to look to right or left of me, my heart beating mightily the while.

Flinging us a sullen good-day, to which I heard both the Cavalier and Sir Harry reply, the new comer walked to the fireplace, and an ominous silence ensued.

Outside I could hear the champing of the horses at their bits, and the ring of the troopers' accoutrements as they turned in their saddles to exchange a word with each other, or called out impatiently for the refreshments which the wife of the innkeeper, assisted by her daughter, was carrying them.

I soon found that my two companions were continuing their meal with apparent unconcern, but, trying to follow their example, my hand, carrying the cup to my lips, shook so immoderately that I spilt more than half its contents on the board.

A hasty caution from Sir Harry reproved me, and, glancing up, I found the soldier was regarding me intently with his little ferret eyes. This alarming me the more, I set my cup down so hastily that it missed the edge and rolled with a crash to the ground.

"Gentlemen," said the cornet, for such he was, sauntering up to us, "it seems your young friend here hath in his wanderings acquired a touch of the ague. May I be so bold as to ask your business and destination? 'Tis a question smacking of the treacherous times through which we are passing."

"Thy zeal, friend, is commendable," replied Sir Harry, taking upon himself the task of spokesman, "and after our meal shall be satisfied. But

confound it, sir," he cried in high wrath, "as I am not yet journeying, but eating, I crave thy non-interference, for though I am justice of the peace, I have as yet heard of no order from the meddling some Parliament which denies a man the right of satisfying his hunger when he so mindeth!"

At this answer, at which the innkeeper laughed uproariously, the cornet retired, somewhat discomfited. Passing out he called sharply to his men, and two, instantly dismounting at his command, took up their position outside the doorway of the parlour, their officer meanwhile establishing himself at the entrance of the inn.

Blaming myself for having brought this suspicion upon us, I sat disconsolate enough, when a slight noise behind attracted my attention. Looking round, I saw the landlord standing just out of sight of the troopers, gesticulating as for dear life.

On seeing that I had noticed him, he did more than gesticulate. Lifting a curtain near him, he showed me an open door beyond. Only for a second, however; the next moment he had dropped it to its place, and coming to the table busied himself with the dishes.

I found myself in much excitement at what I had seen, but, strive as I would by signs, I could not gain the attention of my companions, who were talking together in a low voice, with much earnestness. But the landlord, having again taken up his position behind us, I waited no longer. Leaning forward, I pulled the sleeve of the Cavalier, and nodded my head in the direction of the landlord behind. The action was not missed by Sir Harry, and I, watching their faces, saw each start, and immediately as before the landlord was at our side.

This time he was, however, anything but silent. "Gentlemen," he said, "I trust my poor fare has given you some small satisfaction. Let me see, before I bring you a cup of spiced wine, if I cannot better arrange the board here. You see, gentlemen, we have all in front—at the back it is empty, which is bad management, but sometimes serves if one comes or goes hastily. Nevertheless, when I return with the wine, gentlemen, will be the time for better arrangement, then quick and to the right with all, and never say I am a poor servitor afterwards." So saying, with great emphasis and much portentous head-shaking, he left the room.

Left to ourselves, my companions first exchanged glances, then looked at me.

"See that you keep close to our heels," Sir Harry said, in a low voice to me, and that moment I felt something pressed into my hand beneath the table. Dear life! it was a pistol. I could but shudder as my fingers closed around





"GENTLEMEN, SAID THE CORONET, "MAY I BE SO BOLD AS TO ASK YOUR BUSINESS AND DESTINATION?"

it, for no doubt it was charged, and what maid that likes to handle such danger-laden weapons? Nevertheless, I was forced to take it with feigned content, and, with heart all in a tremble, waited for the landlord's return. Much did I think of in that brief space, and much would I have given, had it been possible, to enlighten my two companions as to the poor comrade they might find in me if a fight ensued.

A slight noise behind made me look round, and then I saw that the curtain was held back by the girl I had noticed outside. Her face was pale, but she smiled as she caught my eye, and nodded her head to the right.

The next instant, with a noisy clatter, the landlord rushed to the door, carrying a large tray upon which stood a huge jug of hot water and drinking tankards. No sooner had he gained the

threshold than, stumbling over one of the troopers, he fell headlong, scattering the contents of the tray over the startled soldier.

Though I knew full well 'twas the moment for action, terror held me spellbound. I saw my two companions pass me and rush through the opening, and must have been lost indeed, but that the girl who held the curtain pulled me unceremoniously through the opening, and pushed me along to the doorway beyond.

Through this I stumbled blindly, and turning, as I had been cautioned, to the right, found myself in a small closet or cellar, in which stood my two companions. Someone from outside shot the bolt, and here we were, faster prisoners than before for aught we could tell to the contrary; while in the house above arose such a hue and cry as made my companions clutch their pistols, and my knees

shake under me. Through it all we could hear the landlord's voice imploring the soldiers to follow our flight.

"Did I not hear them talk of making their way to the river?" he cried.

The sound of their horses' hoofs had barely died in the distance before the shed door was thrown open, and outside stood the innkeeper, his wrinkled face all aglow with delight.

"A close shave, gentlemen," said he, gleefully rubbing his hands. "A venture after mine own heart. Why, my brother in Torrington will be green with envy when I acquaint him of it. For," said he, "the telling of such touch-and-go escapes will make an old man welcome at many a fireside when the King has his rights again. But, zounds, sirs," cried he, "there is no time to lose! Some too honest fool may twit to the soldiers ere they are through the village, and then the inn will be no safe hiding-place."

By this time he had led us across the yard towards the church, and there, behind the stack of wood, we found our horses, tied and ready.

"Up, lad!" cried Sir Harry, but I hesitated and turned to the Cavalier, having it in my mind to offer him my mare, his speedy journey being the more important, but to my surprise I saw that he was already seated on Sir Harry's horse.

Bending from his saddle to Sir Harry, who stood near him, "Nay, Harry," he said, "'tis like thy true heart, yet do I fear the risk to thyself this business means."

"Shall I lose my friend as also my brother in this most cursed quarrel of our country?" cried Sir Harry passionately. "So away, if thou lovest me, for each moment sees thy safety, so dear to my heart, in peril."

Here his eye caught sight of me still standing at my horse's head.

"Zounds!" cried he. "Wouldst thou risk all by such dallying?" and as all with one voice cried out at me, I jumped to my horse, scarcely able to believe I was to go forward untroubled.

"But the clothes, sir?" I exclaimed, regarding him.

"Of these thou shalt from me hear shortly," he cried. "Meanwhile I help my friend's friend, and trust to the honour I have a right to expect from one of thy name, that all thou hast told me is true."

His noble bearing and courteous words broke my heart that was deceiving him.

"Oh, sir!" I cried, bending towards him. "I was sore pressed, and am still—yet a word in your ear, sir!" I cried, desperate, feeling I would die sooner than thus deceive him, but the innkeeper, impatient at this, to him, foolish lingering, struck my horse such a thwack behind with his stick,

that off she went in an angry canter after the Cavalier, who was making with all speed in the direction in which I had first overtaken him.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ON THE ROAD.

**F**OR some moments I rode on, heedless of danger, my mind full of remorse for my treatment of the generous Sir Harry, who had thus, for aught he knew, let slip revenge for the love of his friend.

But though I had been thus careless of risks, my companion, whom I followed, was watching the country with anxious eyes, and cunningly seeking its best shelter. Plunging now into a thickly wooded combe, we found our way through it by aid of a small footpath, which Sir Brian told me had been mentioned to him by the friendly innkeeper as one that would put him on his way to a certain mill at St. Petruch, owned by a man whose good faith we might rely upon, where he hoped to find a guide to a ford across the Torridge. Free of this wood, we rode on in anxious silence, up rounded hills and adown mossy valleys, the sun shining fitfully above us, the soft wind laden with the scent of the furze that all around us decked the moorland with its splendour.

But presently my companion turned to me. "By my faith," he cried, "we have given the crop-ears the slip! Yet see, lad, that thou keepest thy pistol in readiness, for none may say how far we shall ride without interference, and, next sacred to the letter I carry, do I hold it my happiest duty to return thee in safety to thy sister."

And his eyes' kind glance was upon me.

But I cried out heartily that it mattered not, that my safety was naught to trouble about, for in truth I was heart-sick and ashamed of my sister's brother, imp of deceit that he was.

Sir Brian Carthew smiled at my vehemence.

"Youth ever scorns caution," he said. "Yet do I wager so wisely brave a sister hath not sent a brother forth on a journey fraught with such peril without due warnings."

"My sister," I answered, disdainfully enough, "curtails her loyalty by no such caution. Did the sacrifice of my life or her own further the Cause, she would freely yield it, deeming, as she does, such dying most happy. So I pray thee, if thou wouldst please her, let me stay at once my further journeying with thee, lest by such care for my safety thou shouldst place that which thou carriest, and thyself, in greater danger."

"Well, I promise thee," he answered smiling, "that the success of mine errand shall outweigh all other claims. But, as union is ever strength, let us keep together, Godfrey Glanvil, for if thou art not overlaid with care for thy personal safety, thou hast by thus overtaking me proved thyself no ill comrade in these troublous times."

Down in a valley we reached from a wind-swept hill, we came upon a farm that nestled in the hollow. From the small garden a homely-looking maid was carrying in an armful of linen. At the sound of our approach a woman looked from a lattice above, and asked our business with no little sharpness. An uncommon big and bony creature was she, with cheeks of a weather-beaten ruddiness, and a more displeasing face I ne'er had seen.

To her question Sir Brian Carthew replied that we were two travellers to whom the times had not been over-kind, and that we would ask advice upon our further journeying.

"Then ye'll not get it at Durplay," she answered, without hesitation; "the land has seen too many of such as ye, cattle stealers and rogues! Think not because you find two lone women here that ye'll rob us. I have heard tell no person living is safe from your villainies. But mark you, if you so much as lay a finger on me, I'll give the pair of you that which will make you sing a different tune, poor weak woman that I may seem to be."

And shaking her fist at us she closed the window sharply, and we heard her clattering down the stairs to the door, which she barred and locked, scolding loudly the while.

"By my faith," laughed Sir Brian Carthew, "this good wife is much troubled by idle fears! He would be a bold man and a blind to boot, who would dare to take any liberties with such a virago."

And with that he turned his horse's head, and through the farm we rode, until we came to a lane into which two ways branched, showing, however, no hint of their endings.

Choosing one haphazard, "May the good saints

guide us now!" said Sir Brian Carthew, "for reason hath no making in these lanes of Devon, and a false turn may land us into the hands of our enemies."

In truth it was a wild, lone place, and the path we rode so narrow and overgrown with boughs, we were forced to bend almost to our horses' heads as we went down it.

I was letting my mare find her best way forward, my thoughts far away on my journey's ending, when I saw Sir Brian, who rode ahead of me, pull back his horse with a smothered exclamation of alarm.

Looking with startled eyes, I saw our pathway



"WE WISH NO ILL SAVE TO ROGUES AND THIEVES," HE SAID, GALLANTLY.

had widened suddenly, and there, but a few paces from us, at the base of a steep and wooded hill on our right, half a dozen men were confronting us.

But the next moment came a laugh, and, looking up, we saw a man running down through the trees of the hill above towards us.

At sight of him, Sir Brian Carthew turned to me.

"By my faith, a clubman!" said he. "See the inkle strings in his hat, lad!"

By this time the man, a handsome, sun-tanned youth of most gentlemanly bearing, had joined us, followed by several of his men.

"Why," cried he to the latter, "is it at two such proper gentlemen my foolish fellows raised an alarm? Now, had it been a troop of my Lord Wentworth's horse, or, perchance, a score of hungry Roundheads, they had done well."

Then off he swept his hat, with a fine air of breeding.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in honesty can I serve you?"

"Why," said Sir Brian Carthew, with like salutation, "in truth thou canst, young sir, if thou hast the will. I think I can read thy face sufficiently to see thou art not of that scurvy sort who would give a gentleman into the hands of the traitors."

The young gentleman bowed again.

"You have the word of Michael Cary for it," he replied, proudly. "We wish no ill save to rogues and thieves—and in verity," he said, gallantly, "I perceive none such here."

During this converse his followers, to the number of about two score, had gathered round, surveying us with ill-concealed uneasiness. They were apparently of the yeoman class, stolid, and simple-looking, and unarmed, save for the stout staff each man carried in his hand.

Much had I heard of these men, who, to protect their horses and farm produce from the pillages of the soldiers, had banded together, and, under influential leaders, had proved themselves not untroublesome foes. Though I could but deplore their want of loyalty to the King's cause—for who should set store on house or lands when his most sacred Majesty lacked both?—yet could I scarce blame them, knowing what wicked license some who had led the King's troops had given their soldiers to pillage and plunder the defenceless country folk.

"We do but assemble here," said this leader of clubmen to Sir Brian Carthew, "and the place, as you will agree, allows of much quietness for the purpose. Your pardon, sirs, but with the King's men retreating, and their hungry foes pursuing them, it behoveth those who have anything to lose to be wary and on guard. Still, it is not what is in reason asked that we would refuse. Gentlemen, if I mistake not your looks, you would be where the crimson sashes are gathered together, and as we have no wish to detain any such on this side of the Torridge—against their will," he added, with a sly look towards his followers—"one of my men shall, if you will, put you on a better method of finding your

friends than ye have taken in coming hitherwards."

Whereupon, beckoning to one of his followers, he bade him with all haste and care to conduct us on our way to St. Petruch.

Bidding farewell to this friendly leader of clubmen, we rode off accompanied by our guide, who thereupon led us forward by so tortuous, intricate, and miry a path, I no longer marvelled that a conductor had been necessary for us to discover it. Coming at length to more open country, he, with many directions, left us.

No sooner had we crossed the ford at St. Petruch, which we accomplished with safety, thanks to the kindly miller there, than Sir Brian Carthew, who was in marvellous good spirits at our so far successful journeying, fell to questioning me as to the method of my escapement from Torrington.

Alack! much trouble the answering gave me, for, carried away by remembrance of my many difficulties, I was a hundred times on the point of betraying my secret.

Yet, as my tale was told, oft did he cry: "Bravo!" and "Bravely done, good lad!" And of all that which most delighted him was my overtaking the guard of the West Bridge.

"Now, by Queen Mary," he cried, his eyes sparkling, "if I live shall the King himself hear of this ride of thine! Dear lad," said he, turning to me, "thy sister is happy in her brother."

My sister! Alas, poor maid! Little did he know how his appreciation of so rascally a brother embarrassed her. But with the wide trustfulness of brave souls, he suspected naught.

"Sweet maid!" cried he presently. "So bravely did she keep this secret—I have not heard," musing, he said, "that such is woman's way."

"Oh!" I cried, nettled—for what maiden could have heard the like in calmness? "If thou dost judge by hearsay, this much and other error wilt thou learn of women."

At this he laughed, his merry blue eyes upon me.

"Why, my pretty Solomon," he said, "shall I learn of Nature's greatest mystery from thee?"

"Are women so accounted?" I asked, wonder in my tone. "I had not myself thought it."

And I fell to pondering on his words, for in truth I saw not their reason.

"So sweetly wise a lad," he cried, "should not be sparing of his knowledge. Come, enlighten one more ignorant, and tell me more of woman's ways!"

But here I blushed and tossed my head aside, for I saw he was but mocking me.

"Take care!" he exclaimed, noting my mien

with amusement. "None are in such peril as those who deem themselves safe."

But I answered him not, finding the merriment of his glance hard to encounter.

"Alack!" he laughed, "what a cropper wilt thou come! The first pretty maid who sighs, 'Ah, me! I love thee!' thou wilt believe to thy cost, and thus sweet love will turn to gallish hate and thy faith in truth be for ever broken."

"Now!" cried I, shocked, "how foolish does this seem, that if one maid prove false, a man should doubt all goodness? 'Tis not thus with a true maid—this I know—who, should her lover spurn her, turns her sad eyes heavenwards, and in walking thither sees God in everything, save falsest man."

"Heaven save," he exclaimed, "that thou talkest not thus of thy sister! Say not so pitiless a fate hath thus used her?"

"My sister?" I gasped. "My sister?"

For in truth I had forgot all for the moment. Then up I blushed to the eyes.

"Nay, sir," I said. "I speak not of my sister. Yet what I say, has it not been the way of true maids since the world began?"

Then for a time we rode in silence, while in my heart raged a conflict of doubts and hopes and strangest longings. Upon the grey moor which we were crossing the light fell sharply, the sun shut off from us by a bank of gathering clouds. Not a sound broke the stillness but the thud of our horses' hoofs, on the soft turf, as, scenting the coming rain, the good beasts flung back their heads, and plunged forward through the faded heather.

"Tell me more of this sweet sister of thine," he said, as we slackened our speed. "Such topic would make the longest journey short."

"Sir," I answered, in proud reproach, "take it not unkindly, I pray thee, but I talk not of my sister to strangers."

"So cruel and yet so sweet a lad I have not met," he answered laughingly, "nor is it thy tenderness invites my confidence. Yet would I have thee know, young sir, I do account myself no stranger to this most sweet relative of thine. For am I not, by the favour she did so graciously give me, constituted her true knight? Flash thine eyes, lad, if thou wilt, yet will I hold her still my lady, and one day, if I live, will look into her eyes, aye, and tell her so. Oh, youth, mock me not," he cried, "thy little chin so turned hath caught her very trick. So did she look aside, sweet soul, when mine eyes, more bold than my tongue, praised her rare loveliness."

"Tell me, boy," he added, hastily, "is she yet won by any man?"

Alas! his eyes met mine in fierce entreaty and I, poor maid, though my heart cried out in protest, replied calmly. "Alack, sir!" I said, "thou dost much honour my sister, but 'tis vain, for she is—gone."

"Gone!—dead?" he cried, and caught my bridle. "Have a care, lad—play no monkey tricks with a man's heart."

"Oh, sir," I answered, well-nigh beside myself, "my sister hath gone to her kin in France—or, if not, will be—in truth I know not—save that you love unworthily. For what canst thou tell but she is a maid that would flout thee? Pretty maids do—aye! hast thou not said as much thyself; and why thinkest thou my sister better than others? Let me tell thee—she hath a tongue most spiteful, and as for tricks—oh! sir, her tricks do border on low cunning!"

But he let go my bridle with a cry of contempt.

"Enough," said he haughtily. "I was a fool to thus trust a raw youth."

After that he spoke not. Anon, I, watching his face, found it troubled and stern. But though, the more mine eyes beheld him, the oftener did I steal a glance thitherwards, noting each time some new point for admiration in his most manly presence, not once did he look my way, nor notice took he of my being, and in all my life I ne'er had known such pain as his indifference brought my heart.

Ah! if he but knew! What would he think of the maid who under cover of such disguise had stolen from him the secret of his heart?

Alas! what a fate was mine, that must for honour's sake stay the tongue that told me such sweet tidings! For he must never know—such the refrain to all my song of love, crushing its hopes, foretelling its doom.

Yet to have been so loved—ah! that was to be blest above all other maidens. In the drear future, should I not in this remembrance find my most cruel joy and happy sorrow? This being so, till we did part, not a turn of my love's head would I miss, nor tone of his voice lose, for such alone would be the food to stay my hungry love till time for me had ceased.

Following him a horse's length behind, I saw all the country dimly through my tears. Alas! I had not dreamed of such as this when, full of hope, I had set out on mine errand for the King.

"For the King!" Why, here was kindest comfort, for naught had I done save for the King's sake, and if in the serving I had lost more than life itself, should I complain?

(To be continued.)

# Lyle's PANTHER



By Harold Bindloss.

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

**W**E had been unfortunate at Graham's very unfinished ranch, which lay hidden among the redwoods of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, just before Lyle rode in to enjoy a few days' shooting. Returning with some hardly earned dollars to improve his own holding after making a Government trail, Graham proceeded, with my assistance, to burn off his last few acres "slashing," where the great trunks and branches lay piled in tremendous ruin. The wind, however, was stronger than he expected, for the fire, running through the mown undergrowth, burned off his house as well, and we were sitting forlornly and blackened all over beside the charred logs and feathery ashes, when Lyle accosted us. He bestrode a Cayuse pony, which was bleeding in several places, having, he informed us, fallen down repeatedly along the treacherous forest trail, but there was no mistaking him for a very young naval officer out on a holiday.

"The place they call an hotel down at the settlement is full up with timber-right prospectors, but the gentleman who owns it said you would no doubt be able to take me in," he explained, and I saw that Graham was in a

quandary. In that country no stranger is ever turned hungry away, and Graham was a well-educated Englishman; but our accommodation was not extensive then.

"Sit down and make yourself at home. Glad to see you, but we're camping over the working oxen in the barn just now," he said. "That idiot yonder has lately burned down my house for me."

We gave Lyle—who said he was not particular, which was as well—the best we had, though this was not very good. Our young friend rose from his straw bed early next morning for a swim, but returned blue in the face, because the river was fed by melting snow, with a story of how he had fallen among great black and yellow water snakes, which are, however, perfectly harmless. Then he set out for the bush, taking the Cayuse pony, an Express rifle, and Graham's terrier, "Trip," which had taken a fancy to him. The Cayuse came back alone, two hours later, while Lyle returned at nightfall in badly torn clothes, very hungry, and doubtful whether there were any deer or bear in that country. He had, however, heard something rustling in the tall fern near another outlying ranch, and was crawling on hands and knees

towards it, when he chanced upon the owner, who said: "Light right out of this. The last time you fellows came up hunting you shot a colt for me, and I suppose it's my plough-ox you're stalking now; we've no use for horse-killers running loose round here."

"I told him I was one of the ——'s company out on a hunting trip," Lyle informed us, "and when, in the same breath, the fellow, who said he might have been a barrister if he hadn't known better, asked me to have dinner, and promised to turn a wolf-dog loose if he heard a shot, I didn't say anything worth repeating and came away."

"He would have kept his word," said Graham, chuckling. "Ormond is a nice man, but he hasn't forgotten how the last naval detachment shot his pedigree horse. You try along the river to-morrow."

On the second day Lyle fell among the terrible Devil's Club, and it took us some time to pick the thorns out of him, but he brought no deer, which was not surprising, though he could shoot well, for the wild deer's fur fades invisible among the tints of fallen branches and withered fern, and it needs some training to see the forest creatures in their native home. Still, when he grew dejected and informed me in confidence that he wanted the skin of a bear or a panther for a present particularly, I promised that on the morrow Graham would try to find a wild beast of some kind for him. We started early, leaving Trip, the terrier, who, though a sensible little beast, was no use in the woods, shut up behind; but he joined us later, and at the request of Lyle, who had grown fond of him, was permitted to stay. Graham was a good bushman, but we only shot a few blue grouse, and at sunset lay down to rest awhile among some dwarf spruce on the edge of a steep descent. Far away in the north-east one could catch the last rosy glimmer of the mainland snow, and close above willows fringed the forest plateau we had just struggled out of. Below, slippery shale and great rock fragments, brought down by sliding snow, covered the slope as far as a heavy belt of timber, and lower still deep water shimmered steelily in an awful chasm. Fleecy trains of mist rolled slowly across the long lines of pines on the breast of the opposite hill, until the river was blotted out and we could only hear its roar through smoky vapour. We were all of us ragged, for the undergrowth of those forests is bad to travel through, and Graham, whose flour-bag jacket was almost rent in half, discoursed upon panthers, which are fairly common thereabouts.

"Don't think they'd attack a man who let

them alone," he said. "Still, one turned three surveyors out of a thicket with their chain, and when Faber was riding in along the trail a panther jumped right out of the fern and annexed the big dog close beside him. I was sitting on the verandah of the settlement hotel when one bounded from under the redwoods and took a young hog only a few yards away. Just a squeal and a dust-cloud, and while we jumped for our rifles that porker vanished for ever."

I knew these tales were perfectly true, and could see Lyle's eyes grow eager as Graham talked. There was a longing look in his still boyish face, and I felt almost guilty at not mentioning that I had seen the tracks of a panther in the last hollow. I knew that Lyle would have insisted on following it, but it was far too late to crawl after a panther through tangled thickets, so to save him disappointment I determined to wait until the morrow.

"Get hold of the dog!" said Graham, suddenly, in a hoarse whisper, "Now, Mr. Lyle, can you see anything yonder by the break in the willows?" and seizing Trip by the neck I made out what might be either a horn or branch among the darkening leaves, but, as I expected, Lyle, in spite of his sea training, failed to discern it.

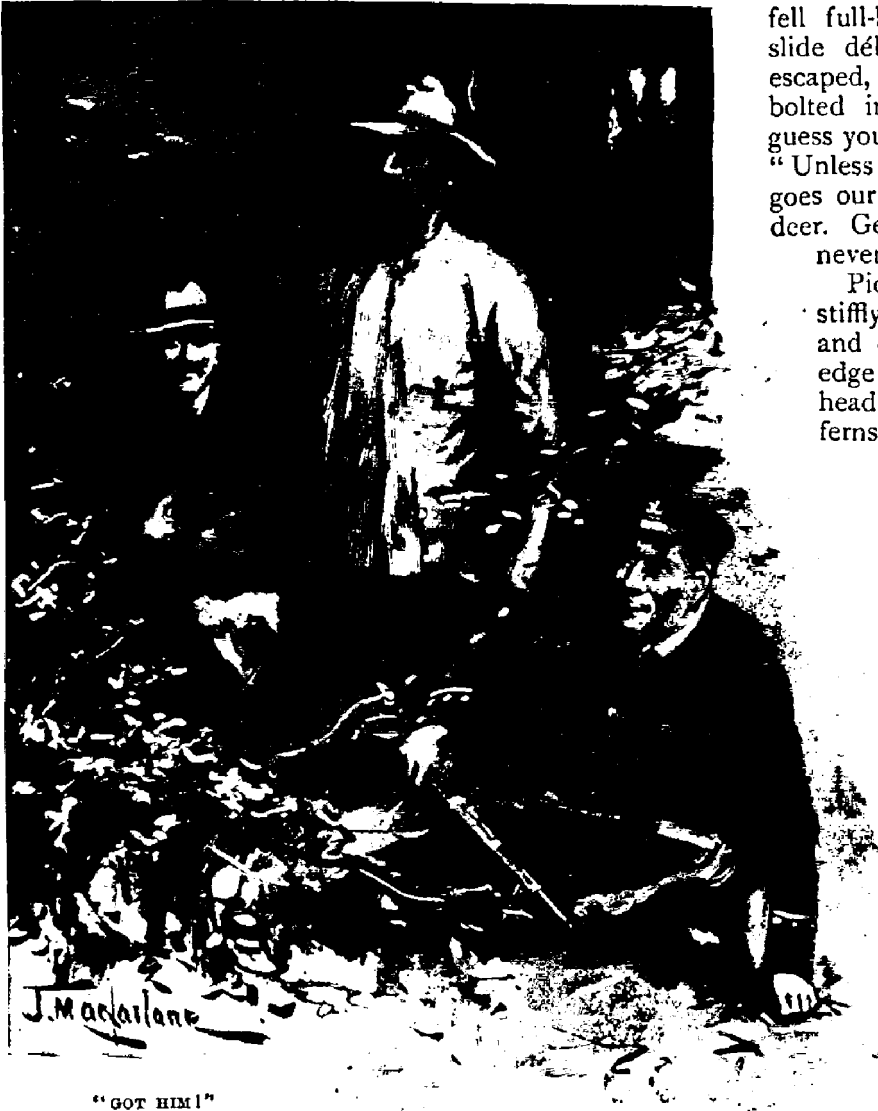
"There!" said Graham. "Under the skeleton twigs. Wind's right way, but you've no time to fool away," and the young man, whose fingers trembled with excitement, answered eagerly:—

"Ah, I see it now! Over a hundred yards, isn't it?"

"Sight full bead at a hundred, and try for 2ft. below it," whispered Graham, and while a rancher would have flung up his rifle and fired forthwith, the naval man settled himself methodically down full length, and crossed his legs. Then he carefully found a place for his left elbow, and his fingers stiffened on the barrel, while his jaw found the stock, and Graham smiled ironically, wondering whether the deer would wait until he was ready. But Lyle could shoot, for when the muzzle tilted and a wisp of blue smoke followed the red flash, torn leaves fluttered down from the twigs he took as mark, and there was a smashing among the willows almost simultaneously with the jarring report which rolled along the rocks above.

"Got him!" he shouted, leaping to his feet, while Graham, who nodded approval, said, "I guess you have, but I think he's going yet. Hold on; if he can't get through the willows he'll break cover this way."

Graham was right, for presently a deer reeled



"GOT HIM!"

out further along the leafy screen, and went down the slope in flying bounds, the loose shale rattling away beneath it. Two bullets whirled harmlessly after it, though the deer, which was evidently stricken, lost its footing and rolled over several times down a steep descent, but it was up again, and vanished among the timber with a crash of undergrowth, while Graham seized Lyle, who seemed bent on running his hardest down hill after it.

"Steady! You'll certainly break your neck that way," he said. "We'll try to pick the trail up if you'll follow me carefully. Stick fast to the dog."

An arduous scramble followed, and I wished that Graham had carried his own dog, for Trip, who would have only kept the wounded deer in flight, struggled hard to get free, and both hands were badly needed in descending that declivity. Still, we progressed safely until I

fell full-length among some snow-slide débris, and the dog, which escaped, barked exultantly as he bolted into the timber. "Now I guess you've fixed it," said Graham. "Unless it turns upon him there goes our last chance of finding that deer. Get right up and come along; never mind your knee."

Picking myself up I limped stiffly on with a bleeding knee, and overtook the others on the edge of the timber, burrowing head-foremost through ten-foot ferns, whose withering fronds clung about us like a net as we struggled through. We passed it, however, and stood still presently on hearing a curious yap from Trip, all of us scratched and breathless, listening intently. "It's not a deer," said Graham. "The dog's badly scared of something, as well as in a rage."

Daylight lingers in that region, and a weird green brilliancy still glimmered between the great branch arches high above; but there was deepening shadow among the colonnades of mighty trunks below, while the air was filled

with the clean scent of redwoods and cedars touched by the dew. A giant fir had fallen not far ahead, bringing, as generally happens, several others down in its fall. Now, with their lower ends buried in tall yellow fern and branches interlocked, the huge logs lay piled across each other, their upper ends supported against the neighbouring columns of living wood at various heights in the air. The whole, with the undergrowth forced up between, formed one of the horrible tangles common in that country which an axe can hardly open an easy passage through, and we had no axe with us.

Trip growled savagely, somewhere in the midst of it, then howled with fear, after which we heard a deep ominous snarl, and Graham said:—

"Something I hadn't figured on is happening in there. It sounds mighty like a



panther that has pulled down the wounded deer. Get up on the log and see if you can make out anything."

So, trusting to the creeper spikes upon my boots, I took the bushman's usual road—over instead of under—and walked out upon the largest trunk, while a furious yelping commenced ahead; turning a moment, I heard Graham say:—

"Come back, you idiot! I tell you there's a panther in there!"

"It's my deer—I'm going to get it," said Lyle, who was trying to force himself through a mass of interlacing twigs, and Graham's answer came up to me:—

"Well, if you will go, let a man who knows the bush make a way for you."

They disappeared beneath me, and for a time I saw no more of them until, seizing a branch, I swung myself across on to a neighbouring log, from which I could look down into a gloomy pit, perhaps 20ft. deep, filled with tangled undergrowth. There was no way down, for the man who drops unguardedly into such places runs a heavy risk of impaling himself on broken branches, or breaking his leg, and I was not altogether sorry to escape being mixed up in a scuffle with a panther among thorn and fern in the dark. The dog was scurrying about, whining as if afraid. I could see the leaves move under some heavy body, and was unslinging my rifle for a shot at it when Graham's hat became visible beneath.

"You're not going in, Lyle! It's blamed madness when it's almost dark!" he said.

Then a shrill yell of almost human agony broke out, and Lyle's rifle flashed. The detonation filled all the pit with sound; blue smoke curled up out of it; there was a pathetic appeal in the last yelp from the dog, and a loud snarling, while Lyle shouted:—

"I've hit him! The brute's killing Trip. Let go, Graham—for any sake let me get at him!"

I could dimly see him plunge head-first into a thicket of salmon-berry, with, as it now struck me, an empty rifle, for in his excitement he had not reloaded either barrel of the double Express. The fern and bushes rustled, and a suggestive thud, which might have been made by a heavy blow on something that yielded under it, was followed by the plunge of an unseen body through the tangle. Then, almost afraid to think what might be happening in the half-darkness beneath, I wriggled towards a branch that might serve as a ladder. Graham, breaking through the brushwood, flung up his rifle. Red sparks leapt from the muzzle, the branches rattled to the concussion of the heavy report,

while something snapped in my hand, and I fell headlong into the gulf.

Rotten twigs snapped about me, giant fern fronds opened out, lashed my face and hands, and closed in again when I alighted free from hurt among matted brambles or other thorny vines. It was quite dark down there, and only those who have crawled through such places know how everything with tendrils plaits about one's limbs. When, scratched all over, I scrambled clear at last, thick, white smoke hung about the trembling needles and drifted athwart the trunks, and the jarring reports of Graham's rifle grew deafening. He was firing at a venture as fast as he could jerk the cartridges from the cylinder of his Winchester repeater.

"The beast's off; I think I plugged him! Are you all right, Lyle?" he shouted, when the din ceased suddenly, and for a moment the silence grew oppressive, until a voice rose up: "All right. I hit him, and here's the deer!" while scrambling forward we found the third of the party seated beside a fallen deer, holding a small white and black object, which whined, tenderly in his arms. There was barely light enough to distinguish this, and when we stood before him only our own heavy breathing broke the silence of the darkening woods.

"Poor little chap! he's badly mauled," said Lyle pitifully. "Much obliged to you, Graham, for coming in after me. It was my first deer, and one couldn't stand by and hear a dog he's fond of screaming out in the grip of a panther, you see. Can't you light a fire while we see where he's hurt, or pick up the trail of the panther? I'm certain I hit him."

"Not without turning ourselves into a fricassée," said Graham. "Ever seen a fire run through a dried-up bush? No; well it's a striking spectacle from a safe distance; and as to the other question, I wouldn't take five hundred dollars to crawl any further head-first after a wounded panther to-night. I'll fix the deer so we can pack it out to-morrow, and the sooner we get home the sooner we can 'tend to Trip. You took a big risk, Mr. Lyle, in saving that dog for me."

For some minutes Graham operated upon the deer, which had evidently been struck down by the panther, for it bore the marks of fangs and claws, and was still warm. Then, and it was quite dark now, we spent, perhaps, half an hour floundering among matted undergrowth, through which we had both to drag Lyle in places: "It's very uncomfortable travelling," he said. "It's curious that when I came in it seemed so much easier."

At last we struck a forest trail, and, though

none of these are to be recommended after nightfall, reached our quarters in Graham's barn without any misadventure of consequence. When the owner had lighted an oolochan, which is a fish found off those coasts that burns like a candle, and hung up the kerosene lamp, Lyle sat down, gently stroking the mangled terrier that lay upon his knee. Graham stood above him, and there was a likeness between the two—the gaunt, grim-faced bush-rancher, who, well trained in England, had come out to help in hewing the future of a great province out of the redwood forest, and the young naval officer, who, looking very boyish, soothed the dog. Both had the same steady eyes, and on their bronzed faces the stamp of fearlessness, though one gave orders in uniform, and the other, dressed in hide and flour bags sewn by his own hands, swung the axe ten hours daily, or tramped behind his plough-oxen down the long furrow.

"Torn the flesh right down his back, poor little fellow!" said Lyle, laying a brown hand, which, ceasing its whining, the terrier licked gratefully, on its fore paws. "Those brutes must have terrible claws. I suppose you have got something to tie him up with."

"The usual arnica and balsam!" answered Graham, who in his own reserved way would, I knew, do as much as anyone living for an unfortunate man or beast. "Every man who uses an axe cuts himself occasionally, and the only one I know of who didn't, lost his toes because an axe fell off a new barn roof and cut them through for him. Said he was lucky it didn't split his head. Now!—if you're ready."

I handed him a bottle and a strip torn from one of the cotton flour bags which no settler ever throws away, while presently Lyle, whose face was very pitiful, laid the dog down on my spare jacket saying, "I think he'll do, and it's a consolation that there's one scar at least which will trouble him on that panther's head."

We were tired, and had promised to resume the search at sunrise, so we retired early, and with the melodious jangle of cow bells and the moan of a distant torrent drifting across the solemn silence of the bush for a lullaby, soon sank into sound slumber. The sun had not

risen above the sombre redwoods encircling Graham's clearing, while the dew still hung heavy on the fern about the six-foot fir stumps which cumbered it, when we started again, taking an axe and crosscut saw as well as the rifles. None, however, were needed, for it was easier to pass the thicket in clear daylight, and as we crept through Graham picked up the story of the three-cornered affray. "The deer was probably pretty sick from loss of blood when the panther jumped on him here," he said. "Must have dragged him beyond yonder bush, while Trip, who ought to have known better, fooled round outside, yapping, until the panther reached out and knocked him clear. There, if you want more convincing, you'll find the deer."



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that wasn't quite how it was happening." The deer's throat and shoulder were horribly torn, but another trail of crimson splashes, very plain to such eyes as Graham's, led into the thicket, and, remembering what we had seen, we followed it with due caution. Probably no

one felt quite comfortable when we had to crawl under fallen branches on hands and knees. When we came out into a more open space, Lyle flung up Graham's second hat, which he had borrowed, for, huddled among crimson wine berries, the panther lay stone dead. It was a powerful creature, with flat-topped, cat-like head, and horrible fangs, on which a red froth still hung coagulated, enormously muscular forehead, and slender flank, not unlike a tiger reduced in size. I could see Lyle's eyes fixed upon it with wonder and pride, while Graham acted as showman.

"I guess you hit it there first shot in the shoulder, smashing the bone, and that's why it stood its ground," he said. "Yonder's the mark of my Winchester," and then, lifting the head, he pointed to a red gash on the scalp, adding, "Here's something I can't quite get the hang of. Now I remember, your gun couldn't have been loaded when you ran in—you said you hit him. Whatever could have made a wound like that?"

"This!" said Lyle quickly, touching the sharp angle of the heel-plate on the rifle butt. "I couldn't wait to get the cartridges out, and the brute would have torn the life out of poor Trip next moment."

"General Jackson!" said Graham. "Mr. Lyle, you have considerable nerve of your own to run in on a wounded panther with an empty gun. I guess you won't run a much bigger one if ever you take a battleship into action."

We packed the skin, and head, and venison home, and next afternoon, Lyle, who prepared to take his departure, said awkwardly:—

"I'm exceedingly obliged to both of you. Never enjoyed a holiday better, and now—you see it has to be mentioned—about the recompense?"

Graham looked at him sternly, and then, while the young man grew uncomfortable, clapped a hard hand on his shoulder.

"I don't keep an hotel, and I hope there'll long be a welcome for any stranger in this country," he said, smiling. "Remember we'll always be glad to see you when the Lords of the Admiralty can spare you, and we'll have better quarters when next you come along. It's not every day one entertains a man who's willing to tackle a panther with the wrong end of a gun."

Thereupon Lyle clambered upon the back of the Cayuse pony, which bared its teeth and kicked, waved the hat he had borrowed from us, and departed, a somewhat ragged scarecrow, up the climbing trail, while there was a kindly light in Graham's eyes, as he said: "There's clean, hard grit in that young man, and if they run our navies with that kind they won't go far wrong. I should say the man who, to save a dog, would hammer a panther's head with the heel-plate of an empty rifle wouldn't hang back much if ever he got the signal that his ship was badly wanted."

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SLANG.

(Sent by "Bluecoat Boy.")

Crug	Bread.	Scratch	Maid.
Chaff	Expresses joy or delight.	Sicker	Infirmity.
Shark	To cadge tuck.	Tubby	Labourer.
Flab	Butter.	Pof shout	Game with ball, and halloa.
Duff	Pudding, and to swindle.	Shuts	Disappointment.
Mob	Move up in class.	"Bite!"	Cave! Look out!
Swab	Fag (noun).	Haggery	Scullery.
Spadge	Walk (verb and noun).	Hags	Scullery maids.
Housey	Christ's Hospital.	Pepper box	A fives court.
Kiff	Coffee.	Mull	To fight.
Titch	Cane (verb).	Slogging	Licking.
Pan out	To tell tales.	Biggey	Major.
Buzz	To cry.	Littley	Minor.
Swear out	To accuse wrongfully.	Shag	Share.
Pock	Pocket.	Pub sups	Lenten suppings.

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Buzz	To cry.	Littley	Minor.
Swear out	To accuse wrongfully.	Shag	Share.
Pock	Pocket.	Pub sups	Lenten suppings.



## THE CARE OF THE MACHINE.

**I**T would be difficult to find a more important subject, from the point of view of those cyclists who value their machines and wish them long life, than this one of the proper care of the bicycle, as distinct from the proper handling of it when in use. Most important of all, perhaps, is it in winter, when so large a number of riders—quite foolishly as I think—allow their mounts to remain idle, and deprive themselves of the exhilarating delights of winter riding. And yet there are ever so many fellows of my acquaintance who habitually neglect their bicycles at nearly all times, and who, needless to say, when they put a nice one away for the winter, only find when spring comes round that they are in possession of a heavy-running, dingy-looking, and spoilt “old crock”; for age is not a question of time only, but of good or ill usage as well.

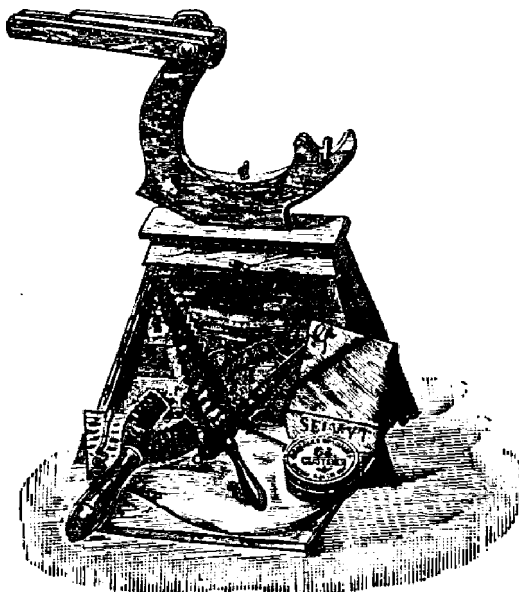
I will deal first with the question of external cleaning. To begin with, fix the machine upon a convenient cycle stand. Supposing there be mud on the machine, it must be removed while soft. If, for any reason, it has been allowed to harden before cleaning operations are commenced, it must be softened artificially, or its removal will almost certainly involve the scratching, or even chipping, of plating and enamel. In the case of enamel, a good way to soften is by dabbing with a moist

cloth; but another cloth, this time moistened, not with water, but with paraffin, should be employed to soften any mud that may have become caked on the nickel plating. Care should be taken, however, that neither softening material is used in excess. No water should be allowed to trickle anywhere near the bearings,

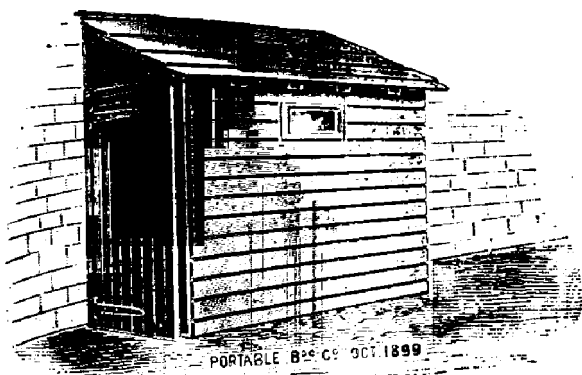
and no paraffin should on any account be allowed to touch the tyres or other rubbered parts. Paraffin is just as well kept out of the bearings too, for reasons I may explain later, although I know that many cleaners and repairers use it habitually and in large quantities, and its use in America is almost universal.

When the mud is all removed, a perfectly dry cloth should be used to get the last trace of moisture away as well as the last trace of the paraffin. The next thing to do is to tackle the rust on the bright parts, in case any should then be discovered. The paraffin

itself will already have done something in this direction, but I should not advise completing the process with that cleanser. It is much better to employ some one of the good preparations now upon the market. Personally, I have found the substance sold in tins, and described as “matchless polishing paste,” to answer all expectations, but there are plenty of other things that will do the trick satisfactorily. The cloth known as “Selvyt”



GAMAGE'S "CLEAN-ALL" OUTFIT.



PORTABLE BUILDING COMPANY'S CYCLE HOUSE.

is a capital polisher, and is much easier to wash and soften than is chamois leather. The material called "engine waste" is excellent for the earlier stages of cleaning. Gamage's "Clean-all" is a self-contained cleaning outfit of great value. Having effected the

polishing of all bright parts as a first stage of the cleaning, because it is very important, you can make your next task of the kind much easier by employing some rust preventive. Vaseline has long been known in this connection. It takes off a little from the apparent brightness of the metal, but it is a good protector, and makes such an incident as a light shower of rain, or a month's neglect when at rest in the cycle stable, a matter of but little account. But there are

other substances which are more easy to handle, and which do the work at least as well. Among them I can speak highly of that known as "anti-rustine," for I have given it a lengthy trial, out of which it has come with honours.

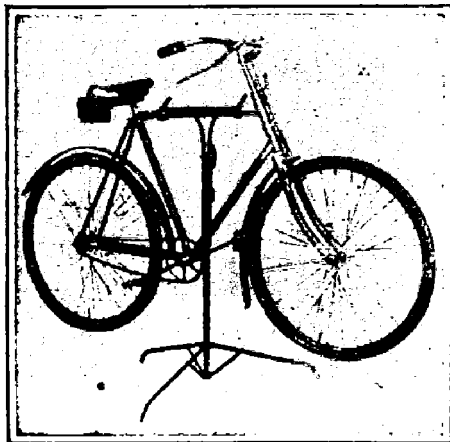
Let me go back for a moment to the mud stage again, in order to speak of the care of the tyres. Many riders treat their tyres as they might if the latter were made, not of a delicate substance such as indiarubber, but of iron, as in the old "bone-shaker." This is all wrong. The tyre should be cleaned as well as the rest of the machine, and there is, of course, a proper way of setting about the work. In this case there should be no attempt to soften any caked mud which may be attaching. The mud should be removed dry, either with a piece of stiff cardboard, or with a thin edge of wood, or, if great care is used so as not to injure the face of the rubber, the edge of a blunt knife may be

employed, this always being held at right angles to the rubber surface. If there are mudguards, they should be made as clean inside as out, and if a certain amount of polish is given to their inner surfaces it will be found that they will not accumulate mud so fast in future. The tyres may be finally wiped with a dampish cloth, but it must not be damp enough to allow of any moisture exuding, for if the smallest amount of water should steal in and touch the woven fabric, trouble may be expected in the near future. Many preparations, both home-made and manufactured, have been recommended for the application to the insides of inner tubes in order to improve or resuscitate them. All of these mixtures are more or less "messy," and I have not found any of them very effectual. But I once knew a pair of very old tubes apparently greatly improved by the introduction of a spoonful of common cold water into each valve. I now hear good things spoken

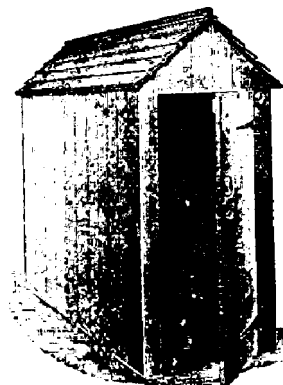
of a mixture called "Tyreine," intended for application to rubber of all kinds, and said to preserve its resiliency, and other good qualities.

Some people give the finishing touches to the enamel of the frame with furniture polish. I think it is better done with oil. A cloth partly saturated, not with paraffin, but with some good lubricating oil, may be used. The palm of the hand makes a still better polisher than the cloth, but the operation this indicates must be characterised as dirty work,

and either "monkey" soap or the soap balls made of sand and glycerine will be needed to cleanse the hands afterwards. Indeed, something of the sort may be required in any case. If the machine is to be used again shortly, it is advisable to clean all the polishing oil away very carefully, or there will be too great a tendency to accumulate dust. The oil on the nickel may or may not be left as a protector. But if the machine is about to be put by for a length of time, it is well to leave the protecting films upon it until such time as it may



"KLENEZE" CYCLE STAND.



WOODMAN &amp; CO'S RELIABLE CYCLE HOUSE

be required again. It will then, after a few minutes' work, emerge quite smart and bright.

A word about the cleansing of accessories.

Some riders oil or grease their saddles in order to make them softer, and of those who do so probably the majority oil them too much. To get this oil away then becomes an important cleaning process. It is best done by employing a little benzine, which should be stroked about the under side of the leather. With a bit of patience the saddle may be got right again. But the operation should not be carried out anywhere near a fire or a light, as the spirit is highly inflammable. Of the importance of cleaning the lamp thoroughly, both within and without, I have spoken on a previous occasion, and the bell, although it may perhaps be a trifle duller than the bright parts of the machine, owing to its being less heavily plated, is well worth the bit of trouble required to get it into a condition to match. The cleaning of the chain is so important that I shall give it a paragraph all to itself.

I will first assume that the chain is uncased, which, in my opinion, no chain destined for use off the racing track should be. In such an event the best thing to do with it is to detach it and place it in a shallow tray filled with paraffin. It may be moved about for a little while in order to allow all the links to get thoroughly washed. After that it should be dried quickly with a duster, care being taken not to allow any fluff from the duster to remain in the links. A lubricant should then be administered, and for all naked chains I consider a dry one preferable. There are several on the market, but ordinary blacklead makes a very good one.

The reason for using a dry lubricant is, that after its application there is less risk of dust and other deleterious substances collecting upon the chain again. If the chain is properly encased no paraffin need be used. The thing to do then is to run off the oil bath, for no gear-case is perfect which does not provide for one, add a new supply of oil, and spin the wheel round. This oil should then in its turn be run off, and fresh oil added.

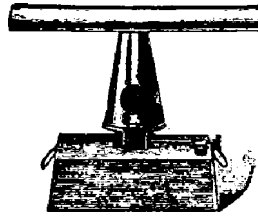
And now I come to perhaps the most important point of all—the cleaning of those moving parts that are out of sight. I have already spoken disrespectfully of paraffin, and I should on no account employ it in this connection. With a little more time and patience bearings can be better cleaned with some good non-mineral lubricant. Flushing with paraffin is the quick way, but it has a tendency to roughen the fine surfaces of balls and ball-races. Good sperm oil, or highly refined neatsfoot, is far preferable. Many of the patent oils will serve the

purpose admirably, but I would employ nothing in the shape of a “double purpose” oil, that is, an oil for which the vendors claim that it is good for lubricating and lighting as well. Such an oil may be all very well in the lamp, but it is almost sure to contain at least one ingredient of the paraffin class. The reason I would treat an uncovered chain with paraffin, as directed above, is that the good such oil does in removing grit, etc., far outweighs any harm that its own contact can possibly do. The properly covered chain will, if run in its oil bath, almost take care of itself. There will be practically no grit to remove.

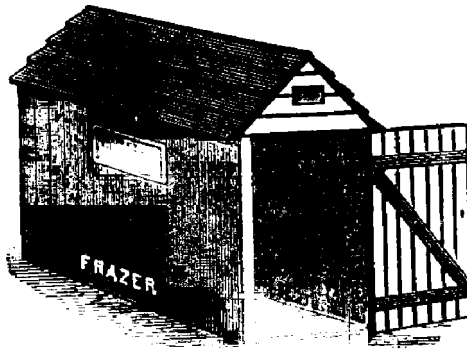
Lastly comes the question of where to keep the machine when it is not in use. If the periods of lying by are long the question is a vital one.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say to any but the youngest and most inexperienced of cyclists that a cellar, a damp attic, or a washhouse, or any such place, would each be utterly unsuitable as a storehouse. Some quite dry and not too cold place ought to be selected. The ideal situation is a room in which people live and have fires, but that is very seldom convenient, so it is necessary to try and arrive at the

same conditions artificially. A cycle house offers us the means of doing this. Such a structure can be had at all sorts of prices, from about a pound upwards. But any fellow clever with tools can make one for himself, and will probably be able to please himself much better in this way than by adopting any of the standard patterns on the market. If the cycle stable is out of doors in an exposed position it should be warmed in some way.



PORTABLE COMPANY'S  
HEATING LAMP.



FRAZER'S CYCLE HOUSE.



Lamps specially designed for this purpose can be obtained, or a small oil stove will supply the want. But do not forget that a machine put by for the winter, or for any other period, will not improve while at rest. That is true of all machinery, whether it be of large dimensions, such as those of a steamship, a locomotive, or a factory, or whether it be a watch or a cyclometer. A bicycle, then, left alone without work for a long period, is all the better for an occasional visit and a bit of wheel and pedal spinning.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C. H." (LONDON, E.C.).—You ought to give your name and your address, as a matter of courtesy. If you will send them, you shall have a reply. G. N. H. (THIRSK).—It is difficult to get grease and dirt out of felt handle grips, and that is one of the greatest objections to them. They are, of course, nice and warm as long as they remain felty; but they soon lose their soft texture as they become impregnated with grease, and after that they are no warmer than the harder forms of handle grip. The velvet that came into use some years ago went out of fashion almost immediately, because of its liability to collect dirt and its general unsuitableness. If the hands perspire at all freely, they will ruin any highly absorptive substance at once. Cork does not absorb the grease very rapidly, but it does in time, and on this account, as well as on the score of its nasty way of chipping and cracking, I do not like it. I know of nothing better than a grip of polished wood, or some similar hard and non-absorptive material. Some recommend the cleaning of felt by means of benzine; but it is exceedingly unsatisfactory unless the grips are first taken off. If this is not done, the real effect of the application of benzine is only to mix up and redistribute the grease, not to properly eradicate it. But if you can get the grips off, you have only to stuff them full of brown paper to act as an absorbent, and then apply benzine until the grease is driven into it. Do not attempt this operation anywhere near an exposed light or fire, as the substance is highly inflammable. The machine you name is trustworthy. See remarks below. L. F. (LISKEARD).—You should join the C.T.C. Get some member to propose you, and then send the necessary six shillings for the first year to the secretary, at 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Yes, there will be a few changes in the form of the Rudge-Whitworth machines in the opening year. The firm have made the flush joint frames universal as a feature of their wares. It is stronger, and looks neater, than the old joint. They are also offering a new series of handle-bars, with forward lugs. These are of such varied designs that whatever position the rider chooses—and I need hardly say I hope yours is the correct one—it is easy to pick a handle-bar to suit. In brakes this company are strong. They give the option of four varieties. You can have a front rim pull-up lever brake, a front rim or a back rim cable-actuated brake, or a pedal-actuated band brake for the back wheel. I should recommend either the first or second, if only one brake is wanted; but, with a free wheel, you should have not only one of these, but the third-named for preference also. The par-

ticular free wheel of this firm, by the way, has been slightly improved in this season's design. Apart from the changes I have named, the machines will be as before, practically, except that the V fork-crown will, this year, be fitted to the "Standards" and "Specials" alike. W. F. (TODMORDEN).—I do not like the trilight lamp. It is apt to uncomfortably dazzle any friend who may happen to be riding beside you. By a double purpose oil is meant one for the lamp and for lubricating purposes also. I have already given reasons why such an oil may be all right for lighting purposes, but is very likely to be unsuitable for introduction into bearings. Harry B. (LANARK).—I don't see why your projected club-house should not prove a success. All you want is a sufficient number of enthusiastic members, and, with a membership such as yours, there ought to be enough among it. You should have a certain few enthusiastic enough to be *always* there, and that will ensure the attendance of a lot of others, who will go, knowing that "there will be something on." Music is, as you say, important. If you can't afford a piano, or, if the premises you finally decide upon are unsuitable for one, you can, I should think, find some member who can play a stringed instrument, if only the banjo. I have known some very jolly times spent in such club-houses, and the banjo has done good service in contributing to the jollity. H. B. (SURREY).—There is no reason why you should not learn in a covered playground. It oddly happens that I learnt in one myself. "Lysander" (LANCING).—You can have all the bright parts replated at comparatively small cost, but it would be a pity to let any other than the maker do the enamelling, as that would mean the loss of transfer, which, in the case of your Centaur, is a good hall-mark. The patching up of the enamel yourself with a brush might turn out all right, but, unless it is very skilfully done, it does not improve the appearance of the mount, and I have known cases in which the operation made it look even older. Ernest (LIVERPOOL).—There must be a small puncture. No tyre should require to be blown up every day. The valves being sound, as you tell me, I suspect a leakage under the valve seating. I have often found this a cause of riders' troubles, and a very obstinate one, because, if it is not suspected, the ordinary water test seldom reveals it. Possibly it is too "tickle" a job for you to successfully deal with yourself, but I should try to tackle it if I were you. "Job" (URMSTON).—There is no excuse for a rider overtaking on the left hand side, without having given any warning of his intention to do so. Should any mishap occur as the result of such an act, he would certainly be liable for damages. The practice is far too common. If, say, the road is flanked by a footpath much used by pedestrians, the wise cyclist will avoid riding too far down to his left, because he knows that there are many careless people who have a habit of stepping off without taking the precaution of a glance over the shoulder. Of course, the "stepper-off," as he is called, has himself to blame if anything befalls him in consequence of his act. This is not only common sense, but it is law also. Still, as I say, the careful cyclist has consideration even for such foolish persons as he. If, while allowing a good margin for the stepper-off, the cyclist is himself overtaken by a more reckless wheelman, who prefers skimming the kerb all the way, the man so overtaking is not only guilty of the grossest ill-manners, but he is breaking the law as well.—H. P.



## "OUR COUSINS."

Some Expressions of Opinion by Six Girl Readers of "The Captain."

It is rather strange how families differ in the number of cousins they have. I, for instance,

**BY ONE WHO  
APPRECIATES  
THEM.**

have an innumerable number; fresh ones always seem to be turning up, while a friend of mine has only one or two.

My ancestors had a provoking habit of marrying relations, which has complicated matters in a truly alarming way. Moreover, my father's great-grandfather, or some such ancestor, had twenty-one sons and one daughter, while an ancestor on my mother's side had nearly as many. You can imagine, therefore, that a genealogical tree explaining all the connections of my numerous ancestors with myself and with one another would be almost an impossibility.

It is very much nicer, I think, to have a good number of cousins. Of course, boys and girls with many cousins will probably receive far fewer presents from grandparents, uncles, etc., than those who have none. But I do not think anyone, even the most selfish of mortals, would wish to have fewer cousins for that reason. It is always pleasant to have cousins to stay with you, or to stay with, in the holidays, and many jolly parties can be formed. "Only children," especially, must be very dependent on the society of cousins.

Relationships between cousins are often the pleasantest things. There is a complete sense of freedom, unmixed with the unkind bluntness and fault-finding which too often mar brotherly and sisterly affection. The truest friendships are often between cousins who have grown up together in sweet familiar intercourse, and whose sincere love for one another has never been rendered self-conscious by the silly remarks about "sweethearts," which are so often made if boy and girl friends show much affection for one another. Of course, if one has many cousins there must necessarily be some we do not like. Charles Lamb, in his essay on "Poor Relations," has drawn a very harsh picture of a relation whose connection is nothing but an annoyance. But his remarks are, I think, very un-Christianlike. We cannot all be rich, far less can we all be clever and attractive. And God places us in one family that we may supply

each other with what each lacks, and so that they "which are strong" may "bear the infirmities of the weak."

H. C. S.

There are three kinds of cousins—the boy cousin, the girl cousin, and the disagreeable cousin.

**A WELSH GIRL  
SPEAKS.**

I will first take the boy cousin of one's own age, or slightly younger. He is delightful. To his own sisters he may be a privileged tyrant, but to his girl cousins he is a privileged friend. What tales he will unfold of school achievements to his favourite girl cousins! How manly he feels if, at any time, they are under his care, and how careful they must be at all times never to hurt his feelings by treating him with undue familiarity or want of respect!

Next comes the girl cousin of all ages. She is either one's firm friend or worst enemy; it seems as if there could be no half-way house with girl cousins if they are acquainted with each other at all. On the whole, it is best to be friendly with one's girl cousins, particularly if living in the same neighbourhood. But, supposing two girl cousins are really friends (school-days being over, and chums widely separated), the relationship seems to make them almost as much to each other as their true chums were.

Very different to these kinds of cousins are the disagreeable cousins of both sexes. It is hard to be certain which are the worst. The disagreeable boy cousin seems almost without an equal; luckily he is a rare specimen. For instance, one feels secretly proud when called upon by a brother to execute some difficult or tedious task, and a few words of praise, when the work is fulfilled, are worth far more than the time expended; but the boy cousin who expects to be waited on, listened to, and in every way treated as if he were far more to one than one's own brother, and who, perhaps, to add to all this, seizes every opportunity to kiss one in anything but a brotherly manner, well!

dear Mr. Old Fag, words cannot express my thoughts with regard to *him*! (*Dear me! This must be a young villain!*—O. F.)

Then, lastly, there is the girl cousin who imagines that the relationship entitles her to make horrid remarks on all occasions, who is extremely difficult to deal with, and is, therefore, best avoided.

On the whole, cousins are splendid relations to possess, particularly when two families of friendly cousins agree to go for their holidays at the same time, and to the same place.

G. M.

Cousins—that is, the children of our parents' brothers and sisters—often play an important part in our lives. A wise

**"NOT HALF BAD!"**

cousin, many years older than oneself, may have great influence for good, as

one of the same age may often have for bad. For cousins supply a want often felt in mere acquaintances; they are more than friends, yet not so much as brothers and sisters. In them one can confide, taking pleasure in their society, having mutual family interests. Cousins have been renowned in history chiefly for interference (a trait sometimes found in them now, I am sorry to say); as witness Mary of Scotland and the English throne. Country cousins—those that live far from London—are noted especially for their rosy cheeks, and wonderment at the great city's sights. They are generally good-hearted, but come in for a

good share of laughter at their manners and dress. The town cousin, however, is always a pleasant companion; but boys of a certain age have a habit of usurping brotherly privileges—quite unnecessarily, as the recipient's embarrassment may testify. Most boys, though, behave in a gentlemanly manner towards girls; cousins, however, being better in this respect than brothers. A cousin of the same age and sex is a boon to most boys and girls. There is always a great deal to discuss in the way of

family matters; they generally have some common interest, and at school are "chums" for some time. The male cousin, when a little older, is a useful companion at concerts and in crowds; and I have noticed that they are never so "busy" as brothers when such attendance is required. Of course, some people have cousins they have never seen. These, though, invariably take an interest in their unknown relatives; and, if living in a foreign land, look forward to the chance of a pleasant visit some day. Altogether, cousins—taken as a whole in the light of friend, playmate, or counsellor—are, to use a phrase that means a great deal, "Not half bad!"

M. S.

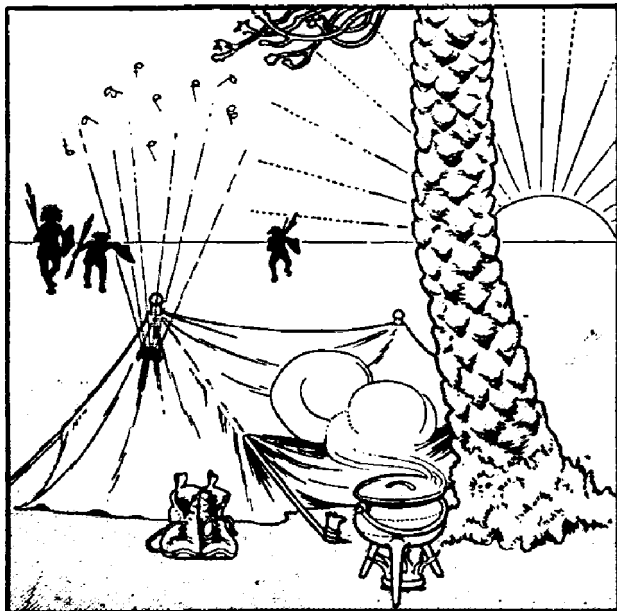
Cousins are the children of our uncles and aunts. They may be divided into three classes.

(1) Rich cousins who de-  
**BOY COUSINS**—sire no communication with  
**PLEASE NOTE!** poorer ones.

(2) Those lower in the social scale. The demeanour of this class is very smiling and gracious to us, and they have the habit of clinging closely, as if we were very nice people indeed, but we soon find that the boys make requests for all sorts of advantages for themselves; the girls send their photographs and would like to come to visit; while the parents, sad to say, seem to possess the strange idea that all our belongings ought to be theirs, and wish to be helped in every monetary difficulty, and would think it only right if they

and their families were entirely supported by those whom they consider better able to bear the burden.

(3) Those cousins equal in worldly position. This is the only enjoyable relationship occasioning neither scorn nor envy. A girl feels freer with a boy cousin, because of kinship, than with a stranger, and is held in higher esteem by him than by her own brother, who is apt to be needlessly ashamed of a sister sometimes, and is always dreading what other fellows will think of her behaviour. On my last birthday



"HARK TO HIS SNORES!" ORIED HUNGRY KING SAMBO. "COME, LITTLE BROTHERS—DINNER WAITS!" (TRANSLATION.)



"IF HE BE NOT DEAD NOW," CRIED KING SAMBO, "HE NEVER WILL BE. FORWARD, LITTLE BROTHERS!"

(TRANSLATION.)

I received a knife and fishing-rod. No sister or mother would dream of giving such presents to a girl, and yet, did girls but know the delights and uses of a knife, they would not be without one. It is ever with me, and invaluable — and the fishing-rod, oh, joy of joys! so unexpected, and, instead of gracefully thanking him, all I could say was, "Well, this *is* decent!" That very day I went fishing for the first time, and came home with three lovely perch, than which, peppered, salted, and fried in butter, no food ever tasted finer.

F. P.

What a motley crowd of relatives does this word conjure up before the mind's eye! It is such an elastic term, this little word. One of our poets tells us: "Every man will be thy friend, whilst thou hast wherewith to spend"; but might not the lines read, with equal truth: "Every man will be thy cousin," etc.? You are poor and altogether "down on your luck"—*ergo*, you are devoid of cousins. Someone leaves you a fortune—what happens? Why, cousins! They spring up like mushrooms on every side—dozens of them, of all sorts and sizes. One of them claims your aid on the plea of this relationship; you spend several hours in making out your genealogical table, at the end of which time you discover

that his great-aunt married your grandmother's aunt's son, and you finally rise from your seat with a splitting headache and a strong desire to annihilate the aforementioned cousin.

Nowhere is this relationship more comprehensive than among the old Jersey folk. To them every other person is "Cousin John" or "Cousin Le Cresley"; in fact, "Les Jersiais," according to their own lights, are one huge family of cousins—a very inconvenient state of affairs at times, for cousins are usually possessed of the idea that they hold peculiar privileges above other folk, even though they be practically strangers to you.

The vexed question, "Should cousins kiss?" would doubtless be greeted with a decided affirmative from the young man with a pretty girl cousin; but would the latter (the intended recipient of the aforementioned kiss) hold similar views? It would all depend on what manner of man her relative might be.

The term "cousin" is often employed without signifying any actual relationship; thus, sovereigns use it as a title of address to their contemporaries or to the noblemen of their court. It may also be used to express a similarity existing between two objects; nevertheless, do not commit the indiscretion of informing a boy that he is "cousin" to a monkey, on the ground that both are always up to mischief, or he may make an attempt (on you) to prove the truth of the assertion.

W. D. E.



BUT WHAT THE SNORING EXPLORER SAID WON'T BE TRANSLATED IN THIS MAGAZINE. (BY ORDER, O. F.)

I think that *age* is the all-important factor with regard to cousins. Take, for instance, your

**AT TWELVE—  
AND  
TWENTY-ONE.**

rough, mischievous school-boy cousin who makes your life a nuisance to you; yet, in after years, who could be nicer than he who formerly was your peculiar horror, and whom a thousand times you had wished at the bottom of the sea? Now no one could be kinder or more chivalrous; and if one is *minus* an elder brother, who can fill his place better than this cousin of yours? He takes you to the theatre, acts as your escort whenever you want one and is, in fact, a general blessing to a brotherless girl. Can this be, you say, the mischievous imp of five or six years ago?

And then—girl cousins—are they a blessing or otherwise?

Well, think, for instance, of your dear little baby cousin just learning to take a few steps alone. Can she be anything but an unmitigated blessing? To listen to her childish prattle, to watch her first efforts at walking, are not these both sweet and soothing to a tired brain? As she gets older she becomes more of a companion to you, and the scrapes into which she gets at school, and all the events of her school-girl life will be detailed to you at length. Finally, what more faithful friend can you possess than a girl

cousin of your own age, who shares the same likes and dislikes as yourself, and enters into all your joys and sorrows as if they were her own? In some cases she is as dear as one's own sister.

Then, too, what can be nicer than an invitation to stay with a whole family of cousins—girls and boys of all ages? There no one is ever dull, for life and merriment fill the house. All is gay and sunshine, sorrow and grief have no entrance there. If one is dull or depressed, the best remedy is to visit this houseful of cousins. They will be glad to see you, and will cheer you up in no time; and you will go home again feeling a totally different person from what you were an hour or so ago.

On the whole, I think cousins are an inestimable benefit; and if they have their troublesome times, it must be acknowledged that they have also their useful and cheering ones.

D. O.

[The general opinion seems to be that cousins are well worth having. Several of the contributors comment on the demeanour of cousins when they have arrived at man's estate, and compare it with that of brothers—much to the latter's disadvantage. But they must bear in mind that the said brothers know how to make themselves agreeable to *their* grown-up girl cousins? I shall keep my eye on all the grown-up cousins I see together this Christmas. I am sure I shall enjoy the process.—O. F.]

## OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:—

### FICTION.

- The New Master.* By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY. 3s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)  
*The Warrigals' Well.* By DONALD MACDONALD. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)  
*Farewell Nikola.* By GUY BOOTHBY. 5s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)  
*Wheels within Wheels.* By HUAN MEE. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)  
*Captain Ravenshaw.* By R. N. STEPHENS. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)  
*Red Rose and White.* By ALFRED ARMITAGE. 3s. 6d. (John Macqueen.)  
*Acton's Feud.* By FREDK. SWAINSON. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)  
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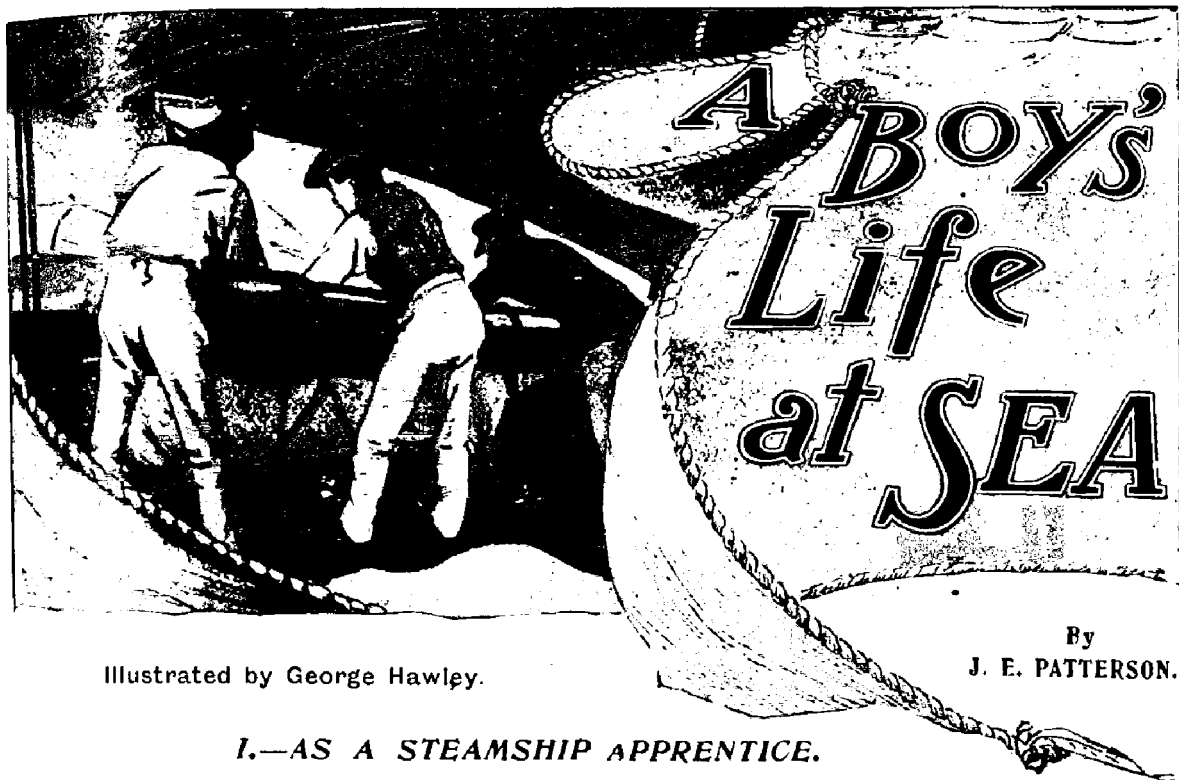
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TAKING THE NIGHT WATCH.

*Drawn by George Hawley.*



Illustrated by George Hawley.

## I.—AS A STEAMSHIP APPRENTICE.

WHERE is the healthy boy for whom the sea has no fascination? Scarcely in these islands. The same holds good of the vast Young Britain that in years to come will sentinel our empire's "far-flung battle line." Love of the ocean, its freedom, its glorious and health-giving breezes, and its inseparableness from the idea of adventure, have ever had a foremost place in the breast of the youthful Briton—English, Irish, Scottish, or Welsh.

We are all Britons to-day. The mystery and charm of the sea, its out-of-sight wonders, its "blue hills far away," and the romance that—at a distance—covers the life of its thousands of ships, form a glamour that thrills the nation's youthful blood, and makes many a "runaway to sea" during his literary period with such romancists as Marryat and Clark Russell. This has doubtless been the case since the old Norse freebooters pillaged our coasts, and may it ever be! With our extended lines of shore, we need this glamour of the ocean; it is a thousand times a finer stimulus to lads who would "a-sailing go" than ever can be the mere desire to earn a living; it makes, in fact, the difference that lies between pressed men and volunteers.

Whilst there are oceans there will be ships, and whilst ships come and go we shall have runaways—whom we can safely leave to their own devices; for the lad who will be a sailor willy-

nily is very rarely the one to drop by the way, or want a lifting hand to any piece of work where courage and resource are the only qualities needed. It is mostly for boys who are so drawn by the sea that they choose it as a profession, and adopt it under their parents' supervision, that these articles are written; yet they will in some degree apply to all intending sailor-boys, their parents, guardians and friends.

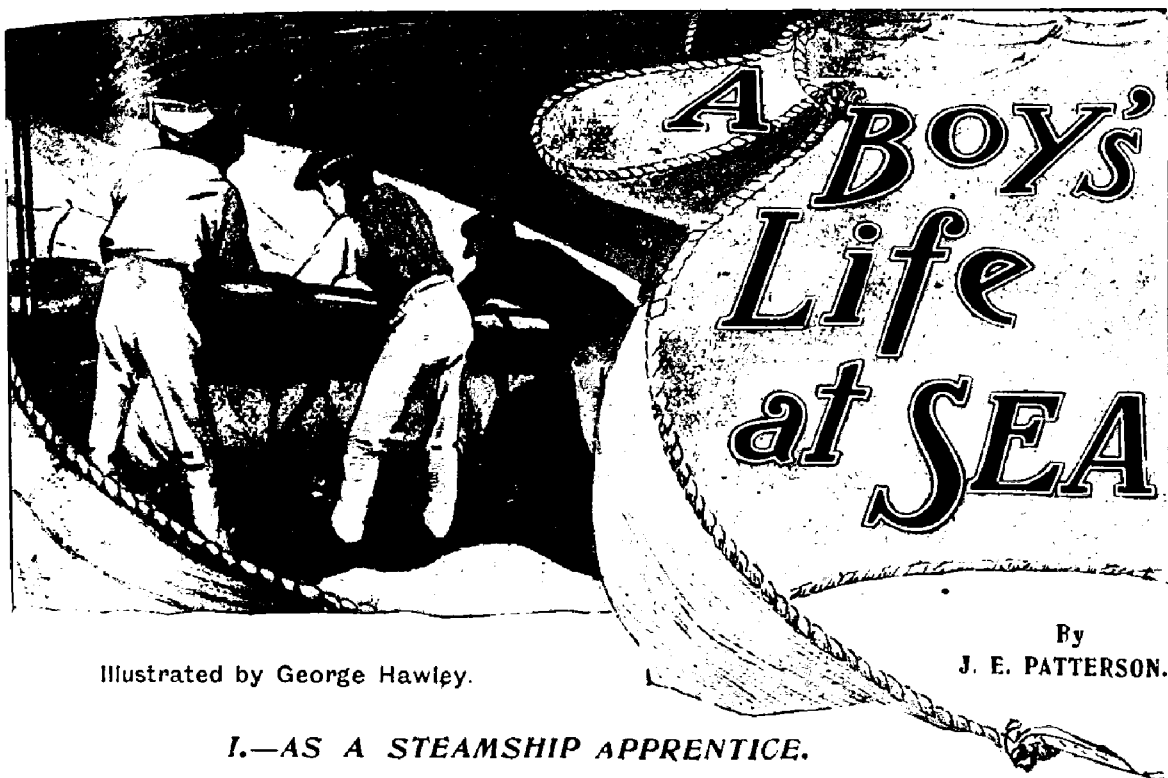
We will suppose that the time has come when the boy elects his life-calling. In all probability he first tells his mother that he wishes to go to sea, She, having failed to dissuade him, puts the matter to his father—after some hesitation. He feared to do so, lest there should come a peremptory command to get rid of the notion without delay. The sea as a profession rarely commends itself to parents—not to the mother, because she so greatly dreads its danger; not to the father, because it offers no facilities for making a fortune. As a calling, it is honest as any other; it evolves weak and retiring boys into brave and hardy men; love for it gives us the defenders we absolutely must have. Our merchant navy is the basis of our commercial prosperity, and the remuneration to officers allows them to provide for old age if they have but ordinary thrift.

However, the boy gains his desire, and gets away on the usual trial trip. He may be a lad of the practical kind—that is, practical for one who



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selects his avocation with an eye to its chances of adventure—and his being on a steamer the outcome of his own wish, or it may be the consequence of opportunities or parental influence. Whichever it be, he has now reached the first stage of disillusionment. Of course, he is a “middy,” as mercantile apprentices are fondly termed. If on a fairly good “liner,” he has been provided with a suit of uniform clothing, and is so proud of his navy blue cloth, brass buttons, and narrow strips of “gold lace,” that he would hardly be able to speak civilly to his old chums. His food, with a few insignificant exceptions, is equal to that of an average second-rate hotel, and it seldom falls below that standard.

Let us imagine that this testing voyage is one to the East and back—to the wonderful, fascinating East—say to Bombay. He, before leaving home, probably thought that all he would have to do would be to walk about, after the inevitable sickness and the needful acquiring of “sea legs,” and watch how things are done. Of this error he is soon disabused, unless he chances to be with an uncommonly easy-going captain and a chief officer of the same kind, which, for him, is a piece of disguised misfortune. Fine weather never makes a good seaman, and too tender treatment has the evil of coddling the lad, though certainly, ill-treatment of boys at sea was a vice that has very properly been suppressed; that, in fact, was never really prevalent in steaming vessels.

When once able to get about the same as his shipmates, he finds that he has certain light duties to perform, by way of “getting his hand in.” First, he learns the meaning of “watch in” and “watch out”—the former being the time he is allowed for sleep and personal matters, whilst the latter goes in duty on deck, and covers every alternate four hours. The duration of these equal turns is broken every evening by what are termed “dog-watches”—i.e., the time between 4 and 8 p.m. is divided into two watches of two hours each; thus the watch (men and officers) who have eight hours on deck and four below in one night, get the converse on the succeeding night.

One of his small duties during the night watches will be to note the time by the wheel-house clock and strike it on the little bell on the bridge, then listen that the man on the look-out correctly repeats it on the big forward bell. By this he learns the meaning of “one bell,” “two bells,” etc.; each “bell”—that is, a single stroke—being a half-hour of time. Other small items of seafaring knowledge taught him whilst on this voyage are the difference between “port” and “starboard”—in landmen’s phraseology, “left” and “right” of the ship; and that when the officer says “port” to the helmsman, the wheel is

turned to starboard and *vice versa*. He will also be initiated into the mystery of “boxing the compass,” and incidentally pick up bits of information relating to that valuable little instrument.

Another small matter learnt now is that of hitching colours together, hoisting them up folded in such wise that a pull on the downward part of the halyards will open them to the breeze while aloft, hauling them down and putting them away in their respective pigeon-holes in the flag-locker. Their names and meanings, the different ropes and their uses, the setting and taking-in of sails, will all come later on, as will the meaning of logarithms, deviation, lee-way, solar and lunar observations, bulks of different cargoes, and other higher branches of seamanship; so, too, will the further disillusioning of cleaning brass-work in the sharp air of a frosty morning, the splicing and knotting of tarry ropes, getting his hands daubed with paint in learning to use it, and in taking night-watch when steaming head-first into a heavy sea and half a gale of wind. For to become a practical sailor he must *do* as sailors do, or he would be but “book learnt.”

Of course, during this probationary voyage he will be introduced to the usual tricks of his young shipmates; for boys are still boys, whether on land or sea, British or foreign, at school or elsewhere, and have their practical jokes at the expense of new comers.

At Bombay he will find himself told off to take his turn at gangway duty—acting as a sentry at the in-board end of the gangway leading on shore—and later on have to tally cargo as it is loaded or landed. His few trips into the picturesque city will probably result in a little pile of curios, made up of sandal-wood boxes, pressed-rice fans, ivory knick-knacks, Hindoo scull-caps for smoking-caps, and perhaps a monkey, or a parrakeet which he fondly thinks is a parrot, but is merely a green crow that makes itself detested by reason of its hoarse screeching. With these he returns home to delight the eyes of his relatives.

If he then says that he likes the life, his indentures are signed, and he begins a term of apprenticeship, for which his father pays a premium of £30 to £80—sometimes paid back as wages; at others it is lost—and he goes on his way to rise to a position that will bring him in anywhere between £16 and £40 per month, with “extras.” During this period the captain is his schoolmaster, the officers are his monitors, and the vessel is his school. As all rules have their exceptions, a lad sometimes signs his indentures before his first voyage; but this is rare, and an unwise proceeding at any time. For if he should afterwards dislike the life—a rare occurrence, yet a likely one—there is the trouble and expense of

invalidating the indentures. Of course, this is the gentlemanly—in fact, the aristocratic phase of seafaring as a profession; a matter that weighs heavily with most lads who get an insight to the life. Then, too, as a love of commanding is inherent in the majority of boys who elect the ocean as a calling, they each see a master's certificate beckoning them on in the hand of the future.

Not that all reach such stage, although few there be who do not when set afloat under auspices so favourable as these are. Some have the luck of opportunity added to energy and ambition. When this is the case, six to eight years are enough to rise to a mastership. The majority are eight or ten years in gaining a chief officer's berth, at which they must perforce remain until a turn in fortune's wheel leaves a vacancy ahead. This may be brought about by the captain changing into another vessel, by his death, or by the long-waiting one being promoted to the captaincy of a different ship; the last being, as is mostly the case where a lad begins his career afloat in this "brass-bound" condition, when his employers own a fleet.

As to whether there is, or is not, "room at the top," much could be written. True, there are some men with certificates working on shore, but in most instances this is owing to inclination rather than to the lack of officers' berths. It may be asked: "If four to six years will make an officer, and the average ship's existence is twenty years, how can there be work for all in the posts

for which they fit themselves?" The reply is clearly and decidedly—the extent to which our sea-carrying power is continually multiplying, the fact that in many instances British vessels are officered by foreigners, the retirement of men from sea to shore work (on the docks or elsewhere), or to live on their savings, and the natural thinning of the ranks by death, still leaves "room at the top" for new comers.

Again, we must not forget that the days of "the fool of the family being sent to sea," are now over. To-day marine examinations are more difficult to pass; young men of extra intelligence are ever watched by owners; the force of circumstances and competition push these forward; thus there is always recognition in the way of high berths for cleverness, and the mediocre in brains and daring had better remain on land, where his middling condition of resource and energy will have less, or more easily surmountable, obstacles to contend with.

The great need of our merchant service being an auxiliary to the navy, by means of the Royal Naval Reserve, can scarcely be discussed in a series of articles on the life of boys at sea, although boys do form a branch of the R.N.R., which phase of junior sea-life will be dealt with later on; and such of the foregone remarks as relate to the lad in after years are here given that readers and their elders may see what the apprentice in a "liner" has before him.

## HOW TO MAKE A FLAGPOLE.

**THE** FOLLOWING simple instructions, if carefully carried out, will enable any of our readers to produce a very serviceable article at a proportionately small outlay.

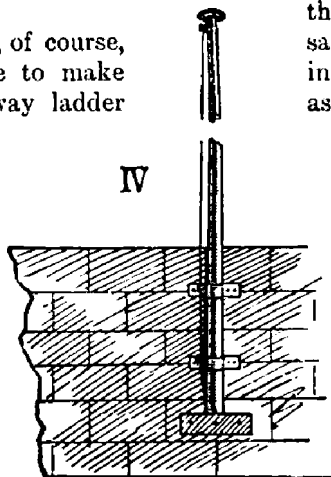
The first important consideration is, of course, the flagpole itself. The best article to make a good one from is a rough "Norway ladder pole," which can be obtained from any timber importer's yard at about 2½d. per running foot, with the outer bark on. A pole, say 22ft. long, will about meet our requirements as a first trial, and this will cost about (22 × 2½d.) 4s. 7d.

Your rough pole must be straight, free from all defects, as knots, shakes, holes, etc.; and last, but not least, *perfectly dry*.

And mind it is perfectly dry, or your finished pole will not last six months after being painted, as the moisture will cause rot from inside, and the first wind will snap the pole through. Having chosen a pole to your satisfaction, mount it upon two trestles in a shed, or somewhere under cover, as a shower of rain would be fatal until after your paint is on.

You will notice that the rough pole tapers from about 4ins. at its base to 2½ins. or 3ins. at the apex, and you must so trim the pole that it retains this gradual taper.

First remove the rough bark by means of a large spokeshave, then go round it with various sized planes, commencing with a heavy jack plane and finishing off



with a smoothing plane. Then sand-paper well with various grades of paper, from very coarse to very fine.

Now arm yourself with a pot of white paint and a fine, thick brush, and apply a thin coat of paint. Allow it to dry, and then put on another. When this has also dried, coat with colourless "outside" varnish.

The next step is the small knob upon the top of the pole. This may be cut from a solid oblong block of wood, with a hole cut from the centre of the under side to allow of the head of the pole fitting into it. The best and easiest shaped knob is as illustrated in I. The knob is to be nicely papered smooth. The pulley is the next thing to be fitted, and this ought to be one in the top, which is to be screwed into the knob, just to the left of the hole. Now paint the knob with two or three coats of gold paint and a coat of varnish, and then fit it on to the head of the pole, fixing it with a long screw from the head down into the top of the pole. Your pole top now looks thus: Then you want a piece of cord, about 45ft. long, which must be threaded through the pulley and then the loose ends fastened together. Your pole is now ready for fixing. The best place to fix it is over the wooden gable of a door, or fastened to the garden wall.

You will require two iron clamps, made to fit the pole, and having holes at either end to allow a long nail to be driven through it. If you are fixing your pole to a gable you can easily fasten your clamps by driving the nails into the wooden

frame. A wooden chock is next fitted under the pole, to prevent it from slipping. If you are fixing it to a wall you must place your clamps in such a manner that you can drive the nails into the mortar. A hook is to be screwed on to the base of the pole, to fix the cord to.

Your pole is now ready to hoist its first flag. The method of fixing the flag is as follows: Just below the pulley you must tie a small loop in the cord, thus:

Now take your flag and sew a small wooden peg, shaped thus:



firmly to the top inside corner, and fix a small piece of strong

string to the top inside corner of the flag—thus:

the peg

loop in the

you thread

your watch-

your waistcoat

the guard re-

peg in the

flag, and the button-hole

the loop in the cord,

fasten the string in the bottom corner to your

cord, and then you can hoist your flag to any

required height—half-mast or full mast.

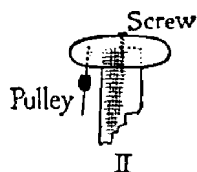
Various modifications and improvements may suggest themselves to my readers, as, for instance, fixing two extra pulleys at an angle with the pole, to fasten streamers to, for use on *fête* days—thus: Fasten the streamers to hooks, as before.

Your flagpole is now complete, and will last a good while, if retouched, from time to time, with an extra coat of paint.

HARRY MULLETT.



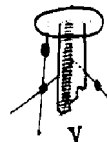
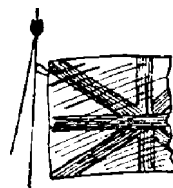
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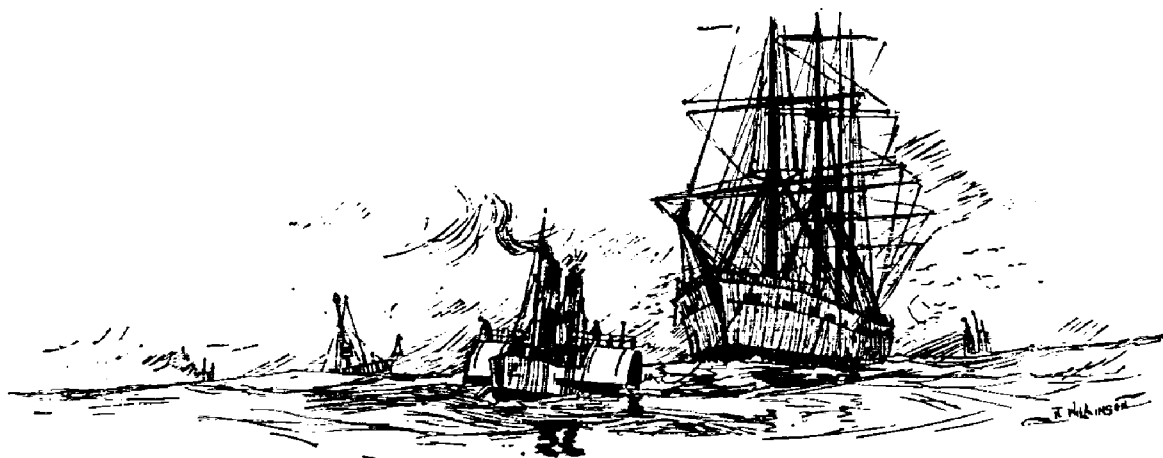
II



Now thread through the cord, just as the guard of chain through button-hole, presenting the corner of the



V




# THE DRAW OF '94.

BY J. B. HODGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY CLEAVER.

## I.

MOST people who know anything about the two celebrated public schools which are usually spoken of as Cloisterham and Benedict's, are aware of the rivalry existing between them. A Cloisterham match at Benedict's can be recommended to anyone who wishes to preach a sermon on the brutality of Association football; at Cloisterham, indeed, the encounters of the school teams are tamer, as it is more easily accessible from London, and the players are restrained, to a certain degree, by the presence of relatives and friends of the softer sex; though, even in these milder struggles, there is usually no lack of charges disallowed by the rules of the game, and exclamations proscribed by the etiquette of society.

Among the games at Benedict's, the draw of '94 stands conspicuous, both for the vigour of the play at the time and the longevity of the disputes which it left behind it. Cloisterham had, just before, won three matches in succession; a proceeding which, to the Benedictine mind, savoured of "beastly cheek," though, as Cloisterham had some arrears of victories to make up, they were not at all likely to let themselves be beaten simply to conform to the Benedictine sense of the fitness of things. But the Benedictine team donned their scarlet shirts that afternoon with a firm determination to win or to damage somebody—the somebody, of course, being clad in the blue and white of Cloisterham—and, it cannot be denied, they did their best to carry out that resolve. But the Cloisterham team—that year an exceptionally good one—were as firmly bent upon continuing their winning sequence, and so the struggle was a tough one.

Just before half-time there was a furious scrimmage in front of the Cloisterham goal, and one of the scarlet-shirted players banged the ball into the net, though whether he used his hand or his chest to do so is a point on which it is not safe to dogmatise in the presence of any "Old Ben" or "Old Cloister." Of course there was a tremendous row, and the Benedictine master who was acting as referee would perhaps have enhanced his own reputation for impartiality if he had disallowed the point. His decision in favour of his own side was, to the best of my belief, an honest one; but Cloisterham

has never been got to see it in that light, and "outrageous swindle" is the very mildest expression which it permits itself to apply to the transaction. Then the band began to play—metaphorically, of course, for no one would need the distraction of music when Cloisterham was playing Benedict's; the game grew fast and furious, even more furious than fast. I have seen a game between professional teams stopped on the score of excessive roughness which was a display of courtly politeness compared with the match in question; and to this day I am lost in wonder that no one got killed. Boys are very hard, however, and half-time came, and ends were changed, without anyone being absolutely disabled.

The ball was re-started, and the players fell upon one another with redoubled energy—not that they ever quite lost sight of the ball; indeed, after a short spell of free-fighting, the game resumed a more scientific character. The Cloisterham team were so keen on scoring that they had no time to waste upon "savaging" their opponents, and the Benedictines were too intent on preserving their lead to care whether a Cloisterham player got damaged or not. Again and again the blue-and-whites seemed on the point of scoring; again and again a well-judged kick took the ball from the mouth of the Benedictine goal, to travel from the feet of one scarlet-shirted player to those of another, until the white sweater of the Cloisterham goal-keeper shot swiftly forward, and the ball rose high in the air and fell in mid-field, amid a storm of cheers and counter cheers.

Foremost in every assault made by the visiting team was their "outside right," a very good-looking dark-haired fellow with a very fine turn of speed—too far foremost, indeed, on many occasions, and as often pulled up by the ready whistle of the referee answering the scarlet sleeves upheld to plead the Benedictine claim of "off side." Prominent in the home defence was the left back, an older, taller, heavier boy, with jet black hair, resolute chin, and ugly, sullen brow, who more than once elicited a clamorous shout of "foul" from the supporters of Cloisterham, by his methods for removing opponents from too dangerous proximity to the ball; and these two players had early in the game taken an unspoken, but well-kept, oath of mortal and implacable hatred.

Twenty minutes of the second half had slipped away, when the Cloisterham centre forward, after

a brilliant run, sent the ball on to his outside right, who was undoubtedly, at that moment, in a position where the rules of the game temporarily prohibited him from interfering with the leather, but he steadied the ball, and shot before the cry of "Off side!" could pass the lips of his opponents. The ball, spinning rapidly through the air, all but eluded the scarlet-clad goal-keeper; however, his hand just met it and killed its motion; it dropped just a foot from the goal-line, as the goal-keeper, overbalancing, fell full length beside it. The Cloisterham centre dashed in, but just before he brought his foot to the ball the whistle sounded.

"Hadn't you better give one of them the whistle, and let 'em sound it when they like?" rang the furious voice of the outside right, high above the angry chorus of Cloisterham protest. The referee, who was thus adjured to transfer his powers to the Benedictine team, thought it wiser to ignore the remark than, by ordering the speaker off the ground, to cause an irreparable breach between the two schools; but the Benedictine left back allowed no such scruples to deter him.

"Shut up, you howling young cad!" he growled. The Cloisterham forward clenched his fist; if he did not use it, it was not the other's superior size, but a tardy sense of the injustice of his own cause, which checked him; and the incident closed.

Cloisterham tempers had, by this time, grown so short that it was, perhaps, as well that they were not destined to be tried much further. Two minutes later the blue and white shirts came sweeping down the field in the prettiest piece of combined play seen that day. The defenders were hopelessly outmanœuvred, and the ball whizzed into the goal-net, to an accompaniment of the wildest cheering. Honours were now easy; and, for the rest of the game, many of the spectators were conscious of an unpleasant palpitation in their left sides, but nothing further was scored. In the very last minute, however, the Cloisterham outside right broke through all opposition, and was in the act of delivering the final kick, which was to guide the ball past the white-faced goal-keeper, when the shoulder of the dark-haired Benedictine caught him full in the back, and he was bundled over the ball, which then rolled past his prostrate form, just outside the goal-post.

It was a foul, undoubtedly, but possibly the referee was too far off to see exactly what happened; possibly he relied on the accepted axiom that, as school contests were presumably between gentlemen, no accusation of wilfully foul play ought to receive even a moment's con-

sideration; anyhow, he inflicted no penalty, and the match was officially recorded as a draw, though neither side was satisfied to accept it as such. St. Benedict's raised some frivolous and untenable objections to the Cloisterham goal, and what Cloisterham thought of the Benedictine score I have already explained, and, I flatter myself, with considerable moderation, considering that I was educated at Cloisterham myself.

## II.

**N**OW, though this match made an enormous impression upon my mind at the time, I had forgotten all about it in the days when I found myself on the south bank of the Tugela, trying—in combination with some thirty thousand of the staunchest comrades any man could ask to live and die with—all imaginable routes to get northwards as far as Ladysmith. There was, certainly, a big, swarthy, rather sullen-looking subaltern in F company, whose features seemed strangely familiar to me, but I never succeeded in fixing the likeness—not that I need blame my memory very much for that, since I had only seen him once before, and from football shirt to khaki is a change which rather baulks the effort to remember. But, when a draft from the depot was brought up to the front, and the officer in charge proved to be Melhurst, the good-looking Cloisterham forward who had spoken his mind so rudely about the referee, I had only to see him and Draydree together to recognise in the latter the sometime left back of the Benedictine team. But, in any case, the pair of them would very soon have refreshed my memory; for, morning, noon, and night, they argued about the facts of that match.

I should have thought that the bearded, sun-burnt, dark-clothed burghers, who swarmed so stealthily behind the ridges in our front, were sufficient material to exhaust the combativeness of the most combative. For my own part, when we carried the summit of a hill, and found that, for all practical purposes, we might just as well have stayed at the bottom, or slowly and moodily relinquished that summit, under orders to go round and try some other route, I had no ill-will to spare for anyone who did not sing psalms in his laager with irritating unction, as a preliminary to emptying his bandolierful of Mauser cartridges with no less irritating precision. But Melhurst and Draydree seemed to forget the very existence of a war in their "never-ending, still-beginning" controversy about that eternal match. What made it the more irritating to their auditors was that there was so little scope for argument on the topic.

When Melhurst had testified that the ball had been handled in the mouth of the Cloisterham goal when Benedict's scored, and Draydree had averred that the ball travelled a yard and a half over the Benedictine back-line before Cloisterham scored, and then Melhurst had asseverated that he was not off side when the whistle was blown, and Draydree had declared that he had not shoved his comrade from behind, and each had flatly contradicted both the other's statements, they had said everything that could possibly be said on the subject, and the rest of their time was filled up by repetitions of these statements and rejoinders, garnished with expletives of varying strength, according to the temper of the moment. It made men with a reasonable regard for their own skins positively sick, when the firing line was packing itself away behind such cover as it could get, and the Mauser bullets were pattering on the boulders, chipping bits off the ant-heaps, and raising miniature dust-clouds from the ground all around us, to see Melhurst walk across to Draydree, to tell him that there had been three Benedictines between him and their goal, or to watch Draydree strolling round to Melhurst, to remark that when he knocked him over, his, Draydree's, shoulder had caught him, Melhurst, on the collar bone, in front, and not under the shoulder blade behind, though on the latter point, even waiving my own prejudices, I should have expected Melhurst's recollection to have been the livelier and the more accurate.

One day, a particularly unfortunate subaltern was knocked over, under circumstances which rendered it convenient for the two disputants to carry him back, some distance, to the nearest cover, between them; and it was generally believed in the battalion that the wounded man reached hospital delirious, though a bullet in the knee is not usually expected to produce such a result, and kept everyone within earshot awake all night by his protests that he had been careful to look and see that there were three in front of him before he touched the ball, and that he would be jolly well somethinged if he couldn't knock a little sprat like you over without going outside the rules of the game in order to do so. Certainly, when the wounded man returned to duty he often commented unfavourably on the excessive importance which public schools attached to athletics. This sentiment may, however, have arisen from a mature consideration of the subject, and not entirely from one personal experience.

But, though we had a pretty stiff time of it, our battalion did not get any taste of real fighting until the anniversary of Majuba. But that day we had to lead the advance, and we soon

realised that what had gone before had been the merest beer and skittles in comparison; and, though I say it that shouldn't, it must be owned that our battalion rose to the occasion nobly. At least, I don't know why I shouldn't, as, certainly, no one was in a better position to judge their behaviour. I got a bullet through my thigh, which effectually prevented me from taking any further part in the advance, and I wasn't selfish enough to monopolise a pair of bearers and a stretcher to take me to the rear, so I lit my pipe and lay where I had dropped, which happened to be on the reverse slope of a hill. It was rather an exposed situation, but it made up for that by the excellent view it afforded of the further advance of my comrades. There I lay, then, for four solid hours, realising something of the pleasures the old Romans must have experienced at their gladiatorial shows, though I could have dispensed with the incidental music which was supplied by a few thousands of stray Mauser bullets as they hummed or shrieked past me. This, however, is not meant to be a memorandum of my own feelings, so I will not describe them further.

Melhurst and Draydree had argued all the preceding night through with unprecedented warmth of feeling and strength of language, and it certainly appeared to have done them both an enormous amount of good: for, while all the battalion did well, nobody did better than they. When F company was checked on the left, and wavered under the pitiless pelting of bullets, it was Draydree who swaggered stolidly forward, singing "Oh, listen to the band!" and manipulating his rifle and bayonet like a drum-major's staff till an irrepressible ripple of laughter ran from flank to flank of the demoralised company, and they rose and continued the advance as if there wasn't an armed foe within a hundred miles of them.

When our own gunners, with most irritating inattention to the incidents of the action, were creating a miniature hell of lyddite little more than fifty yards ahead of our advancing line, it was Melhurst who sprinted out in front with his helmet on the point of his bayonet and waved it furiously among the bursting projectiles until the artillery took the hint and directed their fire in a more sensible direction.

So far honours were easy between the pair; but when it came to the final rush at the summit, towards which they had been creeping for so many weary hours, the battle was to the swift, if the race is not always to the strong. I had seen on the football field, six years before, that Melhurst was a great deal too fast for Draydree, and that form was confirmed at the supreme moment when the Boers ran for their

horses and our chaps ran for the Boers. Melhurst got up to the last trench at least ten yards in front of anyone else, and through my field glasses I saw three of the enemy turn and wait for him, under the mistaken impression that they would have time to take a point-blank shot and remove themselves to another sphere of action before the rest of the battalion arrived to converse with them.

Melhurst stopped the bullets, of course, and I was not surprised, even if I was a little grieved — Melhurst being an old school-fellow, as well as a rattling good sort — to see that the bullets stopped him. He went down, as they fired, a huddled bundle of khaki.

Some one in the charging line behind him found time to finger the trigger, and knocked one of the three over. Another of them attempted to club his rifle, but only had his left forearm artistically pinned to his shoulder by Colour-sergeant Green's fixed bayonet, that N. C. O. using his rifle "for this occasion only" as a javelin, and the third was just turning for a bolt when Draydree brought him down with a well-directed thrust.

That much I saw; the rest was told me afterwards.

When the hill was ours, and the remains of the battalion had time to look about them, Colour-sergeant Green went with a couple of files to pick up poor Melhurst, who smiled, up at them feebly.

"I think I've got 'em all," he said.

So he had. One bullet lodged against his shoulder-blade, a second in his ankle (though it is difficult to understand why the beggar should have fired so low at so short a range), and the third "dividing the distance," as the Colour-sergeant professionally expressed it, midway between them, in the hip. They managed to engage a passing stretcher, with bearers complete, and were arranging Melhurst upon it, when he began to inquire very anxiously for Draydree. So

one of the Tommies ran over the crest of the hill, and found the old Benedictine trying to sort F company out of the rest of the battalion. The moment he heard that Melhurst wanted him he dropped his rather futile amusement, and hurried back.

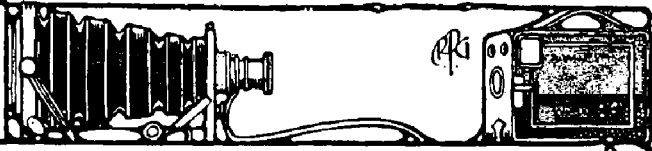
I have heard it said that, when Draydree reached the stretcher, there were tears running down his cheeks; indeed, he does not deny it himself, but asserts that some sand had got into his eyes and made them water. Melhurst smiled faintly when he recognised his brother subaltern, and,

as the other bent over the stretcher, managed to falter out, "There *were* three in front of me this time, and you can see where I've got their bullets; but *you* did do your prodding from behind, and if the referee had been up to his business he would have blown his whistle." Having delivered his mind of this statement, he departed in a half-unconscious condition for the base hospital at Durban.



"THERE WERE THREE IN FRONT OF ME, THIS TIME, AND YOU CAN SEE WHERE I'VE GOT THEIR BULLETS; BUT YOU DID DO YOUR PRODDING FROM BEHIND, AND IF THE REFEREE HAD BEEN UP TO HIS BUSINESS HE WOULD HAVE BLOWN HIS WHISTLE."

# THE CAPTAIN



## CAMERA CORNER

### REVIEWS, Etc.

WE have had the pleasure of trying a 5s. camera, Mawson's "Mosley," which Messrs. Mawson & Swan are about to introduce. It is a magazine hand-camera, taking six plates,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., with two brilliant finders and time<sup>l</sup> and instantaneous ever-set shutter. It is capital at the price, and we made several good negatives with it. We have received attractive catalogues from the Vive Camera Co., Messrs. O. Sichel & Co. ("Premo" cameras), Messrs. Griffins' "Photoganda Handbook No. 2" ("Poko" and "Cyko" cameras).

We cannot undertake to return photographs unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, nor do we hold ourselves responsible for any that may be lost.

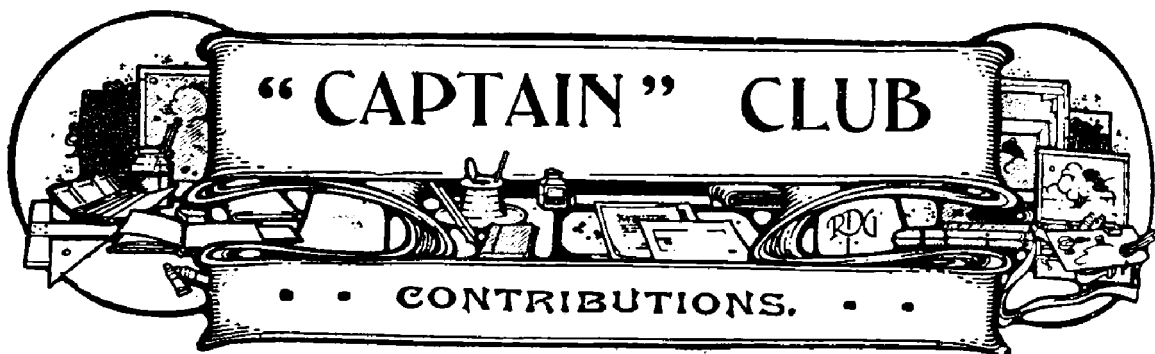
### CORRESPONDENCE.

**J. H. Y.**—You cannot do better than advertise your "Brownie" enlarger in *Hobbies* sale and exchange columns. Address: 12, Paternoster Square, E.C. **R. C. Mellish.**—Any rectangular box, provided it is perfectly light-tight, may be made into a pin-hole camera, but an empty plate-box answers the purpose admirably. In the top of the box make a very small hole with the point of a needle. The plate may be kept in place at the bottom by a very narrow strip of wood, fitting rather tightly, being placed at either end. The exposure required is about thirty times that given under ordinary circumstances; the image is always fairly sharp; the larger the plate the wider the angle of view, and the greater the distance of the pin-hole from the plate, the larger the image. **Tom.**—(1) I should certainly advise you to practise with your stand camera before getting one of the hand variety. It will give you a practical acquaintance with the working of a lens, and a knowledge of the different movements necessary in a camera, that will be extremely useful when you come to use a hand camera. (2) All the plates you mention are good, but the very rapid ones are more difficult to work. I should advise you to use only one brand till you can make good negatives on them. **S. J. (Winchester).**—It is extremely difficult to judge from the prints; the negatives should have been sent. I should say, however, that you stopped the development too soon. **George.**—The trouble is evidently over-exposure. Extremely rapid plates are not good for copying, and do not give nearly so much latitude

in exposure. **J. P.**—There is no reason why you should put your camera away for the winter; many charming subjects may be photographed at this time of year. It is, however, necessary to be careful about exposure; you will find a meter most useful. **E. C.**—Buy the best you can afford, as it will cost no more in use. **Snapper.**—Glass negatives sent by post should be carefully packed in a wooden box. Films may be sent in an ordinary envelope between cardboard. **Frank Garratt (Cardiff).**—I thank you for the photographs you so kindly sent, but we cannot use them at present. **"Darbie."**—(1) I am glad that the instructions in the October CAPTAIN have enabled you to successfully make some photographic post-cards. Bromide paper is not nearly so easily made, and is much more expensive; it is much better to buy the manufactured article. (2) I have not space in this "Corner" to give instructions for making printing papers. I should advise you to obtain the issue of *Photography* (price 1d.) for October 24th, in which you will find full instructions for the making of "Papier Sepia," by a clever Italian photographer, Professor Namias. **X. Y. Z.**—(1) The prints should be washed for about one hour before they are put up to dry, care being taken that the water is changed five or six times during that time. (2) Prints which are to be glazed should always be hardened in a solution of alum (1 in 20) and washed again for ten minutes before placing on the glass. The glass should be absolutely clean and prepared with powdered talc in the usual way. The prints must be left until they are perfectly dry. (3) One of the best books for a beginner is that by the late Professor W. K. Burton, "Modern Photography," price 1s. **Amateur (Southsea).**—The print you send is a very nice little snapshot, but it appears that the negative was not sufficiently developed. It may be improved by intensification. **A Pauline.**—Thanks for the little print you sent. (1) The most complete exposure metre is "Watkin's Standard Pattern," price 15s., but you can get simpler ones from 1s. upwards. Wynnes also make a very good exposure metre. You will find one a great help. (2) See answer to "X. Y. Z." above. I shall be pleased to see some of your photographs of St. Paul's School. **S. M. (Glasgow).**—Glad to see that you are attempting subjects which are not usually photographed. **E. C. McNaughton.**—You will find in the October CAPTAIN instructions for making ferro-prussiate paper under the title of "How to Make Photographic Post-cards." You would find gelatino-chloride much too expensive and difficult to make at home, and we could not give the necessary space for a description of its manufacture, in this corner.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.





ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to ALEX. H. CLAPPERTON, 67, Waterloo Street, Glasgow, for "George Washington and the Hatchet."

### *George Washington and the Hatchet.*

**U**NCLE JOHN was going to tell his little five-year-old nephew Willy the story of "George Washington and the Hatchet." "Now, Willy," he began, "I am going to tell you the story of George Washington and his hatchet."

"Who was George Washington?" asked Willy.

"He was a great man."

"Was he?"

"Yes. He was a great man, and when he was a boy——"

"But you said he was a man," chimed in Willy.

"Yes; but at that time he was a boy."

"At what time?" demanded Willy.

"At the time the incident occurred."

"What incident?" demanded Willy.

"The incident I am going to tell you about."

"Then he wasn't a man at all?"

"No, Willy."

"But you said he was!"

"Yes; but at that time he was only a little boy."

"At what time?"

"At the time I am telling you about. Now, I will begin again."

"Begin what again?"

"Why, the story of George Washington and the hatchet."

"What hatchet?" demanded Willy.

"George Washington's hatchet."

"Oh!"

"Well, when George was a little boy——"

"George whom? George Washington?" asked Willy.

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"Well, when George was a little boy——"

"Was he as little as I am?"

"Yes, Willy; just about the same size."

"Same size as the hatchet?" inquired Willy.

"No, no! The same size as you."

"The hatchet was the same as me! And what size was George?"

"George was the same size as you."

"So that me, and the hatchet, and George were all the same size?" said Willy.

"Oh, you don't understand! I will begin the story again."

"What story?"

"About the hatchet."

"Oh!"

"When George was a little boy his father gave him a hatchet."

"Whose father?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"And he told him to be very careful."

"Of what?"

"Of the hatchet."

"Not of his father?"

"No, no, no!"

"Oh!"

"And his father——"

"Whose father?"

"George's father."

"Oh!"

"His father told him not to cut his finger with it."

"With what?"

"The hatchet."

"George's hatchet?"

"Yes!"

"Oh!"

"And when George got the hatchet——"

"Was that before he cut his finger?"

"He didn't cut his finger. He went round and cut down every tree he saw."

"With his finger?" asked Willy.

"No, with his little hatchet."

"And did he break his hatchet?"

"No, Willy; he didn't break his hatchet. At last he came to his father's favourite apple tree."

"Whose father?"

"George's. And he cut the favourite into pieces."

"Favourite what? Favourite hatchet?"

"No, no! Favourite tree."

"And did he cut the hatchet into pieces?"

"No; he cut the tree into pieces."

"Who did? George's father?"

"No; George did."

"Oh!"

"And when his father came home——"

"Whose father?"

"George's!"

"Oh!"

"And when his father saw his favourite tree cut down he said: 'Who has cut down my favourite apple tree?'"

"Whose favourite apple tree?"

"Why, George's father's."

"Not George's?"

"No!"

"Oh! And was it George's father's hatchet?"

"No; the hatchet belonged to George."

"And did George cut his father into pieces with his hatchet?"

"No, no! He cut his father's tree into pieces. And when he said 'Who has cut down my favourite apple tree?' everybody said they didn't know."

"Didn't know what?"

"Who had cut down the favourite apple tree."

"George's favourite apple tree?"

"No, his father's."

"Oh!"

"So when George heard them talking about it——"

"Heard who talking about what?"

"Heard the people talking about the apple tree."

"Not about the hatchet?"

"No, no!"

"Oh!"

"Well, when George heard them talking about the apple tree he went up to his father and said: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie.'"

"His father couldn't?"

"No; George couldn't."

"Oh, I see! And was that why he cut his father with the hatchet?"

"He didn't cut his father with the hatchet; he cut down the tree with the hatchet."

"Oh!"

"Well, he said to his father——"

"Who did?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"He said to his father: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it.'"

"Did what? Told a lie?"

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"No! He said: 'I did it with my little hatchet!'"

"Told a lie with his little hatchet?"

"No, no, no! He cut down the tree with his little hatchet."

"And what did he tell a lie for?"

"He didn't tell a lie. He said that he couldn't tell a lie."

"Oh!"

"And his father said: 'Noble boy. I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George would rather lose a thousand trees?"

"No, his father."

"He would rather lose his father?"

But here Uncle John's patience gave way, and he hoisted Willy off his knee on to the floor with a dump which didn't encourage little Willy to ask any more questions about George Washington *that* tea-time.

ALEX. H. CLAPPERTON.



CHILIAN FIREMEN WAITING TO BE REVIEWED BY THE PRESIDENT.

(Photograph by S. Langlois.)

### Chilian Firemen.

In Valparaiso, where I live, every young fellow, after he has served his time in the army, goes and joins the fire brigade. He is not paid a cent, and is only given his helmet; pants and coat he must get made himself.

He is not trained in the least, but must pick up everything that he sees and hears.

A brass star is placed on the door of his house, and if aroused at midnight he must don his clothes and hurry to the scene of action as soon as possible. If he fails to present himself twice he is dismissed from the brigade—of course, if he has not been sick.

In the event of his having done an heroic deed and died on the scene, he is honoured with a grand funeral at night, all the other brigades joining

with their material and lighted torches. It is a grand sight.

In England, and in various other countries, the firemen are supposed to do their duty (for which they are paid) and to concentrate their efforts, and to put out the fire as soon as possible. Well, here it is the reverse in many cases. If they see that the house on fire is old, they generally play the hose on the part that is not burning—I mean, through the window.

The accompanying photograph shows them waiting to be reviewed by the President. I may mention that it was taken instantaneously, on a cloudy day. It is a little hazy, because a fire engine was emitting volumes of smoke close by.

SYDNEY LANGLOIS.

## "CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

### LITERARY.

**Golden Eagle.**—Your article on the Shrove Tuesday junketings at Gibraltar is not without interest, but I think you could write us something very much better. "Gib" is full of romance. I spent some hours at "the Rock" myself some eighteen months ago, and was very much struck with the scene in the bay—the blue water and sky, the warships, and the frowning rocks hiding the cannon. See what you can do. **O. S. Royde-Smith.**—Let us see an article on "How to Make" something rather more useful than an inflated paper ball. **James Foster.**—Thanks for letting me see the humorous notices and advertisements. I daresay you will be able to send me a better selection than the present one later on. The samples you give are not very fresh. **J. H. Forrester.**—Not enough in poem to merit publication. **Nobody Much.**—I prefer your serious essays to pieces of the "bandit" type. **J. L. Rayner.**—As yet your drawings are very crude. You have a sort of idea, but heaps of people have that. However, time will show whether you are to become a Watts or Sargent. Follow your father's profession if you can; it is an excellent one; the hours are hardly "nine to nine," are they? Your essay on "The Morning Tub" is good. I will keep it by me in hopes of being able to use it later on in the

year. **Denbigh.**—The lines are very much like many others I receive—full of feeling, but lacking the smoothness and real poetic touch that only time and practice can bring; that is, if there is poetry in you. The lines are measured out all right. I do not think you will succeed in getting them set to music. The usual way is to send your verses to a music publisher, who, if he accepts them, hands them over

to one of the composers on his list. **W. H. Thomas.**—Rather a close imitation of the other. Try something original—weave an idea out of your own brain. **J. H. Skuse, H. L. Dobree, "Geo."**—Your articles are accepted. **"No. 6."**—Hope to use your article on "Southampton Pier." By the way, have you the Pier authorities' permission to make that statement about the Prince?

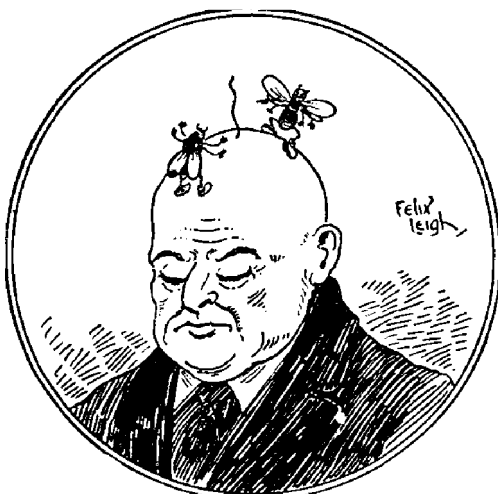
### ARTISTIC.

**H. E. S.**—I will endeavour to use the snap-shots of "B. P." at Charterhouse. **E. Kleinjung.**—Am doubtful about being able to find room for the snap-shots you send. In future will you write your name and address on the back of each photograph? You are clubbed. **Frank Miller.**—Lines of sketch too broken

and disjointed. Do not be afraid of making firm strokes. The composition and drawing are good. **C. J. Boger.**—Photograph of yacht *Elbor* good, but not sure when we can find space. Always write full name and address on back of photographs and drawings. **J. S. Newman** sends two interesting nautical sketches which we haven't space to reproduce. One is a "jack-

ass barge" in dirty weather off St. Helena, which vessel, many of our readers may not know, is rigged like a barquentine—only that it has four masts—all fore and aft rigged excepting the foremast, which has yards. **"Vif, Courageux, Fier."**—Your stamp photograph is clever, and must have caused you much trouble. We will use it if room. Other queries will be answered by the O. F. Bert Thomas. —I think your sketches very free, and in many respects good. Don't draw from photographs, but the natural object. **S. Westmacott** (New Zealand).—Your subject is rather elaborate, and we

have no space in which to reproduce it. Tackle something simpler. **"An Amateur"** (Tulse Hill Park).—The photograph you say you sent of Bonchurch never arrived at this office. **"Australus"** (Victoria, N.S.W.) sends a clever little sketch in pen-and-ink of H.M.S. *Benbow*, which shows a considerable amount of ability. **Norman W.**



### CROSSING THE DESERT.

**CAPTAIN WINGLEY, THE EXPLORER:** "An oasis at last! Let us sit down and refresh ourselves in the shade of this tree, Lieutenant."



A VERY CLEAR BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BLACKPOOL  
(NORTH END).

(Taken from the top of the Tower by K. N. Davies.)

Tealby.—Your work has greatly improved in many respects. Don't put so much unnecessary shading in your backgrounds; it spoils your work. J. H. L. Barnes.—To be quite candid, I don't think drawing is in your line. A. Browning.—The photograph you send of the Industrial Hall at the Glasgow Exhibition by night is by far the best I have seen, but it has come too late for publication. Yes, any regular reader may send contributions to the C.C. pages. Val. Murray wishes to point out that the photograph of the naval gun, on page 187; was not taken by himself, but by his friend, Henry Bateman. Maurice S. Perrott.—No, the O.F. doesn't "club" members in the way you depict. Not so much fine shading, and stronger outlines. Winifred.—The drawing of diagrams requires much more thought and care than "sketching." As you see, we have a "hockey" cover this month. An article on this game will appear in the February

number. P. H. Haverson sends a capital photograph of Friar's School, Bangor, North Wales, which we hope to use in a future number. S. Holt.—Although your drawings show a certain amount of ability, I should not advise you to go in seriously for black-and-white work. Mudge.—The pictures in the December number will give you a good idea how cats ought to be drawn. You are rather young to use a typewriter. Alex. Blackie, jun.—Photographs of Glasgow Exhibition are rather out of date for publication. Those you send are beautifully clear.

Contributions have also been received from: "Fryite," "Watsonian," "Carrot Tops," "A Parson," "Penn Wright," "Una," A. Walker, P. T. Smith, E. Hartley, A. E. Acton (South Australia), R. Dale, David Robertson, J. E. Vinnicombe, J. C. Robinson, J. A. Wilson, Fred Thompson, W. H. Simmons, J. H. T. Priestman, J. A. Ramsay, Sibyl O'Neill, James Millett, and others.

## "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

**NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—**

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,  
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by January 12th.

The Results will be published in March.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, will be disqualified.

**AGE RULE:** A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

**No. 1.—"My Favourite Character in Shakespeare."**—Write an essay on your favourite Shakespearian character. Don't exceed 400 words. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.  
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.  
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

**No. 2.—"Handiwork Competition."**—Here's a chance for readers who are clever with their fingers. Send a carving, or a specimen of your fretwork, or an illuminated text or proverb, or a pen-wiper, or something made out of paper or cork, or, indeed, anything you can make with your fingers. Pack carefully when sending. Nothing will be returned, but all articles will be

sent to Dr. Stephenson's Homes for Children. There will be three prizes of 10s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.  
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.  
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

**No. 3.—"Omitted Words."**—Supply the omitted words in the following paragraph. The dots represent the number of letters in the words left out. Underline the words you put in. Three prizes of 7s.

Only one . . . . . lady could not . . . . . her tears at the . . . . . of her trunks being . . . . . down, and the robber chief, noticing them, . . . . . her what made her cry, . . . . . that all the other ladies . . . . . the whole matter with such . . . . . indifference. At this she replied that she was not so rich as her friends, and had . . . . . from Europe with her trousseau, being on the . . . . . of marriage, and did not know how she . . . . . ever . . . . . it!

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.  
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.  
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

**No. 4.—"Christmas Card Design"** (ORIGINAL).—Draw a Christmas Card in ink or colours. Bear in mind that you are put on your honour not to copy it from any existing card. **THREE HANDSOME BOXES OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTS** will be the prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.  
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.  
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

**No. 5.—"Ducks."**—See back of Frontispiece. A prize of 7s. will be awarded for the best solution.

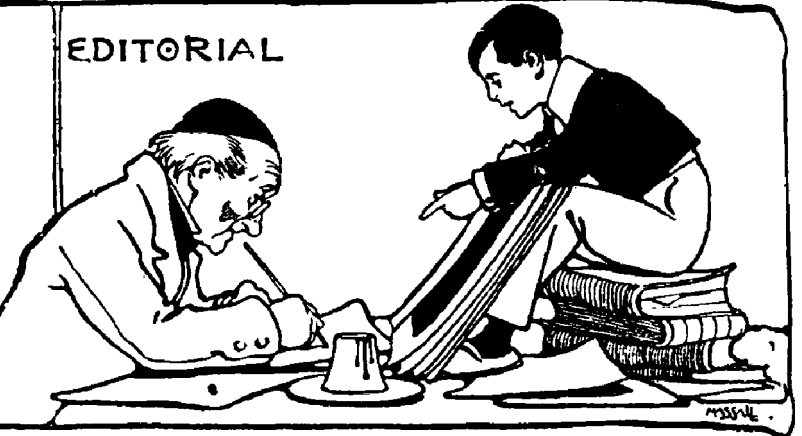
One Class only ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

**No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers."**—Send a good anecdote (not exceeding 400 words) about your particular part of the world. Three "Swan" Fountain Pens will be awarded for the three best anecdotes. You may send as many anecdotes as you like in the same envelope. The anecdotes must not be copied out of periodicals. All competitions must reach us by March 31st.

One Class only ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,  
STRAND, LONDON.

**The study** of biography is one to be heartily recommended and pursued, for a good biography, dealing with a powerful and interesting personality, is fully as fascinating as a novel, and is, moreover, likely to be remembered by the reader long after a novel is forgotten. Public libraries possess such works in plenty, and school libraries should, but many, as a rule, do not. Perhaps the reason is that biographies are too often written in a way which leads a boy to describe them as *dull*. There is, then, cause for congratulation to all concerned—publisher, author, and reader—when one lights on a biography which is readable from cover to cover, and which treats, in a perfectly frank, fearless, and unprejudiced manner, with a subject worthy of discussion.

**The late Lord Chief Justice** (Russell of Killowen) was a man who made his mark and left "footprints in the sands of time." And, moreover, he was a man with several sides to him, so that the record of his career which Mr. Barry O'Brien has written is not a mere catalogue of virtues, or a budget of dull

encomiums, but a vivid, exhilarating pen-picture, showing Russell entirely as he was, glossing over nothing, praise and blame being admixed with most commendable impartiality. The story of how Russell worked up from small beginnings should inspire all you young people with a determination to "get on" like

he did, not faltering by the way or losing heart over trifles, but regarding temporary failure merely as an incentive to succeed in the long run. And it seems to me that a New Year's Number is about the best place to say these things in, for, although I do not counsel the manufacture of hosts of good resolutions, I do think that the beginning of a year is a fit and proper time to shake off a few bad habits, as one pitches away a worn-out suit of clothes, and start fair and fresh, determined that 1902 shall witness a general improvement over 1901.

## PRIZES & PRESENTS.

Price 3s. 6d. each.

### "Tales of Greyhouse."

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

### "Acton's Feud."

By FRED SWAINSON.

### "The Heart of the Prairie."

By JOHN MACKIE.

**Now** for a few points about this celebrated Judge. He was, to begin with (for doesn't the working day begin with it?) a model of punctuality; he was noted for his thoroughness, and for his extraordinary attentiveness. He would listen to the youngest barrister pleading before him with the same

courtesy as he would extend to the most eminent Q.C., providing that the youngster really had something to say, and knew his work. On the other hand, he could rebuke an uppish customer with a ready and biting wit. When, as Sir Charles Russell, and at the height of his fame as an advocate, he was earning the enormous income of £20,000 a year, few could stand against him. He was tremendous. He was, as one criticism has it, "a formidable and masterful figure, riding roughshod over obstacles, explosive, impatient of stupidity, yet lovable and just, and capable of a quite religious zeal in causes that touched him." His was a life of varied interests; he was only in his wig and gown for a few hours daily—later he would be in his place at "the House," bearing his share of the debating, and as mentally active as the morning had found him. He was here, there, and everywhere; intensely alive. He *lived* every hour of his sixty-eight years. He was one of those people whom we describe as "always doing something"; he worked hard and played hard. He had many natural advantages, and made the most of them. No one ever found him shirking his work or crying off what he considered it to be his duty to do. He simply sat down, or stood up, and did it. He deserved success, and he was successful; few men have earned greater success than he did.

**You may say:** "Yes, that's all very well, but he was an awfully brainy man. Suppose a fellow isn't brainy; what's he to do?" Well, suppose you, dear reader, *aren't* brainy! I presume you have a certain amount of intelligence? Then make the most of it. Get into the way now—while you are young—of doing what you have got to do without making a fuss about it. This is a matter of exercising the will and overcoming one's natural inclination to "slack." Some of you who read this magazine hope, in course of time, to become generals, bishops, judges, and fill other lofty and responsible positions. But you won't get that high if you make a fuss about your work. Others, more purposeful, will catch you up and pass you while you're lagging by the way. My New Year advice to you, then, is to resolve, from this time onwards, not to let difficulties dismay you. Go on—get on—get to the top—or as near it as you can. Always be fair and honourable—always run straight and play the game. Cultivate

"high thought and amiable words,  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

There are some good anecdotes in Mr.

O'Brien's book. Of the following, the author says that one is certainly true. On one occasion, it is said, Russell was asked what was the punishment for bigamy, and answered, "Two mothers-in-law." "The true story," adds Mr. O'Brien, "is as follows: A prisoner was addressing the Court in his own defence. Russell did not at one point catch what the man said. 'What was your last sentence?' he asked. 'Six months, my lord,' was the reply." Lord Russell probably had no time to read many works of fiction. Wishing once to be civil to a distinguished novelist, he said to him, "My young people, Mr. Weyman, speak constantly of your books, and tell me I ought to read them. I have read your 'Prisoner of Zenda' with much pleasure." "Oh, that's the other man," said Mr. Weyman.

**For** the benefit of those readers who may not have seen them, I extract these touching and appropriate verses from the *Westminster Gazette*:—

#### IN MEMORIAM: KATE GREENAWAY.

Farewell, lady, and adieu!  
Who with gentle pencil drew  
Bright and joyous forms of grace,  
Making earth a fairer place.  
Let no sable garments show  
For your passing grief or woe;  
Every pretty child we see  
Shall keep green your memory.

A. J. C.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A Montreal Boy** begs to correct Mr. Roy Carmichael's statements in a little article which appeared some months ago entitled "My First Impressions of Montreal." It seems that Mr. Carmichael mentions "having seen blocks of ice placed on the footpaths to cool the atmosphere." "A Montreal Boy" says: "I do not know what made him think that the ice was put there for that reason, as it would be an utterly impossible thing in the open air. Blocks of ice are cut from the river in winter and stored during the summer by different companies. Ice is then left at the front of private houses daily during the summer months for family use. The footpaths are not composed of roughly hewn logs, but many of them are made of plain 3in.-thick boards, for the reason that in the winter the frost very often destroys the ordinary pavement. I may add that about 90 per cent. of the houses are built of solid limestone, which is taken from large quarries in the suburbs of the city. This stone makes the houses more solid than they appear to the eye."

**"As Old as the Hills"** (NEW ZEALAND), (1) in sending me a cutting recording the death of an old Maori gentleman, who died at the immense age of 108 years, adds that he believes there is an American in New York, named Noah Raby, still living, who celebrated his 130th birthday last year. My correspondent hopes to hear, through THE CAPTAIN, of any other centenarians, and so if any of you have got centenarians living in your districts, kindly let me know about them. Little essays on the subject might

be addressed to the C.C.C. pages. (2) My correspondent can price his stamps by getting one of the stamp catalogues advertised in *THE CAPTAIN*. The stamps he mentions will increase in value as time goes on, and so he had better stick to them; they are certainly of some value now, and will be of greater value in the future. (3) As to the coins, he had better take them to a local dealer for valuation.

**Public Library, Kimberley.**—The librarian informs me that three hours after our September issue was placed on the table, some frequenter of the library—let us hope he was not an Englishman—extracted the page containing the competitions set for the month, and walked off with it. The depredator must have felt much disappointed when he discovered that there did not happen to be any colonial competitions announced in that issue. To mutilate a magazine placed in a library for the benefit of the community is, however, a very mean thing to do, and we trust the librarian will keep a sharp eye on anyone he has good grounds to suspect of the deed in question, and send him out of the library with a running kick the next time he sees his pen-knife at work.

**The Manager** of the Clyde Model Dockyard and Engine Depot, Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, N.B., informs me that he will post his illustrated catalogue of yachts, submarine boats, etc., to any reader of *THE CAPTAIN* who sends a request for it. He would like such correspondents to put a *CAPTAIN* stamp on their letters. If they have no *CAPTAIN* stamps they had better state that they are readers of *THE CAPTAIN*.

**"The Little Un."**—The only way you can increase your height is by taking exercise and leading a thoroughly healthy life. Leave the rest to Nature. It is no use being distressed because you are not tall; that won't help you a bit. I believe the average height of a "Britisher" is supposed to be about 5ft. 8ins., but there are a good many men in the Army who are nothing like as tall as this.

**Chas.**—Read Mr. Fry's articles and answers to correspondents, especially his article in April, 1899. Wear shin-guards, etc., if you like. They are not absolutely necessary. A good many fellows seem to get on all right without them. I don't think Ping-Pong hurts one's tennis. See notice below *re* badges. Stamped envelope should be sent for stamps.

**A New Reader.**—Send your real name and address if you want to be an "official representative." If you fill that post for Liverpool you must do all you can to promote the sale of *THE CAPTAIN* by making it known to your friends, schoolfellows, etc. It is contrary to my rule to put readers in communication with one another.

**Inconnu.**—Personally, I always put "Esq." after a man's name when I write to him, whether he be my tailor or my Member of Parliament, but "Mr." is all right. I often get letters with "Mr." on them instead of "Esq.," and I assure you it doesn't affect my appetite one jot whether my correspondents use a prefix or an affix.

**"The Connoisseur."**—Readers of *THE CAPTAIN* who take an interest in and collect old prints and pictures, pottery, ancient coins, etc., will be delighted with this magazine, which first appeared last October. The price is one shilling, and its editor's address is 37, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

**H. G. E.**—I cannot undertake the responsibility of giving advice on investments. Consult a reliable broker, introduced to you by a friend you can depend on. Or your banker should be competent to advise you in the matter. As regards the stamps, send a stamped envelope with your question to Mr. Nankivell.

**Bacca.**—Cigarettes are bad for everybody, chiefly on account of the paper. For a boy of fifteen, any sort of smoking is distinctly bad. It hinders the growth, and if he has a tendency to any disease, it increases that tendency. If a man wants to smoke, the best thing he can smoke is a pipe.

**A "Captain" Reader** wishes me to tell him "the highest bagatelle score yet known." I confess this beats me. Nobody has ever yet sent me their bagatelle scores. I have myself, however, scored nothing at all in a game, "A 'Captain' Reader" may be interested to hear.

**Food for Newts.**—With reference to my reply *re* food for newts in the November number, "Old Boy" begs to contradict my statement that they would not eat tadpoles, he having been breeding them for several years, and having found them repeatedly eating his tadpoles.

**F. G. Bristow.**—By working so hard and getting new readers and club members, you are fulfilling exactly the functions of an official representative. Our photographic expert will be glad to reply to questions either by post or in the magazine.

**D. H. Parr.**—If you have a friend at Eton, or whatever college you wish to inspect, you could, of course, go over it. Otherwise, there might be a difficulty. It is generally possible to go over Eton College, or a part of it, I believe, in the holidays.

**T. G. Newcome and Lindsay.**—In all cases where two boys, or a boy and his sister, take in *THE CAPTAIN* between them, only one of the couple can become a member of the club. They must settle which one it is to be between themselves.

**R. Dutton.**—We have so many features already, that I cannot see my way, at present, to recommence chess. When we had this "corner" it was very poorly supported by readers, the other "corners" being more to their liking, I suppose.

**John Macklin.**—Clubbed. Back numbers 8jd. each, from this office. All competitions must be sent separately—not in one packet. Do we give advice? Yes, that's what the club's for. Send stamped envelope, and ask your questions.

**Mus. Bac.**—An edition (in three volumes) of Laing's translation of Thurlstone's "Saga Hems-kringla" was published in 1844 by Messrs. Bohn, price 36s. If you will send a stamped envelope I can let you know where to obtain a set.

**A. H. Patten.**—The only way to get an autograph is to write to the person and ask for it, enclosing a stamped envelope. I can't offer to send you the autographs of the people you mention, as I only possess a few of them.

**L. C. Garrett.**—(1) Your name will be published in the supplementary list; it was omitted by accident. (2) "Firework Making for Amateurs," by Dr. W. H. Browne, M.A., post free for 2s. 9d., from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

**N. A. G. M. Bobe.**—You can get an autograph book for a few shillings at any bookseller's. Keep up your photography. You five must have a very jolly time altogether, and I am pleased to hear of what you all intend to be.

**H. T. Weatherill.**—Keep your guinea-pigs dry, warm, and clean. Feed them on celery, parsley, carrots—in fact, almost any kind of vegetable, with a little grain food (bran, etc.) now and again. Don't over-feed them.

**An Admirer of Starlight.**—I cannot tell you whether there is such a place in Australia as "The Hollow," mentioned by Rolf Boldrewood. You

had better write to Mr. Boldrewood himself, care of his publishers.

**A Loyal Reader.**—You had better act according to your father's wishes. I do not criticise the publications of other firms unless they are sent to me for review.

**Kennett B. Jobling (CAPE COLONY).**—We give colonial readers a chance when we can, and hope to set competitions for them a little oftener shortly. Wait and see.

**Bernard Kelly.**—I can't say whether "The King's Red Coat" has been published in book form. You will, however, find the story complete in Volume I of *THE CAPTAIN*.

**John Mawson.**—Many thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending the word that you left out of your former letter. I had an idea it was "indigestion" myself. You are a very polite boy, John.

**X. Y. Z.**—You may be able to dispose of your coins to Messrs. W. S. Lincoln & Son, 69, New Oxford Street, London, but you must write first, enclosing stamped envelope and giving particulars.

**A. O. O.**—You err on the other side. Charles I. was not a traitor; he was badly advised and too fond of his own way, but his execution was a huge mistake and an everlasting stain on the Puritans' cause.

**F. R. R. (BRADFORD).**—(1) Photographs received. (2) I should recommend Merigold Bros., whose footballs and football boots have an excellent reputation. Address: 147, Church Street, Preston, Lancs.

**A New Old Boy.**—I do not remember ever having reviewed the *Glenalmond Chronicle*. This is because I have never received a copy. If you will send a copy, I will certainly review it.

**J. Vagabka, W. H. F., David Davies, A New Reader, H. E. Johnson, G. E. Beall,** and many others who have made inquiries about the club, will find information below.

**J. A. Gemmill, junr. (OTTAWA).**—I am sorry, but I can't fix on a later date for foreign and colonial readers, owing to our having to get to press soon after the 12th of each month.

**Jack Fisher (COBOURG, ONTARIO).**—Very glad to hear that you are whipping up readers for us. Have clubbed you. Cards of membership will not be issued just yet awhile.

**R. M.**—Apply in person to the superintendent or station master at Perth, where you will receive particulars; or you might ask your own station master. You are clubbed.

**G. M. B.**—Send 6d. to W. J. Bassett-Lowke & Co., Kingswell Street, Northampton, for their catalogue of model locomotives, fittings, etc. This firm stocks model engines and carriages, *facsimiles* in miniature of those used on most of the big railways; so that if you have a fancy for any particular line you can purchase some model "rolling-stock" similar in every detail.

**J. C. C. (CAPE COLONY).**—It was most generous of you to present *THE CAPTAIN* from No. 1 to the present time to the school library, and I am delighted to hear they "go for it" so eagerly. Such tidings cheer us on!

**Cromwellian.**—You are right to express your sincere convictions. Some day, perhaps, we will have a story showing the other side of the question. I won't make rash promises, however. See answer to "A. O. O."

**A. E. Woodhead.**—As I do not know anything about fireworks, I cannot give you advice on the subject.

**Brit.**—You can get far better information from one of your officers than anything I can give you. **T. B.**

and **R. H.**—Send the photograph. **D. O.**—(1) Consult "Who's Who." (2) Yes. **Rado Varli.**—(1)

Clubbed. (2) Members of the club may contribute essays, poems, anecdotes, jokes, photographs and sketches to the C.C.C. pages. "**Chemicus.**"

"Knowledge" is, I think, the most suitable periodical touching on the subjects you mention. **Head**

**Clerk.**—Try a "Jewel" Pen, then. I correct proofs in the train with one and it acts capitally.

It only costs a few shillings. **W. M. Dyierzau.**—Clubbed. It is against my rules to put readers in communication with one another. **A True**

**Britisher.**—Your black porter looks a very jolly fellow. **Australus.**—In reply to your kind inquiry

I beg to say that there is still no Mrs. O. F. "**Dos Centavos.**"—Take your coins to a curio dealer for valuation. We do not value coins. "**Swim.**"—I

will remember your suggestion. "**Little Fag.**"—Many thanks for the box of beautiful flowers.

**Official representatives appointed:** Thos. Guy Newcome (Coleford, Glos.); Bertram

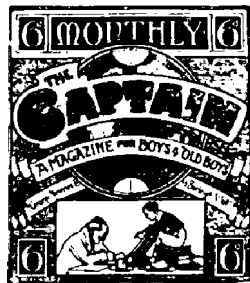
Burrowes (Kingston, Jamaica); W. Pleasance (Woodford); F. I. F. Smith (Newark).

**Letters, etc., have also been received from:** Frank M. Veale (with *St. Winifred's Magazine*); H. E. Reynolds, F. W. Robertson, and many others.

## THE OLD FAG.

### "CAPTAIN" CLUB — "CAPTAIN" BADGE — "CAPTAIN" STAMP.

*Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of *THE CAPTAIN CLUB*. Members are entitled to advice from our "experts" free of charge. The Club was also founded with the object of spreading the sale of good literature generally. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence



FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.



# Results of November Competitions.

## No. II.—"Twelve Best-known People in the World."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JAMES W. DOCHERTY, 110, Garthland Drive, Dennistown, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ETHEL SALKELD, "Melmerby," Shortlands, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. A. Garratt, Marion Wolferstan, Richard L. Bridgnell, Frank G. L. Chitty, Mayne Reid, Emily Wood, H. R. Bishop, J. Harold Round, Gwynedd Hudson, W. J. White.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GEOFFREY L. AUSTIN, "The Knoll," Lancaster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: SYDNEY J. MOSKES, St. Maw's Hill Lane, Southampton; and S. CROSSER, 34, Biggin Street, Dover.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwen Mathers, Wm. Gibson, C. B. Shaw, Ernest Garrett, Edgar Trowbridge, Albert Bentley, Ged. K. Booth, Marion Dodd, L. Tiffen, John W. Lewis.

**CLASS III.** (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GWEN BROOKS, 32, Holywell, Oxford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: BERTRAM DREW JEFFERSON, 6, Walsingham Terrace, Hove, Brighton; and OSWALD C. BUSH, 1, Clarence Villa, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jessie Huntly, P. C. Southcott, John Docherty, William Bruce, H. Cartwright, Hugh A. Green, Harold V. Love, John MacHattie, C. Horn, Thomas Hewitt, William Bruce, C. Spencer, J. Walker.

## No. III.—"If I had to be an Animal."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MOLLIE SIDONS, "Jericho," Oundle.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY, "Kilkenny," Willington Road, Eastbourne; and CYRIL BURRAGE, 49, North Hill, Highgate, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Beatrice Parry, Belfrage Gilbertson, Harry Payne, Lionel D. Saunders, Kathleen Deering, Laura Mellow, William Vaughan, Rose Kelsall, Dorothy Morris, W. Bullough, Roy Carmichael, Dorothy Owen, Wm. L. Taylor, W. J. White, Charles Murray.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MARJORIE C. COPESTONZ, "Glyn Tsa," Llandudno, North Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. T. ATKINSON, Carteret House School, High Harrogate; and JAMES BEAHAN, 14, Grosvenor View, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. W. Ivey, Walter S. Leeming, E. Snook, Madge Macfarlane, Mary Douglas, Wm. Bullard, W. Gavin, Alexander Mackenzie, E. F. Longcroft, H. C. Marriott, A. Berrington.

**CLASS III.** (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ERNEST WOOLLEY, 16, Arlington Street, Glasgow, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: H. ACKERLEY, Croft House, The Hill, Surbiton, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles R. Yeaton, John Deering, Dorothy Adams, Bernard Hopper, Nancy W. Huntly, Dorothy G. Riley.

## No. IV.—"Map of the Nile."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FRED INESTER, 14, Viewforth Square, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ADAM MACGREGOR, 81, Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ursula M. Peck, Sybil Haides, Florence Warde, Gwynedd Hudson, Philip M. Fremlin.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: DAVID PRYDE, 74, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: THOMAS B. STREET, 23, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Davis, R. G. W. Bush, O. Elfrida Saunders, C. Hargreaves, William Ian Strang, Gladys Titford, W. J. Juleff, Alice Gibbon, Dorothy Rayner, Cecil H. Hsley, J. Brayshaw, junr., May Waghorn, H. S. Stokes.

**CLASS III.**—(Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: HORACE LOVELOCKE, 148, Malden Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. C. Andrews, Leslie A. West, Dorothy Snowden, R. G. White, M. S. N. Kennedy, Arthur Edgar Barker, Mary McQuibae, Eric H. Fitter.

## COMMENTS ON THE NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—There were naturally numerous inquiries regarding the omission of the "Four Towns" coupon; but, by the time these notes appear, the coupon will already have been put before our readers in the Christmas number and adjudicated upon. However, "It's an ill wind," etc., and I, personally, am not sorry to have a short rest in preparation for the abundant entries that December 12th will undoubtedly bring me!

No. II.—The correct list, decided by vote, is as follows:—

- |                            |                        |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1.—The King.               | 7.—Mr. Kruger.         |
| 2.—The Queen.              | 8.—The Czar of Russia. |
| 3.—The Prince of Wales.    | 9.—Lord Salisbury.     |
| 4.—The German Emperor.     | 10.—Lord Kitchener.    |
| 5.—Lord Roberts.           | 11.—Sir Thomas Lipton. |
| 6.—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. | 12.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes.  |

No one got all twelve right: but Geoffrey L. Austin, in Class II, had only one wrong, and a large number had only two wrong.

No. III.—The majority of our readers favoured a metamorphosis into a dog, others preferred to continue their existence as giraffes, cats, horses, lions, and various kinds of birds. "She-of-the-long-neck" was very original, and a competitor in Class III was especially anxious to be a giraffe, because the length of his neck would give prolonged enjoyment to the eating of strawberries and cream!

No. IV.—Quite as heavily contested as usual was this competition, but still the Scotch maps came out top. Buck up, English readers!

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

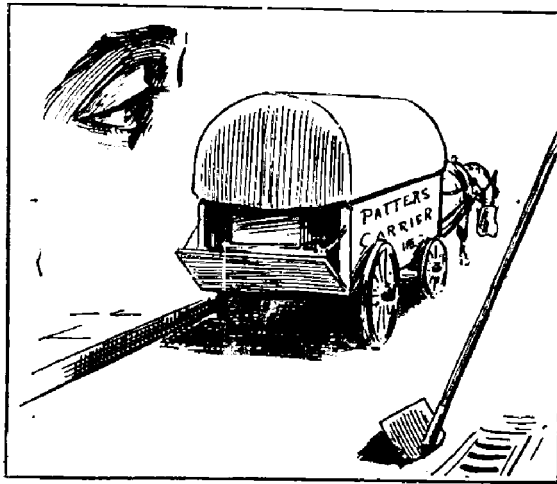
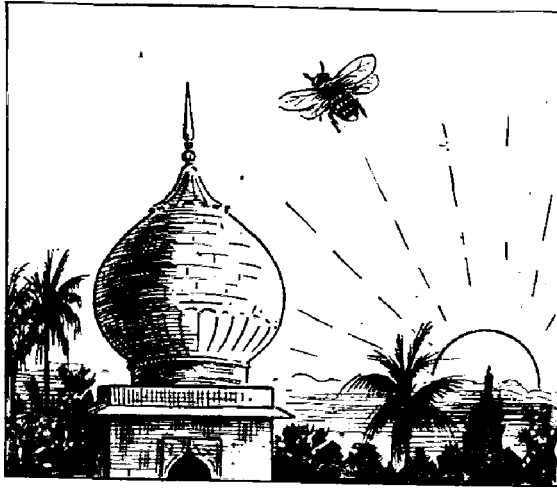
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Order through your Bookseller, or direct from the  
PUBLISHER, "THE CAPTAIN," SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## "HIDDEN BOOKS."



The above sketches indicate the names of two well-known books.

See Comp. I., "Hidden Books" (page 447).

There are twenty-three prizes—£1, 10s., 5s., and twenty books. No age limit.



SULLIVAN BEGAN TO CLIMB.

# WHY THE HOT SULPHUR MAIL WAS LATE.

BY CHAUNCEY THOMAS.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN.

*"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."*

**B**ERTHOUD Pass is a mighty pass. It is the crest of a solid wave of granite two miles high, just at timber-line. Berthoud is a vertebra in the backbone of the continent. It is the gigantic aerial gateway to Middle Park, Colorado—a park one-fifth as large as all England. The mail for this empire is carried by one man, my friend Sullivan.

On Berthoud is a pebble. One summer a raindrop fell upon that pebble, splashed in two, and each half rolled away; one down the Platte-Missouri-Mississippi, the longest river on the globe, to the Atlantic; the other down the Fraser, along the Grand, through the greatest of gorges, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where the stars shine by day, into the Pacific. Then from the two oceans the nebulised half-drops arose, sun-drawn, miles into the zenith, and rode the winds straight back to Berthoud Pass. There they united and crystallised into a snowflake. And then came the cold. Far above the pass, the frosted spirit hung in Damoclean deadliness over a creeping speck below—Sullivan the mail carrier. The rising sun glorified the snowflake; but away down in Clear Creek Cañon, where other waters gurgled and strangled under the ice, it was still a blue dark. Sullivan and the sun began to climb. The morning light started down Berthoud just as Sullivan started up. The snowflake watched the crawling atom, then blew across the pass, and from all along the range gathered unto itself the storm. On Berthoud was all the power of the Arctic. But the intelligent dot climbed on.

Eleven months of every year there is snow on Berthoud; only in July are the flowers safe. Even then, in shades that the sun cannot search—packed by the centuries—is snow that fell on the rocks before they were cold. How black, how sharp the shadows are on the heights—and how cold! In them for ages has lurked ice from the glaciers of the north. Silent Christmas finds Berthoud hung with avalanches. At Easter they come to life, and, leaning over the valleys, are so exquisitely held that they are launched even by an echo touch. About them, in long, wavering

lines and tiny whirls, the gritty snow blows like sugar. Shrub-like, the tops of pines bend under beards of alabaster moss, their trunks buried for 70ft. Airy crystals float as on Polar fairies' breath; the sunlight is alive with blue sparkles; the twig splitting in the cold sends a puff of frosty feathers; in the gale white shot sings in level volleys. Nature on Berthoud in winter is not dead, but alive. She is congealed into a new life. The very air seems to snap. A mist, frozen to a transparent blue, quivers with its own chill. Water is not ice, but glass. When the black, solid lakes burst and shatter in the awful cold, ice splinters fly like slivers of white-hot iron. Ice powder, hard, dry, and sharp, grinds the web snow-shoes like steel filings. On Berthoud at night the stars are near; they silently crackle and spit colours like electric sparks.

In the valley the morning star paled as if frozen, and with a spiteful snap winked out. The line of sunlight, half-way down the Pass, met Sullivan, half-way up. The blue-grey cold melted to a flood of Heaven's own warmth. It would be warmer soon, then hot, then blistering on the snow. Sullivan stopped to rest, panting steam; peeled off his coat, and put on his veil.

To climb Berthoud in winter is the work of a man. It is too much for an engine. The man was at his work. Slowly up the east side, around the Big Bend, up to the now deserted mail barn, laboured the mail carrier. The summit was a mile farther on, and a quarter of a mile farther up. No arranged postal car, warm, light, and convenient, was the lot of Sullivan. The car was on his back, a bag of mail. Contrary to regulations, devised by easy-chair postal officials in far-off Washington, the papers and packages had been held at Empire. Only the letters went over.

"They'll keep," said the Empire postmaster, a man of vast common sense, as he tore a chew off Sullivan's plug. Then he and Sullivan hid the bag of "second-class" under the hay in the manger of the mail team until the thaw was over. So Sullivan travelled light—only 64lbs. on his back and 20lbs. of wet snow on each web snow-shoe a foot beneath the surface.

By the bleak station laboured Sullivan.

"Only zero! Hot. Whe-ew-w!" gasped the carrier as he wiped the sweat from his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt. Sullivan meant it. Twelve feet of frigid white was between him and the earth; in the shadows the mercury was solid in the split tubes, yet in the sunlight the surface was slush. Sullivan was in his shirt sleeves, with fur mittens on his hands. Icicles hung from his eyelashes, yet his cheeks were burning. His nose was a blister, though his face was veiled as heavily as milady's on an escapade. In the sun the snow was mush: in the shadow it was marble. Such is sunlight and shade on the south-eastern snowbanks at timber-line. No wind. And the air was thin. Silence. The only sound was the carrier's laboured breath and the sock-rasp-splish of the shoes; and Sullivan came to the summit—and the shadow. There the mercury falls a degree a minute when the sun goes down; 104 at noon, an inch of ice at dawn. The ground is frozen for 540ft. Such is the summer summit.

But this was winter. Up the south gorge, like the burst of a volcano, so cold that the smoke was snow-dust, roared the storm. Sullivan saw it, looked with the indifferent interest of long experience, and put on his short fur coat. As he retied his snow-shoes he looked back—and down. Below him lay the west fork of Clear Creek, green in the coming spring. He stood on the rampart of winter. On either side towered pinnacles of storm-eaten rock, bleak as the Poles themselves. From their tops white powder streamed in the wind like crests, and floured down on the pigmy at their feet. The carrier was taking a swift, silent good-bye of the infant summer. Straight to the south flamed the sun, so low in the clear sky that Sullivan, standing on Berthoud, felt that it was below him—that he stood alone on the tip of the universe. Behind him the swirling heavens were murky; the world was black, white, and thin blue—silent, motionless, and cold.

But the cold was creeping for Sullivan's heart, and he swung his arms.

"Good for the legs," he remarked to a stump that in summer was a dead pine tree. "Track looks like a hobbled elephant. Well, here goes." And down into the gorge went Sullivan.

The galé had started in Alaska, and swept two-thirds of a continent to the south-east. In Montana it had torn the anemometer, the official whirligig, from the signal station, but had left the register, and the needle pointed to eighty-five miles an hour. It was stronger now. Caught by the wide mouth of the south fork of the Fraser and jammed into the rocky defile, the white fiend roared straight into the air and doubled back on

its track. Into this walked Sullivan. A single snowflake, sharp as a bunch of needle-points, struck his forehead, but glanced away into the white tempest. Snow-sand cut his veil. Instantly his breath was sucked from his lungs and sent 20,000ft.—four miles above the sea. Sullivan whirled, his back to the flinty sleet, and the storm fell upon his sack. But no snowstorm can stop the United States mail. With a jerk Sullivan wrenched a breath from the torrent.

"Quite a Colorado zephyr," he yelled, but could not hear himself.

There was almost perfect silence around him, because he could hear nothing—only a leaden roar. No slush there; the surface was sand-paper. Zip-zip-zip, with his head low, Sullivan butted down the gulch. Then it eased up. The wind dropped to a mile a minute, and it cleared greatly. Sullivan could see ten feet ahead. Easier now, he loped over the crust, down, down, down, leaving no track; not even a whiff of snow was blown from the trail. The snow was hard, sharp, and glittered in the white night as the surface of broken steel. A blast of snow-sand caught the flying carrier full in the face. The ground ice cut like powdered glass shot from a battery. Sullivan, his arms before his head, ran into and leaned against a cracking pine like a guilty child. The pine straightened with a snap, quivering as if tired. Sullivan lowered his arms; all was still, quiet, pleasant. The snow was smiling; the sun was shining; there was no wind.

"Lovely, ain't it? Snowslide gone off wrong end up," said a voice.

Sullivan jumped. A quick sweep of the near distance showed nothing human but himself.

"Did I say that?" he muttered. "This bucking snow is about as good on a man's savey as herding sheep. I'll be as locoed as a swelled-necked buck if I keep this up. Hello!"

"Howd'y?" answered the voice, while from under a sheltering ledge, crusted over but filled soft and dry with icy down as if banked from a feather-bed, a sheeted figure appeared and shook itself. It fairly rattled.

"Nice little blow, wasn't it? I had an idea I was the only pack animal of the long-eared breed on the range; but I see I have company, baggage and all. Glad to see you, though. By the way, sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to ask you for those shoes and that coat; also any spare change you've got, your ticker, and that mail-bag. Now don't go off half-cocked and empty, or we'll have trouble."

He of the voice had levelled a long six-shooter, white with frost and snow, at the mail-carrier. Sullivan was not startled—what was the use!

But he was annoyed—this lacked mountain courtesy. Then he grinned.

"Not this trip, pardner. Your artillery's as full of snow as the Arctic Circle, while this instrument I have——"

Flame, smoke, and steam exploded between the

"I told you you'd have fireworks if you turned that ice-jam loose. No wonder she bu'sted. What'd you expect? You're too experienced a man by the looks of you to throw such a kid trick as that. Thought I wasn't heeled, hey, and you'd work a bluff on me, did you? Goin' to



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HE STOOD ON THE RAMPART OF WINTER.

two men. As it floated upward, he of the voice was bent double, squeezing his right hand between his knees. Blood was dripping over his felt boots and over-shoes. An exploded six-shooter rang on the ice twenty feet away.

spear me on an icicle! Now, you fool!"—Sullivan's tone became a dry metallic—"you wriggle a hair and I'll kill you. My gun has not been out all winter. It's ready for business. Just off the hip; hot as buckwheat. Now don't do the stage-eye



HE LEVELLED A LONG SIX-  
SHOOTER, WHITE WITH  
FROST AND SNOW, AT THE  
MAIL CARRIER.

act on me, nor try any football dives—and leave that sticker of yours alone. You might cut somebody with it. No, thank you, I'll help myself. Straighten up now, and turn your back. See here! Are you going to do as I tell you, or shall I fix your hide so that they'll tan it for chair bottoms? Jump lively now, or I'll fill you so full of lead that you'll assay for Leadville ore, and it'll take the coroner's jury twenty-four hours to count the holes. Still, I don't want to kill you; it's a dirt job, and I would rather walk you into town than haul you there on your back. Oh, don't go frothing now and sass me back like that. Of course I'm festive. Who wouldn't be, with a five-thousand-dollar winner—*hold on there!*—five thousand-dollar gold mine, as I was a-sayin', in your own self as a standing reward for Black Jack. *N-no*, my dear sir! A single jump into my latitude and I'll plug you. Post office robber, hugh! And gathered in by Uncle Samuel himself in the person of your humble striker! Lor'! I ain't talked so much since speech-makin' over good luck come into fashion. Oh, yes, I know you. No; it ain't no lie either. I have your circular description here in my pocket, right next my heart, to tack up in ev'ry mail window between Empire and Hot Sulphur. You're wanted, wanted bad; five thousand dollars' worth of bad, too; and I've got you—and incidentally I intend to keep you. Now drop that cleaver of your'n and shinny on down the trail there, or you'll have trou—"

A mile above a concussion jolted the cliff; a terrific echo to the pistol-shot. Down came the slide—gently at first—so far away it seemed only as wide as one's hand. In an instant the snow shot from under the two men. The enemies fell flat. A mile of snow, bristling hair-like with root-torn pines, thundered down the slope. Sullivan and "Black Jack," forgetful of each other, were tossed whirling in the air, and fell back into the grinding chaos. Yet the piece of ice on which they lay was thick and solid, laced and interlaced with tough brushwood, frozen in. This woven acre rode the avalanche like a sled.

An hour later a mountain lion sneaked over the wreck. A hill of snow, ice, broken stone, and splintered logs dammed the gulch. Away to the top of the range the track of the slide lay like a scald. Miles away, high in the air, a cloud of white dust was floating. All nature was hushed, as if frightened. A screeching eagle went flapping far away. From under the ruin a wolf howled dismally; then weaker and weaker—a piteous whine—silence. Berthoud had struck a terrible blow; and humanity—where were the men? The panther was hunting; his nose had found them, but not his jaws. Settling himself, he dug. As

the famished brute raked a log to one side with his gaunt paw he heard a groan within an inch of his ear. Whirling, he flashed up the mountain side—a streak of yellow; but his work was done. From the shallow hole Sullivan appeared—chalk white, his face a ghastly blue. He struggled carefully, then desperately, to free himself; but when he stopped, exhausted, only his head and shoulders showed above the snow.

"Pinned down—dead—my last trip—and yet not hurt. Freeze like a cockroach in the ice-house. Cool, my boy, cool—keep cool. Don't lose your head—don't get rattled, or you're a dead man. Now's when you need all your brain. Keep cool—though you'll be cool enough all too soon."

Sullivan's head disappeared in the panther-dug hole. Slowly the end of a small log 10ft. away rose into the air and fell aside. Up straightened the grizzly head of Black Jack, one side daubed with a red slush.

"Well—I—be—hanged! This don't look much like joy," growled the desperado as he gazed around on the confusion. He noticed the straining mail-sack. Black Jack waited silently until the carrier's haggard face again came above the rim. The two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Hurt?" asked Sullivan.

"Don't think so. Both feet fast. How's yourself?"

"One leg in a vice—can't move it. What d'you think?"

"We're done for."

"Guess you're right. How's the snow round you?"

"None 't all—all ice. Solid."

"Hold still. I've got one foot a little loose," exclaimed Sullivan as he stamped on a log far below.

"Same log," said the thief, "got us both."

Nothing more was said. They went to work. The carrier unslung the mail-sack and laid it carefully aside. For an hour both men strained, pulled, twisted, and dug with bare fingers until the purple ends were raw. Human fingers are not panther claws. Both men were packed tight up to their armpits in solid snow. Four feet below the surface of the ruin their legs were fast between two parallel logs as in a steel trap. An inch closer and their ankles would have cracked like pipe-stems; an inch wider and the men would have been free. They were not hurt; merely held. Berthoud had been kind only to be cruel.

"No use," panted Sullivan; "my trail ends here."

"Mine don't. I wish it did," answered Black Jack. The hard tone was gone, the voice was almost gentle. "Sing-Sing's ahead of me. You're a honest man, my friend, and have nothin' to



fear from death; while I——" and there was silence for many minutes. "Many's the time I've faced it, but not when I had to think it over—like this," he continued as if to himself.

Then they waited. A camp robber came like

hot stone fireplace. The carrier was brave; he did not want to die. Life held so much for which to live and to work; yet he waited calmly, his brain as cold as his freezing foot.

At intervals the men struggled, wrenched their



"WE'RE DONE FOR."

the blue angel of death, and scolded within a yard, mocking them.

"Lucky jay, you've got what I would give the world for," mused Black Jack.

Sullivan said nothing. He was thinking of a little log-cabin at Hot Sulphur; of an old, white-haired lady who at that moment he knew was rocking contentedly before the open fire in the

muscles, with no hope of getting out, but to keep warm. The thirst-fever that comes from pain dried the carrier's tongue. He longed for water. A mouthful of snow burned like hot cinders. He spat it out and pressed the rigid jaw with stiff, bare hands to warm the aching teeth. He looked about for water. Fifty feet up the mountain, in the lee of a boulder, was a spring; but it was

frozen solid and banked with snow. The breeze was gently keen. Sullivan's clothes grew cold; he felt nude, and shrank from them; his skin became small and tight, smarting as if blistered. A chill shook him. Blunt pains worked along the bones and met in the joints. Each particular finger and toe seemed about to burst; his scalp stiffened; his chin was numb. The cold was gnawing between his shoulders, was biting for his heart. Only the wedged foot was warm, strangely warm. Webs of spidery ice floated in the cheerful sunlight and vanished. Flashing wrigglers swarmed before the man's eyes and disappeared—only to come again. Sullivan was freezing. Away into the sky loomed Berthoud, hoary with icy ermine and wrapped in fleecy clouds. To Sullivan's hopeless eyes the wreathing veil seemed smoke and steam, curiously warm. He shuddered, locked his rattling jaws, and grimly faced the end.

Upon the summit the clouds were of gold; the very top was red. In oblivious majesty rose the pass; but over and about the two heads sticking from the snow a single snowflake, flashing, dazzling, glittering, was wafted like a dancing diamond. It tickled Sullivan's face, then tumbled into the air in a very ecstasy of whirls. The man's head drooped, drooped, dipped, jerked back, drooped again, and hung pendulously. Sullivan was asleep, warm and comfortable. With a dull yell of pain he awoke. Black Jack had hit him in the ear with a snowball.

"Hang on, friend! Keep a-scrapin'! Don't give up!" were the rough words of cheer.

The carrier knotted his muscles, shook off the torpor as if it were the tightening coils of a cold snake, and rubbed his burning ear.

"What's the use? We'll both be stiff in three hours. Might as well have it over with," replied Sullivan as if speaking of a card game.

Aroused, he freed his feet of the webs, and forced some feeling into the prisoned one. From his pocket he took his lunch, until now forgotten, and silently tossed half to his fellow-prisoner. The camp-robber darted on to a piece of meat in the air, and flew squawking to a limb. Black Jack swore at the bird in profane amusement. Sullivan redivided his piece of pork and threw it over.

The robber protested, raked it in, and tossed it back. Sullivan ate his own share, but this piece of meat he put back into his pocket.

Black Jack looked at him.

"Say, pardner, you're a man."

The fires of life, rekindled, flamed up anew in the desperado.

"I will get loose," he snarled with set teeth as he tore frightfully at the snow packed around his waist.

"Try this; my hands are too stiff to use it," said Sullivan, as he threw his watch to Black Jack.

"Ah, a regular snow-plough," grunted the other, as he sprung open the lid with his teeth and began to scrape. "Sa-ay!"—the yell rang up the pass—"here's my knife."

Buried tight in the snow was the knife—life itself—within easy reach, yet frozen fast. Sullivan did not answer, but waited.

Just then Black Jack's hands dropped the watch. It vanished along his leg into the black hole that held him, and then faintly clinked on a stone under the log-jam. With a curse the lifelong criminal clawed viciously at the snow with scarlet fingers. Ten minutes' scratching cleared the handle and hilt of the heavy bowie; and Black Jack's head and shoulders arose triumphant, his gory right hand flourishing the priceless steel. The light from that blade flashed to the very top of Berthoud. Sullivan writhed to keep warm.

The shadows were growing longer now. Another two hours the sun would be down, and their lives would go out like candles. Black Jack ripped, jabbed, strained, and from his burrow hurled ice, snow, and splintered wood. Iron against water, with men for stakes. In thirty minutes he was free all but his feet. Both ankles were held between two logs; one thick as his waist, the other a mere pole. Hack, slice, split. In five minutes more Black Jack, sweating and breathless, crawled painfully from the hole. He tried to stand, but tottered and fell as if on stilts. He rubbed, he pounded, he rolled and twisted his numbed calves and feet; the thick, black blood turned bright and throbbed again. Black Jack stood erect, danced sorely, and, except for his skinless fingers and a scalp wound, now staunch with a frozen plaster of gory hair, he was as well as ever. The bruised shoulder was unheeded. A lustreless snowflake dropped weakly at the man's feet. He stepped on it as he picked up the knife and clambered over the snow and logs to the carrier.

Black Jack looked at Sullivan, and Sullivan looked at Black Jack. Sullivan's lips were without motion, but in his eyes was the look of a paw-fast grizzly. The desperado seated himself on a broken spruce branch not six feet from Sullivan, rested his hands on his knees, and thought. He stared at the carrier. Here was a man whom two hours before he had tried to kill; who in turn stood ready to kill him; who had even started him at the muzzle of his six-shooter on that short, sure road to a living death—the penitentiary for life. Leave him there—why not? No crime; he had not put him there. What if

it were a crime? Who would know? And what if they did? In the spring—perhaps not for years—they would find the skeleton, and fleshless jaws say little. Dig him out—then what? Was it not to set free a messenger sure to start the machinery of the law to land the rescuer in a cage—a cage where nothing could come but insanity and death? Had he not escaped entirely by his own efforts? The watch! But the other's hands had been—still were—too cold to use it, so it could have done him no good. Black Jack thought these things, seated on the log-end in the snow-slide that frigid February day, facing his enemy—that enemy now harmless, but all-powerful if free. Why reverse their positions? Black Jack looked at the range ahead. It was good just to be alive—and free. Then he looked once more at Sullivan—silent, waiting Sullivan—then at the empty hole, splashed with his own blood.

Why not kill him quickly? One thrust, and the cold-tortured man would be out of his misery—surely an act of mercy. Was not this enough? The reckless, murderous robber, careless of life and death, hunted by seventy-two millions, a bounty on his head, thoroughly understood the situation. So did his victim. The camp robber flickered into the air and away homeward to a distant ranch. This winged freedom fascinated the criminal. He watched the bird float beyond the pine tops, looked again at the range, stinened to his feet, picked up the bowie, glanced behind him, and gazed down at the helpless, freezing Sullivan.

"I would not trade places with you," came from the carrier's lips; but the murderer was looking at the pocketed piece of meat. Then Black Jack took the knife by the blade and handed it to Sullivan.

The carrier tried to speak. Black Jack smiled, and with wooden fingers fumbled for his pipe. Sullivan bent into the hole to hide his tears—and to work. A half hour and Black Jack pulled the carrier from the hole; a minute more and the two men—the morally white with black spots, the morally black with white spots—stood face to face. Sullivan put out his hand. Black Jack took it.

"Pardner, you're a square man! Thanks. Here"—Sullivan peeled off his fur jacket, his cap, and his over-shoes—"take these, and this," added the carrier, as he handed the robber two bills and some silver.

Then he hesitated; but, with a jerk, unbuckled his cartridge belt and, with its dangling holster full of snow, gave it to Black Jack.

"You'll find the gun in the hole; I felt it with my foot. Don't use it unless you have to; she's

sighted to a hair, and has a soft trigger. But I want this knife. Good-bye. Mexico is the place for you—less snow there."

Both men smiled grimly.

"Take straight down the gulch on the other side; it'll be frozen by the time you get there. A freight is due at Empire at two in the morning—usually late, though. You can make it if you hump yourself. The shoes are in the hole there; I kicked them off. Eat that bacon when you get on top; it'll help limber up your legs. Leave the trucks at the mouth of the cañon—she slows up there for the switch—for Golden is right ahead, and your picture is in the post office. Cut to your right across the saddleback, which you'll see about four miles to the south-east; then straight on south-east fifteen or twenty miles, and you'll hit the Santa Fé tracks going south. Jump 'em, and a week from now you'll cross the Rio Grande—*quien sabe?* Go to the Three Triangle outfit in Chihuahua; tell the foreman—Pete Miller he is known by down there—I sent you, and he'll give you a job punching. He'll do it 'cause I snaked him out of the Grand four years ago, with his chaps on, and she was a boomid'—runnin' ice. I'd help you fish out those webs, but I've got a case of cold feet, and guess I'll have to quits ya."

"Your foot's frozen, ain't it? And I reckon I'd better be goin' a piece back with you," said Black Jack.

"No; no need of that; only frosted—all right now. I can stump it in all right. These Dutch socks'll last me till I reach Chipmunk's. You're no time to lose, pardner, so *adios*. Good luck to you, and"—Sullivan stopped embarrassed—"and—if I were you I'd quit this business. Don't pay."

"You're right. I made up my mind to that in the hole there—just before I found the knife. If I hadn't—you—" Black Jack left the sentence as it was, but Sullivan knew. He gripped the desperado's hand again; but its five bleeding fingers made him think of five one-thousand-dollar bills.

"Well, be good to yourself. The mail must go through," the carrier replied as he swung the sack to his shoulders. Then with the knife held like a sword, Sullivan saluted the other and left him. Black Jack's face was working, but he said nothing. At the edge of the timber Sullivan turned and once more waved the bowie. Black Jack swung his cap. Then Sullivan passed beneath the pines.

Three hours late the carrier limped into Chipmunk's. Ten feet of snow on the level had buried the station in December; only the plumed chimney showed. During that tramp Sullivan had



CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

LEAVE HIM THERE—WHY NOT!

been thinking; the inevitable reaction had set in and he staggered under his load, for it seemed to him as if that sack contained the mail of the whole nation; his brain was boiling with conflicting thoughts and warring emotions; and his conscience was divided against itself, for the carrier was an honest man. One word to those in the cabin and by midnight Black Jack, the most dangerous mail robber in the United States, would be behind the bars.

Sullivan shoved open the hinge-complaining door. Gansen was swearing--had been for two hours.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded. "Think I'm agoin' to hold that team here a week and drive it all night, with the spirit thermometer fifty-two below at the Springs this mornin'? If I miss the Colter connection Glenn won't do a thing but come up the line with a meat-axe for the whole outfit. The mails has got to go through. What's the trouble? You look as if you and a mowing-machine had been havin' an argument."

"Oh, nothin'," said Sullivan. "Bucked into

a little slide just above High Bridge. We mixed and I lost most of my goods and chattels, but acquired a whole museum of bumps and such things, beside a choice set of refrigerated toes. But here's the mail. No. No second-class at Empire at all. Guess it's delayed in Denver; or else good people don't mail papers in the winter-time. See here, Chipmunk, you old gorilla! I want you to let up on trappin' along my trail. I don't like it. Found a marten in one of your confounded machines, and I turned him loose. Threw the Newhouse about forty miles somewheres off into the timber. I don't want any more of it. Savey!

"Well, *adios*, Jim. Give my apologies to the folks in Hot Sulphur 'cause their mail is late. It won't happen next time--perhaps not for a thousand years. Tell Mark I'll be down to the dance, sure. Ask the Colter schoolmarm to save me a waltz. Sure, now! Ta-ta.

"Say, Chip! Get a wiggle on ya. Got any coffee? I'm tired." And Sullivan lifted the pot off the stove. On the fire he put a bunch of circulars. He soon had the coffee boiling.

## SECRET WRITING.

**W**RITING by means of a cypher used always to be practised by ambassadors and statesmen, especially in times of war. This art was at its height during the Civil War, in the reign of Charles I., and was also used a good deal at the time of the French Revolution. There are many different cyphers, but the simplest of them all is that in which letters are used that are one, two, or three, or any other number of places in advance of the right letter.

The following is an example in which one letter in advance is used: "Dpyme opu sfbdi zpv jo ujn f zftufsebz. Xjnm dpmf upnpsspx;" which, being interpreted, is: "Could not reach you in time yesterday. Will come to-morrow."

In some cyphers the right letters are used, but must be read upwards or downwards, or diagonally, to be understood.

Cypher writing can be made still more puzzling by joining all the words together, spelling the words backwards, or inserting "dummy" letters here and there.

Beggars have a sort of cypher which they use in

country places, where the inhabitants are not so sharp as those in the larger towns. This they use to inform the succeeding tramps what sort of treatment to expect at the different houses. A clergyman, it is said, studied this cypher, and found out that   meant "Unfavourable; likely to have you taken up"; and also that   meant "Dangerous; sure to get a month in 'quod'" (prison). This caused him to inscribe these two signs or cyphers on his gate-post, and ever since he has enjoyed a peaceful security from all vagrants.

Business people often use a cypher to mark the price on goods. They choose a word of ten different letters, and assign a number to each letter. Thus, supposing the word chosen to be "Blackpines," B stands for 1, L for 2, A for 3, and so on, S standing for 0; so that, instead of marking his goods 12/6, a man would put BL/Pd.

There are also punning cyphers, such as "5 meet me 6 at 5/- 3ft.," which means "Meet me between five and six o'clock, at Crown Yard."

STANLEY B. KING

# THE RACE OF THE SPECIALS.

Narrated by Harry Shepperd, a Royal Train Driver, and Recorded by S. A. Parkes.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY.

I.

I WAS driving the two o'clock express at the time, and my fireman was Tom Long, who had been my mate for several years. Our engine was No. 950, one of the famous "Greyhound" class, which are the finest single-drivers in the world.

They are real beauties and no mistake, with their long, dark green boilers and huge 8ft. driving wheels. If not so good up a stiff bank as coupled engines, they will skip by them on a level road.

I've driven Royalty of all kinds with "950" as my engine, and she's never failed me yet; so you can understand I feel pretty well at home on her foot-plate, and know her good and bad points like jockeys do those of a horse.

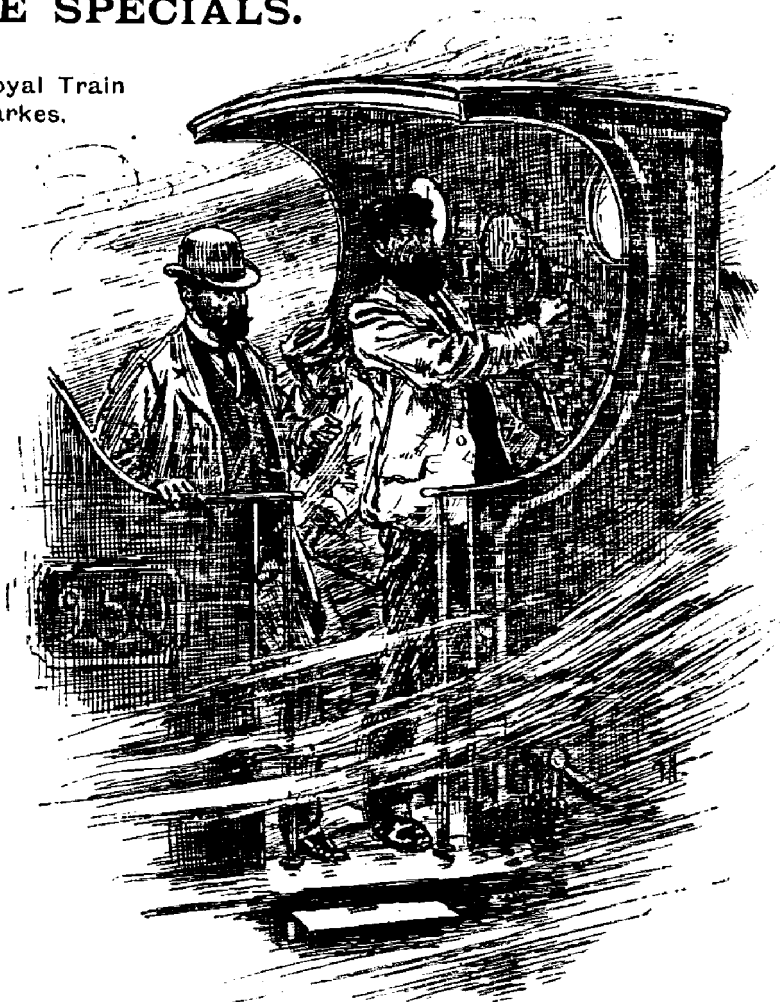
We had got off rather early from the sheds that afternoon, and were waiting in the sidings, just outside our London terminus, ready to run in and hook on to our train.

I have always made it a rule to thoroughly examine my locomotive while it is over the engine pits, and never to let even the smallest trimming be overlooked; so, my mind being easy as to big-ends and other troublesome bearings, I was glancing again through the "Weekly Working Sheet," to make certain that there were no alterations in the signals or the line which would affect me in working the express.

On looking up from my reading, I noticed the station master and another man coming towards the sidings across the network of rails.

"Tom!" said I to my fireman, "here's a rich uncle coming along. No more firing for you, my boy!"

"If that's so," replied Tom, laughing, as he wiped his hands on some oily waste, "I'll have to titivate up a bit. Why don't the company



"FORTY-FIVE SECONDS!" SAID THE INSPECTOR. "BY JOYE, THAT'S EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR!"

fix looking-glasses on the top of the water gauges?"

"Yes," said I, "and put wash-hand basins under the test cocks?"

It didn't occur to either of us that we were really the people wanted, until the station master hailed me and climbed up the steps to the foot-plate, followed by his companion.

"We've serious work for you to-day," said the station master when they were up beside us; "this gentleman is Inspector Stafford, of Scotland Yard, whom you are to take with you on your engine."

You may be sure I had a good stare at the man when I heard this, for he was the detective always employed in international and extradition cases.

He certainly wasn't much to look at, being rather short, with a sallow face, partly covered by a close-cut beard and moustache; but his eyes were very bright and had a curious twinkle

in them, as if he were about to make a joke and was having a private grin at it first.

"Very well, sir," I answered; "we're just going now to hook on to the train."

"You're not to take the Scotsman to-day," said the station master, "we want you to work a special instead, and start at once."

"Of course you know, sir," I said, "that none of the engines in this siding could keep time with the Scotsman."

"I remembered that," he answered, "and telephoned your foreman at the running-sheds. Luckily, he had another 'Greyhound' in steam, and it will be up here in plenty of time to take the Scotsman."

"Where are we to go?" I asked.

"I had better tell you that," said Stafford, and, drawing Tom and myself under the shelter of the cab, he spoke rapidly in a low voice.

"An hour or so ago, a man, professing to be a rich American, came to Mr. Wilson here," pointing to the station master, "and ordered a special to Manchester."

"It's been gone about twenty minutes," interrupted Tom; "we passed it as we came up."

"I know that," said the inspector grimly, "I just missed it by two minutes. Unless I am much mistaken, this American is no more a Yankee than I am; he's a Boer spy that we've been hunting this last fortnight."

"Can't you wire and have the special stopped?" I asked.

"I daren't. My case is not complete enough, and there are others I want to catch."

"What will you do, then?"

"Overtake that special and make sure I'm on the right tack. Can you do it?"

"It's had a long start, but I'll try my best," I told him.

"If Shepperd says that," said the station master, "you may know it can be done. Before I left my office I had a message sent along the line to switch them on to the slow road, which should prevent them breaking a record, and by starting now you will get off in front of the Scotsman on the fast line."

"There's not time, then, to couple on a break-van to steady us?" I said.

"No," replied the station master, "you must run as a light engine."

He shook hands with the inspector, assured him that the company would help him in any way they could, and left us with a cheerful word of farewell. I whistled for the signal, and a minute later we ran out of the siding and were off on our strange chase.

The first few miles we had to pass over a very crowded part of the line, and there was

little time to talk as we slipped by the numerous suburban stations; but when the endless rows of houses were at last left behind, the inspector gave us some further details of the case.

"For some months past," he said, "we have had several men under observation, but were unable to identify the real leader who pulled the strings so cunningly behind the scenes. Even now we are none too sure, because the American who ordered the special was very different in appearance to Holtzgang; but a small—I may say, a very small—peculiarity was common to both men, and it was enough to bring me flying over the country after him."

"What was that, sir?"

"Ah!" replied the inspector, "I'll tell you when I've caught him."

By this time we were well out into the country, with green fields and hedges on either side of the line, so I opened the regulator to its full extent and fairly let the engine go.

We rattled across the long viaduct which carries the train high above the valley, and came to a fine stretch of line with a slightly falling gradient, where the down expresses are timed for their fastest work.

I'd put my trust in "950," and she didn't disappoint me, racing over the metals with her whole frame swaying and lifting, leaving behind a long cloud of smoke to mark her track. Presently we saw a local train far ahead on the slow line; caught it up and passed it as if it had been standing still, though its "four-coupled" tank-engine was fussing along at nearly forty miles an hour with noisy puffings of its exhaust, and it soon became a speck in the distance.

The inspector grew interested when the speed increased, and, steadying himself with one hand against the rocking of the engine, held his watch in the other, counting the seconds as we flashed past the mile-posts.

Meanwhile, Tom was fully occupied in keeping the fire going and watching the water-gauges, so as to be prompt in turning on the injectors, and thus keep the water well above the tell-tale plug, whose melting is so much dreaded by the careless driver.

"Fifty-two seconds!" said the inspector, referring to the time for the last mile; then, joyfully, "Forty-nine!" and three minutes later he almost shouted, "Forty-five seconds! By Jove! we shall soon catch 'em—that's eighty miles an hour!"

But as he spoke a distant signal at danger obliged me to shut off steam to get my engine under control for the stop we should

have to make if the home signal was also against us.

"I counted my chicks too soon," said the inspector, dolefully.

"Never mind, sir. We'll get some information, any way."

We were passing the signal-box then, for the signalman had put his head out, and waved to us to go on "at caution"; so I called out to him: "How long has the passenger special on the down slow road gone by?"

"Fourteen minutes," came back the reply, and it cheered us greatly, since it showed that we had knocked off half the other's start in the first sixty miles.

"They haven't been napping, either," I said, "for we've averaged near a mile a minute all the way, and in the London section no one must run over thirty miles an hour."

The advanced starting signal now being "off," we were able to move on again, but had very little luck; for first we had to slow down to ten miles an hour in a section where the engineer was lifting the line, and then were checked again for three minutes while a goods was being shunted for the Scotsman.

At last we reached Longmoor Junction, and, at the inspector's request, I pulled up for a moment at the platform by the station master's office.

Leaving Tom on the engine, the inspector and I went in to make inquiries.

"The special left three minutes ago," the station master told us.

"What?" exclaimed the inspector. "Only three minutes ago?"

"Yes, the saloon had a hot axle-box, so they stopped to cool it down."

"Did you see the passenger?"

"Oh, yes!"

"What was he like?"

"A tall man with a goatee beard—a Yankee, by his talk."

"You had some conversation, then?"

"Yes, he asked me if his special couldn't run from here on the fast line."

"Did you agree?"

"No; I had just had word from London to keep the fast road clear for your engine, if possible; so I told him that, and pointed out that, as his special would have to go slow at first for fear of over-heating the axle again, it would block the way."

"Oh! you told him another special was expected?"

"Yes."

The inspector looked vexed.

"What did he say to that?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"He merely thanked me for my information, and said he thought he'd have some tea sent out to him from the refreshment room."

There was no more news to be had, so we got on the engine again, and started off without further delay. I could see the inspector was rather troubled that our friend in front should know of another special following him.

"I wonder if he guesses we're on his track?" he muttered half to himself.

"May be not, sir," I replied; "if it is your gent, he doesn't know yet, or he wouldn't have taken it so coolly."

"There she is!" cried Tom, and about two miles ahead we saw a short train, which was the special, without a doubt.

I put full steam on, and we all watched the distant train in growing excitement.

"She's not doing more than fifteen miles an hour," I said.

"How do you know that, at this distance?" asked the inspector.

"Because each puff of smoke is distinct; if she were running fast the puffs would follow so quickly as to make one continued cloud."

"Afraid of the axle?" asked the inspector.

"Probably," I answered.

We steadily gained on the special, and had almost overtaken it, when we came to the short cutting which ends in the long Deadland Tunnel.

"We'll be in the tunnel first," said Tom; so I had to slow down to avoid overshooting her, and she entered the tunnel a hundred yards ahead.

"That's queer," I said.

"What?" asked the inspector sharply.

"They never whistled as they went in; it's a warning to anyone in the tunnel which no engineman should forget to give."

I gave a long hoot on our own whistle as we went into the dark, smoky burrow, whose roof and walls glistened with moisture.

Deadland Tunnel is over a mile in length, and has a bad name among drivers, for, owing to the excessive damp, the air is always very foul; it has, besides, the reputation of being haunted by the ghost of a woman who was thrown out of a train there many years ago.

The tail lights of the other special shone out in the blackness, and we steadily crept up till we were level with the saloon.

All the blinds, except one, were down, and the shades were drawn over the lamps, but we were just able to distinguish the figure of a man sitting in the far corner with a travelling cap pulled over his face.

The inspector gave a grunt of satisfaction.



"We shall soon settle our doubts now," he said.

Hardly had he spoken when Tom startled us with a cry of: "Harry, look!"

I followed the direction of his hand, and saw a sight that made me shiver.

We were now up to the other engine, and it seemed as if one could almost have stepped on to her, so short was the distance between us.

Their fire-door was partly open, and the furnace threw a red glow on the figures of two men on the foot-plate, and lit up the dripping wall beyond.

The driver was hanging limply over the reversing wheel, like some huge sawdust doll, and, though the fireman was leaning against the tender in an attitude that might imply laziness, his eyes appeared to be closed, and soon a lurch of the engine caused him to slide down on to the floor in a horribly stiff way.

I blew our whistle again loudly, but the men took no notice, though the noise echoed again and again with a shrill metallic sound.

Their engine went on at a steadily increasing speed, the steam hissing from the safety valve, and the pantings of the steam-blast growing quicker and quicker; while the awful blackness around made the figures of the two men stand out as the firelight fell on them, and at times the shaking of the train gave their limbs an appearance of life.

It was an uncanny sight, and as I looked at it I tried in vain to understand what it could all mean. Presently the inspector gripped my arm, and, as if in answer to my unspoken question, said hoarsely in my ear the word:—

*"Drugged!"*

## II.

**I** DON'T think anyone would call me a superstitious man, but I must own to feeling precious queer while we were in that dismal tunnel, and it was like the lifting of a safety valve to see a faint speck of light in the distance, which showed we were near the end.

Once out in the fresh air again I got my nerve back, and was able to think of what should be done.

It wasn't a rosy outlook, to say the least of it; side by side with us was running an engine with none to control her, and, though she hadn't full steam on and was "notched up" a tidy bit, there was quite enough speed on her to make a nasty smash with anything she met. I had caught sight of the distant signal

for the slow road, and it was at danger, which meant that the special had got to be stopped somehow within the next twelve hundred yards.

When I was quite a lad I'd been shipped off to sea as an apprentice for three years; the experience I gained then had often been useful to me in railway work, and it gave me an idea now which I wasn't slow to act on.

In the tool-box was a short piece of light rope, which I had out in a moment, and made a large noose at one end.

"What's the game, mate?" asked Tom.

"I'm going to chuck this noose over the dome of that engine and climb across to it by the rope—see?"

Tom saw my object at once, but the inspector asked, "Won't the dome be too hot?"

"Bless you, no!" answered Tom. "What you see's only the outside covering; there's a lagging of wood underneath before you get to the boiler."

We were level with the other's steam-dome then, so I made a cast and succeeded in dropping the noose over it the first attempt.

I took a turn of the rope round the handrail outside our cab and gave the inspector the end to hold.

"Keep it taut when I'm on it," I said, "but pay it out sharp if either engine gets ahead."

He nodded as he gripped the rope, and I knew he understood.

Tom had gripped the regulator handle in one hand and the brake ejector in the other, and was keeping the two engines together like horses in harness.

"Let me go!" he said.

"No!" I replied, and he saw it was no use arguing.

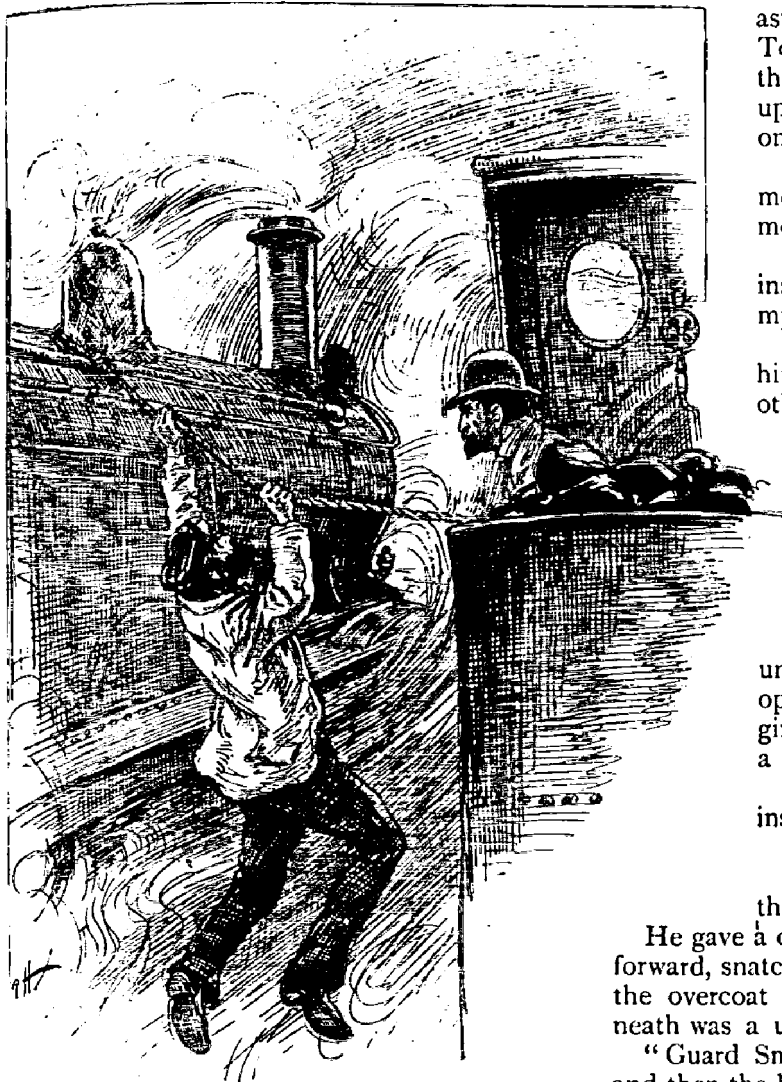
"Watch it, Tom," I told him.

"Right, Harry."

I seized the rope with both hands, prepared to give myself a good send-off, and then for ten seconds I hesitated, the job looked so tricky. I am heavily built, and it flashed across me that if the rope broke I should be thrown under the wheels of one or other engine; you see, my nerves were still a bit queer. Luckily, at that instant I looked away over the level tract of country we were crossing, and there ahead was the smoke of a train I knew to be a heavy goods toiling along the slow down line.

Without more thought I swung myself off the tender and started across, hand over hand, as quickly as I could. The rope sagged badly when I was in the middle, and I felt myself slipping away as fast as I moved my hands.

Our engine had dropped behind a trifle, and the inspector had paid out the rope too much!



WITHOUT MORE THOUGHT I SWUNG MYSELF OFF THE  
TENDER.

The wind whistled in my ears, and I found my legs dangling within a yard of the great wheels of the runaway engine. My hands became clammy and moist, my breath came in jerks, and I seemed to have lost the power of going forward or back. The next instant the rope tightened. I made a big effort, and landed myself panting on the running-plate.

I quickly slipped the noose off the dome and climbed round to the foot-plate, nearly falling over the fireman, who was now lying flat on his back.

There was no time to be lost, for the signal-box was close at hand, and in the next block the goods train was shunting out trucks from a siding.

I shut off steam and applied the vacuum brake, bringing the train to a stand at the home signal, the signalman looking out in

astonishment from his window. Tom stopped "950" alongside, and the inspector got off her and climbed up to me, while Tom kept an eye on the saloon.

We hastily loosened the two men's clothes and put them in more comfortable positions.

"They're coming to," said the inspector. "I must tackle that mystery in the saloon."

He went to the door nearest him, and I placed myself at the other in case our friend inside tried to give us the slip.

All the blinds but one being down, the saloon was nearly dark, so all that could be seen of the man at the far end was that he was wrapped in a light overcoat, little of his face showing under his cap. The inspector, opening the door, stepped in rather gingerly, and I saw the gleam of a revolver barrel in his hand.

"Mr. Holtzgang!" said the inspector loudly.

There was no answer.

The inspector pulled up two of the blinds and let in more light.

He gave a cry of astonishment, then stepped forward, snatched off the cap, and pulled away the overcoat from the sleeping man. Underneath was a uniform I knew well.

"Guard Smith, by thunder!" I called out, and then the hoax tickled my fancy, and I went off into a roar of laughter.

To do the inspector justice, he took his set-down well, and joined me in a good laugh when he had recovered himself a bit.

"I feared something of the sort," he said, as he helped me to bring the guard to life again.

"They have all been drugged?" I asked.

For answer the inspector took a teacup from the table and handed it to me.

The cup was almost empty, but a faint, sickly smell still remained.

"It's a fair knock-out," I said. "How do you think it was managed?"

"Simply enough," replied the inspector. "You heard the station master say that Holtzgang had some tea sent out to him; well, he doctored it up and gave the driver and fireman a cup each just before they started, then he invited the guard into the saloon and filled him up with his little concoction. It was easy enough to drop off the train, which was running very slowly on account of the axle trouble,

leaving the guard as his substitute. Hullo! what have we here?"

He had been feeling in the pockets of the light overcoat, and now produced some papers and glanced eagerly at them.

The reading gave him much satisfaction, and he turned to me with a joyful twinkle in his eyes.

"Even a clever man may be too sharp," he said. "When our friend Holtzgang left his overcoat behind he also left these papers, which are worth everything to me. I have

from the fast to the slow road, so he easily managed this, and, by the time he had coupled up, the inspector and I had removed the two men from the engine and placed them in the saloon with the guard. They were all conscious by that time, though so dazed and muddled that they could give no account of what had happened; but we knew pretty well all there was to be known.

The inspector remained in the saloon, and Tom and I ran the train back to Longmoor Junction, which was what we had decided to do.



"I'D KNOW THAT VOICE ANYWHERE," HE CRIED.

sufficient evidence now to complete my case."

"But you've lost your bird," I couldn't help saying.

"That's true," answered the inspector sadly, "and he's left uncommon little trace."

At that moment a call came from Tom.

"Harry! the Scotsman's two blocks off and the signalman wants the line clear. What shall I do?"

"Cross over to our road," I shouted, "and hook on to us."

There were trailing points a little way on

This took us a considerable time, for we were obliged to go on some distance and then wait a suitable interval in the traffic, as there was no "scissors" crossing near, by which we could have done the trick quickly.

It was getting on for half-past five, and nearly dark before we reached the junction again. A train was standing on one side of the "island" platform when we ran in on the other.

"Hullo!" said I, "that's the cross-country Continental to Harwich; she ought to have been gone half an hour ago."

"We came in late," explained the head guard, "and just as we were starting again a piston ring broke, the driver tells me. Anyhow, though he could move his engine by itself, he couldn't stir the train. We've got another engine coming on in a minute, then we're off sharp. Are you going by it, sir?"

This remark was addressed to the inspector, who had got out of the saloon, and was looking down the long line of lighted carriages.

Suddenly I saw him stiffen like a dog of mine always does when it smells game, and he rushed in the direction of the booking office.

"What's up with the chap?" asked the guard, and then he noticed our turn-out, and wanted to know why we were running tender first, what we did with a pilot engine on, and where the enginemen had got to.

Before I had time to answer, I saw Stafford come running back, followed by a station police inspector. They went straight to a first-class smoking carriage almost opposite us and flung open the door.

"Mr. Holtzgang," said Inspector Stafford, in a loud voice, "I must ask you to get out."

There were three passengers in the compartment, but none of them stirred.

"I want that gentleman," said the inspector, pointing to an old man with a grey beard sitting in the far corner. "If you don't come out, sir, I shall have to use force."

On this the old fellow got out. "My name is not Holtzgang," he said, hotly. "You shall pay dearly for disturbing me in this way."

He was smoking a long cigar, which he kept twisting round in his mouth, and his hand seemed to shake with rage. Suddenly a man lurched across the platform and seized the old fellow by the shoulder.

It was the guard of the special, very shaky, but quite clear again in his speech.

"I'd know that voice anywhere," he cried. "This is the chap that hounded me, though he hadn't grey hair then."

With this he suddenly tugged at the old chap's beard, and it came away, leaving the face of a clean-shaven, middle-aged man behind it.

A crowd had now assembled, and heads were thrust out of every window in the train.

"Now, Mr. Holtzgang," said the inspector, firmly, "I must ask you to accompany me to London, where these various matters can be gone into."

The man said nothing, and followed the inspector quietly to the saloon which he had occupied only a little time before.

We had plenty of coal, and could pick up water from the troughs on the way, so we weren't long in getting off, and landed our passengers in London by eight o'clock.

As I said good-bye to the inspector, I asked him a question.

"Would you mind telling me how you spotted the chap?"

"Certainly I will. Do you remember my saying he had a small peculiarity?"

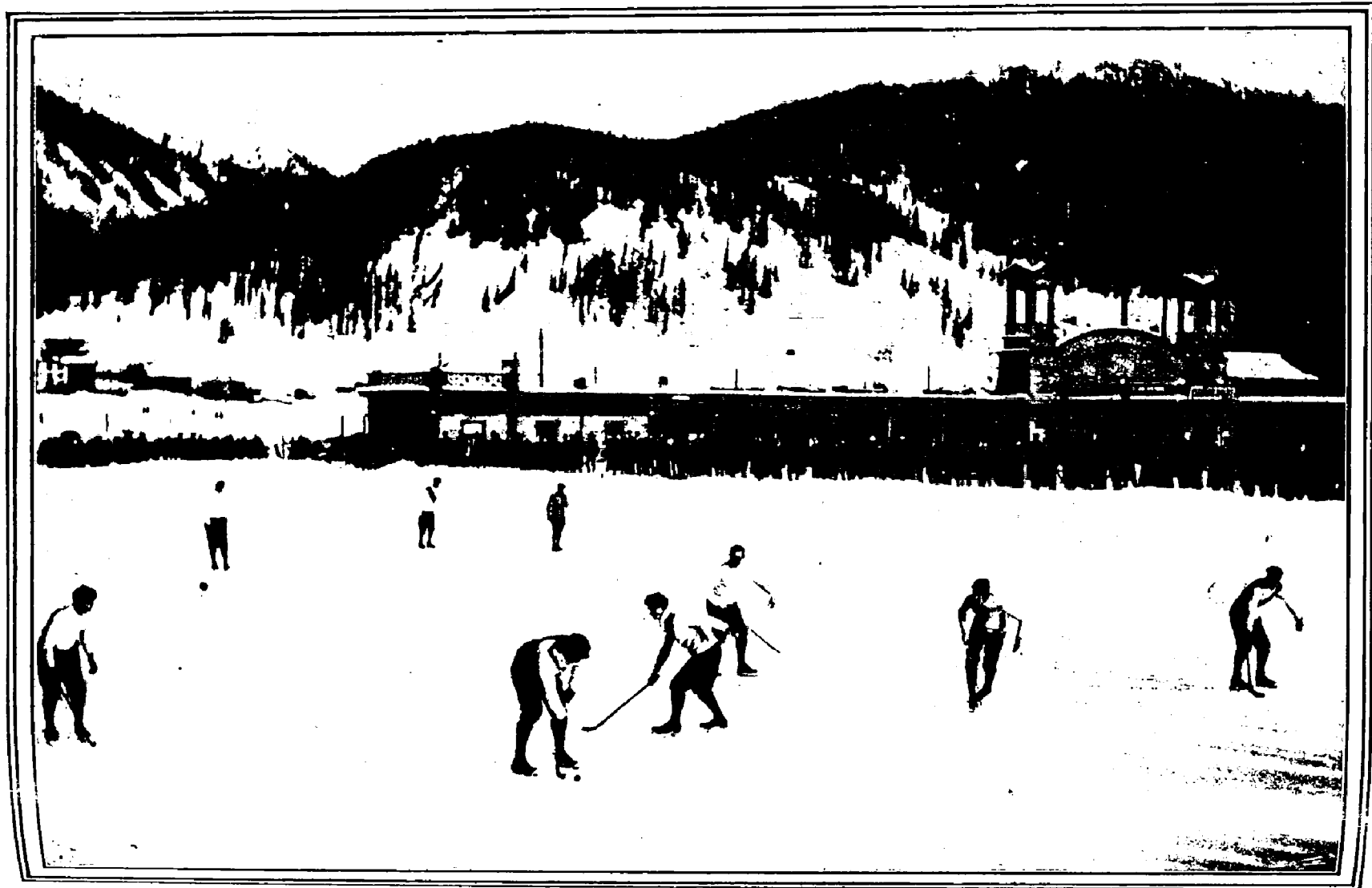
"Yes, I do," said I.

"Luckily for us detectives, people are often ignorant of their own little tricks. Holtzgang is an inveterate smoker."

"There's nothing uncommon in that," I said, "I do a good bit of smoking myself."

"Quite so," said the inspector, with a twinkle, "but Holtzgang has a weakness for cigars, and an unusual habit of twirling them round in his mouth with his thumb and first finger. I had noted that before he disappeared, and, though it wasn't much to go on, small things in our profession frequently lead to great ends, and this time it was a cigar end which did the trick."

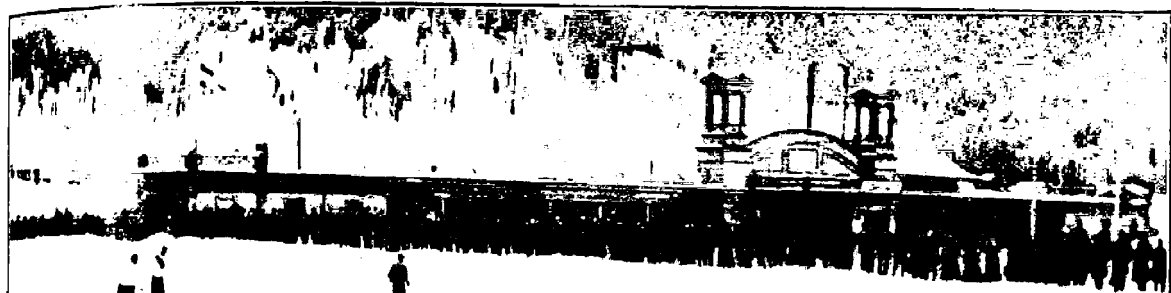




[Photograph by]

TAKING A CENTRE.

[O. Retach, Davos.]



# Ice-Hockey.

*By George Wood.*

*A clever pass. The player in the centre is running on the toes of his skates.*

**N**ATURALLY, perhaps, one compares "bandy," or ice-hockey, with the land game, and it would seem that the advantage rests with the former. It is an infinitely faster game as played on ice; the dribbling is more effective, since the stick can be used either fore or back-hand; the passing is faster and can be made more accurate, owing to the more level surface; there is but little hitting in the air, so that "sticks," so frequent in the land game, occurs but seldom on the ice.

For the full eleven-aside game the ground should not be less than 150yds. by 100yds., but it is generally difficult to find as large an area of good ice as this, so that ground and players are reduced together. This, however, can be done without in any way spoiling the game; indeed, eight or nine aside is almost better than eleven. In Switzerland, at the English resorts, Davos and St. Moritz, bandy is in great favour, one of the great events of each year being the match between the two places. Germans and natives join in the fun, and show their appreciation of the game by the excellence of their play. At Davos the ground is 90yds. by 60yds., and it is usual to play eight aside. At St. Moritz, on a ground about 10yds. more either way, another player is added.

The bandy itself is shaped just like the land hockey stick, but it is very much lighter, made generally of  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wood. Measured along the edge, it must not exceed 4ft. in length; within this limit players suit themselves as regards length: as a rule a forward will use a lighter and shorter stick than a back. It is a good plan to bind 7ins. or 8ins. of the handle, in order to get a better grip. The ball is of solid indiarubber,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  ins. to  $2\frac{3}{4}$  ins. diameter, and should be painted red for black ice. The goal posts are 12ft. apart, with the cross-bar 7ft. from the ice. Care should be taken that the supports of the goal posts lie out of the field of play.

The game is started by the umpire throwing the ball vertically up in the air in mid-field. It is in play directly it has touched the ice. Out of touch the ball is hit in any direction except forward, and no player may stand within 5yds. of the line except the striker. At a corner, the side whose goal is being attacked must be behind their goal line when the ball is struck off. When the ball is hit off from behind, no player of the opposing side must be within 25yds. of that goal line. The off-side rule is three for a full side; for eight or nine players it should be reduced to two. No player can be off-side in his own half of the ground. The ball may be stopped with any part of the body or bandy, but not with the hand when the ball is actually on



*Photograph by]*

A RUN DOWN THE LEFT WING.

*[C. Reisch, Davos.*

the ice, except in the case of the goal-keeper. No kicking, charging, tripping, or hooking of sticks is allowed.

The field is arranged just as in "socker" football, but it is a question whether it is not advisable to strengthen the defence at the expense of the forwards, putting four halves instead of three. With eight aside, there are goal-keep, two backs, two halves, three forwards; with nine aside, another half is introduced—at St. Moritz they play one back only and four forwards.

There is very little hitting in bandy, partly because of the pace at which the ball travels on smooth ice, which makes a hit risky, and partly owing to its inaccuracy; the stroke usually adopted is a "sweep," the stick being in actual contact with the ball for some little distance on the ice. Great pace can be got by this stroke, and perfect accuracy, the ball never leaving the ice. However, at times it pays to get the ball up, and then a sort of lofting shot is adopted, the ball either being shovelled up, as it were, or else hit with a wrist shot, much as a ball is lofted in golf. This is especially useful from the goal hit-off, if the goaler can loft the ball over the opposing forwards' heads. In one match, between Davos and St. Moritz, the Davos goal-keeper, Dr. Conan Doyle, proved a great stumbling block—in more ways than one—by laying full length on the ice and propelling himself in this position backwards and forwards across the goal: the St. Moritzers found that they could not hit through him, but at last they took to lofting over him. The goal-keeper must keep his bandy in his hand, but otherwise he may use

hands or feet, or anything else as he likes. Of course, when he has saved he should hit the ball out to the wings.

Throughout, the game is very like association football in principle, except for the play of the full backs. These should never leave their goal, but, lying up 10yds. or 15yds. in front of it, must devote themselves entirely to the defence, trying to prevent a direct shot at goal. The game is so fast that, if the backs follow up the halves in attack, as in football, and are passed, they stand little or no chance of catching up an averagely fast forward before he has had a clear chance. With two exceptionally fast backs, one may go up a bit to help the halves, the other covering the goal, but even then it is very risky. It is this awful pace of the game that makes "half" a very trying position. He has to feed his forwards, and has to back them up in attack, and yet at any moment he may have to turn and fly down the ground as hard as he can go to arrive in time to help his backs against the opposing forwards. He must play absolutely unselfishly, and give up any idea of a showy dribble on his own, for if he loses the ball it means a very big opening for the opposition; so he must always make certain of transferring to one of his own forwards without risking being tackled himself. Knowledge of football helps a half a good deal, teaching him the right place to intercept a pass, but so accurate can the passing be made that he must not trust too much to this.

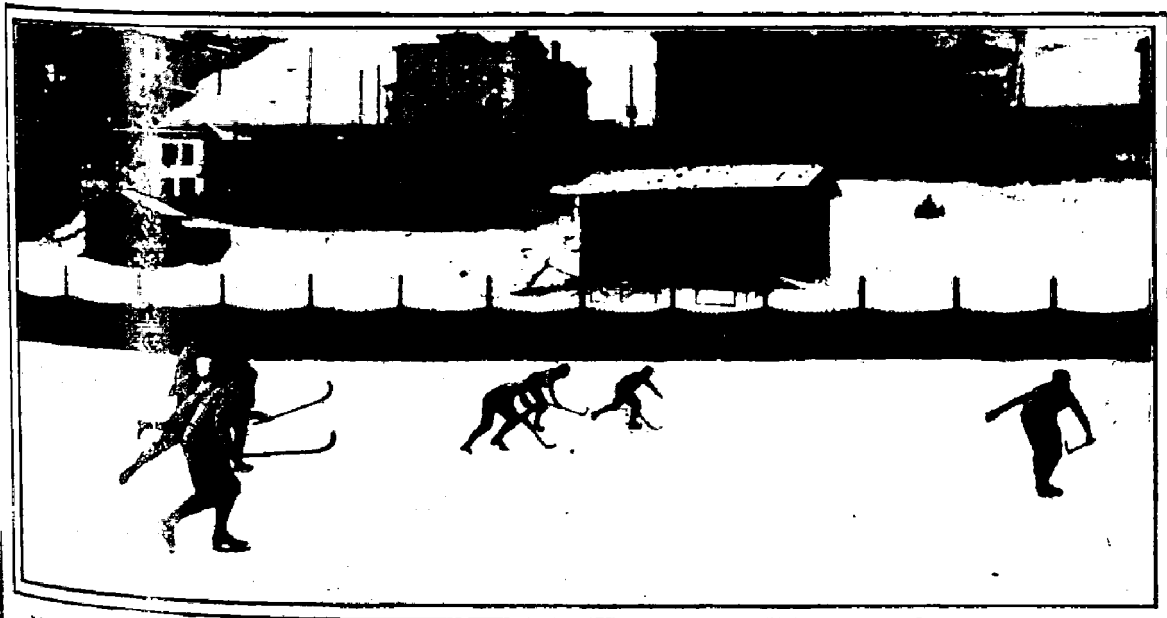
The outside halves have to watch the wing men, and should keep between them and the insides on the chance of catching a pass, and in order at the same time to keep the "winger"

out. A shot from the wing is comparatively harmless, owing to the small size of the goal, and if the winger centres there should be a good chance of the centre half getting on to it. The centre half has to devote himself to the centre forward, hampering his shots, and forcing him to pass out to the wings, especially near goal. Of course, pace is essential for a half, and the power of turning quickly, so that the stronger the man is on his skates the better. If he has the legs of his wing forwards he may tackle them directly, trusting to his superior pace to have more than one bite at his cherry. In tackling, the man should hold his stick straight in front of him, with the head of it on the ice, using both hands, so that he can dart his stick out to either side with either hand singly when he sees on which side the forward means to try to pass him. In mid-field the halves should feed their wing players, near goal the centre and insides, and, if they can learn to loft the ball, they should not be chary of shooting for themselves. The Canadians indulge a good deal in high, slow shots, lofting the ball 30ft. or more in the air, the forwards then rushing the backs and goaler.

Forward, the wing men should be fast, and should keep well out on the lines in order to spread the opposing halves. If they get a good opening they must run for themselves, bearing inwards a little towards the goal. The centre must be made roysds. or more from the goal line, and, as a rule, it pays to centre a little back, so that the centre forward can meet the ball. This, however, depends a good deal on the pace of the centre forward. This player has

to feed his wings except when nearing goal, when he must keep the ball in, using his inside men, or, if he is really clever, he may go for it himself and dribble. All he wants to get is an unhampered shot with the goal open to him so far as the full backs are concerned. He does not need to dribble the ball right through into the net.

The centre and inside forwards must be ready to adopt any sort of stroke for their shot. The sweep keeps the ball on the floor, and is easy to stop if the goaler can get to it; the wrist hit is perhaps the most useful shot, which lofts the ball 5ft. or 6ft. off the ice. Forwards should accustom themselves to use either hand, both for dribbling and passing; in centring the wing men should adopt the sweep, using both hands. It is the business of the forwards to give their halves a chance of passing to them, coming back, if necessary, and making certain that they are clear to receive the pass without its being intercepted on the way. The passing must be all along the ground, quick, and always in front of the player to whom it is directed, so that he may take it at full speed. It has been said that a centre forward may go for it himself, and, indeed, nothing breaks the heart of a side so much as having an opponent come clean through on his own, but it must be done with great discretion. One excellent dodge there is for a centre, if he gets away with anyone of his side to back him up closely: Let him skate straight for goal, with his friend 2yds. behind him; when he is 3yds. or 4yds. from the backs, who will almost certainly move close in to one another to make the tackle more



Photograph by J.

THE BACK PREPARES TO GO IN.

[C. Reisch, Davos.



secure and to cover more of the goal, let him stop the ball, leaving it for the man behind him, himself skating out to one side or the other with his bandy still on the ice. The backs will most probably follow him instinctively, leaving the goal open.

Many of the St. Moritz players run on the toes of their skates, getting up great pace in this way in a very short distance, but it needs a good deal of practice and is dangerous to the skater if the ice is at all chippy. On bad ice it pays to

wear a pair of knee-pads, though on good, sound ice it is astonishing how seldom an averagely good skater falls. Skates should be mounted a little higher than usual, as with the ordinary height in turning quickly one is liable to get on to the side of the boot, which leads to a very uncomfortable slip, if not to an actual fall.

Ordinary figure skates do very well, but better still a pair made with slightly longer blades and quite flat on the ice.

## HOW BOYS CAN BE MADE USEFUL.

"WAIT till the boys come home!" This becomes quite a catch-word during the term when one's brothers are at school. There are so many ways in which boys can be made useful; and nice ones are generally only too pleased to make themselves so, when at home. They ought to remember that their holidays are the only times the home-folk have a chance of seeing them, and their ambition should be to make a good impression! Waiting at luncheon, for instance, is one thing we always make them do! This makes them thoughtful for others, and quick in their movements. Besides, it is infinitely nicer than having the servants in to wait.

Again, boys can be of great use at various functions—garden-parties in the summer and dances in the winter holidays. As a rule they hate the former, unless they manage to get into a good tennis set. As for dances, well, nearly everybody, boys included, *loves* them, though I am not saying boys don't prefer them at other people's houses rather than at their own. But this is selfish; and the least they can do is to be of some use when their parents turn the whole household upside down in order to give them pleasure.

A boy with a turn for carpentering is the most useful creature I know. You can make him mend all the broken furniture in the house, hang up your pictures, etc., etc. At Christmas time he helps with the decorations, and, really, some boys have quite a taste for arranging flowers!

Another thing whereby a boy can be of the very greatest use to his sisters (especially if they are not "out") is in chaperoning them. In London, for example, it is often thought highly improper for a girl of sixteen to walk about alone; but let her brother (however young he may be) volunteer to go with her, and *voila!* I have had personal experience of this; and even a boy of eight years old was invaluable when you particularly wanted to go down Brompton Road. Whatever they may tell you to the contrary, they really enjoy taking their sisters out immensely, especially if the same young ladies are at all pretty.

The boy of the present day is an excellent judge of feminine beauty, and you may be fairly sure of a sound opinion from him on whether you are "looking your best," or not. Look at the public school boy on the breaking-up day. He picks out the prettiest of his lady friends and strolls round with her, to the secret discomfiture of many other fellows, who are trying in vain to show off their exceedingly plain cousins or aunts.

Those boys who have any talent for music can find time in the holidays for practice, and should avail themselves of the chance. A comic song or a popular waltz is very enjoyable after dinner to help entertain your friends, and the latter is always welcome as a supper extra at a small dance in the country; more especially so if the boy can play "without his music." Nothing can equal a good "boy's voice," and his mother or sister will always be willing to help a

boy with his singing, if he is not too "slack" to learn.

Every country boy should be able to drive, bicycle, shoot, fish, etc. The first is always useful for fetching people from the station, etc., and it is very convenient to be able to rely on a male member of the family for a fresh rabbit or trout, if the keeper is ill or the fishmonger fails you.

In fact, there are innumerable ways in which boys can be of use; for what *are* they for but to run messages and look after the fair sex?

"O."

I think, properly speaking, that some boys are made for usefulness, others for the very opposite. I have five brothers, and in that horde of five there is only one really useful boy. The others have their turn at being useful now and again, which rarely happens.

**"ON THE  
WHOLE, VERY  
USEFUL  
ANIMALS."**

In *one* way boys are nearly always useful—they will generally join in a game if one asks them, more especially if the game happens to be out of doors. Boys are useful in knocking the conceit out of their sisters. They are useful in seeing girls home from parties. One way in which boys are very useful is in running messages, which I think boys are made for; but sometimes, alas! their lordships *will not go!*

Boys are useful in teaching their sisters pluck, and in cultivating a sense of fair play and honour. A girl has a far jollier time when she either has a lot of brothers or knows a lot of boys. Some boys are handy in making nice things out of odd scraps of wood.

They are useful, too, for going long country walks, and for teaching games, such as cricket, tennis, and footer.

Some people think that boys should be trained to be even more useful than they are—that they should learn to "net," possibly to knit, to sew and darn a little, for nowadays, when people wander so far through the world, a man might find himself very badly off if he did not know some of these things. Most boys know how to handle a few tools, so they are often able to do a little thing for themselves or others.

In keeping the house jolly and lively there is nothing like a set of boys. A girl having brothers is taught to look out for her own rights, as a boy usually treats a girl in the same way as he would another boy.

Taken on the whole, boys are usually very useful animals, so long as they don't give them-

selves airs and think they are better than girls which they know they are not.

One great use of boys is that they grow up to be men and carry on the work of the world.

In this sense, too, the proverb is true that "the boy is father of the man."

J. B.

Boys can be made useful in many ways, if only they are moderately intelligent and willing.

**ANOTHER  
PLEA FOR  
CARPENTRY.**

Now a clever carpenter is invaluable in a family, particularly where there are many children or careless servants.

If the leg of a chair or table is broken the mother need only tell her son, and, if he is obliging, it is mended in about half-an-hour. If, however, he will not do as he is asked, a carpenter has to be fetched, and worry and expense take the place of comfort. Besides, if he is a kind brother he will take his younger brothers and sisters out for a walk, thus saving the servants' and his parents' time when, perhaps, they are in the middle of spring-cleaning or other pressing work, which they would have to leave to take out the little ones. If he happens to live in the country, the boy can often be useful shooting rabbits and game, which furnish an agreeable change in the larder, when, perhaps, it is difficult to get a variety of things, owing to distance from a large town, difficulty of carriage, and many other causes. If he is willing to let his sisters participate in his amusements, he can afford them hours of enjoyment by letting them go out shooting with him, assist at his photography experiments, or accompany him out fishing or boating.

Although boys are often very fond of "sitting upon" their sisters, yet the latter do not, as a rule, I think, find them very disagreeable or unkind, particularly after they have reached the age of fifteen, when they are at a public school, as a rule, and are quite juniors and of little importance. This is a great change to many boys, as they have often been at the top of their preparatory school for some time before leaving, and have been of comparatively great importance. I think I have now said all I can about the usefulness of boys, which I think is very great if only they are willing to help.

N. W.

No doubt I shall be voicing the opinion of all your girl-readers when I express gratitude to you, Mr. Editor, for allowing us this opportunity of showing the "boy" world how it may make itself useful.

**"FOR KILLING  
MICE."**

I must confess, at the outset, that perhaps girls are rather too prone to imagine that they are invaluable to the opposite sex, and, in fact, that the latter would be utterly paralysed were their presence to be withdrawn from this terrestrial globe, yet I myself have seen a boy thread a needle and sew on a button in less than an hour, without pricking his finger more than six times, or using more than four yards of cotton!

Though I do not consider it right that a boy should be asked to assist in cooking his dinner or dusting rooms, he can help in the house in other ways. Should a picture require hanging, he should be ready with hammer and nail, and especially during the season of spring-cleaning can a boy be useful in this way. I might here mention that if a parent wishes his boy to grow up a useful man, and not merely an ornamental one, he should by all means have him taught carpentering; though the parent may feel reluctant to bear the expense, yet many a carpenter's bill will be saved in the future. As a carpenter's shop is attached to most large

schools, there should be no difficulty in the way.

Messages—a boy can scarcely make himself more useful than by always being willing to run messages, even though, at the time the call comes, he may be deeply engrossed in the latest number of *THE CAPTAIN*.

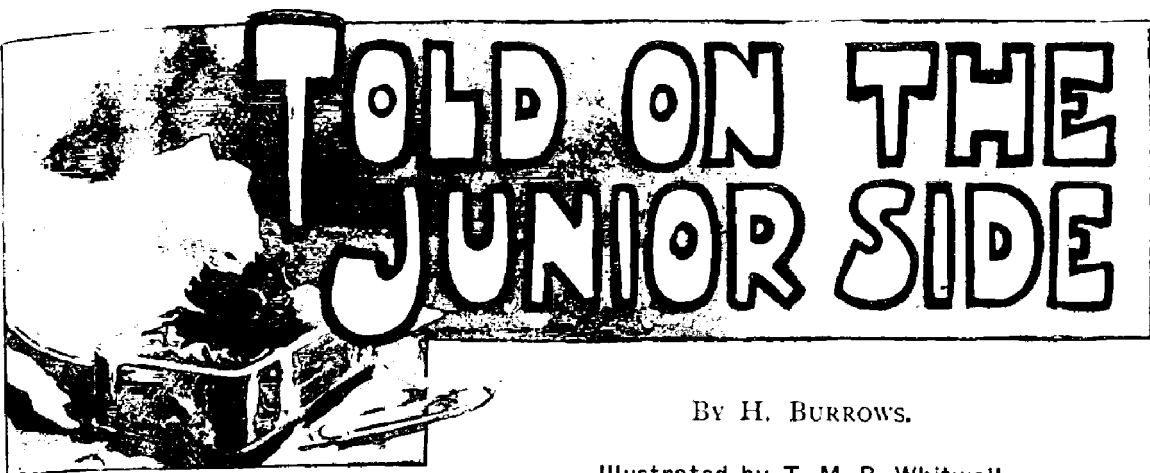
To act as an escort to his sisters is a duty which every boy ought to consider an honour—more often than not he looks upon it in quite another light. Let him console himself with the thought that he is making himself useful!

It was at a Woman's Rights meeting; they had been holding forth on the superiority of their sex, when an agonised shriek arose from the platform—the chair(wo)man had espied a mouse! The monster was killed by a despised boy in the audience—thereupon a resolution was passed that, if good for nothing else, Man was at least useful “for killing mice.”

W. E. D.

[Very sensible essays. There is a remarkable similarity of opinion among these four young ladies. It seems to be agreed upon that boys ought to be able to turn themselves to carpentering. Let them take the hint.—O. F.]





By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

## II.—THE DODGE THAT FAILED.

**E**VEN in London a harriers' club is a fruitful source of amusement, whilst in the country its pleasures are so increased that one can only wonder there is not such a club to be found in every village. But of all the forms of this kind of sport nothing to my mind excels the old-fashioned paper chases. In these the hares, as you are probably aware, are provided with bags of finely chopped paper, and given a few minutes' start, whilst the hounds are bound to strictly follow the trail. Hence the hares are chosen not so much for their speed and stamina as for their knowledge of the country and their skill in stratagems. The art of laying a false trail, for instance, is rather a risky business in the hands of a novice. It takes time; and if the hounds once view their prey they are entitled to abandon the trail and run by sight. As a set-off to this, the hares are entitled in that case to abandon their bags, which is no small boon. You never really understand what a bag of paper weighs until you find half a dozen of the swiftest hounds hard on your track and within a few yards of you. At the same time, the hares never abandon their bags if they can help it. For one reason, if they happen to get away, but lose their bags in doing so, the sport necessarily comes to an end for the day. Another reason is that a half-empty bag of paper, with its contents well shaken to a head, makes a formidable weapon of offence and defence. A skillfully placed blow behind the legs, just below the hump, is calculated to tumble in the dust the most enthusiastic of pursuers. You may take it as the result of experience. At one time Bannister and I were almost invariably chosen for hares in our school runs,

and many were the tricks we played on the misguided hounds. I recollect that on one occasion, when we found ourselves distressed, we made for the river, which we were strictly forbidden to swim or ford. When I speak of a river, you must not imagine one of the width of the Thames at Blackfriars or Westminster. In fact, were you to see the river to which I refer, I fear you would probably stigmatise it as "a mouldy ditch." Still, it was too wide to jump, and usually too deep to wade, and so it served our purpose. As I say, we made for the river, but we did not attempt to cross it. Oh, dear no! We could not think of breaking the rules in that manner. So we sat down on the bank and plugged up a few large lumps of turf. On one we placed a handful of paper, and then covered it over with another clod. Then, with a skilful heft, we landed the burden on the other side, and as the pieces of turf struck the ground and fell asunder, the paper was scattered on the opposite bank. This operation we repeated two or three times, until, so far as appearances went, it certainly looked as if the hares had swum the river, and thoughtfully deposited a large trail on the opposite bank, so that there could be no mistake as to the way they had gone. After that we made tracks along the stream, of course laying the trail as we went. I feel bound to admit that the trail was a thin one, but still it was a trail. As soon as we reached the summit of a small hill, we paused to watch the result of our stratagem. Nor had we long to wait. In a few moments the leading hounds appeared, made straight for the river, and then came to a sudden halt. They seemed to be in anxious consultation, and rather doubtful as to the course they should pursue. Finally, Carter plunged in, quickly followed by the

others, and with serene satisfaction we watched them vainly endeavouring to discover the trail on the other side. Presently some of the slower division commenced to arrive, and, gathering that something was wrong, cast about for and soon discovered the true trail. By this time we were nicely rested, and thought we might as well be jogging on. So we trotted off in leisurely fashion, wisely calculating that we had not much to fear either from the slow pack or from those who were putting up a good deal of extra weight in the shape of water. And as we went we solemnly discussed what (if they should see them) the masters would say to those culprits who had broken the rules by swimming the river.

Having recorded one of our triumphs over the hounds, it seems only fair that I should here relate what I may term "the dodge that failed." It happened in this wise. Amongst the spots that were placed out of bounds were the various woods that studded the country. These woods were ever a sore temptation to us. I recollect that one of our maxims was that if you found a gamekeeper carrying a gun he was quite harmless. The heavy weapon so impeded his movements that it was comparatively safe to exchange civilities at a reasonable distance. But if the gamekeeper carried a stick, then it was well to bolt at once without waiting to inquire after his health. Now on the occasion to which I refer, Bannister and I were feeling dead beat, and were at a loss which way to turn. At last a way out of the difficulty dawned upon me.

"Suppose we take to the woods and chance it?"

"Take to the woods!" quoth Bannister; "why, I can hardly move as it is, and what are we going to do if we meet a keeper?"

"Never mind that," said I, "I'll make that all right."

"Oh!" was the doubting comment.

"Come and see," I added. And Bannister came.

So into the woods we went; and before long we found ourselves face to face with a couple of gamekeepers, armed with most formidable-looking sticks.

"Good morning," said I.

"Oh! good morning," said they, and grasped their sticks firmly.

I ventured to remark that it was a warm day. They commenced to tuck up their sleeves, and opined that it would be very warm that day.

"What a shame it is for boys to come through the woods and disturb the game," I said.

They stared agape, then grinned, and were glad I thought so. I fingered a bright sixpence, and said we had come to tell them that a lot of boys were coming through the wood. And they eyed the coin and said, "Oh! are they?" And somehow that sixpence changed hands, and I said that those boys ought to be stopped. And they said they would be stopped. Then they directed us to a path which led out of the wood, and we went on our way in a state of sweet content.

And feeling assured that there was no occasion to hurry, we sauntered along the road until we came to the cottage of a gooseherd ("gozzard"). A gooseherd is one who tends a flock of geese in the same way as a shepherd looks after sheep, and he usually possesses a sort of fold at the back of his cottage, with a small pond in the corner for the use of the geese.

The gooseherd's wife was sitting at the open door, and we were about to exchange a few words when that instinct which warns one of approaching danger caused us to look behind us. Not a moment too soon. Within a few yards of us came Carter and half a dozen of the leading hounds in hot pursuit. Uttering a loud yell, we dashed into the cottage, overturning the old dame, stool and all, in our flight. After us came Carter and the hounds. Through the cottage we fled, and out into the pen, pell-mell amongst the geese, hard followed by the hounds.

The pen was only enclosed by a wooden palisade, which it would have taken but a moment to scale, but that moment was not to be had. Hither and thither we dodged amongst the geese, who ran cackling in all directions, and as we fled we used our bags with great effect to ward off the eager hounds. And after us all came the gooseherd, in impartial pursuit, laying on blows with his stick whenever he saw an opportunity, and uttering many oburgations.

"Oh, ye will come here a-ruining all my geese, will 'ee?" (Whack!) "Ye will come rushing in and knocking my old woman about, will 'ee?" (Whack!) "I'll teach 'ee to come a-trespassing where ye aren't wanted, drat 'ee!" (Whack!)

And after a few minutes of this sport it began to dawn on us that the old gooseherd was having rather the best of it, and that it would be to our interest to unite against the common foe. First Carter abandoned the pursuit, and squared up to the enemy. The gooseherd stepped backwards, and, whirling his stick on high, brought it down with such a vicious cut on Carter's knuckles that they ached for weeks. Then the hares came to the rescue. Bang! went my bag on the fellow's head, and, as he turned to me, Bannister



UTTERING A LOUD YELL, WE DASHED INTO THE COTTAGE.

on the other side planted a skilful blow, which almost brought down the foe. But just as we anticipated a speedy victory, the enemy received unexpected reinforcement in the person of his wife. So long as the gooseherd was administering chastisement, the old dame had been content to watch the proceedings, merely interjecting an occasional "Give it 'em, Jim; let 'em have it again." But when she saw her spouse in jeopardy she dipped her mop-broom in the pail and rushed into the fray.

The first we knew of her advent was when "swish!" went the broom full in Bannister's face, and over went that youth sprawling among the cackling geese. And then confusion became even worse confounded. The gooseherd plied his stick, his wife plied her broom, the hares plied their bags, the hounds capered round and gave what assistance they could; every combatant shouted at the top of his or her voice, and the distracted geese squealed and cackled, and ran to and fro in every direction. And I feel bound to say that of all the combatants the old dame was certainly the most formidable. But at last, by skilful manœuvring, we drove the gooseherd to the very edge of the pond. Bang, bang! went the bags on either side of his head. The enemy reeled, and half a score of frightened geese running blindly between his legs

completed the business. Over he went, souse into the pond.

His wife dropped her broom and rushed to the rescue. Hares and hounds alike made for the palisade, and fled across the country at top speed, until they had put a fair distance between themselves and the cottage.

Then we looked round, and saw the old dame shaking her fist after us, whilst by her side stood her disconsolate spouse, dripping from every pore. We kissed our hands in fond adieu, and went upon our way.

And then ensued a wordy warfare between ourselves and the hounds.

"You didn't follow the trail."

"Yes we did, now."

"No, you didn't."

"How do you know?"

"Because you didn't."

"Swear we did!"

"Swear you didn't."

"Bet you."

"Well, you didn't come through the woods."

"Oh, yes, we did; straight through the woods."

"What, didn't you meet any gamekeepers then?"

"Rather, we met two of them—jolly chaps!"

"Jolly chaps! Why, we gave them sixpence to stop you!"

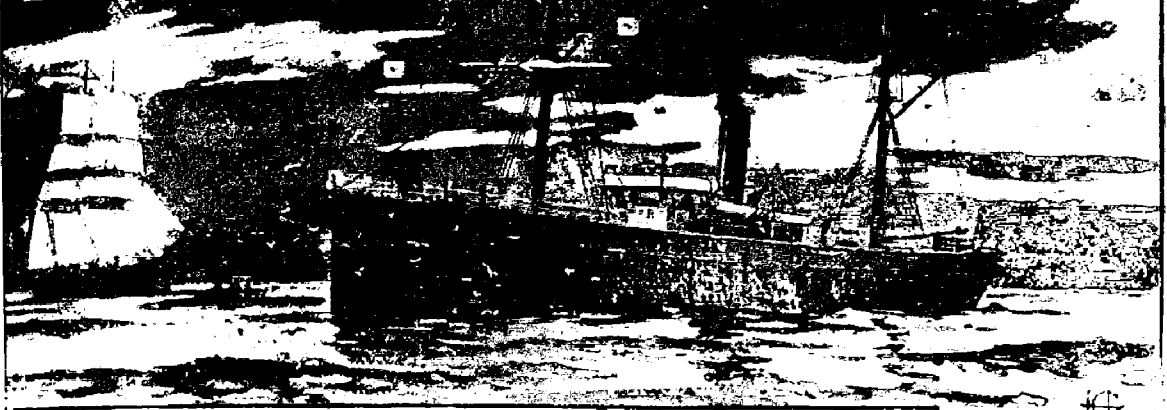
"Ah! We gave them a shilling to let us through!"



THE DROP KICK.

(See "Our New Football Rules," page 438.)

# IN DEEP WATER



## A TALE OF THE MID-ATLANTIC,

By STACEY BLAKE AND W. E. HODGSON.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

This story concerns the fate of the ss. *Creole* (belonging to the well-known shipping firm of Grimm, Channing & Grimm) and of the *Creole's* second mate, Grant Heath. Hudson, captain of the *Creole*, undertakes to get rid of Grant Heath, against whom Martin Grimm, junior partner in the firm, bears a grudge, and afterwards scuttles the *Creole*, which is heavily insured, in return for a bribe of £3,000. While Martin Grimm and Hudson are discussing the scheme, their conversation is overheard by Edith Hopewell, niece of Mr. Channing, the senior partner, who is lying at the point of death in his house at Hampstead. Grant Heath goes aboard the *Creole* at Cardiff. Finding the ship in a great state of disorder, as the crew, having signed on, are spending their advance notes ashore, it is with difficulty that the two mates get any of the men to come and work. Captain Hudson, arriving just as the ship is ready, sees the new second mate and treats him roughly. Once the voyage has begun the crew find they are to be almost starved, and mutiny—but as they are calling at the Azores the captain gives them money, which they spend in drink, and the voyage proceeding, the crew neglect the ship, and Grant Heath, when taking in evening poles, is knocked overboard by Captain Hudson.

From this time all on board drink heavily, and navigation is neglected—the crew lying about the decks in a fuddled condition—when a barque, the *Stella*, heaves in sight flying signals of distress. Getting no answer from the steamer, the captain and one of his men come aboard the *Creole*, and finding the whole crew in an unconscious state, the captain of the barque transfers the crews, he and his men taking the names of the *Creole* people (which he finds on the ship's papers), and leaving the *Creole's* crew to shift as best they can on the leaky sailing-vessel, when they recover their senses. When Captain Hudson finds himself on a strange ship he attempts to shoot Talbot, his first mate, but is himself severely wounded in the struggle that ensues. Grant Heath, rescued from a watery death by fishermen, is conveyed to Fayal, where he meets Edith Hopewell. They leave Fayal on the *Adrian*, and in the course of their voyage encounter the *Stella*, with the *Creole's* crew aboard her. Grant, disguised by his newly grown beard, volunteers to go as mate on the *Stella*, which wants an officer. Some days later, putting into the Cays for repairs, the *Stella* finds the *Creole* anchored in a little bay.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### HARD LYING.

"**N**OW, Mr. Talbot, *who's* scuttled the *Creole*? There's that swab's lies thrown in his teeth."

Captain Hudson, with his limbs trembling like osiers, clung to the rail while he wagged his head with malignant triumph into the darkness which had curtained from sight the anchored steamer.

There was a cry: "All ready forward!"

Grant was looking after the dropping of the anchor.

"Stand clear of the cable!" he shouted.

The driving hammer set free the wedge, and then the cable rushed with a clanging outcry through the hawse-pipe.

"And you may bet the rest is lies, Mr. Talbot, from beginning to end."

Sam Hudson felt new courage coursing through his veins. The sight of his own ship lying there seemed a full vindication of all the terrifying charges brought against him. Instead of being the villain, he had been the victim. He began to feel the pride of established rectitude. The glow of victorious virtue was in his blood, for here was triumphant justification indeed.



The mate shrugged his shoulders in a non-committal manner.

"There's the *Creole*, anyhow," he said. "Of the rest I don't know."

"No, but I know. I've been duped all round. I lose my ship because of your neglect. I nearly lose my ticket through that dog's lying tongue. Now, Mr. Talbot, I'm going to get some of my own back."

"Meaning the *Creole*, sir?"

"To begin with, yes." His eyes travelled along the deck and settled on Grant, who was now superintending the stowing of the foresail. "And then——" He muttered significantly, but he did not articulate what was in his mind. He nodded to himself, and kept his thoughts behind his tongue.

"The *Creole* has been pinched, that's a cert," he continued. "Whether the pirates that have got 'er came off this bloomin' sea coffin, I dunno, but there's one thing, if that is so, they'll 'ave twigged who we are, and you bet they'll reckon that when we see our own ship lying there, we shall be up to a bit of no good. Consequently, that skipper'll 'eave round as soon as he's got his repairs, or whatever he's laid up for, done. So quick's the word, and the sooner you find out how the land lies, the better."

"Heath had best go to beg assistance. He won't be known."

"Why not?"

"Because whoever shipped us aboard this craft didn't find Heath among us, considering you hove him overboard some time back."

Hudson's mouth tightened.

"You believe that swab before me, then? He has nothing but his own word."

"That's all, sir, except a letter which he has for you from Mr. Grimm."

"A letter for me?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Heath!"

Grant came aft in response to the call.

"You have a letter addressed to Captain Hudson?"

Grant took the written sheet from its dirty envelope, and put it in Hudson's trembling hands. The latter read it through most carefully: "Special instructions cancelled!" he repeated with a snarl. "Do you know what that means?"

"That Mr. Grimm considers it inexpedient to carry out the scuttling of the *Creole*, and—the other—just now," said Grant, quietly.

With a ghastly laugh and an oath, Hudson crushed the paper in his hands and flung it over the side.

"It's about some cargo," he said, staggering towards the companion. "If that's all the evidence

you've got to support your lies, you'll find yourself on your back, my lad."

He went glowering away down to his berth, cursing his weakness with every step.

The mate looked over the side, but the piece of paper had floated away.

"You see, Mr. Heath," he said, his thoughts almost unconsciously breaking into words, "to an extent I am in this business as well. If the skipper loses his ticket on the charge of neglect, I shall do the same. I lost the *Creole* as much as he did."

"But you didn't conspire to scuttle her?"

"No, nor the other."

"Nor the other."

There was a moment's silence, during which they gazed into the velvet darkness.

"At least there's one thing certain," continued Grant, "we're all equally interested in getting hold of her again."

"And settling accounts with the enterprising pirate who appropriated her and dumped us on to this old windmill."

It occurred to Grant that, under the circumstances, the temporary separating of the steamer and her lawful crew had not been altogether disadvantageous to the former, but he said nothing, and moved forward to order the lowering of the port boat.

The falls ran through the squeaking pulley-blocks, and the boat sank evenly into the black water.

"Steady," said Talbot, over the rail. "Get to know as much as you can. Tell nothing, and use your eyes and ears."

So the boat pushed off towards where a gleaming light spotted the darkness and writhed in the black water. The oars stirred up the phosphorescence with slow measured strokes, as if underneath the black surface were all liquid fire.

Grant leaned forward at the tiller, watching the looming form of the vessel gather shape as they approached.

"Steamer ahoy!" he cried.

There came an answering shout:—

"Haloo! What boat is that?"

"We are the *Foam*, of Hull," answered Grant, quoting Mr. Talbot's story for want of a better. "We are leaky, so are laying-up for repairs."

A tall, lank, spare figure hung over the rail.

"The *Foam*, of Hull," he muttered. "What's this, anyhow? I reckon we're repairing ourselves," he said aloud. "Engine a bit rusty. Jest set quiet a minute—I'll sling a rope."

When Captain Jasper Howell looked into the face of the young man who presently climbed aboard, the disquietude that had lain heavily upon him since fate had brought within hail the

very last ship on the ocean that he wished to see became mingled with mystification. He prided himself that his memory was like a dry-plate. This was not one of the men whom he had transferred to the *Stella*. Perhaps he was mistaken. The barque was not his old ship after all. The half light had deceived him.

"What did you say wuz the name of your ship, stranger?" he asked, a little uneasily.

"The *Hoam*, of Hull, barque," answered Grant, readily, gazing round the *Creole's* familiar decks. "Who are you?"

"My name is Hudson, sir," answered the American, "and this ship is the *Creole*, of Cardiff, England, bound for New Orleans."

"Glad to meet you, sir, I'm sure," replied Grant. "My skipper would have come to pay his compliments himself, only he's down with a touch of fever."

"Ah, sure! What's his name, anyhow?"

"Hudson, Captain Hudson," said Grant, unthinking of the deep game he had to play.

"Crums! Now that's mighty kewrious. What mought his full name be?"

"He signs his name Samuel Hudson."

"Say, that's a thundering, durned coincidence, ain't it, Mr. Skinner? I call's him ~~Skinner~~, cos it's the name I best remember, but his ker-rect one is Talbot," the skipper hastened to add, as the mate grew very red in the face.

"Why, yep, it's a reg'lar theayter co-hincidence," agreed Mr. Skinner, "considering your name is Samuel Hudson, sir."

"Let's pipe below, sir," said the captain. "My steward is an artist at a cock-tail."

Grant sank down on the worn plush of the saloon seat.

"I guess you're mate aboard that craft?" remarked Howell.

"No. I'm the second," returned Grant.

"Ha!"

There was a world of significance in the soft exclamation. The second mate! He knew there was no second mate among that drunken crew that he had found aboard the *Creole*. The treacherous light of the evening had deceived him. This barque was not the *Stella*.

"I'm sorry to say," he said, feeling on sure ground now, "that we are without a second. Poor fellow, he was washed overboard a few watches out of Fayal, where we put in to bunker."

Grant peered unmoved into the depths of his cock-tail.

"That was bad," he said. "I once fell overboard myself in a gale about that place. It's very nasty, sir, to feel the cold sea choking you."

After all, Grant was an unskilful deceiver.

"I should smile," said the mate, feelingly.

"Are you laid up long here, sir?" asked Grant, between appreciative sips of his refreshment.

"I reckon till we've tinkered up the old steam-kettle. It may be a few hours, or a few days, according to how the mechanics hustle. Say, Piper, hand over the cigars."

A small, red-faced man of bulgy build, the very anti-type in figure of the man whose name he bore, came out.

"Ha!" sighed Howell, mournfully. "I was sorry to lose my second officer. He was a man, and a Columbus at navigation, sir. You saw him drown, Mr. Talbot?"

"Yes," answered the mate, gravely, turning his glass upside down to show that it was, beyond all doubt, empty, "and a dreadful sight it was. I shall never git over it. I saw him try to swim, and he actually did follow the ship for a quarter of a mile, while I was chucking life-buoys and hen-coops in his way, but I daren't hove-to in that weather. And then he gave a screech when he saw how 'twas, which, believe me, I cud hear above the storm, and then he waved his hand and went down."

The skipper gazed approvingly at the mate after this brilliant effort, and signalled his appreciation by noticing the empty glass and ordering it to be refilled. After all, the log-book did not give much information, and a few more details were necessary.

"What was the young fellow's name?" asked Grant, interested in these graphic particulars.

"Name was Heath, a Massachusetts man," replied the skipper, watching the smoke rise from his lips while he tried to imagine incidents in the late second's career with which to regale the stranger. "My, he was a hustler! I've seen young Heath, sir, go down in the f'restle and thrash a sulky crew with a rope-end till they stampeded up the fore-scuttle into the shrouds jest skeered to death."

"Scat me! yes," said the mate, wiping his mouth. "There was that affair at Cadiz, when we had ter skip outter the harbour putty lively because he'd ben wiping the decks down with a carabineer, who'd ben too durned insolent, and I calc'late," he added, as he observed the skipper thinking hard to try and cap his own reminiscences, "that the poor chap 'ud die hard, for he cud swim like a fish. Coz when we wuz once in Valparaiso Bay, and a lot of sharks wuz choppin' about 'round us, durn me if he didn't drop over on 'em and knife a couple afore you cud wink."

The fire of emulation died out of the skipper's eye, for he knew the romancing abilities of Mr. Skinner, and he foresaw that the stranger's faith

in the deceased second mate might be severely taxed, so he left unspoken the astounding incident that he was about to place to the credit of that wonderful young man, and contented himself with confirming Mr. Skinner's story.

"You say his name was Heath?" questioned Grant.

"That wuz it. Grant Heath. I dunno how we shall break the news to his poor old mother."

"Um! That's where the resemblance ends, though it's an extraordinary coincidence," Grant remarked, throwing to the winds his diplomacy.

"What is?" asked Howell, over the top of his glass.

"Why, that your name should be the same as my skipper, that our first mate should be called Talbot, and that my name should be Grant Heath, the same as your second's. I, too, fell overboard a few hours out of Fayal, like your man, but, as I say, the other incidents you mention don't tally, and I haven't a mother."

There was silence for a moment, during which time the skipper felt about on the floor for his cigar, which had suddenly slipped from his fingers.

"Yes," murmured the mate blankly, "it's a reg'lar theayter and dime novel co-hincidence knocked inter one."

"It is remarkable," said Grant dryly.

Howell looked up, with his yellow teeth slightly bared and cunning lurking in his enraged eyes.

"Yes, it is *re-markable*," he said, sharply. "I guess you'll say that craft of yours over there, next, is called the *Creole*!"

"I take it," replied Grant, with a chance shot that brought him nearer to the truth than he thought, "that you know as much about her as myself."

Jasper Howell glared at him.

"I dunno what you're gittin' at, stranger," he said, fiercely.

"Why, nothing," replied Grant, mildly, "only I was wondering how ever you managed to work a steamship with such a raw crew. The engines——"

"Are superintended by duly qualified engineers," snapped the other.

"Ha, yes, of course, only duly qualified engineers aren't, as a rule, found among the crew of a—er—sailing ship?"

Captain Howell glowered savagely. An offensive retort was on his lips, but Grant continued: "Possibly your crew, though, are all wonderful fellows like that second mate who got drowned. I think I will be getting back now."

Captain Howell nearly choked with rage, while the mate, smitten with silence, stonily glared at his chief.

Grant rose, smiling pleasantly, with hands in

his jacket pockets. He stepped towards the companion.

"Stop!" from Howell.

Grant turned on his heel and saw that the other held a revolver in his hand.

"I may say, sir," said Grant, coolly, "that I hold you covered as well. If you notice the outline of my right-hand jacket pocket, you will see that there is a revolver there, and it is pointing at you. I have been in Texas; I am used to shooting from the hip."

Howell snapped his teeth.

"If I wanted to drop you, stranger," he said, "it's a ship's load of dollars to a kid's money-box that I cud do so, so don't-try any tricks. Now, jest git, while you've got a hull skin, and don't come around hyer asking questions any more if you want ter keep good."

Grant backed slowly out of the saloon with a scornful smile on his lips; then, as he turned the corner, he sprang up the companion and made his way to the deck. A few long strides took him to the engine-room door, whence he could hear the whirr of a drill at work and the quick tap of a hammer.

"Below, there!" he cried.

The song of the drill stopped.

"Dinna ye ken, mon," came a harsh voice, "that I canna build new engines oot o' scrap iron in a minute or twa. Ye'll hae ter——"

"McPherson ahoy!" burst out Heath.

"Losh! eh? Whae's that?"

Grant felt a hand clapped over his mouth, and a powerful arm crooked round his throat. He was pulled back, and the next instant he was grasped by another pair of arms round the legs. He struggled, but the pressure was put on his throat. His feet were kicked from under him, and he was picked up and lodged a moment, none too gently, on the rail. He clutched at a stanchion, but successive blows from a bent knee and the hard part of a boot heel loosened his grasp, and the next thing he knew was that he was dropping into the water with a considerable amount of celerity.

He went in back first, but he rose buoyant as a cork.

He looked up the rust-streaked sides of the vessel and saw the grinning, evil faces of the skipper and mate looking at him. Instantly, another figure joined them, a red-haired man with bared arms.

"Whae hae ye been sockdologing o'er-board, mon?" cried the new-comer, wiping an arm across his oily face.

"McPherson!" sang out Grant, hearing the voice.

"Hey-up, mon," responded the engineer, "whae are ye?"

"I am Heath," came the reply, "and the rest of the crew are aboard that barque. The *Creole's* been pirated."

"Heath! Mon, but ye were drowned."

"No, I was saved."

A flash of light spat in the darkness, and a bullet pecked the water just beyond the swimmer's head. The phosphorescence he stirred up betrayed his position. He dived and came up alongside his boat.

Howell turned savagely to McPherson.

"How long shall we be before steam's up?" he cried, as he menaced the engineer with his revolver.

"Dinna be sae free wi' yer pooder-play, skeeper," said the Scotsman, untying a red handkerchief that gathered his trousers and a greasy shirt together at the waist, and wiping his face with it slowly. "Wi' guid luck," he continued, twisting up the kerchief when he had sufficiently wiped his countenance, "and another spell o' twelve hours' wark, I dinna think we shall be far oot. I mind noo, skeeper, when I was a wee bit bairn—"

"By thunder, sir," bellowed Howell, "if you don't git below and work durned double miracles on them engines, I'll brown you on your own boiler-plates!"

"Losh me!" murmured the engineer, going slowly below, "I believe ma reason's comin' back wi' a bonny rush. Ma certie!"

"Hoo lang will ye be fitting that new brass, mon?" he asked of Watson.

"Arf a hour, sir," answered the second from the crank-pit.

"Hush!" whispered McPherson, excitedly, "dinna work sae hard. This job's got tae hang oot a bittie. Bide a wee. We're ganging ter hae ten sorts o' excitement soon."

"What's hup? What's the gime?"

"We hae been cruelly deceived, mon. We're no' daft. This isna the proper crew aboard the vessel at all. The crood's over in anither craft just by. This boat has been pirated, and the rest of the crew dropped somewhere or ither, but they kept us ter wairk the engines. *Losh!*"



GRANT FELT A HAND CLAPPED OVER HIS MOUTH, AND A POWERFUL ARM CROOKED ROUND HIS THROAT.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### HARD FIGHTING.

"W'ED better get the hands aft and talk to them."

Grant sat in his wet clothes in the saloon. Talbot bent over the table with his head in his hands. Hudson sat with a great-

coat over his pyjamas, glaring wildly from a corner locker. He nodded at the mate's words.

"Bring 'em down 'ere," he said. "I'll talk to 'em. We've got to get that ship back again if we have to shoot every blessed Yankee aboard her. D'yer think the engineers'll give any help?" he added, turning to Grant.

"I don't know, sir," answered Heath, "at least, they know how the land lies."

"And so does that Yankee skipper," interjected Talbot, "and you may depend he'll just lock them up out of harm's way at the first signs of attack."

While the mate went forward, Grant slipped into dry clothes. Presently the crew came aft, and with eagerness crowded into the little cabin to learn the result of the second mate's visit to the steamer, for they had heard and seen the pistol shot, which evidenced no ordinary circumstances.

Captain Hudson's communications were brief and to the point.

"Boys," he said, "there's the *Creole* over there, and we want her. What's ter be done when the rascal who's collared her won't hand her over? Why, when we can't get our own for asking, we goes and takes it, and the *Creole's* our own."

He rose to his feet to speak, and clutched the table to steady himself. There was something pathetic in his weakness. For all he was a villain, he looked heroic standing there with the defiance shining out of his eyes.

The men replied with a low murmur of approbation.

"Has it been found out 'ow we got aboard this craft, sir?" asked the bo'sun, respectfully.

Hudson sank on to the bench.

"We have figured it out," he said, "that the crew who are in possession of the *Creole* came off this rotten ship, which they sailed till they couldn't sail any longer. Coming across our sound craft, they pirated her and put us aboard this floating coffin. And 'ow did they do it? You know 'ow. You've all been hogs. I reckon when they come aboard there wasn't one among you as could lift an arm. Consequently, they shipped us aboard this tub without any trouble. Now, it's easy to see we shan't get the *Creole* back for the asking. We've got to go and seize her, and remember, it's as much your interest as mine. Will you do your best?"

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the men.

"And, if we don't get her back," he said, "remember every man of us 'as got to face the Board of Trade."

"If we ever get this leaky hulk to port," added the mate, grimly.

"Which ain't a certainty by no manner of means," remarked the bo'sun.

"Has anybody got weapons of any sort?" asked the mate.

"There ain't a pistol among us, sir," said Brady; "but a marlinspike lashed on to a stick is a handy thing. My! in the China seas I once saw a Malay mauled with such a weapon. No, there ain't a prettier thing for hitting than a marlinspike on a stick. An' next ter that, some of the galley knives might be handy."

"Well, go forward," said the mate, "and lay hands on the best weapons you can pick up."

"Yes, that's it," added Hudson, with husky fierceness; "something that you can hit with, and remember that it's as good as fighting for yer life, for it's a cert that this ship won't last through the first bit of a blow."

One of the three seamen who had come aboard with Grant Heath from the *Adrian* came forward.

"It seems ter me, sir," he said, "that we came aboard here not knowing how things lay. We came to help to work the ship, not to get mixed up in things that we dunno anything about. We thought this was a straight business."

"You're afraid, are you, my lad?" sneered Hudson. "Good; you shall stay on the ship if you're so fond of her. Mr. Talbot, you might find some holy-stoning for this man to do."

The fellow turned red in the face and stepped back among the others. And presently the three of them, as the fighting lust caught them, went about preparing themselves with weapons with as much animation as the others. Mr. Talbot had gone on deck to superintend the greasing of the falls and the davit blocks, and Grant, coming out of his berth, saw the skipper sitting there alone.

"Mr. Heath."

Grant stepped forward.

"I reckon we're at one in wanting to get back the *Creole*," said Hudson. "You'll do what you can, eh? I'm pretty sick and helpless."

"I shall do my duty, sir," said Grant.

"And after?" whispered Hudson.

"I don't understand, sir!"

Hudson half closed his eyes and played a thoughtful tattoo on the table with his fingers.

"I mean," he said slowly, "me and this crew ain't quite done as they ought, 'r else we shouldn't be on this broken-down craft. Now, when we get back the *Creole*, we shall be as we were, except for what you know. The point is, what are you goin' ter talk about when you get ter shore?"

"I don't know, sir," said Grant, frankly enough.

"I have not thought about it."

"Perhaps wot happens between now and then may 'elp you to a decision?"

"Yes, sir," answered Grant in a moment, "I think so."

"Then you will shake 'ands with me, and smudge off the slate some of this that's gone? I might be able to make my tale good," he added, "but there's the rest of 'em, Mr. Talbot and the crew; and you might say, the engineers as well, who are on the *Creole*. You'd do more good by keeping your tongue behind yer teeth, now."

Grant took the skipper's proffered hand.

"But it has gone beyond my control," he said. "I may not be able to alter anything even by silence."

"There don't much else matter but you," rejoined Hudson. But Samuel Hudson could not see far. His cunning, after all, was shallow, which kept him from being as great a villain as he might have been. He was reckless, cruel, violent. He was a bad man, but he was no artist in wrong-doing, like the dark-skinned, black-eyed man who sat at a desk in the City of London. He was aware of the girl, who knew almost as much as Heath; but he took no account of the circumstance. He knew nothing of, nor in his most strategic moments could he have deduced what would follow, her landing at Spanish Town. He did not know of the long message that passed over the cable to an old man who, having recovered from a recent illness, sat before a fire in his room at Hampstead, nor did he know of the long journey this old man set out upon because of that message.

As Grant came to the deck, a pallid face looked into his. It was Pipp's.

"Is there goin' to be bloodshed, sir?" he asked, fearfully, "'cos I ain't never done violence to no man, sir, and I 'es a puffed 'orror of breeches, an' ambuscades, an' Spanish blades, sir. I cawn't even abear to read on 'em, sir."

"Anyhow," said Grant, smiling at the fellow's quaint and grotesque misquotation, "you don't want to be left on the ship, do you? We are going to make attempt to get back the *Creole*. If you prefer to stop on here and pump for your life instead of getting a sound ship under your feet—well, do so by all means."

"No, sir, but preserve me from plague and murder and suddint death, sir. I'm afraid I'd synt in the dye of battle, sir! I cawn't help it, sir. Me muscles is turned inter runnin' water, and me bones are as brimstone."

Grant felt a sudden contempt for this weak, foolish creature, yet because of his own strength he forbore the harshness that might have come from one less strong, for he was a man who was as gentle as he was courageous.

"You shall stop in the boats, Pipp," he said, kindly. "You won't get hurt there."

He avoided the steward's servile thanks, and went forward to join the mate.

"We'd better let the men parade under arms, Mr. Heath," the mate said, "and just see how they've fixed themselves up. You have got a revolver for yourself?"

"Yes. What about you?"

"The skipper has given me his. Hullo, Spaander, what have you got there?"

The Dutchman had got a belt round his waist in which were stuck a pleasing variety of galley-knives, while in one hand he carried a chopper, lengthened by a piece of mop-stick fastened to the handle.

"I vos armed, sir," he said.

Pipp, who was skulking at Grant's heels, looked with horror at this ludicrously savage figure.

"Too much armed, doctor," said the mate. "This chopper will do, but get rid of the knives."

Of the forecandle hands all, save two of the stokers, who had armed themselves with various hammers that they had found, had prepared weapons according to the bo'sun's suggestion, and very formidable instruments of offence they were.

The port boat was manned first, with Grant and eight men in her. Captain Hudson and the rest of the crew, save Talbot and the bo'sun, who stayed to manœuvre the falls, were lowered in the other boat. The former then dropped down beside the skipper, who lay weakly in the bottom of the boat, with his head on the thwarts, while the bo'sun swung himself into Grant's boat.

Then, very silently, with muffled oars, they began to creep towards the steamer. A little breeze had risen and disturbed the oily surface, so that the glow of the phosphorescence was extinguished, and there was naught but the soft murmur of their oars to betray them; and the song of the surf on the beach hid that.

Grant's boat went first, the other, commanded by the mate and bearing the sick skipper, followed a few lengths behind.

There were no lights visible on the steamer now, and so black was the night that there seemed to be no space beyond. The darkness was as a heavy, solid, black, tangible substance that closed them in, so that they could feel it. The long, low, sleek, watery hills slid by them. Now they rose gently up, now fell into the shallow liquid valley.

All at once a softened light filtered through the sky to southward, then, while they watched, a piece of black cloud lifted slowly like the lid of a box, and a round moon peeped out, so that they saw what had been concealed before, the slow-pulsing ocean, the island with the surf whitening the beach, and the *Creole* lying a quarter of a mile ahead.

"Now we are shown up," muttered Grant. "If we had only been five minutes earlier!"

"Ha!"

A flock of fire spotted the solid silhouette of the hull, and a fraction of time later a bullet sped by their ears with a drone as the noise of the report reached them.

There came a little gasp of fear from Pipp, who sat in the bottom of the boat, and a growl of fierce defiance from the bo'sun.

"Back, you varminths!" cried a heavy voice from the steamer. "There's fifteen six-shooters pointed at yer dead on, and, by Josh! we'll riddle yer hides if you come a fathom further!"

"He's only bluffing," whispered Grant. "Here's his answer."

He fired his revolver at the black mass of ship, aiming somewhere in the direction whence the Yankee's fire had spotted the darkness, and almost simultaneously the mate's pistol spoke.

There was no reply from the steamer, neither voice nor shot. The boats almost hesitated. There was something menacing in the silence. The ship was massed darkly against the lighter sky. Her masts, rigging, bridge, and funnel were sharply outlined, but the deck-houses and hull of the ship were merged into one black undetailed shadow, which might conceal the most menacing dangers for all they knew. A volley of death might pour from that dark hull any moment. There was something terrifying in the delay, as if the blow were only held back a moment to make it surer when it fell.

"Steady, but altogether," whispered Grant.

They bent their backs to the oars, and the boat shot ahead.

"Be gosh!" cried the same voice from the steamer, "you're all dead men if you don't keep right thar where you are."

Then, the ship veering round a point so that the moonlight fell aslant on the quarter they were approaching, they saw dark figures moving about the decks, and one man leaning over the lee-rail cursing and threatening them if they did not sheer off.

But those men in the boats became only the more inflamed by the threats, and with loud shouts of defiance they slung out boat-hooks and leapt up the steamer's rusty side.

The after boat had drawn level with the other, so that they attacked almost simultaneously. There was no method in the assault; no preconceived plan; only one motive determining their tactics. They wanted to get aboard, and when they got there they trusted their hands to hit hard. A man in the mate's boat, springing from the gunwale, clung to the deck above and pulled himself up with a hand on the lower rail.

The Yankee skipper leaned over, with a revolver in his hand, and pulled the trigger point blank at him. There was a flash of yellow fire and a cry. The man's fingers loosened, and he fell into the boat.

The next instant a flying marlinspike, flung with unerring accuracy, hit Howell on the head, and he staggered back, clawing the air, and fell against the mess-room ventilator.

Of the other boat's crew, the bo'sun was the first to come to hand-grips with the enemy. He put one hand round a lower rail, and then, getting a foot into a port-hole, he clambered up, with his right hand grasping his mounted marlinspike.

He felled the first man, who came for him with a fire-shovel, and then he was instantly surrounded by half a dozen men, variously armed, who cut and struck at him with vicious persistency.

Someone fired a shot at him and missed. A marlinspike came down upon the shooter's head with a dull sound, and the weapon dropped from his hand. It was picked up by one of the invaders, whose shooting might have enabled him to successfully hit a haystack at a dozen yards.

The bo'sun was a strong man, but he was being forced back by numbers. His bared arms were bleeding. There was a red gash on one cheek, and the blood poured darkly from his exposed neck. He had now got his back against the galley door, and though, while principally on the defence, he got blows in now and then that made his assailants yell and curse, and press him the harder, he was driven from his position so that his back became exposed, and a blow from behind made him tumble inert and helpless on the deck. But the arm that had struck him down fell limp and nerveless like a strand of rope, as a bullet from Grant's revolver pierced it, and the weapon clattered on to the iron deck, while the man cursed in impotent rage.

Except for the short fight that had raged round the bo'sun, most of the Yankee crew's attention had been directed towards repelling the boarders before they set foot on the deck, and in this, from their position, they had most of the advantage. Some of the fiercest fighting took place on the rail. Talbot, in climbing up, was flung back into the bottom of the boat, almost breaking his back across the thwarts. But he did not loose grip of his revolver, and as he lay there he shot the man who had thrown him, and who was jeering at him over the taffrail.

For the time being the defenders of the vessel had it pretty much their own way.

They stood with their feet in the scuppers and grimly whipped down every head and hand that came above. But after the bo'sun had climbed aboard, closely followed by Grant, their



THERE WAS A FLASH OF YELLOW FIRE AND A CRY.



attention was taken a moment from the outer defences, and this presented an opportunity for others to clamber up. There were no firearms among the men. Howell and his mate had possessed revolvers. The former had been incapacitated early in the fight, and his weapon appropriated by the man who tried to shoot Brady. In turn, with three shots left, it fell into the hands of the cook, who blazed the three cartridges away ineffectually. But Skinner held to his pistol tenaciously, firing a shot now and then with care, and always missing.

The attackers pressed forward, hungry for combat. The iron plates under their feet, the familiar surroundings of their old ship, the very smell from the engine-room gratings, gave them greater courage, till every man fought like two.

But the Englishmen, divided—for more than half were still in the boats—fought against heavy odds, and even with the most desperate courage one man is not equal to two. If they had had firearms there would have been ghastly work done. As it was, there were more dreadful things committed than a pen can tell of.

The British crew, with the fighting madness on them, hammered and smashed. They rushed at their opponents in red fury. From among the shadows came the sickening sounds of crashing blows meeting flesh and bone, the gasping of frenzied breaths and hoarse cries of pain mingled with shrieks that told of worse horrors.

"Keep them off, boys," cried Howell, who had staggered to his feet. "Don't let any more git aboard till we've polished this lot off."

He picked up a crowbar and lurched into the fighting, stumbling over Brady, who lay wounded. The bo'sun seized him round the legs and tripped him up. He fell into the scuppers with Hans Spaander thumping the life out of him, for that worthy cook, who had just succeeded in climbing aboard, had only done so at the cost of losing his meat-chopper.

Howell drew up a booted foot and let out below the belt at the Dutchman, who promptly fell, with a gasp, over the bo'sun.

Grant was the only leader of the attacking party aboard, for the mate had not yet succeeded in forcing his way up, and he shouted encouragement with all the breath he had left. A blow on the head dazed him. He felt something trickling from his head into his eyes so that he could not see. Then he fell heavily to the deck.

A great bulging-muscled Dane, one of those who were acting as stokers aboard the *Creole*, picked him up, and, with a loud barbaric yell, flung him full at two men who were clutching the rails from below. There came a splash as the three heavy bodies struck the water.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### HOW THE FIGHT ENDED.

**THE** FRESH coolness of the sea brought Grant to his senses with suddenness. His head rose to the surface, and he saw the other two men swimming beside him.

"Come," he said, "follow me. We'll take them in the rear. Here, three or four of you fellows who can swim," he cried softly to those in the boat, "slip into the water quietly, and hang on behind. Be careful. Don't make a sound."

Very quietly, three men dropped sternwards out of the boat, and then swam silently along the broadside of the vessel, round under the rudder and motionless propeller, to the other side.

For the most part they swam on their backs, the easier to carry their weapons.

They looked up the high, smooth sides of the ship. There was no means of ascending that iron wall. They could hear the tumult of the fight on the other side of the vessel, the shouts, the noise of blows. The sound was maddening. It set their blood tingling. They clawed at the smooth, slimy iron of the ship's side, as now it slanted from them, now swayed like a pent roof over their heads as the wanton swell lifted the great hull, but all resultless.

"It's no go, sir," said one man, spitting the salt water out of his mouth; "we can't get up."

There came a little metallic tap on the iron plates away forward.

"There's a bit of ash-shoot chain hanging over the side somewhere, I think," said Heath.

He swam towards the place whence the sound appeared to come.

Tap! it came again as the vessel gently rolled. He saw a length of rope, to the end of which had been lashed a long canvas bag, dangling over the side. It was at least 3ft. above him, but as the vessel heeled towards him he sprang up from the water and clutched it with one hand.

He pulled himself up hand over hand. His fingers curled round the rail, and he stepped on to the deck a moment later.

Another man, holding his weapon in his teeth, came up in similar fashion. In a minute or two the others were standing beside him with the water trickling into pools round their feet.

Then they crept between the after-winch and No. 4 hatch, and, without a word of warning, took the Yankees in the rear.

The latter, turning to face this new attack, left their front open, so that the *Creole's* first crew poured over the side, a torrent of battle-mad men. Howell was up again, rallying his men in a voice that was hoarse and broken with



MCPHERSON RUSHED INTO THE FIGHT IN A KIND OF BARBAROUS FRENZY.

The next instant, Howell sprang out with a heavy hammer poised to strike, but even while it swung in the air his feet were kicked from under him, and the hammer went clanging to the deck. His men rushed forward after him, fighting desperately. They drove the British back. They forced them against the rail. For the reason that they had suffered less at the opening of hostilities than their

excitement. Skinner lay wounded among the steering-gear.

The Americans backed on to the quarter-deck, desperately disputing every inch. The fight, from being scattered about, became concentrated. There was scarce a combatant among either crew who had not received some wound or blood-mark. A number lay groaning about the deck, and there were some still forms lying in the shadows.

"Is it going to be a surrender?" cried Grant, as the others backed on to the after-steering gear. They stood there grim and desperate, awaiting the onslaught of the Englishmen. There was a momentary pause for breathing. Grant repeated his question. "There is your own ship over there," he added, "and your boats are alongside."

For answer there came a mocking laugh, and an empty revolver was flung heavily into his face. He tottered a moment, and then fell like a log to the deck.

assailants, they were in greater numbers. They would probably have driven them overboard to a man, but that something happened to turn the tide. There came a hammering at the engine-room skylight. There was a sound of crashing glass and of heavy blows against splintering wood that seemed to come from within. One mighty stroke shivered the framework, and sent the fragments dancing into the air. A moment later, as if impelled by some force from below, a wild-looking head, with red hair, appeared through the scattered skylight.

"My, ye gomerills! Ye'd fasten me doon oot o' it, wad ye? Losh! but it's a bonny fecht! Push behind, Watson. Gang at it, laddies! Gie the piratin' scoondrels burgoo!"

With the help of his assistants below, McPherson clambered through, grasping a long, heavy spanner in his hand. He rushed into the fight in a kind of barbarous frenzy. He laid about him

with his weapon wildly, ferociously ; then he lost it because he threw it at someone, and without staying to pick up any other weapon, for they lay plentifully bestrewing the deck, he rushed in bare-sark and fought with his naked hands, yelling the while, in his mad, fighting abandon, savage Gaelic cries of defiance that were supposed to encourage his comrades and strike terror into the hearts of his enemies.

A man rushed at him with a galley poker ; he avoided the blow and seized his assailant in his arms.

"Why, it's you, ye loon o' an Irish cook, is it?" he cried, as he seized the successor of Hans Spaander. "The Dutchmon wi' an Irish accent. Ye leein' gomerill ! O'er ye gang tae the sharks."

He flung him far over the rail, where he fell into the boat below, on the top of Pipp, who at that moment was preparing to come aboard. A remarkable change had come over the steward. At the firing of the first shot a paralysis of terror had seized him. He lay there at the bottom of the boat, trembling in fervent fear. Then, somehow, he knew not how, the uproar, the sounds of battle, seemed to infect him with courage. He felt an uncontrollable desire to see what was going on. He began to forget his cowardice. The little courage that coursed through his veins, though suppressed long enough, came to life, and he felt a thrill through his body that he had not known before.

He saw the appearance of McPherson, the man who, in Pipp's eyes, was the very synonym of all that was great in fighting quality, and that was the last match required to inflame his blood to fighting heat. He rose in the boat to climb the ship's side, but was instantly felled by the Irish cook's limp body falling heavily on him. He cleared himself and sprang up with a fierceness and vigour that were new to him. He climbed up and scrambled to the deck, just as the two engineers emerged from the engine-room skylight after McPherson.

He seized a weapon. He saw confusedly the desperate fight going on, but his eyes focussed themselves on a motionless body that lay just abaft the companion.

"It's Mister 'Eath," he gasped. "'Evings ! this is battle and murder."

He plunged into the *mêlée* like one possessed. He did not know what was happening. He did not know that the lonely occupant of the other boat, who was idle from the conflict because the weakness of fever was on him, had thrown aside his sickness, as he, Pipp, had cast away his cowardice ; so strange an influence comes from the breath of battle.

Hudson, with wonderful effort, had leaped up,

and, aided by a rope made fast to the rail, had pulled himself level with the deck. He came face to face with Howell, who swiftly recognised him as he was about to climb over the rail.

The Yankee skipper, half dazed, staggered towards him.

"We're a good pair," he gasped hoarsely. "You're sick and I'm wounded. We'll fight it out."

He seized Hudson, who clutched him round the neck. They struggled impotently a moment, locked in each other's arms, with the iron rail between them, then Hudson, losing his footing, but still clinging to his assailant's neck, pulled Howell over, and both men fell into the black depths. Hudson came up right against the side of the vessel, Howell a few yards away. The former clung to a life-buoy, flung over by the steward, and then a rope with a noose was cast to him, which he managed to get round himself, and he was hauled up.

But Howell climbed into one of the boats that was drifting slowly away, and cried out in a voice that mingled rage with weakness, hate with despair.

"Come on, boys, overboard. The game's played out. Thar's the *Stella* over thar."

There came nine or ten dives into the water, and in the moonlight the men of the *Creole* saw their antagonists climb into one of the boats they themselves had but lately vacated. There were some wounded men who did not follow, and there were some motionless forms in the shadows that took no cognisance of either defeat or victory.

"Men," cried Hudson, huskily, "you've done well, and some of you have suffered. Get below in the saloon and help yourself to anything you can find. My ! there's some wounded and some dead. Never mind, me and Pipp'll look after 'em. Where's Mr. Talbot?"

"He's lying dead by the engine-room door, sir," answered one of the hands.

"Dead ! it has been a dear victory."

He staggered along the deck. No courage could overcome the weakness of his body. There were two of his own men, one a seaman, the other a stoker, lying all twisted up in the ghastly distortion of death, and there were others of the opposing crew lying about grotesquely where they had fallen, some on their faces, others looking wide-eyed up at the stars. None were pleasant to look upon, for a marlinspike, or a clubbed hammer, does not do its work so cleanly as a bullet.

He found Talbot, not dead, but plainly insensible, and he saw Grant Heath stretched out by the companion-head.

"Get below, Pipp, and fetch one of the

engineers up," he said. "There are some wounded to be got below."

Hudson knelt down over Grant as the steward disappeared. He glanced swiftly and suspiciously around. There were only three wounded men who appeared conscious, and they lay out of sight round the cabin skylight, where they could see nothing of the length of deck. He put his ear to the second mate's lips. He could distinguish slight breathing.

"Not dead!" he murmured.

He laid hold of the unmoving body and dragged it with infinite effort to the scuppers. Then he pushed it, feet first, through the rails, bit by bit,

until the outer portion grew heavier and overbalanced. Then it fell into the water with a ghastly splash.



(To be concluded.)

"Wot are you a-doin' hof, sir?"

Pipp, coming up the companion, had heard the splash.

"I'm gettin' rid of some o' these carcasses," said Hudson. "That was a Yankee. There's two more up there. You might give me a help with 'em when you've got the wounded below."

"Ain't you goin' to read no service hover 'em, sir?"

Hudson gave a sneering laugh.

"There's Mr. Talbot, sir," continued Pipp. "Thank 'Eving 'e ain't dead!"

They saw the mate sitting up, holding a hand to his head.

There was a

look of infinite horror on his face. He tried to speak. Then he fell back.

## HOW TO PASS EXAMINATIONS SUCCESSFULLY.

FIRST and foremost we will presume that you are intelligent, and possess the gift of application. These are two necessary qualities, and will overcome even a previous want of education. The foundation of success seems to be the finding out of how little you really know. You will, perhaps, be disheartened by this knowledge of yourself, but when once fairly launched upon your course of study you will begin to feel interested, and must give your mind to learning; resolving, also, that you will rather be a long time in mastering your subjects thoroughly than be very quick and subsequently fail in your examination. Before commencing to study, however, you must have fully decided in what examination you will compete, and must then acquaint yourself with full particulars respecting it. After finding out the nature and the number of subjects in which you will have to be proficient, consider which are your worst points and which are your best, afterwards giving the most time to those subjects with which you are least acquainted. Above all things, consider your health, and spend as much time as you can out of doors. If it be possible, arrange your

studies methodically, fixing so long for each subject, and leaving intervals for recreation, pleasant chat, and outdoor exercise. If, on the other hand, you are already employed daily, you must arrange accordingly, only taking care that you do not commence study immediately after business, but spend an interval in the fresh air. All these remarks are applicable to self-teachers. Nevertheless, it is advisable to place yourself under a clever coach, when, if you can abide by his instructions, you are more likely to succeed. Under any circumstances, whilst undergoing the course of study, never lose sight of the idea that all your efforts are necessary. Anxiety as to your result will be a good stimulant to diligence, and you cannot pay too much attention to each of your subjects, never working, however, when you are too tired and your brain is weary. When you go up for your examination the case becomes different—a little confidence will then help you through. Do not work yourself into a miserable and nervous state of mind, but think calmly that you will do your best, let the result be what it may.

"PENN WRIGHT."

# THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY  
**C. B. FRY**

*By special arrangement, Mr. C. B. Fry has undertaken to contribute to no magazine intended for boys or athletes except THE CAPTAIN. Readers are requested to bear in mind that we have secured, especially for their benefit, the services of the first writer on athletics in the world. Mr. Fry will reply to a limited number of correspondents by post every month, providing they are members of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. All applications for advice from the Athletic Editor, as well as from other CAPTAIN "experts," should be accompanied by THE CAPTAIN CLUB Coupon which will be found in one of the advertisement pages.—THE EDITOR.*

## A CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Bingo Mam, from Australia, is a reformer, and what she says is so much to the point that I cannot forbear quoting it. "I am," she says, "an art student, and have studied for three years at home. The life is the very jolliest you can imagine—plenty of hard work, with visible results; plenty of play and fun. But over here there is something wrong. My fellow-students are a good set on the whole, but most of them are anæmic, and have livers and round backs, headaches, etc., which ills arise from want of fresh air and exercise, and also from too much coffee, late hours, and insufficient food. They laugh at me when I tell them this, and won't believe that if they paid more attention to the ordinary rules of health their work would be ten times better and more virile. Their system seems to be 'brains v. body.' They work awfully well; but, instead of taking a run round the field or a turn in the gym. during rests, they stick in the hot, airless class-rooms, and stew over Maeterlinck, anatomy, etc. Most of them come by train and omnibus, and few know the value of a walk. They know the name and origin of every muscle in the human body, but the use of none, and, taken generally, they are far more dead than alive. My aim in life just now is to wake them up a bit; but it is pretty difficult, as no one seems to see there is anything wrong. I have only one ally—a boy who knows more about drawing than all the rest put together, and who is more than my match with the single-sticks. But even he is not good for long, as he has consumption or something, and has to go abroad. As long as he remains here we work together, and have already a few disciples who play about mildly with dumb-bells and try on the fencing masks. We want to teach them fencing in earnest, also to get up a hockey club and hare and hounds, and cricket in the

summer, for there is a big field behind the school. But I can't understand English girls. They are enthusiastic enough to begin with, especially if there is any chance of club colours and a becoming costume; but directly they get the least bit knocked about or shouted at they give up. And then they can't run straight, but wobble along and tumble down and hurt themselves in ways which, to an ordinary person, would be impossible. The other day, for instance, I was in the gym, showing one of them how to tackle clubs, and somehow or other she managed to nearly brain herself, and had to be taken home in a cab. They are also, most of them, in deadly fear of a knock, and the worst of it is, the things that call themselves boys are just as bad. All I can say is, whatever sort of brothers do they possess? Now, can you possibly tell me of some sort of a game which can't damage them, and which will get them out of doors and make them run about and use their muscles. I should be awfully glad if you would, and also, if you would say if you approve of my scheme of reform. Then, you see, I will quote you, and they will take more notice of me when backed up by such . . . (here follows an unpublishable sentence). It is a very serious matter, for there are hundreds of these schools in England all full, and all under the same curse of languor. Therefore, the outlook for the next generation is far from pleasant. I can't think how people who take no exercise can live; in fact, I do not think they ought to live; but, as I am only a girl, they laugh at me and my fads. Now, I would not mind that if they would only consider them seriously as well and give them a fair trial. If I were a boy, the thing would be easy enough; for girls, and especially art students, will follow a strong boy wherever he cares

to lead. As the matter stands, however, they think me a very masculine creature, which I am not, and put up with me because I turn out respectable work and have a few qualities which appeal to them. They say they have no time for dumb-bells and games and things. But I can't see that to train the mind and neglect the body is right, can you? It is so incomplete and so far from being thorough; and to be strong no more means to be a fool than to be unwholesome means to be a genius. I hope it is not cheek to tell you all this and to ask your advice. My brothers have all tried to knock the cheek out of me, but I don't know if they have managed it." Now, this is about the soundest letter I have ever had from a correspondent. "Bingo Mam." I am with you hand and glove; and I hope that nothing will ever knock out of you the sort of cheek you possess. The chances are that, with your sane mind and energy of character, you will succeed in your attempts at reformation. You might point out to your fellow-students that the perfect beauty of the Greek physical ideal, which no doubt both you and they admire so much, was the result of open-air exercise and of training in the gymnasium. You might also tell them that if they err in following you, they err with Plato. You might tell them that music, a word understood by the Greeks rather in the sense which we attach to education, aimed at producing perfect proportion and harmony, not only of mind, but of body; indeed, of both together. For the rest, "Bingo," I cannot give you better advice than to go on as you have begun. Please write again.

Old Racer writes to tell me my papers on athletics have all one defect, to wit, that I never allude to the importance of breathing long deep breaths as a means of expanding the lungs. "Allow a horseman," he says, "to remind you that a horse gallops with his lungs; boys and athletes do feats of endurance with their lungs. There is far too much running with an open mouth. You should scold your young readers who do this." No doubt there is a great deal in what "Old Racer" says, and I commend his remarks to the attention of my athletic inquirers. I intend to make myself acquainted with the scientific relation between breathing and running, and will henceforth produce my gleanings for the benefit of the readers of *THE CAPTAIN*. Would "O. R." put me on to any literature on the subject?

Brightelmstone.—I am pleased to tell you that the bat with which I made six hundreds in succession last year—jolly good piece of luck, too—was made by a Warsopp, also that it weighed 2lbs. 8ozs. I am pleased to say that it is as good as, if not better than, new at the present moment, and is being taken considerable care of. Yes, I like an indiarubber handle on my bat; it gives a good grip. There are several good books on cricket besides Ranji's; for instance, W. L. Murdoch's, in the "Oval" Series, and also the Badminton Library volume; and I hope there will be another one better still later on. You can guess the author.

W. R. Creeke.—Sorry I could not answer your questions in October. Circumstances did not permit. If the balls are knocked off the wickets previously, a man cannot be bowled out, however obviously the ball hits the wicket subsequently; but in the case of a run out, the batsman is out if the fieldman who takes the ball pulls out a stump, ball in hand. I am glad to hear that you are such a keen sportsman, and also that you find *THE CAPTAIN* improves every month; *THE CAPTAIN* will continue to improve, I assure you, though you might think there is not much room for improvement.

C. J. Hunt.—Thank you very much for your congratulations; you do me proud! I certainly hope to play a lot of football this season. Too good a game to give up, isn't it? Of course, I agree with you that *THE CAPTAIN* is the best magazine for boys; that is what it lives for.

Box.—It is observant on your part to notice that Ranji is, in more senses than one, a good stayer. His ability to make so many runs without getting tired is not a little due to the fact that he makes even his hardest strokes without much expenditure of effort; you see, he times the ball so well. But also, by nature, he possesses great stamina. It is difficult to advise people how to acquire stamina; the chief thing is to live a regular, wholesome, fresh-air life. What "we fellows," as you call us, do after a long innings is sit down and feel pleased with ourselves; though some of us, of course, have to sit down and write answers to correspondents, like this. My favourite drink between innings, it may amuse you to hear, is a mixture of soda water and stone ginger beer—ginger beer out of stone bottles, I mean.

Old Rugbeian.—So you are a Rugby man converted to "Soccer." Good! As to getting into decent condition, I do not think you can beat an occasional long walk, and now and then a run twice round a meadow. You might, of course, do dumb-bells in moderation daily. But you must do proper exercises. One game a week should do the rest for you. The part of the head to use in "heading" the ball is the point of your forehead where your horn would grow if you were a unicorn. The best way to practise shooting on a lawn or in a yard, is to get either a very small football or a big grey indiarubber ball and practice, as it were, in miniature, wearing tennis or fives shoes. I do not think at your age that moderate smoking spoils condition. I certainly think that a man, when well and strong, is better without alcohol. Thank you for your kind wishes.

E. A. Hughes.—Glad you have summoned up energy to write. Any athletic outfitter will get buttons put on an old pair of foils for you. The best author for a boy of thirteen? Well, if you mean storytellers, some excellent fellows write for *THE CAPTAIN*. If you mean classics, I recommend Walter Scott; he was my favourite author at your age. I do not know who my favourite author is now, I have so many; I rather think George Eliot.

Evelyn P.—The fact is, madam, I do not as a rule give replies except to regular subscribers to this magazine, and, you know, you say you don't often read *THE CAPTAIN*. However, we will presume you intend to take us in, properly, you know, in future. The worst of it is, I am not much of an authority on tennis. The best way for you to keep in condition during the winter is to do what you don't like—that is, to take sound and regular walking exercise. Also, you might try a certain amount of work with light wooden dumb-bells on a proper system. Your food is all right; don't bother a stitch about it. On tournament days a mutton chop makes an excellent lunch. Your playing practice strikes me as right, but don't overdo it; and knock off a day now and then if you feel jaded or stale. Stick to the racquet that suits you. I vote for knickerbockers as against petticoats, easy. I rather think very thin flannel is better than cotton next the skin. A jacket is not enough to put on after getting hot, especially on a cold day; get a woollen sweater to wear under your jacket. Sand shoes are as good as anything; yes, I think you must have spiked shoes on a wet ground. I don't think you need bother about a gymnasium. I

advise you to stick to your under-hand service. You can find out all about Queen's Club by writing to the secretary. You strike me as one likely to overdo training, etc.; remember it is the happy medium that pays best.

**K. Jower.**—My New Zealand friend, you are a marvel, if, at the age of thirteen, you can wield a 12lb. bat! I know that trout run large in your country, but—! Is it 2lbs. you mean? If so, and if you are a strong lad, the weight should just about suit you.

**A. B. C.**—My opinion of L. C. Palairret coincides with yours; he certainly ranks with the best. I think, perhaps, Cranfield is a better bowler than Tyler now, but not as good as Tyler used to be. I play football a good deal; it is a better game than cricket in the winter, not in the summer. My highest jump is 5ft. 9½ins. Glad to hear you like *THE CAPTAIN* so much and intend to take it in for evermore. A very proper spirit, "A. B. C." Your cricket reminiscences are decidedly interesting.

**Bromley Baker.**—Your chest measurement is all right. Boys are most variable in this respect, but they grow, you know. Stick to your exerciser in moderation. No, cricket has not got much of a hold yet awhile in South Wales, but with the help of Mr. J. H. Brain & Co. it will. I do not agree with you that the English team in Australia is a weak one. I think it will win a test match or two.

**Yorkshireman.**—No, my friendly "Tyke," if a batsman hits a ball very high and runs several runs before he is caught, these runs do not count; the man is judged to be caught directly off the bat. Yes, practice is the best way to improve running and staying power; but see what is said above by "Old Racer." I do live in Hampshire. Ranjitsinhji has no Christian names. The initials K. S. stand for Kumar Shri, which is a title. The fielder in your Kodak foreground is Tait. Hawkins, of Brighton, is good for cricket photographs. Kindly tell your sister that I was not posing in the photograph she took of me, but was examining the soles of my boot to see if any nails had come out. She is just like the rest—always finding fault with county cricketers. Poor fellows, they lead a hard life!

**J. H. Bertail.**—Sir, you are my first French correspondent; allow me to grip you heartily by the hand. Bring along some others. Slightly French by extraction myself. Your English is excellent; far better than a lot I read in the newspapers. June 26th or 27th is the date of the Coronation. I do not advise you to get cricket flannels from a sports depôt. Get your own tailor to make you a pair. The price you mention is sufficient. I cannot recall the particular

match in which Rhodes got all ten wickets for less than fifty runs. But he is always doing something like that, when it rains. I hope you will succeed in persuading your countrymen that cricket is a somewhat different game to croquet. You will be a national benefactor if you succeed in introducing cricket into France. In fine, my friend, accept my good wishes and compliments.

**Light Dark Blue.**—Correct; it is not usual for the non-engaged batsman to give his comrade guard at cricket. That is the umpire's privilege. There is, however, no precise ruling on the point.

**O. E. Prest.**—I am delighted that you regard me as an old friend, *via* *THE CAPTAIN*; that is just exactly what I should like to be to all my numerous correspondents. Have you got your book back yet? If not, write again.

**Jack of Boston.**—It is quite common for rather overgrown boys like yourself to be a bit shaky. But I have known heaps of fellows who started at about your age with knock-knees and bad health, grow up into fine strong men. The thing for boys of your sort is to take as much outdoor exercise as possible without over-doing it. Probably the system known as free gymnastics, as practised by Army recruits and in the military training schools, would be an admirable help to you. I expect you can get a little drill book on the subject from Gale & Polden, of Aldershot.

**J. Steel.**—See above. Kicking a ball about in a barn or gymnasium, if you can manage it, is admirable practice for football. A bit of a run two or three times a week, in the evening, would do your team good; but, of course, matches themselves are the best means for a football team to gain proficiency.

**Ironclad.**—So you are going bow-legged? Well, you know, I rather doubt that at your age. People usually grow bow-legged when they are quite toddlers or not at all. However, slight bow-leggedness often goes along with great strength. I should be inclined to advise you not to bother about it. But you certainly won't do yourself any harm by using the exercises you mentioned. If there is really anything wrong with you, you ought to consult a doctor.

**A. Carver.**—You will find heaps of advice on training in back numbers of *THE CAPTAIN*, both in articles and among answers to correspondents. A boy at school does not need much training; none at all in the matter of diet and habits of life. But, of course, you ought to practise systematically the particular form of athletics you are taking up. Go on the principle of "slow and sure," in amount per diem, I mean.

*C. B. Dy.*

## "BRITAIN'S BULWARKS."

"**Britain's Bulwarks**" is the title of a beautifully produced album of forty-eight pictures, by Mr. Charles Dixon, the famous marine artist, the main idea of which is to present an interesting history of the British navy, past and present, by grouping together our modern ironclads with their namesakes

which were once among the "wooden walls of England." These pictures, with the accompanying letterpress, contributed by naval experts, form a very complete pictorial and literary record of how and why "Britannia rules the waves." The price is 10s. 6d. net, and it is published by George Newnes, Limited.

# For a Life

BY GEORGE  
Allen

Illustrated  
by Arthur Hughes



THEY were indeed a strangely assorted pair, and it was little wonder that people should stop and stare after them as they passed through the streets. The one, Juan, a handsome man of a little over medium height, with dark eyes that on occasion

lit up with passionate fire; the other, Jules, a hunchback boy of most ugly face, at sight of whom the children would run and hide and grown-up persons cross themselves, calling upon the Virgin for protection against the machinations of the devil and his agents. For surely, thought they, none but an evil spirit could abide in this ugly little hunchback. Walking beside Juan, Jules reminded one of a poor little mongrel hanging by the heels of a master for whom he entertained a half-savage affection.

The handsome man and the ugly boy were never seen apart, and people wondered what was the bond between the two.

The bond was the strongest that can bind human beings—the bond of a love that has grown out of the sympathy of the strong for the weak and outcast, on the one hand, out of the thankfulness of the downtrodden for the hand that puts forth to raise it, on the other. And this was the manner of its forging.

Strolling home one night from the bull-ring at Seville, filled with the satisfaction that his first appearance in the greatest ring of Spain had been a stupendous success, Juan—for he was a

matador, afterwards the greatest of his time—came across a little, hunchback child clothed in dirty rags, lying in the shelter of a doorway, and moaning in a heart-rending manner. Juan's heart was touched, and he bent over the child, asking the reason of his sobs.

"I am hungry—starving," cried the child. "Since sunrise yesterday I have tasted no food. The people drive me away from their doors when I go there to beg. They call me by hard names and tell me that my ugliness frightens their little ones. I have walked many miles, and I am weary, but no one will give me to eat."

And so the little chap had thrown himself down in the doorway, feeling, more from instinct than from definite teaching, that when he awoke in the morning it would be in a brighter land, where there would be none to drive him from the door because of his ugliness.

Juan's heart was still soft; the dangers of the ring had not brutalised nor hardened him. Here was he, the hero of the hour, gold and favours showered upon him at every hand, the new-found idol of the people: before him this poor little fellow dying of hunger.

"Come with me, my child, and you shall eat your fill and sleep in a wholesome bed; and to-morrow we will see what can be done for you."

He took him along to his hotel, much to the disgust of the proprietor, who, indeed, had



driven the hunchback from the door but an hour before. Now, however, when the misshapen mite came hand in hand with the rich Juan, it was different.

The next day, Jules told all he knew of his history. He remembered his father, but had no recollection of his mother. His father had died, and, the neighbours turning from the poor little orphan because of the loathing he inspired, the priests had placed Jules in a school. He was not happy there, for the other boys would not associate with him, but would mock and jeer at him. At last, feeling that he could stand that miserable life no longer, he had fled.

That was three years before, and the youngster had roamed the country, begging from door to door, sometimes getting shelter at night, but more often huddling himself to sleep beneath a hedgerow or a doorway.

Juan took to the little chap, who, now that he was well fed and well clothed, was bright and entertaining. He determined to keep him by him for a few days until he could make up his mind what to do with him. But the days went by and still he did not part with the boy.

Liking ripened into love, and though Juan many times made plans for handing the boy over to someone whom he would pay to look after him, he could not bring himself to face the parting when the time came. Little wonder that the boy came to worship his protector.

So it happened that three more years went by and the pair were still unparted. From fight to fight the two went together, Juan always providing his *protégé*—now a boy of fourteen—with the best seat the house provided, so that he might be able to see the fray well. How the poor deformed boy envied those strong and agile men in the ring! How he bemoaned the fate that kept him weak and unsightly! But there was one thing left to him, and that was to rejoice at the triumphs of Juan. As time went on he began to feel that he, too, had a part in his protector's victories, and rejoiced as though he himself had won.

Juan had come again to Seville to fight his

last fight. He was about to marry a lady who loved him too well to desire to see him risking his life in the ring, and so, having saved a considerable fortune, he was about to bid good-bye to the ring and to settle down away in the country.

To this last fight, young Jules came with a heavy heart. No more would he sit in the front of great crowds admiring the skill of their beloved Juan. No more would he spring to his feet and cheer with the crowd as Juan emerged triumphant from the contest and stood with his



NOW IS JUAN'S TIME.

foot planted upon the flank of his fallen foe, bowing to the people. The gorgeous pageant had little interest for Jules that day.

True, Juan had promised to take the boy with him to his new home. But the new life would not be like the old, thought Jules. There would always be someone between them, someone who would have more claim to Juan's love than a poor little crippled boy. Jules

would have hated the newcomer but that Juan loved her ; and whom Juan loved was sacred in the boy's eyes.

The president came forward and took his place in the little box beside the big white platform, which was reserved for special visitors, but in the very front of which Jules was seated.

Then the door at the end of the arena opened and in rode the three matadors, Juan in the centre, followed by the banderilleros, chulos, and picadors. The procession rode up past the president of the day, saluting him with all the customary ceremony ; then the men arranged themselves round the walls of the ring.

The heralds flourish their trumpets, the great door flies open, and a bull trots nimbly forward. A chulo jumps forward and stands with folded arms about twenty paces in front of the bull. Forward rushes the animal ; his horns are down and it seems that the chulo must certainly be transfixed ; but no, just as the bull reaches him, the chulo slips aside and the animal rushes onward.

And as the game goes on, chulos flit hither and thither, waving their red cloaks before the very eyes of the now infuriated animal.

Then a picador rides forward upon a sorry mount that, too old and weak for work, has been bought specially for slaughter. The picador carries a lance, and his legs are protected by leggings of sheet-iron. Right in front of the bull he rides ; then there is a sudden charge, the picador's lance goes home in the bull's shoulder, and the man jumps off just as the great horn drives into the horse's body.

And so the game goes on until at last, when the bull is sufficiently maddened, the matador comes forward. Calmly, Juan walks up to the president, doffs his cap, and makes the usual formal speech, to which the president replies. This ceremony finished, Juan throws his cap to the audience, who scramble for the honour of holding it. But Juan always takes care that the cap falls near to Jules, and the latter clutches at it greedily and holds it proudly till the performance is over.

Then Juan walks forward to face the bull, which is now weakening from loss of blood ; the matador, sword in hand, flourishes his little red flag, jumping aside as the bull charges harmlessly forward. Again and again this happens until, at last, it is time to cease teasing and take to actual fight.

Juan is now just below the grand stand, where Jules sits, in front of which it is the custom to dispatch the bull—or to be dispatched, if the fates be not kind.

Now is Juan's time.

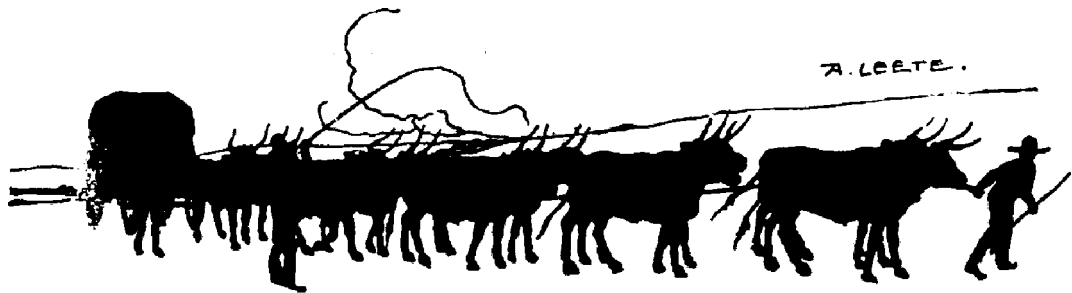
A wave of the flag, a short rush on the part of the bull, and—the matador trips up in the very act of stepping aside.

There is no hope of escape, and the crowd closes its eyes and waits.

With a cry, Jules rises and springs forward. The next instant the terrible horns wear a foil—a foil of human flesh.

Juan is on his feet again, and in a moment the bull is stretched lifeless on the ground.

The crowd heave a sigh of relief. Their hero is saved, and it is only the little hunchback who is dead.



# THE STAMP COLLECTOR

CONDUCTED BY **E. J. NANKIVELL**

RPG

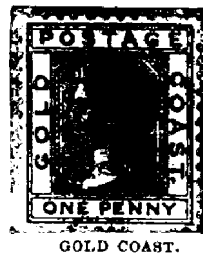
## GOLD COAST COLONY.

**W**E hear a great deal just now about the Gold Coast and the gold which financiers and public company promoters tell us should be found there. The colony, no doubt, owes its name to the gold dust which the natives have from very early times used for bartering with Europeans. The colony has a coast line of 350 miles on the West Coast of Africa. The French possession of the Ivory Coast bounds it on the west, and on the east it joins the German Colony of Togoland. In the earliest days of settlement we had a scramble for possession with the Danes and our old competitors, the Dutch. We bought out the Danes, and the Dutch also cleared out later on for economical reasons and left us in sole possession. The little colony is now governed as a Crown colony, *i.e.*, by officials appointed by the home Government. It has a population of 1,500,000, and Accra, the seat of Government, is a town of 16,267 inhabitants.

The philatelic history of the colony commences with the issue of three stamps in 1875 of the then current design used by Messrs. De la Rue for most of the colonies whose stamps they printed. The same design remained in use till the issue of the current series in 1889. It is a compact and attractive little stamp country. The first issue, consisting of three values and the few issues of 1883, are rather expensive, and the second issue of 1876-79 is trending in the same direction. Otherwise, the country is not an expensive one, and the issues are few and free from complications.

**1875.**—Three values in the then current De la Rue colonial design, watermarked C.C.

and perforated 12½. The words of value in the bottom tablet, though in the same colour, were printed separately, the same design being used for all values. Boys who are fortunate enough to get a few of this first issue may find a difference of shade in the two printings.



WATERMARK C.C. PERF. 12½.

		Unused.		Used.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.
1d. blue	...	60	0	30	0
4d. magenta	...	30	0	35	0
6d. orange	...	—	—	25	0

**1876-79.**—Five values same design, and still watermarked C.C., but perforated 14. The 4d. mauve of this issue is a scarce and difficult stamp to get. In 1896 it might have been had at the catalogue price of 1s. 6d., and every old boy who then failed to add it to his collection will now regret the oversight, for in 1897 Gibbons left it unpriced, and in 1899 raised it to 42s. 6d., and it is still going up, being now catalogued at 55s. Its scarcity is probably due to the number used up for surcharging for use as penny stamps.

WATERMARK C.C. PERF. 14.

		Unused.		Used.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. olive yellow	...	5	0	5	0
1d. blue	...	2	0	1	6
2d. green	...	12	6	2	0
4d. mauve	...	55	0	3	6
6d. orange	...	12	6	4	0

**1883.**—In this year a number of the then current 4d. mauve, C.C., perf. 14, were surcharged "1d." in black. Strange to say, Gibbons omitted this stamp from the catalogue

of 1899 on the ground that it was not known if it was officially issued, whereas, so long ago as 1888, that question was settled when an official in reply to an inquiry wrote: "Four-penny stamps surcharged 1d. in printing were issued here by authority for a very short time." The London Philatelic Society, in Part II. of their recently published work on our African Colonies, says the authenticity of the stamp is beyond question, and adds: "It is of the greatest rarity, and only two specimens are known to the society, one being in the Tapling collection, the other in a famous collection in Paris." Consequently, the stamp has been restored to catalogue rank.

Two other stamps were issued in this year, each of which is very scarce. They are the ½d. olive yellow and the 1d. blue, but on paper watermarked C.A. Probably only small supplies of these two stamps in the old colours on the C.A. paper were sent out, as the new series in changed colours that followed must have been in course of preparation at the time.

WATERMARK C.C. PERF. 14.  
1d. on 4d. mauve.

WATERMARK C.A. PERF. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. olive yellow ...	40 0	15 0
1d. blue ...	—	15 0

**1884-89.**—Commencing in 1884, a new series in new colours, and with 3d., 1s., and 2s. as new values, was issued; the 3d. and 6d. values were not issued till 1899. The ½d. was changed from olive green to pale green, the 1d. from blue to rose carmine, and the 2d. from green to grey. The 4d. and the 6d. were printed in their old colours. The watermark was C.A., and the perf. 14 as before. The 6d. orange of this issue is an improving stamp, and should be secured whilst it is reasonably priced. It has risen from 8d. in 1899 to 2s. 6d. in 1900, and 3s. 6d. in the recently issued Gibbons for 1902.

WATERMARK C.A. PERF. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. pale green ...	0 2	0 1
1d. rose carmine ...	0 3	0 1
2d. grey ...	0 6	0 3
3d. greenish yellow ...	0 9	0 4
4d. mauve ...	0 9	0 4
6d. orange ...	3 6	0 4
1s. violet ...	1 9	0 8
2s. brown ...	8 6	2 0

**1889.**—In March of this year a provisional 1d. was issued. It was made by surcharging the then current 6d. orange with the words "One Penny" in two lines in small capitals, with a thick bar obliterating the original value at the foot of the stamp. This provisional, according to the London Philatelic Society's Part II. of

Africa, was first issued for use in Accra, but its use was subsequently (in July) extended to the out districts of the colony. Presumably the surcharge was, in the first instance, made to meet a shortage in Accra, and as outlying stations, which relied upon Accra for supplies, ran short, the provisional had to be sent them pending the arrival of supplies from England.

WATERMARK C.A. PERF. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"One Penny" on 6d. orange ...	30 0	8 5

**1891-94.**—Four new values, viz., 2½d., 5s., 10s., and 20s. For the 2½d. the old design was used, with the value at the foot of the stamp printed in a separate colour. The higher values were of the newest De la Rue colonial design, and were printed in two colours. The 20s., issued first in green and red, was shortly afterwards changed to lilac and black on red, now the current stamp.

WATERMARK C.A. PERF. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2½d. ultr., value in orange ...	0 6	0 2
5s. lilac, name and value in blue ...	12 6	3 6
10s. " " " red ...	—	3 6
20s. green " " " " ...	—	—

**1898-1900.**—This, the current series, is of the general De la Rue colonial design, as illustrated. It is the same design as was used for the higher values in the 1891-94 issues. In the lower values of this series, ½d. to 6d., the body of the stamp is printed lilac, and the name and value in a different colour. In the higher values, from 1s. upwards, the body of the stamp is printed in green and the name and value in second colours.



GOLD COAST.

WATERMARK C.A. PERF. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. lilac, name and value in green ...	0 1	0 1
1d. " " " red ...	0 2	0 1
2½d. " " " ultr. ...	0 4	—
3d. " " " orange ...	0 5	0 4
6d. " " " mauve ...	0 8	0 6
1s. green " " black ...	1 4	1 4
2s. " " " carmine ...	2 8	1 6
5s. " " " lilac ...	6 6	—
10s. " " " brown ...	12 6	—

## REVIEWS.

**W**E have received Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.'s excellent "Universal Catalogue for 1902." It is the catalogue for the beginner, for it is free from the multitude of minor varieties that gladdens the

specialist, but hopelessly confuses the beginner. This edition has been thoroughly revised from cover to cover by Mr. Whitfield King himself, and is now by far the very best guide with which to start stamp collecting, and, as the price is only 1s. 3d., every boy should provide himself with a copy. With its help he may do his own valuations.

The following statistics, compiled from the catalogue, may not be uninteresting. The figures comprise only standard varieties of postage stamps, and do not include post-cards, letter-cards, stamped envelopes, or wrappers.

The total number of all known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the Governments of the world up to the present time is 16,081. Of this number, 141 have been issued in Great Britain and 4,342 in the various British colonies and protectorates, leaving 11,598 for the rest of the world. Dividing the totals amongst the continents, Europe issued 3,823; Asia, 2,966; Africa, 2,775; America, including the West Indies, 5,268; and Oceania, 1,249. A comparison of these figures with those published in April, 1900, will show that 1,455 new varieties of stamps have been issued throughout the world in the space of eighteen months.

The Republic of Salvador has issued more varieties of postage stamps than any other country, the number being 403. Next in order come the United States, with 303; Spain, with 293; followed by Nicaragua, with 279; the Philippines, 228; Uruguay, 221; Victoria, 220; Cuba, 217; and Mexico, 214. Boyaca, Poland, Terra del Fuego, and Wadhwan have each found a solitary specimen suffice for their postal needs.

Messrs. Bright & Son have brought their well-known "A.B.C." catalogue up to date by means of a supplement of forty-three pages, exceptionally well printed. It includes even stamps which we chronicled only last month. The illustrations are among the best that have ever been included in a stamp catalogue.

Mr. L. S. Charlick, of Victoria Chambers, Chancery Lane, E.C., sends us a retail price list of his stock, mostly used copies. So far as we have examined the prices they seem to be more or less tempting, and we note that numbers of common stamps which, in the ordinary catalogues, are priced 1d. each, are offered by Mr. Charlick at  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each.

We have also on our table another catalogue, issued by our friends of the South Africa Company, who make a speciality of South Africans, as well they may, having the advantage of branches at Cape Town, Bloemfontein, and Johannesburg. We have seen much of the stock of this company, and have noted the careful selection of good copies.

### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

We are now authoritatively told that some of the new King Edward postage stamps will be issued early this month, and the remainder at varying dates hereafter, as the supply of the present stamps becomes exhausted. The values of the stamps will range from  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. to £5 as now. In the design, merely the head of the King is shown, looking to the left, without the crown, which, however, appears at the top of the design. In other respects there is to be no change in the design of the stamps, except in the case of the  $\frac{1}{4}$ d., 1d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and 6d. In these the design shows the head of the King in an upright oval, on the left of which is a branch of bay, and on the right a branch of oak leaves. The new 1d. will be red, and the new 6d. mauve.

The new issues of the month include one or two notable novelties. The new Chilians, engraved by the American Bank Note Company, can now be compared with the discarded Waterlow stamps. Most collectors, I think, will agree that the American is no improvement upon the effective Waterlow design. The Gold Coast Colony has started using up its high values by overprinting them for use as low values, to make way for the King Edward stamps. CAPTAIN readers will do well to secure these at new issue rates as they come out. Some of them are almost certain to become scarce.

**BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.**—We have from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. a 7s. 6d. stamp, as a new value to add to the current series. The design is that of the 5s., which we illustrate.

**CHILI.**—So long ago as the November number of THE CAPTAIN I mentioned



BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.



CHILI.

the report that this country was said to be dissatisfied with the Waterlow design (see illustration in January CAPTAIN, page 324), and that a new series had been ordered from the American Bank Note Company. The first stamp of the new series has come to hand, and we append an illustration. It is a 5c. blue. The portrait,

of course, is that of Columbus.

**COCHIN.**—Most readers will have seen the curious stamps of the first issue of the native Indian State of Cochin, with its central group of hieroglyphics. The *Monthly Circular* has

received from the Postmaster of the State the following interesting description of the design:—

The *umbrella* on the left represents the Hindu emblem of Royalty. The *palanquin* or *palkee* on the right, one of the prerogatives of royalty, as none but a Sovereign could in ancient days ride on a *palkee*. *Conch*, the device of the rajahs of Kerala (viz., the Zamorin of Calicut and the rajahs of Travancore and Cochin) adopted from the tradition that Parsurama made the land of Malabar to rise out of the sea, west of the Western Ghats, by blowing his conch. The top device represents the crown.



COCHIN.

## DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.—

A new series, of the design

illustrated, has been issued.

The values and colours are as follows:—

- ½c., lilac and carmine.
- 1c. „ olive green.
- 2c. „ dark green.
- 5c. „ orange brown.
- 10c. „ orange.
- 20c. „ marone.
- 50c. „ black.
- 1p. „ dark brown.

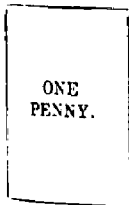


DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

## FRENCH COLONIES.—

*Dahomey*.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the 1c., black on blue, name in tablet in carmine. *Guadeloupe*.—Also the 5c. in the new shade (apple green). *St. Pierre et Miquelon*.—And the 10c., carmine, overprinted "Colis Postaux," for parcel post.

*GOLD COAST*.—Two provisionals have been issued in this colony. They are made by surcharging two stamps of the current series, the 2½d. and 6d., with the words "ONE PENNY" in black.



ONE PENNY.

With the view of clearing the way for an early issue of the new King's head stamps, the colony, we are told, intends to use up its current stock by surcharging the high values for use as low values as required.

"ONE PENNY" on 2½d. lilac and blue, same on 6d. lilac and violet.

*INDIA*.—*Bhor*.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send as a ½d. stamp of new design for this native state, which we illustrate. Bhor is a native state within the political agency of Satara, in the Deccan, Bombay. The portrait on the stamp is presumably that of the ruling chief, but it is a very crude print in carmine on common paper, unperforated.



INDIA.

the current series. The 40c. and 50c. are similar in design to the 10c. illustrated. The 45c., which we illustrate, is slightly different in the framing of the portrait.



ITALY.

- 40c., brown.
- 45c., olive.
- 50c., violet.



ITALY.

*MAURITIUS*.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us a 15c. value to add to the current arms type. The series up to date consists of the following:—

- 1c. grey black.
- 2c. purple.
- 4c. purple on yellow paper, value in red.
- 15c. blue green, value in red.



MAURITIUS.

*NORTH BORNEO*.—Here are two illustrations of the latest productions of the North Borneo Company. At first sight we were much



NORTH BORNEO.

puzzled by the surcharge "British Protectorate." One would imagine from the sudden appearance of such an overprint that the "British Protectorate" had only just been proclaimed. As a matter of fact, it was proclaimed so long ago as 1888. In order to clear up the mystery, we wrote the secretary of the North Borneo Company for an

explanation. He writes: "In reply to the question addressed to us on the 2nd inst., on behalf of the stamp-collecting readers of THE CAPTAIN, I am directed to say that the State of North Borneo became a British Protectorate in 1888, and that the Court of Directors do not feel called upon to explain their reason for making the surcharge referred to." Comment is unnecessary. No reader of THE CAPTAIN should waste his money on such rubbish. We decline to publish any list of such stamps.



NORTH BORNEO.

# OUR NEW FOOTBALL RULES

THE ASYLUM

LAT.  $x$ . LONG.  $y$ .  
LAT + LONG =  $x+y$



Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

**D**EAR SIR,—The success of our last meeting was so marked (many of our members bear the marks to this day), that our football committee was encouraged to call a similar one (only quite different) to discuss the rules relating to the game of football, since many of us object to those in vogue as unscientific and unintelligible. We had some difficulty this time in electing a chairman. The Sultan of Turkey, who usually occupies that position on account of his age and infirmities, resolutely declined the honour on this occasion on the plea that every motion proposed made him sea sick, and it seemed as if the chair would have to remain empty, when we suddenly discovered that we had among our number a chairman by profession. He was unanimously elected in spite of his appeals for mercy, and was eventually pitched head first into the vacant seat. He proved a great success, since nobody paid the least attention to him, and everybody agreed that we could not have had a better (bath) chairman.

The subject before the house was the Rules of Football, but before considering these it was generally admitted to be highly desirable to have a definition of the word "Football." What, then, is football? The professor, a

wonderful genius, as his "Essay on Preferential Polypus" proves, remarked that an analysis of the word would lead to curious and unexpected results. "What," he would ask "was a ball?" It was true that it was sometimes a sphere, but it was also a meeting of both sexes for enjoyment. With what, then, was that enjoyment most intimately connected? With the foot. Hence the word "Football," which most undoubtedly referred to dancing. He moved that football be considered to mean dancing. Here the captain hastily rose, and, extracting from his tail-pocket his favourite brick, replied that he would answer the Professor in his own language. What was it that he held in his hand? A brick. For what purpose was a brick? It was true that it was sometimes used for the purpose of erection, of elevation; but was also intimately connected with flooring, and he added that he would floor with that brick anyone who dared to assert that football meant dancing. The Professor instantly withdrew his motion, pronouncing himself convinced that his reasoning was erroneous. Here he burst into tears and warmly embraced the captain, who patted him affectionately on the back with the brick.

This little difference being settled, we pro-

ceeded to the consideration of the new rules. For some time there was a slight difficulty, owing to the Great Mogul insisting on their being called "Foot rules," "for short," as he said, but somebody, with a heavy round ruler, ruled him out of order, and he subsided on the floor. This being satisfactorily arranged, the professor arose and proposed the first rule. It ran as follows: "On the same base, and on the same side of it, there cannot be two captains having their sides, which are terminated by one extremity of the base, equal to one another, and likewise their sides, which are terminated by the other extremity of the base." This he proceeded to demonstrate, with the aid of a blackboard and a piece of charcoal, but the meeting considered it to be self-evident, and passed it *nem. con.* But I will not weary you with an account of all the debate. Suffice it to say that after a most improving and spirited discussion, we drew up a set of rules which we

(2) DEFINITION.—The lines defining the boundary of the field of play shall be suitably marked, in ink, if possible, and, if not, in black pencil, and players are forbidden to play in rubber shoes for fear of rubbing out the lines.

(3) POSTULATE.—Let it be granted that you must draw the line somewhere.

(4) AXIOM.—If in a part of the ground there be a hole, this is considered to be larger than that part of the ground in which it is situated, since "the hole is greater than its part."

(5) PROBLEM.—If two players from opposite directions come together in the same straight line, the latter is put in the ambulance.

(6) DEFINITION.—The extremity (or end) of every game is points.

(7) THE BALL.—Anybody guilty of blowing up or offering violence to the ball will be fined 6d.

(8) INSIDE.—When once the game is started



PATTED HIM AFFECTIONATELY ON THE BACK WITH A BRICK.

are confident will rouse the interest and gain the applause of all who are interested in this gentle pastime.

## OUR NEW RULES.

(1) THEOREM.—On the same base, and on the same side of it, there cannot be two captains, etc., etc. *O.E.D.*

the ball cannot be kicked or picked up by anybody who is inside. N.B.—This is self-evident.

(9) CHARGING.—A list of charges will be hung up in the refreshment tent.

(10) DEAD BALL LINE.—If the ball cross the dead ball line it is considered to be dead, and an inquest will be held at once. It is etiquette for both sides to attend the funeral.

(11) IN TOUCH.—A ball is "in touch" as



long as you can reach it. If you can't, it is "out of touch."

(12) **TOUCH DOWN.**—When an injured player is laid on a feather-bed, he is said to "touch down."

(13) **TOUCH JUDGES.**—You mustn't touch judges even with a pair of tongs.

(14) **DROP KICK.**—Is a kick delivered to an adversary to make him drop the ball.

(15) **PLACE KICK.**—A place is defined as a particular locality, spot, situation, station, position, site, etc., etc., etc. Any fellow who doesn't know what a place kick is after that must be a fool.

(16) **FREE KICK.**—Is when you get the

the referee with a view to ducking him in the horse-pond.

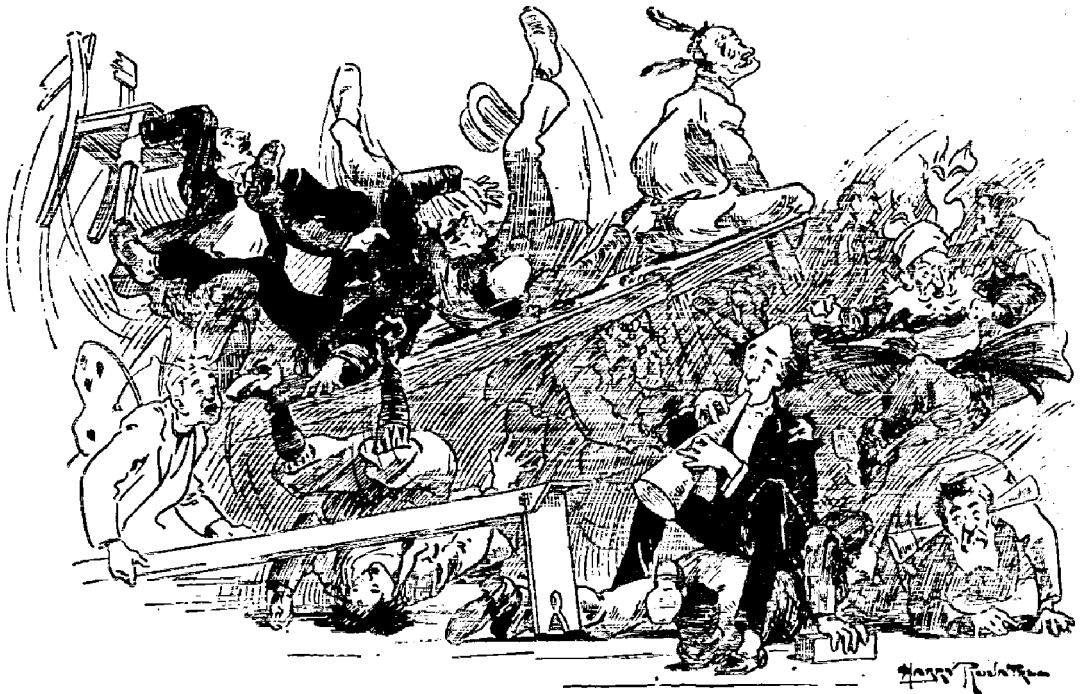
(19) **A SCRUMMAGE OR SCRIMMAGE.**—Can take place anywhere. Some people kick the ball in a scrimmage, but it is better fun to kick somebody else when he isn't looking.

(20) **A PUNT.**—Is useful when the floods are out. It is difficult to kick a ball from a punt—you generally go overboard.

(21) **A TACKLE.**—Is used to haul the ball over the bar, if it is too heavy to do it by hand.

(22) **KNOCKING ON.**—Means knocking the referee on the head to attract his attention. It is done with something heavy.

(23) **A GOAL.**—Consists of two uprights and



A MOST IMPROVING AND SPIRITED DISCUSSION.

referee's leave to kick anything or anybody. The corollary to a free kick is a general scrimmage.

(17) **A TRY.**—Is when you try hard to kick the ball and miss it. N.B.—You generally fall on your trousers.

(18) **A FAIR CATCH.**—Is when you catch

a bar. A goal-keeper can't be too upright. He keeps the bar.

Yours, with fondest love,  
NULLUM CORPUS.

P.S.—Ha, ha! Haven't forgotten my Latin, you see!

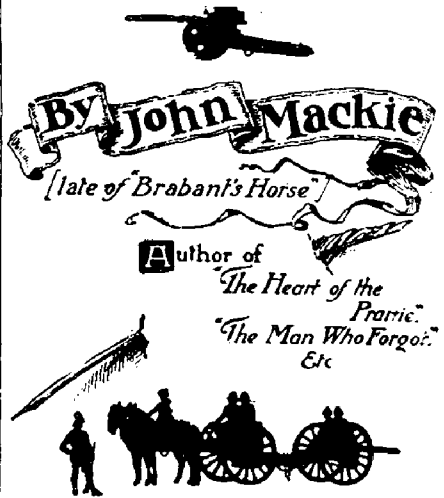


# Tales of the Trenches



THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.

From a snapshot by C. R. France, B.H.



Illustrated by  
George Soper

## No. VIII.—MACNAMARA'S WOOING.

I.

MACNAMARA looked through the low screen of bushes, and this is what he saw. A woman with a Dutch sun-bonnet, or "kappie," upon her head, spreading out snowy linen to dry in the sunshine. He could not see her face, but that did not matter: his imagination and romantic temperament worked miracles.

"Ah! the foine figgur av her! Ow, the swate craythur, an' the ilygance av the lass!" he murmured admiringly.

He had crept up perilously close to the Boer position, and only the river separated him from their sharpshooters. He was doing a little scouting on his own, for he could not understand why the British did not advance and drive the Dutch from the low circular plateau behind the town. The fact was, that the British general was waiting for one or more columns to close in upon the enemy from the north and east, and cut off their retreat; but then the general had neglected to take the private into his confidence, and the result was that in the meantime Macnamara and many more of a like temperament were waxing impatient and spoiling for mischief—Macnamara in particular. He had caught a glimpse of the fair maid in question on the previous day, through Reynolds' Zeiss glasses, and to-day he had, with the cunning of a snake and a Job-like patience, crawled to

within a few hundred yards of the outlying homestead. His irrepressible love of adventure carried him along.

Macnamara, as has been said before, had always been a great ladies' man. Indeed, this anxiety to stand well in their eyes had not infrequently caused him to suffer rebuffs that would have damped the ardour of most men; but then, most men were not like Macnamara. From where he now was he ascertained that the enemy had vacated the river bank on this, the extreme right front of the position, and had drawn back to the ridge some considerable distance behind the farmhouse, the home of the fair unknown. He had already invested her with all the graces that garnish the creatures of romance. She was to him as the Dulcinea of Don Quixote.

Macnamara watched the unwonted sight until he could remain inactive no longer. In a moment of temporary aberration he put two fingers in his mouth and gave expression to his feelings in a graceful whistle, also meant to attract her attention. But the fair vision made no answering sign. This only instigated him to further recklessness. Disregarding the fact that he might be seen by the enemy, he slid down the bank, and, by wading and swimming, soon reached the opposite shore. He was just clambering up the steep slope when a bullet whistled through the air and embedded itself in the clay within a few feet of his head.

When three or four followed in quick succession, he realised that some of his own comrades had spotted him, and, thinking he was one of the enemy, were having a sporting five minutes.

"Bad luck to thim, shure!" he muttered; "they might have waited until I had seen the lass."

He crawled into a crevasse, and lay still until he thought they would be tired of looking for him. Then he popped over the bank, and made his way among the bushes on the other side.

What his intentions were he did not pause to consider. When he occasionally did consider, he knew what to do, but he was in one of his irresponsible moods just then, and that was his very maddest, the romantic one. That he was in imminent danger of being shot or taken prisoner did not seem to occur to him; he only regretted that he had not shaved that morning or put on a clean shirt. He remembered, however, that he had been washing his khaki riding breeches, and had borrowed a pair of civilian trousers from Macpherson, which he now wore. A dilapidated felt hat crowned his head, so that he much more resembled a member of the Boer army than of the British. An insane idea took possession of him. Suddenly he came face to face with the young woman, who was spreading out some more clothes on the bushes. In another moment his heels came together, and his hat described a lordly sweep. He had once seen this done on the stage, and thought it effective.

"Good mornin' to you, marm," he said, in his most engaging manner; "an' it's a foine mornin' this mornin' for the washin' entoirely."

He would have liked to have put more poetry into his remarks, but he could think of nothing better just at the moment.

She looked him up and down, amusement and curiosity showing upon her face.

"Vhat you vhand here?" she asked, disdaining his small talk regarding the washing. "From vidge commando vas you come?"

"De Wet's, marm," was his unblushing reply. He knew it was the largest, and therefore the safest.

"But vhad you vhand?" she persisted uncompromisingly.

He affected a discreet confusion, rubbed his stubby chin, looked for daisies in the grass, and then looked up at her. He was an artist in his way, was Terence.

"Shure, an' I've bin here before wid the crowd," he replied sheepishly, but with meaning, "an' I thought I'd like to come again." He gave her another look.

She laughed softly to herself, and her gaze was not unkindly.

"Bah! you are one strange man, Irishman! Vas it really to see me you come?"

"Troth an' ye've said it! 'Twas the swate loight in yer eyes as did it, mavourneen," he exclaimed with inspiration.

He now caught sight of some men, whom he had not observed before, building a gun-pit on a spur of the ridge, and the madness of his actions began to dawn upon him. He would certainly be shot as a spy if he were caught. But his resource did not fail him.

"An' the field-cornet was arskin' me, shure, if you could give him an harb for his toothache."

"Vhad goronet?" she asked.

"It's yer jaw-breaking names, me dear, I'm disrememberin'," he replied. "Jan—Jan—"

"Stoffel?" she suggested.

"That's the man, marm. I niver could git round that name. It's a stiff 'un—like the man."

"Oh, dat vas vhy you come!" she observed, with a little toss of her head. "Den it vas not for der light in mine eyes! If you come to der house I will give you vhad you vhand."

Terence had not bargained on going near the house, but if he drew back now he would only arouse her suspicions as to his identity; besides, she seemed a nice girl. He must go through with the business.

A Kaffir woman was emptying the soap-suds from a tub as he approached the stoep. She was villainously ugly, and looked up at him in a startled and suspicious fashion. She was about to speak when her mistress gave her a sharp order, and she changed her mind, thus relieving the man's apprehensions. It was as if he had got a new lease of life.

He followed the girl into the house, and, to his unspeakable relief and satisfaction, there was no one there. It was a large, roomy building, and in the well-kept kitchen she bade him sit down.

"Irishman," said the woman, "vill you some coffee trink?"

"Can a dhuck swim, marm!" was the ready response; "shure an' it's a dhrink for angels will be a cup from you."

The poetry in his nature was again coming to his aid, and he began to feel more at his ease. He felt sorry, however, that he was still suffering from a sore throat, and he was conscious of his unshaved and somewhat dilapidated appearance.

"Bah!" she said, "why is it all you Irishmen vill talg to me like dhad?" but there was a smile upon her broad face as she took down from the roof the net of dried herbs and roots that constituted the family medicine chest.

She seemed a long time in finding what was

wanted, but while doing so she also found that Terence was a most agreeable person to talk to. No Dutchman had ever told her so many pleasant things about herself. Suddenly she noticed that the Irishman's gaze was fixed in a peculiarly concentrated fashion upon the opposite hillside.

"Vhad is it?" she asked, at the same time looking to see. "Ah! I had forgot, the general and the commandants was here to meet this afternoon: now they haf come."

"An' may the old man tek them!" exclaimed poor Terence fervently, "for now I'll be afther bein' took myself like a tod in a hole."

"Vhad?" she asked, eyeing him curiously.

"I mane it'll be moighty inconvanient for me to be found here jist at prisint, an' there's the auld bhoys himself!" explained Macnamara, looking around for some firearm with which to meet the situation. But there were no firearms there.

"Ah, I see!" said the woman, with a look of enlightenment that made him feel uneasy. "You must hide here ontill dey go away. Qvick!"

Without a moment's hesitation she ran to a trap-door over which a huge basket of clothes had been placed, and opening it, disclosed a dark cellar underneath.

"Ged in," she commanded.

Macnamara looked. Already he could hear the men's footsteps outside. He did not like the idea, but there was no help for it. He was utterly in the hands of this Boer woman, and he must make the best of things. He must show her that he completely trusted her. He caught up one of her hands and raised it to his lips, but she was impatient and drew it away.

"Bah!" she said. "Ged in."

He blundered down the break-neck wooden stairs: the trap-door was slammed to over his head, and he found himself in utter darkness. He heard a bolt shot, and the basket of clothes pulled back over the hatchway.

"By the blessed St. Pathrick!" he exclaimed, "an' here's a noice ploy! But ah, the swate face o' the lass. Ow, the blue eyes an' the grace av her!"

But here he fell over a box, and dealt no more in platitudes. There was a slight stamping over his head as if to enjoin silence, and in another moment he became aware that three or four men had entered the kitchen and were passing to a room beyond. Terence had picked up the Taal, or so-called language of the Boers, since he had been in the country, so that he could make out what was said. It was undoubtedly the general who asked the woman if they had the house to themselves, and it was the latter who laughingly



"GED IN," SHE COMMANDED.

inquired in her turn if he was trying to be funny. There was one at least in that house who could see nothing funny in the situation.

He could hear the members of the Boer Council pass into an adjoining room, and what surprised him not a little was that he could still hear the murmur of their voices. A thought struck him. He found some matches in his trousers pocket, and carefully struck one. He could see that this cellar ran partly under the adjoining room also

only, just there, a large number of sacks, filled with some sort of agricultural produce, were piled up nearly to the ceiling. To climb to the top of them and crawl along was the work of a minute. Then he applied his ear to the flooring. He might hear something that would be well worth listening to, and justify his coming there should trouble arise from it, and he had to explain matters to a stern and prosaic commanding officer—that was to say, if he succeeded in getting away with his life, which at that moment seemed rather too much to expect.

He was not disappointed. What he heard was so startling, and of such far-reaching importance to the British, that he fairly trembled with excitement. The Boer scouts had brought in word that Clements' column had been sighted to the south-east, and it had been ascertained that the English general, by a forced march that night, would reach a certain narrow neck at dawn on the following morning. It was therefore arranged by the council that, as it would not be possible to hold their present position when the columns came up, they should move out with most of their guns at dusk to meet them, take up a strong position commanding this neck, or pass—which had doubtless been visited and declared free of the enemy by the British during the day—and, after surprising them, and inflicting what could not but be a crushing defeat, seize their convoy; then, changing their direction, make northward so as to join forces with De Villiers. Their convoy, could also start at dusk, and meet them at a point some fifteen miles to the north. A small mobile force left behind would effectually serve to cover their retreat. If the besieging British rushed their position on the following morning, they would find to their chagrin empty gun-pits and trenches. Of course, this much-to-be-desired end depended upon the British not suspecting their designs—which, of course, under the circumstances, was hardly possible. These movements would have to be carried out with the greatest secrecy. One or two more features of the situation were discussed, then one of the Boers, whom to his disquietude Macnamara concluded must be the owner of the house, said that, now everything was agreed upon, he had some good Hollands gin in his cellar which he could produce, so that they might drink to the success of their projects. At the same moment the Irishman heard a light foot stamp warningly two or three times on the floor in the neighbourhood of the trap-door.

Terence for the moment imagined that he was as good as dead, for he knew that were he now discovered he would most certainly be shot. But he was not the kind of man to give himself up as lost without making an effort of some sort

to save the situation. He dislodged a sack, and pulling it partly over him, flattened himself against the wall. Unless the woman gave him away, he might escape the observation of the good man of the house.

He heard the burglar enter the kitchen and pull the basket of clothes from the trap-door. But the woman told him she knew what he wanted, and if he would only get the glasses out of the corner cupboard, she would bring the liquor up herself. She had recently occasion to shift it, and he would not know where it was. The man pooh-poohed the idea, and for a few moments there was something almost like an altercation between them. But the woman was evidently the mistress of the situation, for with a significant raising of her voice, and much noise, she opened the trap-door and descended the stairs. It must have been an anxious moment for the girl, for had her gallant but Quixotic visitor unwittingly addressed her or made his presence known in any way, she would, as well as he, have been in an ugly fix.

"Ss-h!" she hissed warningly, at the same time lifting her hand as she reached the cellar floor.

Macnamara hardly drew breath as he lay close as a rabbit.

She was evidently relieved by not seeing him, for, quickly taking a bottle from a case, she made her exit again, and the trap-door was lowered as before.

"Ah, the swate dream o' light! Ow, the sinse av the lass!" muttered Terence, as he breathed again.

In less than half an hour he had the unspeakable satisfaction of hearing the last man leave the house. He descended from his dusty perch. He was anxious to be off now, for he had a brilliant scheme in his head. If he could only warn the advancing British column of the trap laid for it, he would be Sergeant Macnamara in less than twenty-four hours.

He was about to try and open the trap-door when suddenly it was lifted and a sun-bonneted woman descended. Terence was dazed by the light, but he stepped forward, and, seizing her hand, kissed it fervently, at the same time indulging in some florid language.

But the little hand was rudely snatched away from him with an ejaculation of affright, and a harsh voice cried:—

"Ikona,\* baas: plenty fool you I tink!"

It was the Kaffir servant, whom Terence had mistaken for her mistress. At the same time there was a merry laugh from the room above, and a voice he remembered cried:

\* A Kaffir negative.

"Ach! I vas tink you Irishmen vas all der same! When you haf feenished will you come here?"

Terence vehemently protested against such misrepresentations as he mounted the steps, but at first the young woman affected to disbelieve him. His susceptible heart was fast becoming as plastic as clay in the hands of the potter, and he was in some danger of forgetting the serious business he had in hand in this fresh and romantic attachment. But the woman brought him to his senses.

"Now, you must go, Irishman," she said. "Your comandant will trek dis night—Good-bye!"

"Oh, wurra, wurra!" he moaned, as his sudden love and the thought that he was imperilling the same by thus playing her false occurred to him. "But it's lettin' me come again ye'll be, alana, darlint?" he pleaded.

Either from motives of policy or in her anxiety to get rid of her importunate visitor, she told him he might call upon her again. She was a good-natured woman, if fond of a joke, and mentally concluded that on the morrow he would be much further away than he wotted. He was one of those eccentric Irish aliens who did not know themselves what they wanted.

Then, bidding her an elaborate farewell, Terence Macnamara started out on his perilous undertaking.

## II.

*The* DUSK was coming on apace as he stepped out towards the town. It was a lucky thing for him that not even his boots betrayed his regimental origin, for a spy's death was a very off-hand affair indeed, and his would mean a terrible disaster to the advancing British force. And then the thought that next day his dead body might be discovered by his own comrades, some of whom might even suspect the real cause of his presence there, was soul-harrowing, to say the least of it. To do him justice, he accepted the probable forfeiture of his own life with comparative equanimity. Perhaps what caused him most uneasiness was the reception he might get from the object of his latest infatuation when she discovered he had been sailing under false colours, and had used her goodness to bring disaster upon her people. The thought that he would see her again was something to look forward to, but he would have some trouble in explaining matters.

He passed the end of the long, straggling main street without attracting any particular attention, though he thought some of the slouching, bearded

Boers, with rifles in hand and bandoliers on their chests, scrutinised him keenly. Of course it was only imagination on his part, for he was just then as dirty and dilapidated as any of the foreign mercenaries, and no one had the ghost of a suspicion that he did not belong to the Boer army. Some of them, indeed, wished him good-night as he hurried along, and, plucking up courage, he wished them the same. It was evident that already some orders regarding that night's movements had got about, for the burghers seemed full of business.

He left the town, crossed a field, and skirted a wood, where there was a large camp, making for a herd of horses he saw in the distance. In a quiet corner he came across a wagon. In it, among other things, were a saddle and bridle. To put the former on his head was the work of a moment. He had no sooner done this than he was hailed by a voice he knew only too well. He looked around, and there, for the second time in the campaign, he saw his old friend, the arch-renegade Micky Nolan. He was in the act of tying a horse to a tree.

"Well met, Terence," he said, with an ugly grin on his face. "An' what dhivil's thricks brings ye here?"

"Git out av me path, ye perfidious sarpint ye," retorted Terence, "or it's dancin' a jig on yer gory sepulchre I'll be!"

"I'm owing ye wan for last time, Terence, darlint," rejoined Micky, with an ugly sneer. "Sure an' yer roight, an' it's dancin's yer trade, but wid a chain round yer middle attached to a barril organ."

In another moment they were watching each other like two wild animals. To Terence it was not only a matter of life or death; he felt that the whole British Army had a stake in the issue. Moreover, he knew that a renegade and the man who had played him false was again trying to undo him, and the desire for vengeance gave him strength.

Suddenly Nolan, the renegade, cried out so as to attract attention. In another instant Macnamara had pounced upon him like a living fury. For two minutes they fought each other with their fists, but both realised that such a game was only waste of time. They rushed in and grappled. They were fairly well matched, and for two or three minutes swung and spun madly round each other. Now one was in the air and then the other. Each in turn tried to force his enemy backwards by hugging him like a bear until their bones crackled. In the natural order of things, one or other must speedily give way. Neither spoke a word, their agonised gasps for breath alone testified to the intensity of the struggle. Macnamara realised that he was losing strength, and

that he must make one supreme effort to gain the upper hand. He locked his hands behind his enemy's back and drew him to him. He hugged Nolan till the veins stood out on his forehead, and the whites of his eyes turned upwards—pressing him back till both lost their balance and fell to earth, the renegade underneath. And then, ere Macnamara could disengage himself, his

tions, and rode on into the gathering night to warn the advancing column of its danger.

Three hours later, as he still swung along, he saw some horsemen loom up out of the misty grey, riding in extended order. There was a flash and a report, and a bullet sang past him.

"Hould on, ye preavious spalpeens!" cried Terence, reining up.



POUNCED UPON HIM LIKE A LIVING FURY.

enemy managed to draw his jack-knife from its sheath, and Terence felt the keen blade glance off the buckle of his belt and rip the leather. It was a near shave.

"Ow, the murtherin' heart av ye! Ow, the black sowl av ye!" gasped Terence.

His fingers closed on his opponent's throat. His fingers were like steel wires; his grip tightened, and in another moment the renegade lay quite still.

Luckily no one had put in an appearance as yet, so, putting his saddle on Nolan's horse, he galloped off eastward in lee of a far-stretching belt of timber. He managed to pass between the Boer outposts unseen. Making a great circle he struck a British Cossack post. To the officer in charge he told his story, with certain reserva-

It was the Imperial Light Horse, in advance of the British column. Terence was taken before the general, and immediately afterwards the column advanced, split into two, and occupied two high ridges on each side of the pass. They allowed the unsuspecting Boer commandoes, with their guns, to come well within range, and just as the day-dawn broke they opened a tremendous fire that completely demoralised and annihilated them. Most of the guns and the convoy of the enemy were captured. De Wet to this day occasionally makes himself ill by thinking of what he would do to the man who gave away his plans to the British. If he only knew that it was the sentimental whim of a woman who had sheltered the guilty one in a cellar over which he sat, he would have a fit and die.

That same day the British entered the town, and Terence rejoined his troop. After he had shaved, and put on a clean shirt, he made his way with considerable trepidation to the house of the fair unknown, which had been left intact.

As soon as she saw him she realised the truth; her face became set and as white as death. Terence stood before her in a shamefaced way, stammering some explanation regarding his conduct on the previous day, but the woman cut him short.

"Stop, Irishman," she said, lifting her hand. "I see! You vas one fool, but I vas one still more. Go quick away, pefore I kill you—some oszer voman vill do so one day. Mine husbandt—"

"What? Is it married ye are?" interrupted Terence.  
 "Ya," she replied. "Did I say I was not? But he es presonar now. So you go!" She pointed to the open doorway.  
 And Terence went out through it.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 "Macnamara," said the general a little later, as

that individual stood before him in his tent, "I believe you've told me the truth as to how you came to be in that house—the madness of the whole affair just fits in with what I know of you. But seeing you did so well afterwards, and considering what has happened, you'll have a sergeant's stripes. If you want to keep them, take my advice and—'ware sun-bonnets!"

*John Macbr.*

## "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

**NOTICE.**—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,  
 Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.  
We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by February 12th.

The Results will be published in April.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

**AGE RULE:** A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

**No. 1.—"Hidden Books."**—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Readers of THE CAPTAIN should be familiar with all twelve books, or will, at any rate, have heard of them. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. No age limit. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes

will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions.

**No. 2.—"Words in Names of Places."**—Send the names of *six places*, situated in the United Kingdom, out of which you can make the most words. For instance: MANCHESTER—Man, Chester, chest, tan, her, he, set, an, at, hen, etc., etc. ("Manchester" must not be included in the six.) Three prizes of goods selected from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-one.  
 Class II. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen.  
 Class III. ... .. Age limit: Twelve.

**No. 3.—"Map of the Mississippi."**—Show the course of the Mississippi, from source to mouth, putting in towns on its banks, or in its immediate neighbourhood, mountains, states through which it flows, etc. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-one.  
 Class II. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen.  
 Class III. ... .. Age limit: Twelve.

**No. 4.—"Anecdotes of Dogs" (ORIGINAL).**—Send your anecdote in a letter or on a post-card, as you like. Three prizes, consisting of goods to the value of 7s., chosen from our advertisement pages.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-one.  
 Class II. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen.  
 Class III. ... .. Age limit: Twelve.

**No. 5.—"My Twelve Favourite Songs."**—Send a list of these on a post-card. Three "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS will be the prizes.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-five.  
 Class II. ... .. Age limit: Twenty.  
 Class III. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen.

**No. 6.—"Black and White."**—Send a pen-and-ink drawing of anything you like—humorous or serious. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-three.  
 Class II. ... .. Age limit: Eighteen.  
 Class III. ... .. Age limit: Fourteen.



# ACAVALIERMAID,

## *The Romance of a King's Messenger,*

BY CLIFFORD MILLS.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

ETIENNE GLANVIL, an orphan, grand-daughter of the celebrated French soldier, the Marquis de Latour, is living with distant relations—Sir Geoffrey and Lady Stapleton—near Torrington, in Devonshire, when the Parliamentary troops rout the Western Loyalists and drive them towards the Cornish border of Devon. Etienne by chance meets a wounded Cavalier, who is carrying a message from the King to Lord Hopton; owing to circumstances recounted in the opening chapters of the story, it devolves upon her to deliver the King's packet to the Loyalist general. She is suspected of being in possession of the packet by Giles Harrison, a Roundhead officer and suitor for her hand. With the idea of hurrying into Torrington in search of one Stephen Gale, who is favourable to the King, Etienne leaves the Stapletons' house by a secret door only to stumble upon a Roundhead sentinel, who would have detained her but for the intervention of an unknown officer, who proves to be none other than the great Fairfax. Arrived at Torrington, Etienne is so angered by the rejoicings of the crowd at the rout of the Loyalists that she forgets herself, and cries "Shame on ye all, traitors!" Ill would have befallen her had not a huge man carried her into safety at his own house. The man proves to be Stephen Gale. She is suspected of being a traitress by the wounded Cavalier himself, who escapes from the town and makes for the inn at Langtree. To escape the Roundheads and follow to Langtree to deliver to him the letter, she enters a deserted house, where she finds a young gentleman's discarded dress. This she dons and proceeds on her way. When well out of Torrington she falls in with Sir Harry Burgoin, a friend of Lord Fairfax, who recognises the clothes she wears as having belonged to his young brother, recently murdered at Torrington. She denies knowledge of the crime, but will not explain how she came by the clothes. Catching sight of the Cavalier she is seeking, she gallops on, but Sir Harry brings her down with a pistol shot. She proves, however, to be only slightly wounded in the wrist, and after an adventure with Roundheads in a tavern, she journeys on towards Stratton, accompanied by the Cavalier, to whom she has yielded up the precious packet. Deeming her to be the brother of the maid whom he met near Torrington, he greatly embarrasses her by confessing his love for that lady.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

**B**UT the more I thought on it, the more conviction grew of the dishonourableness of my further journeying with him in such disguise, moreover as I felt that in robbing him of such a comrade as myself I took naught from the safety of his travelling. So I sought my mind for an excuse that would satisfy him and not represent me in too base a light of coward, and, finding none, went hastily and blunderingly to work.

"Sir," I said bluntly, "I will now take my leave of thee."

But he started as from a dream, and looked at me wonderingly.

"Why, what is this?" he cried. "Have I so injured thy self-love that thou wouldst thus leave me?"

I would trust myself to make no further excuse, but turned my horse, and, like the sulky lad he deemed me, rode off without a word, across the moor; whither, I cared not.

When I took count of things again and looked round I saw through my tears that time, even so soon, had placed a long stretch of dreary moorland betwixt my love and me.

I watched him then till he was lost to view in the dip of the hill, and when I no longer beheld him desolation like a cloud fell around me.

But here I grew angered, and bade myself remember how at sunrise I had left the inn at Torrington, untroubled by this fever. Was ever such madness? Eh, dear! in another I would not have credited it, and much impatience did I feel with myself. Yet, when reason thus censured, my fond heart pleaded: "Nay, never was such a man." And away would my thoughts fly, to dwell with tenderness on his perfections.

But neither the time nor place being suitable for such dreaming, I was forced to consider my journey, which lay in the direction my love had gone.

So, soon, I rode on in so spiritless a fashion that my mare chafed at my mood and, in contempt at my handling, fell into so troublesome a going I was compelled to remember her and prove myself master.

Then, in a better understanding, we went forward, and, leaving the moor behind, I wandered until I met a lad, of whom I, flouting caution,

inquired the way. He directed me, and on I went, down a deep, long lane so enclosed with high banks and strange in its twistings that, had I had more than mine own safety to consider, I would have ridden in much fear; such a sweet trap of Nature's setting was it for poor fugitives. But being so lightly laden and callous, save for my heart's pain, I rode on in careless unconcern till I came to a stream that ran by a farm below, and, crossing this, was proceeding onwards, when I saw that which made me pull my steed back suddenly, and sent my heart in my mouth in quick fear.

For there on my right was a shed, in which were tethered several horses, and amongst them, his bright eyes lifted at my approach, was the horse of Sir Harry Burgoin, that Brian Carthew had so lately ridden.

I looked up the lane and around, but no one was in sight; then I slid from my mare, and, leading her to a field, fastened her rein to a hedge, and back I crept to the shed.

Yes, there was no mistake; the crest of the antelope on the bridle would have assisted me had memory played me false. And, alas! there was no mistaking the accoutrements of the other steeds; my love had been taken prisoner by the Roundheads, and the King's letter—what of that?

Trembling with apprehension, I leant back in the dark shed, where I stood for a moment watching the rain falling, with my heart full of sorrow. Alack! it was hard that this should be the end, and these traitors win after all. Win! As I thought on it, there arose in my heart that strange exaltation that had possessed me when first I had carried the King's letter.

I stepped out from the shed, and, looking around me cautiously, crept to the wall beyond that encircled three sides of the farm. Keeping under its shelter, I at length came to the front of the house, and, from behind a garden hedge there, I searched each window with hungry gaze.

But a jingle of chain startled me, and there to the right of me was a Roundhead trooper. In the midst of a heavy yawn was he when I caught sight of him, and impatient was the look he cast towards the farm as he turned his horse and with no little noise rode towards the outer gate, thus giving me chance to slip across the sward to the house.

Reaching this ere he was again in sight, I crept under shelter of the deep porch to the window furthest from the roadway.

But not a moment had I knelt beneath it than through the lattice came the sound of a woman weeping.

"Alack!" she cried, "how hard is this! Six soldiers upon us, and I am run off my legs to provide. Alack! but these cruel wars will beggar the lot of us. Oh! why went my man to Hols-worthy this day?"

Here, grief abandoned, she hung her head through the casement, and, seeing me beneath, screamed out at the sight.

But cautioning her to silence I shook my purse before her eyes. "See," whispered I, "if thou wilt give me safe hiding from those within, I will wager thou art not the loser."

The sight of the gold which I displayed stayed her tears. She leant further towards me.

"You are for the King, sir?" she whispered, "but no matter. Run round to the left and wait at the door thou wilt find there."

I wanted no second bidding, but, though I speedily found the door she had mentioned, I waited there full five fearsome minutes ere she opened it and cautiously beckoned me within.

"Quick," she cried, breathless, "they are going! They asked for cider, but I have fooled them and said there was none in the place."

But I caught her arm. "Let them not go," I cried, "if thou wouldst see gold of mine. Run! run! Say thou wilt bring the wine, and that right speedily." Then, as she lingered: "Go!" I exclaimed, stamping my foot in sheer desperation.

She looked at me in amaze and hesitated, but the gold I chinked in my hand decided her, and she hurried down the narrow passage, and I heard her high voice explaining matters in the room beyond.

She was soon at my side again.

"They will wait," she said, "for they are spent with travel, but," and she pulled me into the kitchen, "they have a prisoner amongst them; is it he you are after?"

I nodded my head.

"I must speak to him, though I die for it," I said. "Canst thou not devise some method?" And I turned upon her beseechingly.

"Why," she muttered sulkily, "what you ask is not possible. He sits alone in the window, truly, but six are between him and the door."

"Nay, but thou couldst speak to him perchance whilst the others refresh themselves with the wine. Think!" cried I. "Never hadst thou such a chance of making gold by thy wit." And I tossed my purse meaningly.

Alas! greed was in her gaze, but nothing more, and I sat hopeless. But the next moment I sprang to my feet and clapped my hands.

"Quick!" I cried, "for I will take in the wine myself. Oh! these Roundheads, how we will yet cozen them. Oh! my love!"

She thought me mad ; and small wonder.

"You," she exclaimed ; "they will take thee also."

But I caught her and kissed her where she stood.

"Dear soul !" I said, "am I so old a youth that a woman's garb would not disguise me ? See," I cried, "so much for the loan of thy Sunday gauds for a few moments."

"Oh !" she said, as she gasped at the guineas and looked in my face by turns, and then, smiling, fled from the room ; where I waited in much trepidation, scarce daring to think on what I was about. But oh ! how my heart rose to hoodwink these rebels, and look once more on the face of my love.

When I turned there was the woman with an armful of gauds. Dear heart ! she opened her eyes to see a youth so nimble in the donning of them. For I stayed not but to remove my cape and hat, and the doublet beneath so filled her best attire that none could have cavilled at its fit.

Ah ! but my heart beat fast when, following her with jug and tankards, the door opened, and I found myself confronted by none other than the ferret-eyed cornet, who had strode in upon us at the "Green Dragon Inn."

"Now," he exclaimed, as he caught sight of me behind, "shall we be helped betimes !"

But I turned from him as we had planned, leaving the woman to serve him, and busied myself with the troopers beyond. Their rude jests at my expense dyed my cheeks with confusion ; yet was I glad, since it showed me I was unsuspected, and I filled their tankards with so full a measure that they vowed a better-hearted wench had not served them since they had come to the crabbed west.

Through it all their prisoner never moved. His gaze was turned to the lattice and his face was stern and troubled. As I looked upon him sitting there alone, a prisoner, such a sudden rush of tenderness filled my heart that for a second I dare not trust my voice to speak, lest the tone of it should betray me.

The woman, anxious to win the gold I had promised if I attained my purpose, had now caught the attention of the rest, with whom she talked and made merry.

"Sir," I said, standing before him where he sat in the window-sill ; "sir, wilt thou not drink also ?"

But his thoughts were away, so I touched his shoulder, whereupon he started and, half looking up, thanked me, and turned again. Then I knew it was live or die to our undertaking.

"Sir," I cried, bending and speaking low, "wilt

thou not drink to the success of Godfrey Glanvil and the message he will carry to Stratton for thee—if thou preferest ?"

Then, as I spoke, raising his quick glance to mine, he knew me ; and oh, my love ! I saw the good hope fly to his eyes, and, as he looked down on me, his lips tremble. Perchance of the two I was the calmer as, amidst the noisy laughter of the rest, I filled his tankard.

'Twas but a moment ere he set it down again, and yet, in that short time, my fingers had closed once more upon the King's letter.

"Go," said he in a whisper, "and Heaven bless thee for a true lad, Godfrey Glanvil !"

But though I yearned to do his bidding, I was not to go so easily ; for a rough fellow caught my wrist, and, dodging his officer's eye, strove to salute me, whereupon I, angered, and burning to be gone, threw the rest of the cider into his leering face, much to his discomfort and the others' amusement, for they all hailed my exit from the room with loud laughter.

Outside in the kitchen the woman joined me, mightily pleased with the success of our plan.

"Never have I seen the like," she laughed. "Thou hast the very turn of a woman, and make no ill-looking a maid. Eh, dear life, what my master will say when I tell him !"

I paid her to her heart's content, beseeching her to keep the troopers, if possible, engaged some minutes longer, whilst I got forward on my journey ; and then, by the way I had come, I crept back again ; and, seeking the field, found my true little mare nibbling the grass on the bank. I was so overjoyed at her faithfulness that I bent and kissed her pretty sleek neck, and, leading her by a way the woman had told me, found myself above the farm, on a wild, broad moor, of which, as far as I could see, I was the sole wayfarer, and across which I was soon going forward, as fast as my good steed could carry me.

In truth, I would not trust myself e'en to think of my love left behind, but gathered courage for my journey in the thought of the content that had shone in his eyes when he blessed me. Perchance some of the spirit of the madcap wind that was chasing the soft grey rain possessed me, for fatigue I felt none, and oh ! how my heart leapt to think how we had managed to cozen those rebels once more.

Yet, some distance on, I reined my horse in sudden fear, for behind me came the sound of shot, or else my fancy played me false.

Waiting a moment, I listened. In truth, it seemed there was danger in my further journeying in so open a place, and, turning from it, I sought the road beyond.

## CHAPTER XV.

ON FOR THE KING!

**H**AD I been wiser than the simple maid I was, I had thought more of the dangers I ran by so riding straight forward, and would not, as I did, have thereby saved my mare many a mile.

But as it was, made daring by the strange

banks, but to this I could not trust myself, but passing into the open country I went on, and further down the stream found a ford, by which I crossed.

But I had not ridden so much as a dozen yards in fair Cornwall, when I found how fickle a mistress is Fortune. Lame went my mare, with a hind shoe that dragged, and my journey was stayed beyond help. I got off to examine it, but



"SIR, . . . WILT THOU NOT DRINK TO THE SUCCESS OF GODFREY GLANVIL?"

elation that filled my breast, and feeling that success, which so far had been mine, would not desert me in the end, I rode on boldly, asking questions of country folk when I needed with an effrontery that disarmed them of suspicion.

Coming to a steep hill, I saw below me a silver river, winding through the valley. Dear heart, it was the Tamar at last! A village lay on its

found, as I feared, it was work for the smith alone. It was true the village was on each side of the stream, but much did I deplore taking the precious missive I carried into the dangers that might lurk therein.

But, alas, already were the afternoon shadows falling, and who could tell if this night would not see the King's army journeying further west,

or, worse, maybe assembling to give battle to their enemies.

There was nothing for it but to brave the venture and trust to the Providence that had hitherto sustained me. So across the fields I went, and, gaining the outskirts of the village, inquired for the man I sought. Finding him, I saw to my dismay that he was already engaged in shoeing one horse, and that another in the shed waited his attention.

For some moments I stood at the entrance of the shop looking on with impatience, but, fearing my almost uncontrollable anxiety to be away might betray me, I sought the inn a short way up the street, where I procured some refreshment, being, I now found, much in need of such.

A pretty maid served me, with so kind an attention I could but marvel, till I recalled my disguise. She told me that the Lord Hopton was said to be still at Stratton, whither all who were faithful to the King were hastening. Here she looked at me and sighed, and added there was much to be said for both sides; and for her part she cared not, if a man were proper to look upon and had a civil tongue, which he followed.

"And of the truth of this you can guess, for there are two of the other side in the room beyond, yet do I attend your honour," she whispered, blushing, her cheek at my shoulder.

Despite my caution I started at her words, which she seeing stood with her head on one side observing me, then, beckoning me to follow, she stole on tip-toe to the passage. Here, through a half-open door, we looked into the tap-room beyond, where I beheld a couple of Roundhead troopers smoking in front of the fire.

"They do but await their horses from the smithy to join the rest of their party, who are patrolling the town here," she whispered.

And sure enough at that moment there arrived in front of the inn, not only their steeds but mine own also, which the lazy smith's lad, to save himself an extra journey, had brought at the same time.

It was the quickest maid in all the world whose hand I had caught in my fear, for ere I spoke she divined my difficulty.

"Go," she cried, as they within the tap-room beyond rose at the clatter without, "a yard in advance often wins the mile."

And go I did, terror assisting haste, heedless that the lad cried out for payment or that the two Roundheads standing at the inn's entrance added their voices to the hue and cry that followed my going up the street.

I vowed as I rode up the hill beyond, which the traitors had not so much as rounded, that there was more loyalty in the hoofs of my mare, than

was now to be found in half Devon. And in truth the dear creature seemed to understand when I cried to her softly:—

"On sweetheart, on, for we ride for the King!"

With many a backward glance I rode, but so swift was my steed that, after a time, I doubted me not I had defied pursuit. So I checked my little mare's speed, being anxious not to intrude too much on her willingness, and, having asked my way at a cottage, rode on by a narrow horse track through the most desolate country I e'er had seen. Across the yellow moorland, that on all sides surrounded me, a cold breeze blew, and from many a clump of trees as I passed came the mournful hoot of the owl as the grim night bird hailed the setting sun, which on my left was travelling to rest by a pathway of watery clouds.

It was in truth a drear land for a maid to travel at sunset, but each yard I went was taking me nearer the goal I sought, and on I went by hill and vale till at last on the wind came the boom of the sea.

Dear heart! As I heard it, I rose in my stirrups and cried out in sudden joy. For there, but a few miles away, rose a rugged headland, enclosing a fair, wide bay, upon the rocky shore of which the great, white-crested waves rolled and broke in clouds of foam.

The dear, dear sea! A sob came to my throat at the sight of it; so true a friend it seemed, assuring my anxious heart by its presence of the speedy ending of my journey.

Alas! my rapture was short-lived! A sound startled me, and, looking round, I caught sight of a party of horsemen who, coming at full speed up a road to my right, threatened to reach the cross-roads before me.

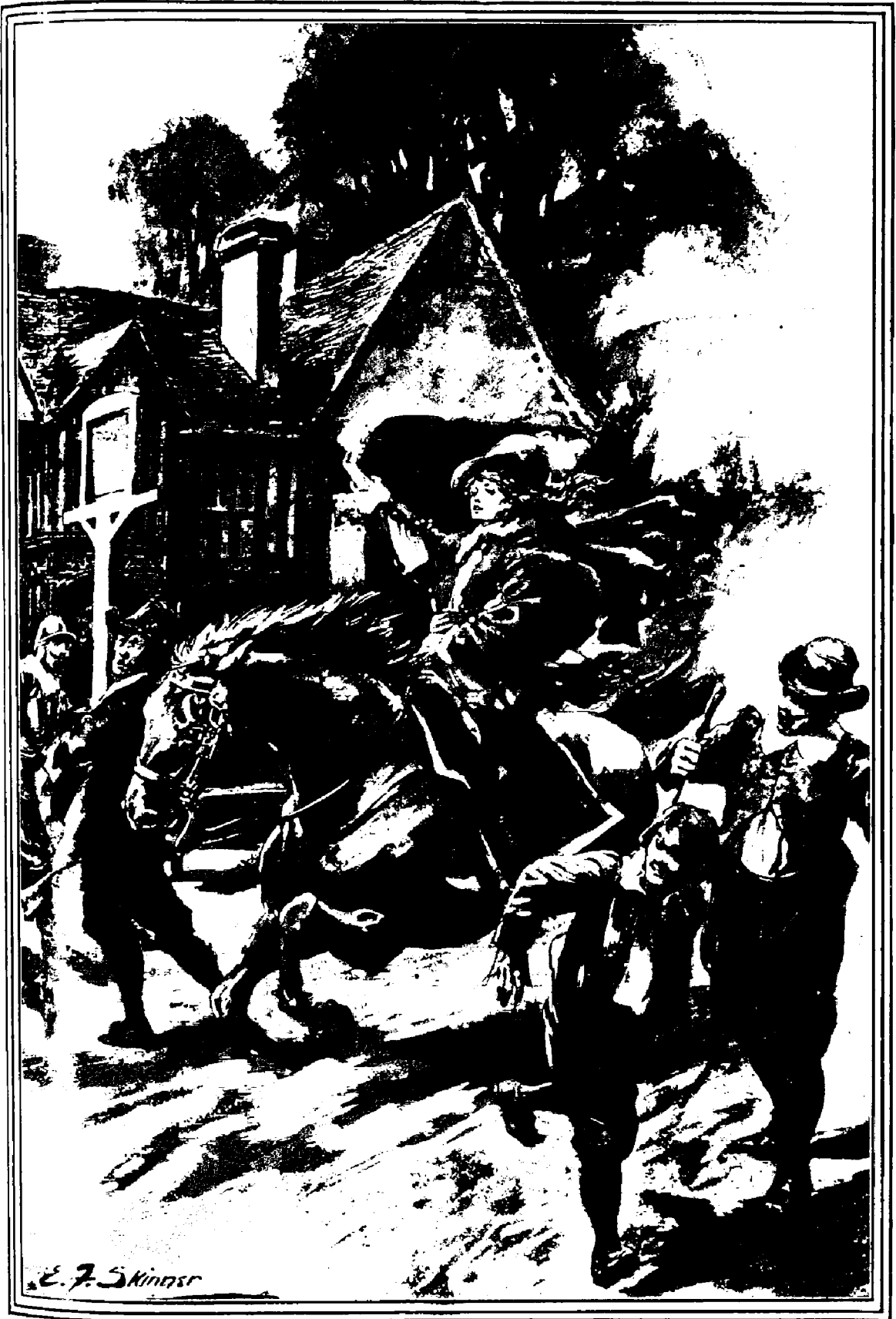
I uttered a cry of dismay as I saw this, and then, urging my mare, I rode forward. I heard them behind shout, and on they came, but, dear heart! I was first to reach the turn, and away down the hill I went; losing sight of the sea, and on and away with them at my heels, for full two miles and more, till down in a deep, deep valley I looked on a clustering, fair, white town, and knew that my journey was ended.

At the outskirts an outpost called on me to stop, but the fear of those behind was upon me. Plucking the packet from my coat I held it aloft.

"For the King!" I cried. "For the King!"

And they that walked stepped from my path as I rode, my curls on the wind, my heart nigh to burst, and a sound like the sea itself in my ears.

But as I neared the stream and caught sight of that dear sacred hill of Stamford rising ahead, the nearest of my pursuers gained upon me.



"FOR THE KING!" I CRIED. "FOR THE KING!"

"Lad," he cried, "good lad—perdition take thee!—but thou canst ride!"

Dear heart! it was my love that spoke, and his hand that caught my reins and pulled my horse to a standstill, in front of a group of Cavaliers, who had stood watching our approach, below in the bend of the lane.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### AT THE "TREE INN."

**F**OR the moment intense surprise held me spellbound. Meantime, the party of Cavaliers who had rescued Sir Brian had now joined us. These drawing rein, one and all saluted a dignified Cavalier, who stood foremost of the group in front of us.

He returned their salutations, his eyes upon me, who, mannerless and mute, sat on my horse, still holding the packet on high.

"Doff thy hat, lad," cried my love in my ear. "'Tis the Lord Hopton."

But at his words I turned so white a face upon him that he sprang from his horse with a cry.

"My lord," he said, "the boy doth swoon with fatigue, and no marvel, for he has done no ill day's journey, to ride through the enemy's lines to bring this safely to hand."

And he stooped to pick up the packet that, slipping from my nerveless fingers, fell fluttering to the ground.

Dizzy and faint, I sat on my horse like one in a dream, and heard the cheer go up from those around, as Sir Brian Carthew presented the letter that, after so many perils, now found its way safely into the hands of his chief.

But though several pressed forward to assist me, it was Sir Brian Carthew who led my horse, and stayed my courage by brave words to endure, as we followed the rest to the inn up the hill.

But ere we gained it the story flew, as news will, and from each door and up the stony street the people thronged to see the youth who had ridden so fast for the King.

Ah me! had they known how troubled a girl's heart beat 'neath the lad's doublet of him they watched, what surprise had they.

For though, as yet, I was too sick to realise all, I felt never was maiden in worse perplexity; and how fervent was the prayer I breathed that Heaven would aid me to keep my secret, so that presently I might steal from them all and seek my nurse, within whose sheltering arms I longed to hide my maiden sorrow!

So thinking, I whispered my heart to endure,

and entered the inn with Sir Brian Carthew. But here at my entrance was I met with such a cheering and waving of plumed hats as well-nigh overcame me, so many thronging forward, with kindly word, to shake my hand, that again mine eyes sought my love's in despair. I think my glance puzzled him, but he smiled, and, turning, besought the rest to desist till I had had time to recover somewhat. Here was he summoned to my Lord Hopton, who, standing at the window, was perusing by the fast fading light the message from the King.

Following his going with my gaze I saw the general, after a short and eager converse, lead him towards a group at the further end of the room, the centre of which was a distinguished-looking old man, who from his soldierly and haughty bearing I adjudged to be an officer of great importance. Taller was he by half a head than any near him, and the perfect taste and simplicity displayed in his sombre yet rich attire, set off the elegance of his figure which, still erect and dignified, belied the age his snow-white locks imputed.

His proud, keen glance falling upon me as he talked to the rest, set me marvelling as to where I had seen the like, for in truth it seemed I had met it before.

The other Cavaliers, with kind consideration, had left me in quietness, and thankful was I for the space to collect my thoughts and still my heart's deep throbbings.

Sitting thus apart I watched them all. In truth it was a goodly company in which I found myself. For here at the "Tree Inn" at Stratton had the truest and bravest in the land rallied themselves around as heroic and stainless a chieftain as ever drew sword for a King.

Though it was true their laces were tarnished, and the plumes in their beavers bedraggled, they wore all with the distinguished elegance that would have graced a royal festival.

But two short nights ago had I, with bursting heart, crept to my chamber at Stapleton, and strove in vain to shut from my ears the shameful exultation of the traitors. And now, here was I in so quick a time surrounded by honourable gentlemen; and on each side did I hear such protestations of love for the King and devotion to his cause as brought me new strength and the colour to my cheek more speedily than the wine they had set before me.

Running down the centre of the long, low room was a table spread from end to end with all the best the inn could furnish. And, as the serving men hurried to and fro bringing in viands, the Cavaliers in little groups about the room talked and laughed in the gloaming.

Ah dear! the content it was to hear the like after my sad years of exile with the enemy. I felt I had liked to die then and there, so dreary looked the future, apart from all that from my childhood I had learnt to esteem.

Then in a twinkling it seemed to me, while I thus sadly pondered, did they gather about the board; and as I watched shyly from the shadows where I sat, marvelling how best I could slip away unseen, did two come forward and lifting me, chair and all, carry me, amidst much merriment and cheering, to the table, where they set me down, dear heart! at the side of their chief himself.

So it was that, despite protestations, I found myself a most honoured guest at that table, around which were gathered some of the noblest hearts left to His Majesty.

But alack! with what reluctance, with what unutterable shame did I sit there. Little did they guess how cruel was the honour they bestowed upon me, nor how thankful would I have been for cold neglect so that I had been permitted to go unquestioned.

Yet the very longing I had not to be discovered upheld me to endure. And though the food I forced myself to eat half choked me, and each commendation of the courteous Lord Hopton cut through my heart like a knife, I sat there to all appearances the shy youth they thought me.

Hardest of all to bear was the relation of my venture by Sir Brian Carthew, who, at my Lord Hopton's request, told of my ride and the methods whereby I had saved the King's letter from the rebels.

Dear heart! As he spoke, how the eyes of those around the table flashed upon me, as each to the other vowed no braver youth had lived, nor better trick been played the cunning Round-heads!

The kind Lord Hopton, noting at length the embarrassment I strove so hard to conceal, refrained from further questioning me, and devoted himself to the stately old officer with white hair who occupied the seat at his right hand.

Together, I observed, they conversed in French, I adjudged for better caution, as the servitors still thronged the room. And through it all I sat as one in a dream, watching the gallant throng, and anon, when I dared, stealing a glance at the noble face of Sir Brian Carthew, who sat opposite, deep in converse with Sir John Digby, the brave leader of horse who had so gallantly contested the fight at Torrington, and who now spoke of the morrow and the expediency of pressing westwards, since retreat and not battle was to be the method with the rebels until the landing of the French allies.

But the longest hour must come to an end, and so it befell that our meal drew to a close, and standing we drank the King's health, and I dared to hope my penance over.

But before we had time to reseal ourselves the stately stranger at Lord Hopton's side spoke.

"Pardon me, Messieurs," he said in broken English, "if I now propose the health of Monsieur here, the brave youth whose gallant conduct has stirred my old heart to admiration and recalled to my memory those days long past, when, encouraged by the glorious example of their leader, the great Henry of Navarre, the gentlemen of France found also pleasure in such deeds of daring loyalty.

"Monsieur," he cried, turning to me, who, shrinking, strove to evade his gaze, "Monsieur, permit my congratulations; and take from the lips of an old soldier this truth, that no greater tie can bind England to the heart of France than such bravery displayed by England's sons. Monsieur, your name—that we may pledge you."

Looking up, my cheeks burning with shame, I found the eyes of all upon me. Kindly, encouragingly, aye, tenderly they regarded me—these brave, true men I was thus so basely deceiving. My love, leaning a little forward, kindest of all, his face lit with pleasure at the honour done his comrade, waited like the rest, tankard in hand.

"Come," said he, "come, Godfrey."

Then, with a gasp, I told the lie.

"Godfrey Glanvil," I said, "is my name."

But here the old Frenchman's eyes, deep, piercing, intense, dwelt on my face, so that I dare not so much as drop mine from his gaze, for they seemed to read my heart, and the deceit that dwelt there. White grew I to the lips as he looked upon me, my tankard shaking in my trembling hand. Alas! thus, despite myself, did guilt cry out upon me.

Then did my love, thinking to help, explain that I was Godfrey Glanvil, son of that noted Cavalier who fell at Stratton fight two years ago, and, speaking so, smiled encouragement upon me, whom he thus unwittingly betrayed.

For no sooner did the Frenchman hear these words than he cried out sharply:—

"Godfrey Glanvil? Pardon me, Monsieur, but here is some mistake; no son had this same Godfrey Glanvil—on my word do I give this, gentlemen, on the word of the Marquis de Latour."

Frozen with despair of the moment, I looked into his eyes, and knew him for no other than the great Latour.

When I realised this, all hope I had of keeping my secret left me. Under the pitiless scrutiny of his gaze I grew faint with sheer horror.



"Come!" said he—alas! how like cut of steel was his tone! "Trifle not thus, monsieur, with an old man. So brave a deed requires no *nom de guerre*."

And here those at the table, witnessing my confusion, cried out that he was right, and bade me speak. But silent I stood, a statue of despair.

Into Latour's face I looked with such poor dignity as I could muster.

"Alas, sir!" I said, "I am that unhappy lady, whose loyalty, perchance, hath outstepped conventionality—who, when all around were traitors, did thus dare to serve the King."

Thus far I spoke, and then shame like a torrent broke through the barrier of my poor pride



"WHO ART THOU, THEN, YOUNG SIR, WHO HAST THUS RIDDEN FOR THE KING?"

Then did Latour lose patience.

"Wilt thou by thy silence twit me as a liar?" he cried. "Did I not know, I, her grandfather, that one daughter and that only had this Godfrey Glanvil? Who art thou, then, young sir, who hast thus ridden for the King?"

Casting one piteous glance around me, to find on each face interest replaced by cold suspicion, desperation born of despair seized me.

and down I sank in my chair sobbing, my head on the table to hide me from their gaze.

I think in all the world naught more terrible could have been than the silence which followed. So deep it was, so full, intense, it stayed the wild sobs which first did strangle me, and impelled me at length to look up.

Dear heart! they stood around, with downcast glance, before me, every man bareheaded now,

where a moment before each had worn his beaver. But the face of my love, upon which my despairing glance rested—ah! would that I had died before I had seen how changed it was; how white and stern the features turned aside from me!

Oh! I knew, I knew—of what he was thinking, how so basely I had cheated him of his heart's secret: with what unmaidenliness had I done all. Thinking thus, such an anguish seized me, that I sprang to my feet in despair.

"Oh! if ye have hearts," I cried, "let me away at once, for each moment here is cruellest torture, lest in your minds ye read me not aright."

Then, as I moved to go, a dozen sprang to open the door, and bowed low as I passed; but, alas! my love was not of that number, and I went out sobbing.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### LATOUR.

**B**UT I went not far alone. For before I gained the street someone overtook me, and there at my side, a commanding figure in the twilight, stood Latour.

But I, forgetting all but shame at my intolerable position, confronted him without fear.

"Could I do otherwise?" I cried, in his own tongue. "It was for the King, thou mindest—for the King, Latour. Thou wouldst thyself have done the like."

And in a passion of tears I stood before him.

"'Tis true," he answered, his stern voice broken, "thou sayest rightly, I should have done the like. Ah, *mon enfant*," he cried, "'tis that which be-speaks thee grandchild of Latour."

He held out his arms as he spoke, and, with a sob, I fled to the security of his embrace. Here for some moments I lay, appalled by the excess of the deep emotion that shook his stately form. Then I raised my head.

"Ah, *mon grandpère*," I implored, "if thou hast pity for my shame take me to some spot in this big world where never I may see the eyes of any one of those within."

"But, my child——" he protested tenderly.

Then, as sounds came from within:—

"Quick!" I cried. "Hide me, oh, hide me?"

With the uttermost tenderness he comforted my fears; then, taking from his shoulders his own dark mantle, he threw it round me, and, so clad and clinging to his arm, we went out into the starlit street.

As we walked down its hilly length, ever and anon did he press my hand that trembled on his arm. "Courage, my child," he whispered. "Have no fear—thou art with Latour."

Thus did I, in such a life-storm, find kindly haven in the heart of the grandfather who had for so long disowned me.

That night we rested at an inn at the base of the hill. And nought could exceed the tenderness of my grandfather, who, with marvellous consideration, saved me from all embarrassment so that none knew of the boy's attire I wore beneath my clinging mantle.

But alas! sleep came not near mine eyelids the livelong night, and the morning found me in so high a fever from fatigue and distress, that there was no thought of our going onward.

All the morn I tossed in weariness, in such a torment of thought, and with so aching a heart, 'twas all I could do to force a smile to ease the troubled face of Latour when he came to the door of my chamber. He went away comforted with the knowledge that my old nurse lived not far distant; and I lay listening to the noise in the street below. Noise of the clatter of horse and the shouting of men. Alas! I knew it was the King's army retreating westward, and, knowing, wept for my love, who went with them; my love, whose face I felt I should see no more.

Lying thus, I pictured them all, that gallant throng of last night riding forth booted and spurred, their brave faces stern beneath their drooping beavers. Would they, oh! cruel thought! speak lightly of her who had left them in such maiden misery but yesternight?

Oh! the weary day; how drearily the rain fell amongst the branches of the apple tree that tapped my window with every gust of the noisy west wind!

So I fretted sleepless, till, when the evening shadows were falling, came a step on the stairs that stayed my heart's beating, and there was my dear old nurse at the foot of my bed.

"Oh, child!" she said, as I sprang to her, "stay this wild weeping, dear heart! Wouldst kill thyself?"

"Nanette," I whispered that night when all the world was sleeping and I had told her my story, "did ever, ever a gentlewoman so forget herself?"

"Why, my bird," she reproached tenderly, her arms round me, "is it indeed thy father's daughter who thus doth cavil at work for the King?"

And with such sweet comfort I at last slept.

Yet, with all their care, 'twas full a week ere they deemed me recovered sufficiently to be moved from the inn. And even then we left in

strictest secrecy, for a reason that in my sickness I had not dreamed.

This being that, by thus remaining at Stratton, Latour had cut himself off from the King's army, now at Bodmin; the rebels having by this time established themselves between us and that town.

When I knew this, and realised how grave was the danger the great Latour, staunch loyalist and partisan of our Queen, ran of being taken prisoner by these insolent rebels, naught could exceed my distress at being the cause of his peril.

But my grandfather, his proud eyes flashing, laughed at my fears.

"Console thyself, *ma mie*," he said; "these English traitors will at least find their match in Latour."

So it came that we went not far from Stratton, but took up our abode in a house that a trusty relative of my nurse procured for us. Built on the side of the hill, in the midst of an old garden surrounded by high walls, it gave promise of security and rest, if these, alas, could now be found in England.

From the hill behind our little house my grandfather pointed out to me the cliffs, and bade me listen to the far-off sound of the sea.

"Beyond is a bay, I am told," he said, his keen glance searching the coast line, "where at full tide at times one may embark. Who knows," he mused, "that such may not mean safety to us if events run ill?"

Ah dear! Oft did I climb that wooded hill, which, as the days passed, grew all golden sweet with clustering primroses, and sit me there to look with heartsick gaze, not seawards, but towards that fair town of Stratton, where last I had set eyes upon my love.

Ah me! Brian Carthew, first in the fight I knew wert thou, and perchance already dead for thy King, but in truth, wherever thou wert, thou didst carry my heart with thee, even per-adventure to the dim shadowland of Death itself.

Save for this sorrow of mine, which none might share, the days were happy. For each hour I spent in his company increased the respect and love I felt for my grandfather, the noble Latour. Ah! what a man was he! And when at nightfall Nanette would bring the lamp into our sitting-room, and, closing the shutters, leave us together, I would sit at the feet of Latour, and listen to the tales he told.

Such tales of bravest deeds, of hair-breadth escapes, and ever the King foremost, and, close to his heels, Latour.

Sometimes I vowed that, in this or that, Latour himself had carried the palm, but he would hush such words as sacrilege.

"Nay, the King, child," he would say. "Ah, couldst thou have seen my King!"

And his keen eyes would grow misty with the hallowed remembrance of his youth's idol.

Sometimes he would tell me of the little King Louis, and praise his great comeliness, and wonder if he would one day follow in the steps of his glorious grandsire.

"But nay, I think not," he would sigh; "the world will not see two Henris of Navarre."

Then he would check his sad thoughts, and his proud glance would kindle as he told of the honour and power of his position in France, and how that none were more welcomed at court by the stately Spanish Queen-mother than he, the old warrior.

"Ah, my child," he would say, "thou wilt confess when thou dost see thy home, the Chateau de Latour, that no fairer place exists."

From him I learnt that his mission to England had been twofold—he having brought letters from our Queen to the Prince of Wales, then in Truro, with the hope, on the completion of this business, of seeking me out, if the warlike state of the country would permit him. And it was in journeying for the latter purpose that he had met the King's army at Stratton, where he had become the guest of the courteous Lord Hopton.

"Little did I think," he said, his eyes sparkling, "to find thee in that brave youth; though at sight of him, it is true, my old heart leapt."

But I cried out in pain, imploring him never, never to speak of that wild ride of mine.

"Ah, but," he exclaimed, a twinkle in his eye that I found hard to forgive, "must I for ever forget, mademoiselle, that pretty grandson of mine, whose brave deed I found so adorable?"

"For ever, for ever, monsieur," I cried, my hand on his mouth to stay him.

"Now what can a poor man do," he laughed, "with such a despot of a grandchild?"

So did we grow fast friends, Latour and I, but one barrier was there that stayed my love's free tide, and this, that of my parents he never spoke.

From my kin at Stapleton no news had come, but in truth this was not to be marvelled at, seeing the secrecy in which we lived and the object we had for not being discovered. But I doubted not that news of my escapement from Torrington, and the method thereof, had by this time reached them.

Neither had I heard aught of Sir Harry Burgoin, and much did I harass myself at the thought that, should he need my testimony, he would find difficulty in discovering my whereabouts. Nevertheless, remembering his words I had carefully laid by the clothes in which I had ridden from Torrington.

"Preserve them, Nanette," I said, "for we may yet have to give account of them."

On a wild morning in March I walked with Latour down a deep lane all bowered o'er with nodding catkins. Above our heads and about our path blew last summer's faded leaves from oak and beech, caught by the boisterous wind.

Latour, deep in thought, walked at my side, and, as he heeded not my chatter, I fell to silence also, and away as ever flew my thoughts to that little army westward, of the doings of which we heard such meagre tidings, and those by stealth.

But this morn a message had come to my grandfather, which he had perused with grave countenance, and, though I had well-nigh died to learn the purport, I had refrained from question, lest from my eagerness he should dream aught of the secret of my heart.

But presently he spoke.

"So it is all over," he said, "this great struggle. Ah! a strange people are your English, Mademoiselle Etienne."

"But what?" I cried with a white face.

"It appears," said he, "these English make but poor courtiers, and the King has lost, Milord Hopton is to be forced to sign a treaty, and the war here is over."

But I caught his arm.

"Ah! *mon grandpère*," I cried, "what of the allies from France?—when they come will not the King teach these rebels a lesson?"

"Dear child!" he answered sadly, "the hearts that would once have readily righted the wrongs of the favourite child of Henri of Navarre are dead in their graves—or, worse, have wittingly lost remembrance."

Here he mused, while I hung on his face with my gaze.

"Mazarin hath played with our poor Princess, as he hath done with many," he murmured. "Much do I doubt if he had ever least intent of fulfilling this promise of sending help to England's King."

Then, as I cried out in anguish, his eye dwelt on my troubled face.

"Petite," he said proudly, "grieve not—for thee at least this news brings naught but happiest fortune. It means our exile in this drear isle is over, and that I may in freedom return to Paris, and take with me my Mademoiselle de Latour, for so, *ma mie*, I have the King's permission to call thee. Ah! my belle," he cried, as he looked upon me standing at his side, "is it possible I once deplored that thou wert not a boy? Ah! what a fool hast thou been, thou poor Latour!"

As he spoke, his grand head erect, his eyes flashing pride and pleasure upon me, a strange pain awoke in my heart. This drear isle, land of exile to him, was home to me—English child of an English sire—for all I was grandchild of the great Latour. England! Had I grown in this dear, sea-girt land that had sheltered me from babyhood when Latour had disowned me, to be thus transplanted without pain or regret?

Oh, yes! I had love for Latour, and admiration and deepest respect, but I was my father's child, daughter of this dear England—land of sea and the wild rose.

Looking at my face, my grandfather read there sorrow where he had thought to find but exultation.

"Why, what is this, Mademoiselle?" he cried sharply.

But I looked up into his face. I had done my birth discredit to have quibbled here.

"Monsieur, *mon grandpère*," I said, and trembled as I spoke, for it was an untoward thing to say to an elder, "does your King Louis count himself less French because his mother is daughter of Spain?"

He saw my meaning and as quickly resented it. No longer the indulgent grandfather but the haughty Latour, he stood before me.

"Pardon me," he said icily. "Have I too much honoured a saucy child?"

"Alas, my grandfather," I pleaded, "hast thou not yet forgiven my sweet mother that she loved the truest, best of men in all the world?" And there, in the lane, I fell on my knees before him and caught his mantle, importuning him.

But he shook me off, his eyes blazing with anger, and turned and strode down the lane in wrath terrible to witness.

Left thus, I ran on sobbing, scarce knowing what I did, feeling in my heart I had meant aright.

In a hollow at the foot of the hill I gained below, I threw myself down on a bank with intent to calm myself. But I had not more than recovered breath, when a sound startled me, and, glancing up, I saw a man clambering through the hedge on the high bank above.

Startled, I sprang to my feet, and as I did so his hat, caught by the branches as he pushed through them, fell into the roadway below, and I looked upon the face of the same spy who had chased me on the banks of the Torridge!

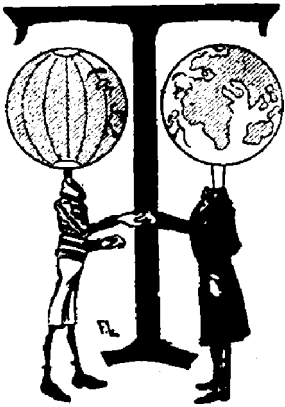
For a moment I stood spellbound by fear, then, with a scream, I turned and fled up the road, whither Latour had disappeared, crying his name aloud in my terror.

(To be concluded.)

# THE BABE AND THE DRAGON.

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.



THE annual inter-house football cup at St. Austin's lay between Dacre's, who were the holders, and Merevale's, who had been runners-up in the previous year, and had won it altogether three times out of the last five. The cup was something of a tradition in Merevale's, but of late Dacre's had become

serious rivals, and, as has been said before, were the present holders.

This year there was not much to choose between the two teams. Dacre's had three of the first fifteen and two of the second; Merevale's two of the first and four of the second. St. Austin's being not altogether a boarding-school, many of the brightest stars of the teams were day-boys, and there was, of course, always the chance that one of these would suddenly see the folly of his ways, reform, and become a member of a house.

This frequently happened, and this year it was almost certain to happen again, for no less a celebrity than MacArthur, commonly known as the Babe, had been heard to state that he was negotiating with his parents to that end. Which house he would go to was at present uncertain. He did not know himself, but it would, he said, probably be one of the two favourites for the cup. This lent an added interest to the competition, for the presence of the Babe would almost certainly turn the scale. The Babe's nationality was Scotch, and, like most Scotchmen, he could play football more than a little. He was the safest, coolest centre three-quarters the school had, or had had for some time. He shone in all branches of the game, but especially in tackling. To see the Babe spring apparently from nowhere, in the middle of an inter-school match, and bring down with violence a man who had passed the back, was an intellectual treat. Both Dacre's and Merevale's, therefore, yearned for his advent

exceedingly. The reasons which finally decided his choice were rather curious. They arose in the following manner:—

The Babe's sister was at Girton. A certain Miss Florence Beezley was also at Girton. When the Babe's sister re-visited the ancestral home at the end of the term, she brought Miss Beezley with her to spend a week. What she saw in Miss Beezley was to the Babe a matter for wonder, but she must have liked her, or she would not have gone out of her way to seek her company. Be that as it may, the Babe would have gone a very long way out of his way to avoid her company. He led a fine, healthy, out-of-doors life during that week, and doubtless did himself a lot of good. But times will occur when it is imperative that a man shall be under the family roof. Meal-times, for instance. The Babe could not subsist without food, and he was obliged, Miss Beezley or no Miss Beezley, to present himself on these occasions. This, by the way, was in the Easter holidays, so that there was no school to give him an excuse for absence.

Breakfast was a nightmare, lunch was rather worse, and as for dinner, it was quite unspeakable. Miss Beezley seemed to gather force during the day. It was not the actual presence of the lady that revolted the Babe, for that was passable enough. It was her conversation that killed. She refused to let the Babe alone. She was intensely learned herself, and seemed to take a morbid delight in dissecting his ignorance, and showing everybody the pieces. Also, she persisted in calling him Mr. MacArthur in a way that seemed somehow to point out and emphasise his youthfulness. She added it to her remarks as a sort of after-thought or echo.

"Do you read Browning, Mr. MacArthur?" she would say suddenly, having apparently waited carefully until she saw that his mouth was full.

The Babe would swallow convulsively, choke, blush, and finally say:—

"No, not much."

"Ah!" This in a tone of pity not untinged with scorn. "When you say 'not much,' Mr. MacArthur, what exactly do you mean? Have you read any of his poems?"

"Oh, yes, one or two."

"Ah! Have you read 'Pippa Passes'?"

"No, I think not."

"Surely you must know, Mr. MacArthur, whether you have or not. Have you read 'Fifine at the Fair'?"

"No."

"Have you read 'Sordello'?"

"No."

"What *have* you read, Mr. MacArthur?"

Brought to bay in this fashion, he would have to admit that he had read "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and not a syllable more, and Miss Beezley would look at him for a moment and sigh softly. The Babe's subsequent share in the conversation, provided the Dragon made no further onslaught, was not large.

One never-to-be-forgotten day, shortly before the end of her visit, a series of horrible accidents resulted in their being left to lunch together alone. The Babe had received no previous warning, and when he was suddenly confronted with this terrible state of affairs he almost swooned. The lady's steady and critical inspection of his style of carving a chicken completed his downfall. His previous experience of carving had been limited to those entertainments which went by the name of "study-gorges," where, if you wanted to help a chicken, you took hold of one leg, invited an accomplice to attach himself to the other, and pulled.

But, though unskilful, he was plucky and energetic. He lofted the bird out of the dish on to the tablecloth twice in the first minute. Stiffing a mad inclination to call out "Boundary!" or something to that effect, he laughed a hollow, mirthless laugh, and replaced it. When a third attack ended in the same way, Miss Beezley asked permission to try what she could do. She tried, and in two minutes the chicken was neatly dismembered. The Babe reseated himself in an overwrought state.

"Tell me about St. Austin's, Mr. MacArthur," said Miss Beezley, as the Babe was trying to

think of something to say—not about the weather. "Do you play football?"

"Yes."

"Ah!"

A prolonged silence.

"Do you"—began the Babe at last.

"Tell me"—began Miss Beezley, simultaneously.

"I beg your pardon," said the Babe; "you were saying——?"



HE LOFTED THE BIRD OUT OF THE DISH ON TO THE TABLECLOTH TWICE IN THE FIRST MINUTE.

"Not at all, Mr. MacArthur. *You* were saying——?"

"I was only going to ask you if you played croquet?"

"Yes; do you?"

"No."

"Ah!"

"If this is going to continue," thought the Babe, "I shall be reluctantly compelled to commit suicide."

There was another long pause.

"Tell me the names of some of the masters at St. Austin's, Mr. MacArthur," said Miss Beezley. She habitually spoke as if she were an examination paper, and her manner might have seemed to some to verge upon the autocratic, but the Babe was too thankful that the question was not on Browning or the higher algebra to notice this. He reeled off a list of names.

"... Then there's Merevale—rather a decent sort—and Dacre."

"What sort of a man is Mr. Dacre?"

"Rather a rotter, I think."

"What is a rotter, Mr. MacArthur?"

"Well, I don't know how to describe it exactly. He doesn't play cricket or anything. He's generally considered rather a crock."

"Really! This is very interesting, Mr. MacArthur. And what is a crock? I suppose what it comes to," she added, as the Babe did his best to find a definition, "is this, that you yourself dislike him." The Babe admitted the impeachment. Mr. Dacre had a finished gift

of sarcasm which had made him writhe on several occasions, and sarcastic masters are rarely very popular.

"Ah!" said Miss Beezley. She made frequent use of that monosyllable. It generally gave the Babe the same sort of feeling as he had been accustomed to experience in the happy days of his childhood when he had been caught stealing jam.

Miss Beezley went at last, and the Babe felt like a convict who has just received a free pardon.

One afternoon in the following term he was playing fives with Charteris, a prefect in Merevale's house. Charteris was remarkable from the fact that he edited and published at his own expense an unofficial and highly personal paper, called the *Glowworm*, which was a great deal more in demand than the recognised school magazine, the *Austinian*, and always paid its expenses handsomely.

Charteris had the journalistic taint very badly. He was always the first to get wind of any piece

of school news. On this occasion he was in possession of an exclusive item. The Babe was the first person to whom he communicated it.

"Have you heard the latest romance in high life, Babe?" he observed, as they were leaving the court. "But of course you haven't. You never do hear anything."

"Well?" asked the Babe, patiently.

"You know Dacre?"

"I seem to have heard the name somewhere."

"He's going to be married."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Don't trouble to try and look interested. You're one of those offensive people who mind their own business and nobody else's. Only I thought I'd tell you. Then you'll have a



THE BABE KNEW THAT VOICE.

remote chance of understanding my quips on the subject in next week's *Glowworm*. You laddies frae the north have to be carefully prepared for the subtler flights of wit."

"Thanks," said the Babe, placidly. "Good-night."

The head-master intercepted the Babe a few days after as he was going home after a scratch game of football. "MacArthur," said he, "you pass Mr. Dacre's house, do you not, on your way home? Then would you mind asking him from me to take preparation to-night? I find I shall be unable to be there?" It was the custom at St. Austin's for the head to preside at preparation once a week; but he performed this duty, like the celebrated Irishman, as often as he could avoid it.

The Babe accepted the commission. He was shown into the drawing-room. To his consternation, for he was not a society man, there appeared to be a species of tea-party going on. As the door opened somebody was just finishing a remark.

"... faculty which he displayed in such poems as 'Sordello,'" said the voice.

The Babe knew that voice.

He would have fled if he had been able, but the servant was already announcing him. Mr. Dacre began to do the honours.

"Mr. MacArthur and I have met before," said Miss Beezley, for it was she. "Curiously enough, the subject which we have just been discussing is one in which he takes, I think, a great interest. I was saying, Mr. MacArthur, when you came in, that few of Tennyson's works show the poetic faculty which Browning displays in 'Sordello.'"

The Babe looked helplessly at Mr. Dacre.

"I think you are taking MacArthur out of his depth there," said Mr. Dacre. "Was there something you wanted to see me about, MacArthur?"

The Babe delivered his message.

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Mr Dacre. "Shall you be passing the school-house to-night? If so, you might give the head-master my compliments, and say I shall be delighted."

The Babe had had no intention of going out of his way to that extent, but the chance of escape offered by the suggestion was too good to be missed. He went.

On his way he called at Merevale's, and asked to see Charteris.

"Look here, Charteris," he said, "you remember telling me that Dacre was going to be married?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know her name by any chance?"

"I ken it weel, ma braw Hielander. She is a Miss Beezley."

"Great Scott!" said the Babe.

"Hullo! Why, was your young heart set in that direction? Oh, Babe, Babe; I'm afraid you're a sad, bad young dog. I think we'd better have a story on the subject in the *Glowworm*, with you as hero and Dacre as villain. It shall end happily, of course. I'll write it myself."

"You'd better," said the Babe, grimly. "Oh, I say, Charteris."

"Well?"

"When I come as a boarder I shall be a house-prefect, sha'n't I, as I am in the Sixth?"

"Yes."

"And prefects have to go to breakfast and supper, and that sort of thing, pretty often with the house-beak, don't they?"

"Such are the facts of the case."

"Thanks. That's all. Go away and do some work. Good-night."

The cup went to Merevale's that year. The Babe played a singularly brilliant game for them.





# BANDITS IN MEXICO.

By Enrique de Grijalva.

Sketches by H. A. Hogg.



DIPLOMATIC relations have been recently established between Austria and Mexico, for the first time since the assassination of the Emperor Maximilian by the Revolutionaries.

Many people have forgotten, and few know much, about the drama of Queretaro. History hardly recalls the fact that an emperor, brother to one of the powerful sovereigns of Europe, was annihilated in cold blood.

But he cannot be forgotten so easily by those who were his most ardent followers and partisans, and in whose memory he lives eternally. He was the idol of his troops and the hope of his country, yet he lived to see his brilliant empire shattered and himself a prisoner.

In those times Mexico was infested by brigands, who carried on their nefarious trade unmolested, as the Government had its hands full trying to keep down the different factions that were drenching the country with blood. There were no police to speak of, but when anything of special importance was to be transported from one town to another, the Government, when it had time to think, sent with it a convoy of soldiers. However, this was a privilege that only the very rich could enjoy, and even then many preferred running the risk and going without, as endless annoyances were the consequence.

There were many bands of robbers, but the one that interests us the most was called the "Silver Bells," a very powerful association composed mainly of outlawed men, or *gauchos malos* (criminals).

Most of them were fine, tall, and very strong men, picturesquely attired, with the little silver bells (from which they took their name) hanging from every fold. Splendidly mounted, and possessing the best arms of the day, they were more than a match for anyone, excepting, perhaps, the best of the Government troops.

Having their abode in some inaccessible mountain fortress, they would suddenly pounce down on a passing diligence, take everything, and be off again before the unfortunate owners could get over their surprise. They rarely, if ever, did bodily harm to anyone; but, when put to the test, proved that they were the finest shots in the land.

On occasions they did not scruple to take the very clothes from the backs of their victims, especially when not quite satisfied with the quality or the quantity of the booty. A robber chief once gave my grandfather, in exchange for his own good clothes, a few newspapers and pins, out of which my grandfather had to make a suit. I may add that hot blankets were always kept ready at village *posadas*, with which to hide the somewhat primitive costumes the passengers might be wearing on alighting from a despoiled diligence.

Only once to my knowledge did the brigands use violence against my family, and on that occasion they attacked a lonely country house, in which my grandparents were living, but were repulsed after some severe fighting—my grandmother herself defending a window with a revolver. In those days the ladies had to imitate the men in emergencies, and were never found wanting.

After a raid on a diligence it was no use grumbling, as the *gauchos* were the masters of the situation, so it was not uncommon, after permission had been given, that a departure would take place amidst great cracking of whips, smiles, and mutual good wishes—especially if the takings had been small.

On one occasion, however, a carriage full of well-to-do ladies was held up, and, the cargo being unusually rich, the business of relieving *las señoras* of their jewels was carried on amidst great silence and haughty disdain.

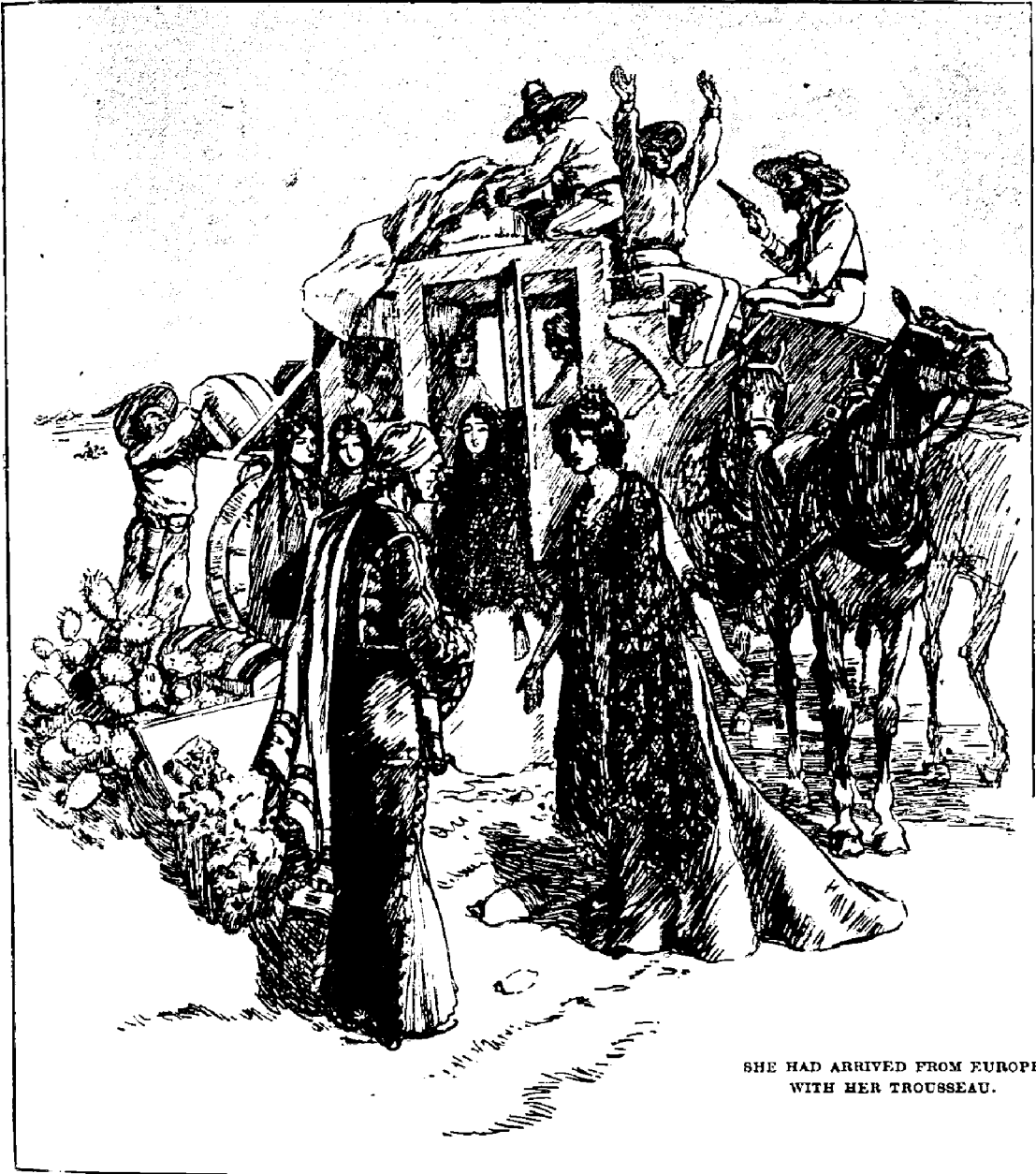
Only one young lady could not restrain her tears at the sight of her trunks being taken down, and the robber chief, noticing them, asked her what made her cry, seeing that all the other ladies treated the whole matter with such stony indifference. At this she replied that she was not so rich as her friends, and had arrived from Europe with her trousseau, being on the eve of marriage, and did not know how she could replace it!

At these words the chief turned to his comrades and said: "This lady's trunks are to be put back, immediately." To her astonishment, and also that of her companions, all her things were at once

replaced. Much would her friends have liked to follow her example, and I believe that one or two did try it, but no notice was taken of their efforts, and so they lost all. Indeed, I doubt if a pack of howling women would have produced the same effect as those few unostentatious tears.

In most other countries such an order would

Once, as my grandfather was travelling alone in a very wild part of the country, he was met by a band of the "Silver Bells." Coming forward very politely, hat in hand, the chief took his purse and all the valuables he had, leaving him destitute, but very glad not to have lost his clothes as well. As they were going my grandfather remarked

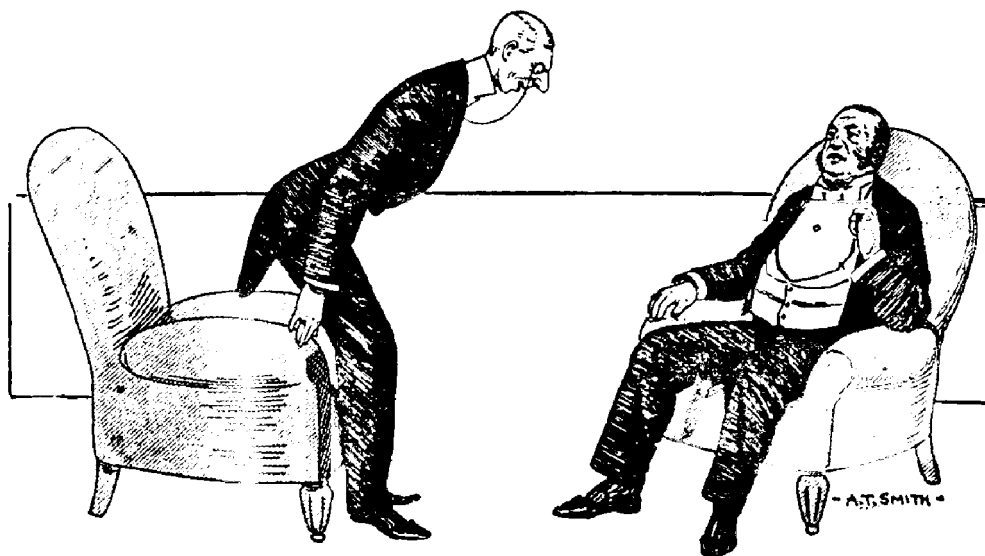


SHE HAD ARRIVED FROM EUROPE  
WITH HER TROUSSEAU.

have had quite a contrary effect, and few would have been found ready to obey unquestioned the slightest command of their nominated chief. They recognised their chief as a real commander; his word was law. As it was, their implicit obedience formed their strength, and made them feared and respected all the country round.

that he did not know how he would get his next meal, as every penny he had was in the chief's pocket.

"It is true, señor," answered the bandit, as, opening my grandfather's *own* purse, he gave him a piece of gold. It was gratefully accepted, and my grandfather went on his way.



### OVER-EXERTION.

PATAH: "You look tired, Bertie; what have you been doing to-day?"

BERTIE: "Twied on fowar new pairs of twousers befaw dinnah!"



"Dear me! What an exceptionally large snowflake!"

# THE CYCLING CORNER

By  
HAYDON PERRY.

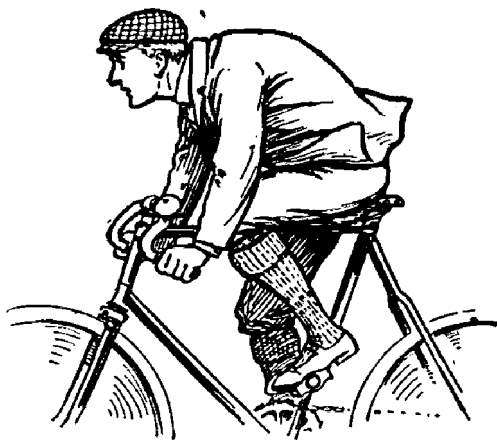
## ON POSE AND ACTION.

THERE are so many people that one sees riding badly that, although it is an old story, the proper way of riding cannot be told too often. It seems, indeed, a duty to preach it until its principles are followed universally, and I am afraid that that time is still a long way off. One sees fellows, and, for that matter, sometimes girls, too, riding along in all sorts of ridiculous and wasteful postures—wasteful in the sense that the amount of energy expended in so riding is far in excess of what is needful in order to spin along at the same pace when working properly.

I will deal with the commonest fault first. It is, without question, that of bending down over the handles. Now, in racing, especially in unpaced racing, it may be conceded that there is some advantage in this. For here wind resistance is a very important factor, and the racing man may gain more than he loses by adopting what, under other circumstances, would be a wholly incorrect posture. I have little doubt that the pictures published of racing men, as "snapped" while circling the track or making records on the road, have had much to do with the spread of the belief, especially among boys, that this stooping position is the best to adopt. You may take it from me, as an old hand, that it is absolutely and utterly wrong for all-round riding.

Your best analogy for cycling is to be found

in walking. I say this well knowing that there are writers on the subject who combat this view. I hold it, however, very strongly, and I think that, if it were possible to make a short definition of cycling, about the nearest phrase one could invent to meet the case would be that it is "walking by machinery." Now, in walking, the posture is almost, but not quite, erect. So it should be in cycling, although the slight forward lean in walking may be just fractionally increased on the cycle, owing to the higher pace. In both exercises it is essential that limbs and muscles shall be so adjusted that they can be worked to the best advantage—that is to say, with most economy of the vital energies that drive them—and this cannot be done when some of the internal organs are cramped and others stretched ridiculously and unnecessarily.



HOW NOT TO RIDE YOUR "BIKE."

This fellow is suffering from *kyphosis bicyclistarum*, or cyclists' hump.

How is it possible for the lungs to fill and empty themselves properly and with vigour if those organs are cramped up by a stooping back, while the principal muscle that does the breathing work is doubled and cramped in a similarly unnatural way? You have only to stand near some well-known hill in your own district to watch the results of this waste of energy. I have numberless times seen the scorcher—who, mind you, is often a strong man—compelled to dismount at hills which a comparatively frail girl has mastered easily. This was because she had a reserve of energy to draw upon when

emergency called for it, whereas he had not. The heart, for example, may go on strike, and begin thumping against the ribs, if it is not given sufficient room to do its work in, and without a sound heart, in quiet working order, hill-climbing becomes a laborious, and even a dangerous, undertaking.

The hump-backed posture is productive of all kinds of evils. I have seen accidents innumerable arise from it. Only the other day I witnessed a bad collision that would not have occurred if the cyclist had been riding properly. He was, however, a member of what I will call the chin-and-elbow contingent. He was riding between tram-lines, and on his wrong side of the road, his face bent down and apparently intent upon the setts just in front of his wheel. He was rapidly approaching a tramcar. The driver shouted, brought his car to a standstill, and drew the horses aside; but our youth went pell mell into them, and was about as badly hurt as he deserved to be.

But more serious things may happen to a rider who persists in adopting such an unnatural attitude. About eight years ago the Medical Press gave a great deal of attention to this subject, and a learned doctor wrote in one journal to the effect that he had discovered a new disorder peculiar to cyclists. He named it "kyphosis bicyclistarum," which may be passed as good Latin for "cyclists' hump." There is no doubt that many cyclists have permanently injured themselves by cultivating this absurd deformity. I have again and again noticed that fellows who have complained to me that they do not sleep well after a long ride are guilty of this crouching habit, which cannot fail to do harm to the spinal cord and brain. It is not as in the old days before pneumatic tyres, when sleeplessness was often brought about by excessive vibration on the road. It was then discovered that the use of tobacco was a remedy, and I dare say many hundreds of young fellows took to smoking in consequence. But there is no need for that now. Those who cycle properly will sleep better, and not worse, after a good ride.

Now there is another fault, although not such a bad one as stooping, which I will mention now that I have disposed of the worst one. I am sorry to say that it is a fault to which girls are particularly prone. And that is the fault of sitting bolt upright, or even of leaning a little

backward. The mistake was originally to a large extent the fault of cycle builders, who thought more about fashion than about useful and scientific form. They designed the up-branching handles, to which, in themselves, I have no sort of objection. But the makers made them branch up too much, so that girls were forced into what was, at a very early period, dubbed the "begging poodle" attitude. A backward lean, under such circumstances, was in a certain sense Nature's protest, the girl having a sort of ill-defined desire to get more away from her work.

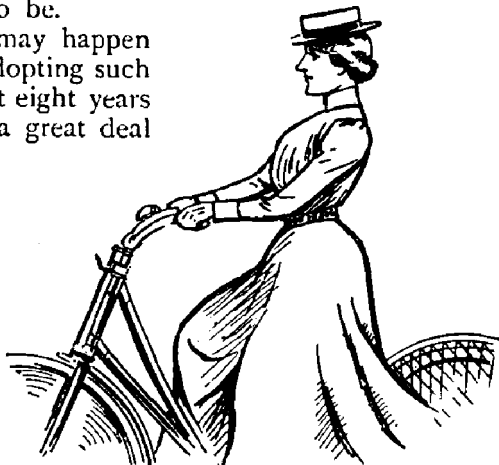
The remedy for this fault is very simple. The handles should be so adjusted that when the rider is seated erect they are just within easy reach of the outstretched arms. That is to say that, when the rider is erect, the arms will have to be quite straight in order to grasp the grips. With the body bent almost imper-

ceptibly forward, as it should be, the arms will be just a fraction short of their full stretch, which, again, is exactly as they should be. The precise rule for adjusting depends upon certain personal measurements; but, roughly speaking, it will be found that the handles are only a trifle higher than the seat.

The position of the seat will, of course, be determined by the reach of the rider. This is so important that at the risk of repetition I will briefly explain it again. The proper reach

is such that when the rider is comfortably seated, and the pedal at its furthest point from the saddle—that is, just before it has come round to its lowest position—the straightened leg can just touch the pedal-pin with the heel, there being at the time no shoe upon the foot. This rule, will, if followed, place the rider at the very best possible distance from the work, where the work can be done with the greatest ease and advantage, and where a comfortable pose and graceful action will be naturally assumed.

There will be no swaying from side to side—a practice to be condemned as bad style on every count. There will be neither push nor pull upon the handles, but the hands will simply rest on them, leaving the machine to steer its own straight line as the result of evenly balanced pedalling. And this evenness can only be truly attained by the ankle action I have previously spoken of. The secret of attaining it lies in



THE "BEGGING POODLE" ATTITUDE.

striving to do as much as possible with the ankles, and as little as possible with the knees. When this art has been mastered the learner will discover that ankling has been slightly exaggerated, and that the most advantageous way of pedalling is to ply the ankles just a trifle less, and the knees just a trifle more. There is no exact rule about it, but the happy compromise will readily be found out in each individual case. When the art is once acquired the difference it makes is amazing. Up hills the labour seems to be halved, while running on the level, under ordinary circumstances, seems to be no work at all.

When the pose and action I have described have become instinctive, as they soon will, the rider who possesses them as his or her own, will have become one of the few whom it gives one real pleasure merely to see pass down a road. I know of nothing in all athletics that affords quite so charming a sight as the vision of a girl who really rides well, sits well, and is well dressed for the work. Her dress is neat, without too much hat or skirt, and it fits easily. Her head is erect, looking forward or about her, and she pedals gracefully along with lots of reserve energy with which to enjoy her surroundings. There is about her then an unconscious dignity—and mark that consciousness of it more than half destroys it—which carries with it a charm wherever she goes, and gives rise everywhere to the self-put question as to why some people look so much better on bicycles than others do. I wish all my readers of either sex the acquisition of this art of true style in riding. Some may possess it now, but I am convinced that the majority do not, or this article would never have been written. When those who do not have succeeded in acquiring it, as they so easily may, they will see the pastime that we love in a new light, and will derive from it a pleasure before undreamed of.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Old Eccles" (Eaton), "Timid" (Uppingham), and others.—There is no tyre that gives immunity from side-slip. I like the Palmer, the Clincher, the Dunlop, and one or two other designs, as being instrumental in making it less likely to occur. But none of them will make it impossible. I have often heard riders say, after describing a bad fall, "And I had non-slipping tyres on, too." You cannot trust solely to the pattern of the tread, however good that may be. The only secret of avoiding side-slip is the keeping of the wheel in a plane, at right angles to the supporting surface. This means that you should pick out the flattest places in the road, and ride as good a straight line along them as you can. When making a curve, except at very slow paces, you perceptibly lean towards its centre, and that is why the wobblers is very liable to side-slip. It is also a

reason why it is well to take the sloping part of the road—road makers call it the "haunch"—when going round corners, unless this, as in cases of turning to the right, might put you on your wrong side of the traffic. If the slope is right for you it acts as what the railway engineers call a cant, and so allows you, even when leaning over as you make the curve, to keep at right angles to the supporting surface—which is the only rule that will save you. **Eva (LLANBERIS).**—The reason a bicycle in motion can be kept upright is not difficult to understand if you will think closely for a moment and try to follow me. It is true that it has puzzled many people besides yourself, and it is also true that many quite unsatisfactory (because incorrect) explanations of it have been given. Remember that every erect object tends to fall, and is only prevented from doing so so long as its centre of gravity remains in a vertical line directly over some part of the area of support. If you happen to know something of the structure of the human form, you know that our skeletons are clothed with an elaborate and beautiful system of muscles, designed with the object of maintaining the body in an erect posture. If you do not know this you may take it from me that it is so. We are never free from the tendency to fall, but by instinctively pulling the right muscle or set of muscles we are able to remain upright. That is, we are able to pull the centre of gravity of the body so that we can always keep it in such a position as to be directly over some part of the small area of support offered by the feet. Now for a moment I must ask you to consider the case of the tight-rope walker, which may at the first glance seem to you to have nothing to do with the question, but which is really a very good illustration. He commonly has a long pole which he carries in his hands cross-wise as regards its relative position to the rope. The function of this pole is a very important one. The equilibrist is always falling either to the one side or the other, although he is clever enough to conceal that fact from you. The instant he feels himself falling to the right he makes a slight movement of the pole in a direction to his left, and so brings the centre of gravity of the "system," as it is called, of himself and the pole combined exactly over the line of the rope again. Note that he cannot alter the position of the rope, which is fixed at both ends. Remember that if he could, such alteration would do just as well, for he would then be able to move the rope to a position exactly under his centre of gravity—the only condition upon which his equilibrium really depends. The people who perform as wire walkers have precisely the same problem always before them. If they use no pole they must still be constantly correcting the ever present tendency to fall, and this they do by a movement of the arm, the hand, or even of a finger, shooting one out to the left, we will say, almost before they feel they are falling to the right. Now you may be surprised to know that in effect every cyclist is a rope walker. You must regard the rope as the sinuous track he makes along the road. But here note the difference. The cyclist carries no pole, nor does he by any motions of his body try to sway himself back from his incipient falls into a position such that his centre of gravity shall again be exactly over the rope. He simply moves the rope. That is, when he finds himself falling, we will say, to the right, he steers slightly to the right, thus bringing the line of his track, which I have likened to his rope, once more exactly under him. He is always falling, whether he knows it or not. That is why the learner wobbles so outrageously and sometimes actually and in fact does fall.

## A DECAYED PORT.

ARTICLES have appeared in the magazines dealing with the decayed ports around our coasts, but the pretty little Hampshire village of Hamble, which was a port of equal commercial importance with Southampton and Portsmouth, before such places as Liverpool and Manchester monopolised the merchant traffic of the sea, is, I think, quite unknown to all except those in the immediate neighbourhood.

Here is an extract from a very quaint old geography of the world, dated 1665, which shows how important Hamble was at the time of the Restoration. This geography, in speaking of "Hant-shire," says:—

"Havens it hath, and those both commodious to let in and to loose out ships of great burden in trade of merchandise, whereof Portsmouth, Titchfield, Hamble, and Southampton are chief."

At the present day Hamble lives, or rather goes to sleep on its reputation, for the river is only used as a winter anchorage for private yachts, and for a very little fishing trade, though there is, to be sure, a small building shed where a hammer is occasionally heard

Hamble is situated between Southampton and Portsmouth, and seven miles nearer the sea than Southampton—the great rival that has left it so far behind. The village is a little way up the broad River Hamble, and makes a very snug harbour. It is built on the steep bank and is



SHIPPING ON THE HAMBLE.  
(Photograph by W. H. Simmons.)

not at all unlike a Cornish village; the church is at the top, and the narrow, old-fashioned street winds down to the little beach at the bottom. The only things that appear to have any life are the dogs.

The country all around is very beautiful, and attracts many local artists, as well as parties of cyclists, who go to Hamble to get a "crab tea."

Titchfield, the other port mentioned as thriving in the fifteenth century, is situated some long distance up another river, which enters the Solent much nearer Portsmouth. The quaintest part of this old place is the church, in which the Earls of Southampton are buried. It is interesting to note that it is from Titchfield that the eldest son of the Duke of Portland derives his title.

W. H. SIMMONS.



THE BEACH, HAMBLE.  
(Photograph by W. H. Simmons.)



## ON TONING P.O. PAPERS.

(In reply to H. F. Smith and Others.)

As several of our correspondents seem to be in difficulties over toning their P.O.P. prints, we will endeavour to give clear and simple directions for conducting that operation. We will say, at once, that we cannot under any circumstances recommend the combined toning and fixing, as prints so prepared are extremely liable to fade. The toning bath we recommend is the simple and widely used sulphocyanide bath. This is best made up from two separate stock solutions, which will keep for a very long time. To make these, buy 1oz. of sulphocyanide of ammonium and dissolve in 20ozs. of water; add to this solution 30grs. of carbonate of soda. Place this in a clean bottle, and label, "Sulphocyanide Solution, 1 in 20." Also buy one 15gr. tube of gold chloride. Dissolve the contents of this in 15ozs. of water; place in a clean bottle, and label, "Gold Solution, 1oz. equals 1gr." These solutions are best kept in a cupboard away from strong daylight.

About one hour before you are ready to tone your prints, make up your bath with 1oz. of the sulphocyanide solution, 13ozs. of water, and, lastly, 2ozs. of gold solution. This will be sufficient to tone about thirty quarter-plate pieces of P.O.P. It is best to save your prints until you have at least half that number, and in that case you may use half the quantities in the same proportion as above.

The prints must be thoroughly washed in plain water for fifteen minutes, seeing that the water is completely changed several times. Then place your toning bath in a dish, which should be of such a size that it will hold two of the largest prints you are toning side by side, and there should be a sufficient quantity of solution to cover the dish to the depth of at least 1in. Take the prints one by one from the washing water, and drain as much of the water away as possible; put them face downwards into the toning bath, taking care that

air-bells do not form on the surface. This end is best achieved by dropping the prints edgewise into the bath, and not throwing them on the surface. Proceed in this way until you have about six prints in your toning bath, keeping them in motion all the time with one hand. Now turn them over, and you will observe that those placed in first have considerably changed in colour, being less red. Examine them by holding them up to the light and looking through them. When they have acquired the colour you desire on looking through them, move them into a dish containing a weak solution of common salt, about 1 in 40. Proceed in this way until the whole of the prints are finished. Then pour away the bath you have been using into a bottle kept specially for that purpose. Move your prints out of the salt solution into a dish of clean water; or you may carefully drain away the salt solution, and fill up the dish with clean water, and thoroughly separate and rinse the prints in it.

Have ready in another dish a *fresh* solution of hyposulphite of soda, 1 in 10. Put your prints one by one as quickly as possible into this solution, keeping them separate and in motion for ten minutes. Then move the prints into the washing water, wash from thirty minutes to one hour, giving at least four to six changes. Then place the prints for five minutes in a solution of alum, 1 in 20; wash for ten minutes and then the prints are ready for drying.

Drain your prints by getting them carefully to the bottom of the dish and standing the dish up on edge. The prints may then be laid out, preferably on a clean calico sheet, face upwards. Any surface which is innocuous may be used.

If possible, special dishes should be kept for these operations; on no account should a dish which has been used for developing plates be used for toning; nor should the slightest trace of hypo be allowed to come near the prints until they are quite ready for fixing.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.



# "CAPTAIN" CLUB

## • • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to J. CAMERON, Ceylon Cottage, Culduthel Road, Inverness, for his humorous illustrations in these pages.

### *Euclid. — Book XIII.*

#### *Proposition 99. — Problem.*

*Enunciation.*—On one wide road, and between two ditches, it is not possible for one thin man to teach one fat man to cycle.

*Statement.*—Let Jones equal "Fat Man," and U (you) equal "Thin Man," and Machine equal "New Bicycle." It is required, if possible, to teach Jones to ride Machine.

*Construction.*—From shed draw Machine, and produce it; take up Jones and place him upon Machine, so that one leg shall be upon one pedal and the other leg shall be upon other pedal; likewise each hand on a handle. Set teeth, and draw a bee line for neither ditch.

*Proof.*—Now since "Fat Man" equals twice "Thin Man," and Jones equals "Fat Man," and U equal "Thin Man," therefore Jones equals W (double you), therefore U feel weak. If Jones be let fall perpendicularly on U, and Jones's vocabulary equals twice yours, take away common word, and there remains Jones repeating it to U. In like manner it can be proved that U are equal to no more teaching that day, which also equals a right wrangle. It can also be shown that Machine *plus* fall equals Machine *minus* two circles and ever so many radii (wheels and spokes).

Therefore, by deduction, Jones cannot be taught to ride Machine.—Q.E.D.

JAMES H. SKUSE.

### *How to Become an Architect.*

In a recent issue of this magazine there was a correspondence note entitled "How to become an Architect."

Now, as one of your readers whose articles in that profession will be completed next month, I cannot help thinking that the difficulties in the way of the beginner are somewhat over-estimated by your correspondent, at any rate for those desirous of commencing in the provinces. In the first instance you say, "You may enter

the profession as pupil, improver, or assistant." Now, it is quite impossible for anyone to do the work of an assistant without at least three years apprenticeship and experience; and the position of improver is generally taken by those who have already completed their articles. Most architects pay improvers a moderate salary, not exceeding £75 per annum, although some of the very best firms not only receive the services of the improver gratis, but also receive a premium in exchange for the experience to be gained.

Many of the smaller provincial architects are prepared to present pupils with their articles in exchange for services alone, but the premium in London may be anything;

up to £500 in rare cases. The pupil would serve three or four years, according to his age at the date of commencement, but most pupils are out of their time at the age of twenty. It is, as you say, most desirable that students should pass the examinations of the Royal Institute of British Architects, but the certificate for the preliminary examination would be of little service in obtaining a situation as assistant, as it is merely a test of general education, and should be passed before



THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS  
PHOTOGRAPH. WHAT IS IT?

(By Noah Mayne.)



(By J. Cameron.)

"Do you want a boy, sir?"  
 "Yes."  
 "What sort of a boy?"  
 "A nice, clean boy, who doesn't swear or smoke, or tell lies, or—"  
 "That'll do; I guess it's a girl you want!"

the pupil leaves school. Finally, it may be stated that situations may be readily obtained by proficient assistants, although the salary of the same is hardly an adequate return for the study involved. I trust you will insert this letter for the benefit of your correspondents and others.

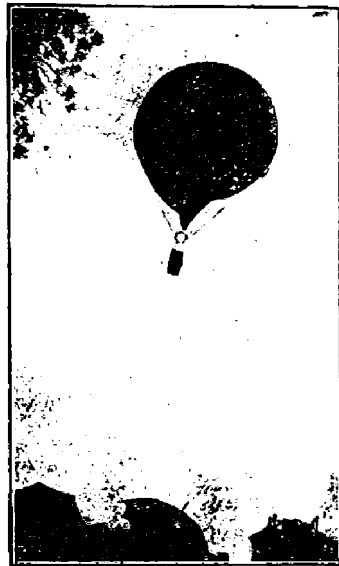
PROVINCIAL PUPIL.

### Jersey.

Jersey, my home, is small, its shape is oblong, and it is pretty—pretty to those who are having their first peep at the kind of scenery we possess, but when you are one of the inhabitants, you get a bit sick of it, I assure you. Now let me tell you a little about the island itself and its inhabitants. There are two railways in the island, and it's not a bad allowance. They somewhat resemble bird-cages and chicken-runs in shape, and the trains are not of the greatest speed. The ground they run over is not above six miles at the most. The town folk speak English, but they can speak French, and in the country the labourers speak a patois, which

chiefly consists of the old Norman French. The real language of the island is French, and there are numerous French hotels in the town of St. Heliers.

Of buildings and churches there are plenty—some of the latter very ancient, the oldest being St. Brelade's, consecrated 1111 A.D. One of the first places visited by the tourist is Mont Orgueil Castle, which is said to have been built by Julius Cæsar. Among the curiosities in this quaint old place are the remains of a chapel dedicated to George; cells in which some Parliamentarians were confined in the Civil War of Charles I.; also a cell where Prynne, the Puritan, was kept. Another interesting place is the house where Charles II. hid himself when in Jersey, ever since called "Le Bel Royal." Another fine old relic is



A BALLOON ASCENT IN THE RAIN.

This balloon got away just as the aeronaut was climbing in, and was found next day twenty miles from the starting place.

(Photograph by G. W. Ivey.)

Elizabeth Castle, built during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, beyond which castle is a rock where a hermit was cruelly murdered by Norman pirates. Hence, it was called the Hermit Rock.

The visitor finds plenty to do, for he can drive, sail, fish, and walk; but the resident finds nothing. He does the same thing, and meets the same people, every day. The nearest port in France to Jersey is Portbail, fifteen miles distant. It may be interesting to readers to know that Jersey is twelve miles long and seven miles broad. What a difference to Old England!

HUGH LESLIE DOBRÉE.

### The Guinea Pig.

The guinea pig hails from South America, and is not, as is the general opinion in the more ignorant circles,



DAVY JONES AT HOME.

(By W. Bridge.)

a native of Guinea. The origin of its name is uncertain, unless, as many pet fanciers explain, a guinea was given to the owner of the first of its tribe that was introduced into England. As a hutch, I might suggest a packing case, with a partition wall, containing a small opening through which the creature could pass without difficulty. One side should be left open in the front, and wire fixed across; the other should be closed on every side, that the sow may obtain perfect warmth when breeding.

Fresh hay should be spread every morning, to form the animal's bed; and great care should be taken as to the sanitary arrangements.

With regard to food, one could not do better than supply it with plenty of vegetables, such as lettuce and cabbage, and bran or oats should occasionally be given it for a change. Great care should be taken when the animal breeds, in food as well as in cleanliness, for a tame guinea pig is marvellously prolific compared with a wild one. On the whole, the



FRANCOIS IN LONDON.

"Vat dese Engleesh laugh at? Dey arr most rudel!"

(By J. Cameron.)



RIP VAN WINKLE INTERVIEWS HIS BARBER AFTER HIS TWENTY YEARS' SLEEP.

(By W. Bridge.)

guinea pig is a very fair pet, and is not hard to manage, so let me recommend it to all readers of THE CAPTAIN.

E. A. MEGGINSON.

[At the same time, I must warn readers against adopting pets of any description unless they are thoroughly acquainted with the way to look after them, and know what to do in case they are unwell; or unless they have someone at hand to advise and direct them. A great deal of suffering is caused among pets through the ignorance of persons who keep them.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

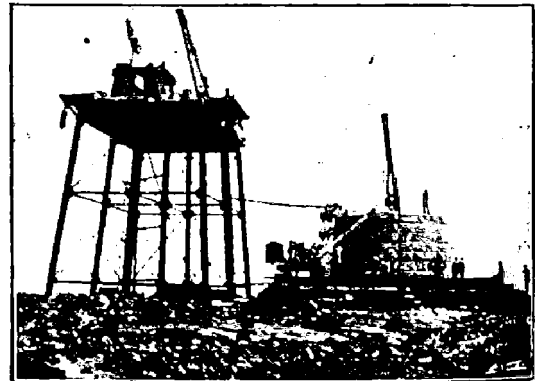
### Lifeboat Day in Cambridge.

Lifeboat Day is celebrated every year in Cambridge by having a lifeboat from a seaside station launched on the River Cam; and by a procession.

I was present on the last occasion, and witnessed the launching of the boat and the procession.

This procession was made up with the help of the fire brigade, the lifeboat from Ilfracombe, drawn by six horses, the Boys' Brigade band, also a military band, and some decorated bicycles. Prizes were given for the bicycles which were judged to be decorated the best.

A number of men were running here and there



THE BUILDING OF THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE AT EASTBOURNE.

(Photograph by E. B. Lye.)

with long bamboo poles, on which bags were tied, collecting money in aid of the National Lifeboat Institution. Even the spectators at the upper windows could not escape these collectors, for the poles were capable of reaching the highest windows.

The riders of the bicycles, when the parade had started, placed their hands on each others' shoulders to steady themselves a bit, for they found it hard to keep their balance, going at such a slow pace. Suddenly the order was given to halt, and the result was that the unfortunate cyclists, not being prepared for a sudden stoppage, all fell off, some on top of the others. They soon started again, laughing heartily at their mishap.

The lifeboat at last reached the Victoria Bridge, where it was to be launched. The horses were

unharnessed, and the boat was slowly guided to the edge of the water. It was pushed off the wheels, and went into the water with a splash. The rudder caught on the steep bank and came right off. The boat nearly ran into the opposite bank. The rudder was fixed on, and apparently the calm Cam was nothing to these hardy men, who made their burly craft rush up and down the river amid the cheers of the people.

EDWIN L. REED

[This idea might be adopted by more inland towns with rivers, as it would afford people a chance of seeing the lifeboats and their crews, and make them put their hands into their pockets in support of one of the most worthy objects anybody can subscribe to.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

### Two Proverbs: Are they True?

I — "Tastes differ."

II — "There is no accounting for tastes."

That tastes differ is well known. But were tastes always the same? I mean—have men, at different periods of the world's history, always looked on the same things with pleasure or respect? Let us see.

What would the savage consider beautiful? His ideas, we know, are different—very different—to ours, as regards beauty. We should not, as do many African tribes, consider that the extension of the ears to an unusual length was beautiful, nor should we envy the owner his black teeth, as do many Asiatics. We respect a man for his courage, as do all men, savage or civilised. But there are different sorts of courage. A man's bravery is judged, amongst savage tribes, by the number of other savages slain by him. Even the "noble savage," as the North American Indian has been called, judges a man's prowess by the number of scalps he owns. The bravery here is not admired—it is respected.

Not so with us, however. We do respect bravery in a man, but admire him for his courage. It does not require courage to get rid of a certain number of men, to those who are used to it. Bravery is the essential quality here. It is the man who has to face all the perils of the unknown, and who does so unflinchingly; the man who stays at his post, though he knows

it is certain death; the man who risks his life for another; the man who does all these, and is unused to it, that possesses that noble quality, courage. And that is what we admire him for. Courage wins our admiration, simple bravery our respect.

And in other things there is an equal difference in tastes. A savage, or a half-civilised man, has no taste for modern pictures, scenery, or sculpture. Nor have those who are under the influence of older civilisations, such as that of Turkey, or India, or China, any sympathy with such. Civilisation progresses, and with it the taste of mankind. Taste is a matter of education; the higher the education of a man the greater the taste he displays. "Tastes differ" it is true, but that there is a means of accounting for tastes we have endeavoured to show.

ALAN L. SNOW.



THIS IS WHAT APPEARED ON A BLACKBOARD AT THE END OF A LECTURE GIVEN BY MR. THEODORE WOOD AT TRENT COLLEGE ON THE BODY OF AN INSECT.

(Photograph by J. O. S. Young.)

### "CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

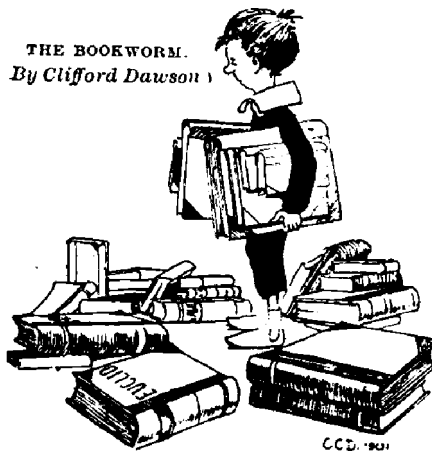
B. H. E. Price and H. Platt.—Your sketches denote fairly good composition. At the same time I shouldn't think you would make many thousands a year by draughtsmanship. Take this hint kindly. J. E. Vinnicombe.—Not half enough drawing in your contributions. Don't send in this kind of thing until you have had more practice. "T. S."—In your pencil sketch of the lady and the horse, the horse is very well drawn, but the lady is somewhat indifferent in draughtsmanship. In carrying out wash drawings use drawing paper mounted on board, preferably Whatman's. Then work up your subject

in Indian or Chinese ink and use white for your high lights. See answers in back numbers.

A. B. Rosher.—Thanks for your clever photograph of Dr. Grace and A. C. Fergus. I hope to use this during the coming cricket season. A. H. Barnes.—Your drawings are not strong enough for publication, but I shall be glad to see more of your work in the future. Norman B. Ashford and Snooks, B. A.—The sketches by the latter show great promise, and Snooks, B. A., is improving rapidly. The draughtsmanship of the former is much too niggled, and not sufficient time is given to outline, etc.

Contributions also received from: Morris S. Perrott (S. Australia)—too niggled again—Haystack, Len. B. Goodgame, A. W. Taylor, W. M. Wace, H. Hanson, K. R. Davis, Jos. Young, "Yorkshire," E. B. Lye, and a number of others whose names will be published next month.

THE BOOKWORM.  
By Clifford Dawson.





12, BURLEIGH STREET,  
STRAND, LONDON.

**Yes**, we have been having a lively time in the office lately. You will no doubt like to hear about a few of the calls that have been paid me. The other day I was sitting in my arm-chair, peacefully perusing a delightful letter from a girl-reader in Switzerland, when the door opened suddenly and a very lean maiden lady entered with a large package under her arm. I rose gracefully, yet with a sigh, and the Art Editor, with a husky cough, retreated swiftly by a side door.

"Are you the Editor?" inquired my visitor.

"I am," I replied, with a bow, "that functionary."

"You sent me back my poems the other day, I believe?"

I bowed again; speech was useless.

"That was the sixth batch. I have done all six batches up into this bundle. I have come to tell you that I do not want them; in fact, I am going to let you keep them."

She raised the bundle on high.

I instantly divined that she was about to throw it at me!

"One moment," I cried. "I have a request to make."

"What is it?" she demanded.

"I beg you to throw that bundle *straight at my head*."

"That is precisely my intention," she retorted, and she threw the bundle at my head, with the result, as I quite anticipated, that it went three yards wide and broke the clock.

"Thank you," I said. "I knew that if you threw it straight at me you would not hit me; few girls can throw straight."

With one fierce and indignant look she turned on her heel and walked out of the office. I rang the bell, and told the boy to go and get the clock mended.

Such are the trials and vicissitudes of an editor's life, but it sometimes has its relaxations. I returned to the reading of my delightful letter from Switzerland with a gentle sigh of content, and the Art Editor stole softly in from the outer apartment, simply whispering: "*She's gone!*"

**The Idea Merchant** was the next caller. He slipped in while the Fighting Editor was out having a sort of second lunch (hungry man, F. E.!), and said he had an entirely new idea to spring upon me. I asked him what it was, and he said:—

"I am going to write your biography."

I said, "All right—write away," and was going on with my work, when the Idea Merchant coolly took a chair and observed:—

"I am going to write this biography, honoured sir, in quite a new way. I am not going to ask you questions, but I am simply going to watch you."

I thought I had better humour the fellow, and so I said:—

"Well, I am afraid you will make me rather nervous if you sit and watch me like that. Suppose you get behind the screen, make a hole in it, and watch me that way?"

I will say this for the I. M.—he is always most ready in adopting suggestions. He immediately got behind the screen, and, taking out his jack-knife, commenced to bore a hole in the centre of that extremely handsome office ornament which shelters my desk from draughts and keeps timid contributors from knowing I am in until they come and peep round the corner of it. As I heard the I. M. going to work I gave a low chuckle, for the Fighting Editor has picked up an idea from the police, and wears indiarubber pads on his boots so that he can move about quietly. Well, just as the Idea Merchant was getting on splendidly

with the hole he was making in the screen, he suddenly felt himself clutched by the nape of the neck, whirled round in the air, and then flung with sickening velocity through the open door into the passage. He has decided to defer writing that biography *sine die*—that is to say, until he comes out of hospital.

**Soon after** the I. M. had vanished, I was visited by an American writer who occasionally favours me with a call (showing the Fighting Editor the muzzle of a six-shooter by way of passport). He came in and spoke as follows:—

"I prop contrib occas art to your val period on ornith, nat his, and lev of deep. Does my suggest meet with your appro?"

"Before I say whether it does or not," I replied, "will you kindly repeat your question?"

He repeated it.

"What does it mean?" I inquired.

"No time fin long words these days of fierce comp. Find it advis to abbrev much as poss. Do you consid my suggest of any val?"

I said, "If you will go home and write out your suggestion in full, and then send it to me, I shall be glad to give it my best consideration."

The following day I received this letter:—

99r, King's Av., Ham., Lon., W.

D.S.—Reg press of lit work prev writ suggest in full. Fear neg as to contrib must be brok off. Ass you cord sym with your lab.—Bel me, y. v. t.,

ERN. PET. SMITH.

Should I be favoured with another call from Mr. Smith, I shall certainly give you a report of it, as above.

**Every month** we receive hundreds of newspaper reviews of *THE CAPTAIN*, couched in most kindly terms. It is not often, however, that a newspaper critic departs from his usual rule to comment upon us in the following picturesque manner. It came as a refreshing change, in the *Ayr Observer*:—

THE CAPTAIN, which is now in its thirty-third number, must prove a very paradise to boys. It is so bright, beautiful, and interesting that it makes we older fellows sigh, and say with the poet:—

"O to be a boy once more,

Curlly headed, sitting singing,

'Midst a thousand flowerets springing,"

and with *THE CAPTAIN* on our knee, and then, for the time being, we would not care a straw how the great world beyond fared. What would we not have given for such a monthly publication as this "when the dew of youth was upon us"?

**"Captain" Club Coupon.**—You will find in one of the advertisement pages a coupon,

which members of *THE CAPTAIN* Club must cut out and attach to their letters when they write to our "experts" for information. I have established this coupon in order to protect the rights of members.

I am sure you will all be pleased to hear that Mr. C. B. Fry will in future write "Answers to Correspondents" for *THE CAPTAIN only*. Thus he becomes exclusively *one of us*. Mr. Fry not only writes for us—he is also a most regular reader of the old "CAP." He told me not long ago that he reads the magazine right through every month. In many ways this great athlete and idol of the cricketing public is quite a boy—that is, he has the enthusiasm and light-heartedness of a boy, combined with the solidity of purpose and wisdom of a strong man, in all senses.

**"The Race of the Specials."**—The exciting railway adventure which I print this month is by Mr. S. A. Parkes, who, it will be remembered, was part-author of "To Save the Mail," which appeared in the Christmas Number. Mr. Parkes is a son of the Mr. Charles A. Parkes who was Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway for many years, and who succeeded Lord Salisbury in that post. Our contributor (who, by the way, hails from Charterhouse and Cambridge) has studied every phase of railway life—even booking-office work and engine-cleaning. He is a "driver" of no mean skill himself, can work a signal-box, and could act as guard of a train or ticket-collector at a pinch. He went through this varied course with the object of qualifying for the General Managership of a big line. However, fate decided otherwise; so now he has taken up his pen to turn his experience to profit.

**Christmas and New Year Cards.**—A number of pretty cards reached me at Christmas-tide and New Year-time, and still adorn my desk and mantelpiece, giving the office a right festive and seasonable appearance. I observe among the senders many "constant" readers of *THE "CAP."* The O. F. wafts his sincere acknowledgments to all of you!

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A. P. A. P.**—It is only in exceptional cases, such as when answering foreign readers, that we announce anyone as being "clubbed" in the Answers to Correspondents. Applicants must wait until the lists appear. All applications sent recently will appear in a supplementary list, which will be published when these regular lists are completed. Yes, address C.C. Contributions to the Editor. To cultivate a good style, read books like Birrell's

"Obiter Dicta" and John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People." Guard against being heavy in your style; be bright and brisk, but don't be flowery. Endeavour to convey information or thought in every sentence; don't string together a lot of meaningless words and think that's an essay. I have not read the two books you mention, and so I cannot speak about them. Your plan of writing digests of chapters without referring to the book is a good one, but it is better to write from Nature—that is to say, go and see something, or study someone's character, and put down your impressions in your own way.

**L. N.** is an "old boy" reader. He is also a bank clerk on £1 a week, and inquires whether I consider he ought to marry on that income. He adds that his *fiancée* is quite willing to take the plunge, and they now await my verdict. Some people are born to responsibility, some achieve it, and many have it thrust upon them. It seems that I belong to the last-named class. I have it in my power (unless a couple of wise fathers intervene) to make this young couple miserable for life by uttering a mere monosyllable in the affirmative. I prefer to substitute an "if." If, then, "L. N." is willing to exist on a diet that is largely of a vegetable character (and hardly suitable for this climate, however well it may agree with Arabs), restrict himself to one clean collar a week (which would not reflect credit on his bank), occupy two small rooms in a poor thoroughfare (with a landlady who knows no mercy), and condemn himself to life-long shackles of poverty, he may certainly marry on £1 a week. But I trust that the two wise fathers will intervene.

**J. M.**, whose letter-paper gives me to understand that he is a maker of clocks and watches, is good enough to give me some useful hints on the editing of this magazine. "J. M." confidently remarks that "he could do it a good deal better himself." I have no doubt at all on the subject, and am willing to let "J. M." occupy my editorial chair for one day if he, on the other hand, will allow me to take charge of his clocks and watches for the same period, "J. M." to attend to my correspondence to the best of his ability, while I attend to his repairs to the best of my ability. I am as ready to give the correct time to his timepieces as he is to give his odd time to criticising my "works."

**Mr. James F. Smith**, an "old boy" living at Southsea, became introduced to THE CAPTAIN in rather a quaint manner. After a two years' sojourn in South Africa he came home and took a house in Southsea. Strewn about were a few back numbers of THE CAPTAIN, left by a former occupier. These were speedily annexed by Mr. Smith's family. Mr. Smith himself casually glanced through one, became interested, and read the whole lot. The next day he bought the October number, which, he was happy to find, started a new volume. Thenceforth he became a regular subscriber, and I hope many other fathers will follow his excellent example!

**"A Tale of Fearful Odds."**—Maxwell Miller writes as follows: "Dear Old Fag,—In the December number of your good old paper it was stated, in the story 'A Tale of Fearful Odds,' that there is probably not a single survivor of that terrible swim of those who were so brave and valiant. There is—living a few doors from us—a gentleman named Gordon Thomson. He is in splendid health. He tells me that, though Murphy and Sullivan have passed away, Lieutenant Delafosse is still living. I showed the magazine to Mr. Thomson (or the "General," as we call him), and he told me the above, with permission to use his name."

**M. D. F.**, a member of THE CAPTAIN Club, informs me that she has no home and no permanent address. "in fact, is always on the trot." Is she to inform me of her change of address every time she trots? "M. D. F." has my sincere sympathy. I shall consider her address as c/o THE CAPTAIN. By the way, I don't agree with her people, that her handwriting "is vile for a girl of eighteen." It will form into something better in time, as writing always does as one gets older; but it is by no means "vile," and is perfectly readable.

**Longest Word.**—J. S. S. writes: "In your November answers to correspondents, R. Emo has spelt his word wrong, and has put 'doublesax,' which does not mean anything, instead of 'dudelsack.' The word is really 'Constantinopolitannisches Dudelsackspfeifenmachergesellschaft,' which is a good deal longer. I know that this word is genuine, as I myself heard it in Germany, at Weimar. I also saw it in Mark Twain's book, 'A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,' together with two other jaw-breakers."

**B. H. W.**—Hydrofluoric acid will etch glass, but I know of no acid which shows such etching only when breathed upon. Don't meddle with acids, however, unless you thoroughly understand their properties. I would suggest that what you require is some oily fluid that would be invisible upon the glass. You could then draw your pictures, and when breathed upon the moisture would not condense on the oil. This is a test of your inventive faculty.

**M'sieu.**—All I can advise you to do is to wait until you happen to meet some other French boy who wishes to exchange letters. I trust that when you give "Vive la France's" contributions as recitations, you acknowledge the source from which you have obtained them. I agree with you that they make admirable sketches to give at concerts, etc., and if you can "make up" like our picture of the Frenchman, so much the better.

**Bookman.**—The best example I know of the double meaning conveyed by some of our expressions is the stereotyped acknowledgment which Lord Beaconsfield is said to have been in the habit of sending to the authors who favoured him with copies of their books. It ran somewhat as follows: "Lord Beaconsfield begs to thank Mr. ——— for obliging him with a copy of ———, and begs to assure Mr. ——— that he will lose no time in perusing it."

**H. E. F.**—You are fortunate in having the means to start a gymnasium at your institute. You cannot do better than adapt your exercises from an excellent book entitled "One Thousand Gymnastic Exercises with Dumb-bells, Wands, and Indian Clubs," by F. J. Harvey, a gentleman of high standing in the gymnastic world; price 1s. post free. Address: F. J. Harvey, Esq., Gymnasium, Exeter.

**Agriculturalist** wishes to know if there are any "counties or rich landowners in the British Isles who give or lend free grants of land to farmers," after the manner of some of the Colonies. I fear no county or rich landowner has yet come forward in this philanthropic way. When the Millennium arrives I may be able to give "Agriculturalist" a reply in the affirmative.

**A. G. A. Pamuda** writes: "E. D. Gilbert, of Pocklington School, has a record which is, I think, quite as good as that of F. G. Brooks, of Bedford School, for he is captain of the footer eleven this season, was captain of cricket last season, president of the debating society, and is the fastest runner in, in addition to being head of, the school."

**G. Henderson, Junr.**—If your musical friends band together, as you suggest, practising once or twice a week at each other's houses by turn, you will in time, and without any undue effort, develop into an orchestral party, which, if sufficient mutual acquaintances can be persuaded to join, will grow into a society, and then you will be able to attempt big things.

**F. H. Bracher.**—I should advise you to study the board and residence columns in the daily papers, or advertise your wants; be careful about the house you go to. Quite the best thing you can do is to look about among your friends, and try and find someone who is well acquainted with a German family which will receive you.

**Frank K. Hill** (SYDNEY, N.S.W.).—Clubbed. You seem to be a go-ahead fellow, and I am glad to hear you are cultivating your muscles. I hope you will get all the Sydney fellows you know to take in *THE CAPTAIN* for themselves, read it, keep it, and bind it.

**E. A. M.**—(1) Captain Matthew Webb, who swam from Dover to Calais in 21hrs. 45mins. on August 24-25, 1875, is the only man who has swum the Straits of Dover. (2) Fastest swim: 100yds. in 60secs. by H. Derbyshire, in November, 1898, at Manchester.

**Citizen.**—You can obtain all you want in the photographic line from the new dépôt of the City Sale and Exchange, 90-94, Fleet Street, E.C., where you may also procure your football outfit, as this firm has recently opened a sports and games department.

**N. D. Quirk and many others.**—The names of all readers who applied for membership of *THE CAPTAIN* Club after May 31st, 1901, will appear in the supplementary list, the present lists having been compiled down to that date.

**Nil Desperandum.**—You may be quite sure that if your competition reached this office it was judged with perfect fairness. Nothing could be more straightforward and impartial than the way our Competition Editor goes to work.

**Crab.**—(1) The largest signal-box in the world is that at Waverley Station, Edinburgh. (2) Remove the sting by pressing the barrel of a watch-key over the affected part. As to other remedies, consult some good housewife.

**Paul Prosser.**—I really cannot say whether your copies of *Punch* are of any value. You must take them to a dealer in old books and curiosities, and make your inquiries. I hardly think they are.

**Nuisance.**—Your pretty card now adorns my desk. Your questions as to the club will be answered in *THE CAPTAIN* in due course. There is no need for any hurry in the matter.

**F. D. Welward.**—Your chest measurement will increase as you get older. Do plenty of dumb-bell exercises, and you will send it up by inches. You would be the better for a little more girth there.

**S. A. E.**—(1) Silkworms fed on green leaves produce yellow silk, while those fed on yellow mulberry leaves produce green silk. (2) *The "Animal Story Book,"* by A. Lang, price 6s.

**Cecil Morrell.**—Thanks for bull's-eye stamp. This is not the first that has been sent us. I am glad to hear you like *THE CAPTAIN*, and hope you will soon be better.

**T. B.**—Young starlings had best be fed upon small worms, snails, insects, etc. Take care their cage is not hung in a draught, and give them plenty of sunlight.

**Hamlet.**—I should not keep the coins if I were you; they will never be worth more than face value for a very long time. Change of address noted.

**G. S. Jessup.**—Mrs. H. Fawcett's "Political Economy for Beginners," price 2s. 6d. **W. Percy Smith.**—You should take your medals to Messrs.

Spink & Son, of Piccadilly, W. **George L. Tod.**—"Rhodes Steamship Guide," published by George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street, London, E.C., price 1s. **Leigh Kent.**—"The King's Red Coat" appeared in Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*. **Wm. V. Stevenson.**—"Acton's Feud," now published in book form at 3s. 6d., and "Smith's House," which appeared in Vol. V. of *THE CAPTAIN*. **G. N. R.**—Writing fair. Will improve as you get older. **J. H. Forrester.**—Thanks for your information. **J. M. Gittins.**—Send quite a short description to the C.C.C. pages. **F. F. F.**—You are wrong. One bell is a quarter to four, or eight or twelve (noon). **F. I. F. Smith.**—(1) Change of address noted. (2) You will find all you want to know in an A.B.C. railway timetable. **T. Cunliffe.**—I will keep your puzzle by me, and perhaps use it should I think of setting a competition of the sort.

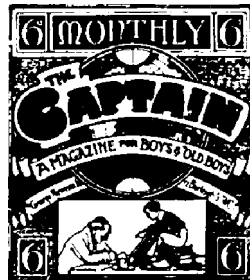
**Letters, etc., have also been received from:** F. E. (Yeovil), Harry Conder-Clark, P. T. Kind, C. Palmer (clubbed), Edgar A. Leigh (change of address noted), G. Booker—(1) Clubbed, (2) Address Mr. Nankivell, care of this office—L. Gordon-Smith, "Ice Cream," A. B. C., "Reformer," "Ye Young Fag," and many others.

**Official representatives appointed:**—J. H. Weeks (Whitchurch), W. Percy Smith (Upper Tooting).

## THE OLD FAG.

### "CAPTAIN" CLUB — "CAPTAIN" BADGE — "CAPTAIN" STAMP.

*Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of *THE CAPTAIN* CLUB. Members are entitled to advice from our "experts" free of charge. The Club was also founded with the object of spreading the sale of good literature generally. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence.



FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.



# Results of December Competitions.

## No. I.—"Four Towns."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

10s. divided between: GERTRUDE STERLING, "The Rowans," Fleet, Hants; and RAYMOND PEACE, "Penles," Bridgwater, Somerset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Horace T. Austin, Harold Butfield, Emily J. Wood, C. J. Still, Wm. J. Leech, Frank A. Garratt, E. W. Stiles, Ulick Kyne, Albert Hill.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: FRED. HALES, "Ecclesbourne," Granville Road, Sidcup.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. G. Parkinson, W. H. Hewitt, J. O. Hughes, Margaret P. Thompson, T. R. Davis, Stanley Mamelsdorf, J. K. Chambers, Frank M. Cundy, G. F. Sandon, Kittie Wade, C. S. Milledge, Percy A. Taffs.

**CLASS III.** (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: H. R. COMPTON, 44, Kenilworth Road, Ealing.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. C. GORDON-WELLS, Keith House, 215, North End Road, West Kensington, W.; ARTHUR M. SIMS, 3, Perham Road, West Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Peacock, A. H. Douglass, H. M. Hughes, Archibald Thornton, H. M. Vatcher, Edwin Russell Brown, Gabriel Bevan, Charles F. Mason, R. B. Hallowes.

## No. III.—"Anecdotes of Cats."

AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY MR. LOUIS WAIN has been awarded to each of the following: JENNE CLASPER, chez Monsieur Cardot, Aux Chesnaux, Château Thierry, Aisne, France; D. RICHARDS, "Maisonette," St. Saviour's Road, St. Leonard's; OLGA C. JACOBSEN, Milton-sub-Wychwood, Oxford; W. H. THOMPSON, Bank of Scotland Buildings, Callander, Scotland; GILBERT T. LUCAS, 8, Cronwell Square, Queen's Drive, Glasgow; G. BAINES, "Summerfield," Morley, near Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nina M. Tancock, G. W. Ivey, Charles W. Gates, Gladys V. Morris, Maud M. Lyne, Wilson Midgley, Ernest V. Smiles, Harry Darnley, H. E. Houlston, G. T. Kerswell, H. J. Pouditch, Frank S. Griffith.

## No. IV.—"Left-hand Writing."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: ROSA PERLHEFTER, 317, Camden Road, Holloway, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. J. WHITE, "Fairlea," Abergavenny; and LESLIE BARTLETT, 38, Connaught Square, London, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ursula M. Peck, E. F. F. Pickard, Alice Chamberlain, Mabel Shepherd, Annie W. Adams, Kathleen Deering, D. C. Hudson, Lulu Proctor, Cecily Tracy, Adela Bullock, Sydney Dewing.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JANIE THOMAS, "The Oaklands," Oswestry, Shropshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: HILDA

MILLER, "Ormidale," Somerset Road, New Barnet, Herts; and G. HARPER, 10, Springbank Terrace, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Carter, N. Matheson, Dora Avril, M. Hines, Gertie Creak, R. W. N. Renshaw, D. Pocock, John L. Frost, Reginald C. Finch, Lilian Isitt, W. Roccoft, William Vaughan.

**CLASS III.** (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: ALAN REID, Kelvin House, Arderton Park Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: GRACE HUGHES, 5, Ripley Villas, Ealing, W.; and G. L. AUSTIN, "The Knoll," Lancaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Tory Almack, Kathleen Langley, A. G. Leigh, Grita McBean, Vera Chambers, Ethel Kempson, Ewen McKay, Kathie Main, Gladys Burton, L. A. Dickinson, Winnie Hosken, H. C. Day, Annie Humby, Annie Colly.

## No. V.—"Winter v. Summer."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: HARRY PAYNE, 14, Dryden Street, Nottingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: R. A. H. GOODYEAR, Tune Street, Barnsley, Yorks; and H. E. HOULSTON, Palmerston House School, Ross-on-Wye.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Florence A. Ellis, C. V. Thompson, Nellie Kennedy, Jas. J. Nevin, Elsie Simmons, Winifred D. Eraut, Bernard A. Clarke, Ernest A. Taylor.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: M. M. STAFFORD, 43, Granville Park, Blackheath, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. E. R. NOWELL-BARTON, Shipton-Oliffe Rectory, Andoversford, R.S.O., Glos.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. W. Anderson, James H. Forrester, Francis J. Cunyngname, Reginald Barnard, Thomas A. Jacques, Evelyn Bryde, Ethel Day, Cyril Burrage, Muriel Cathie.

**CLASS III.** (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: WILLIAM KENTISH, Hampton House, Church Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CHRIS. R. HAZEL, care of Miss King, Post Office, North Street, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. M. Stewart, G. W. Ivey, William Cameron, James Skuse, R. G. White, Frank I. Walters, Stanley Bishop, Lawrence Kelly, Francis Purnell-Edwards, C. W. Morrow, E. MacGregor, H. G. Flag, C. E. Thompson, Wm. Boughey.

## No. VI.—"Box and Tree."

7s. divided between: T. R. DAVIS, 6, Thurlby Road, West Norwood, S.E.; and H. H. (Will this competitor please send his full name and address?)

HONOURABLE MENTION: Isabel Bray, Violet Helm, Harold R. Fisher, Florence M. Lees, W. A. Oldfield, S. Andrews, H. W. Waters, T. G. Joyce, R. C. Howell, C. Spiers, Thomas R. Worthington, Graham Macpherson, M. U. Johnston, Gertrude Simpson.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

## COMMENTS ON THE DECEMBER COMPETITIONS.

**No. I.**—The correct list of towns is as follows: Shrewsbury, Slough, Sutton, Swansea, Sherborne, Stamford, Stirling, Sunderland, Taunton, Tiverton, Truro, Tipton, Wakefield, Whitby, Walsall, Windsor, Winchester, Woking, Wolverhampton, Warwick, York, Yeovil, Ynys, Yarmouth.

As some small misconception seems to have arisen in the minds of a few competitors, I should like to point out that not only had the correct names of the towns to be given, but they had also to be placed in the right order.

**No. III.**—The number of entries for this competition testifies to the popularity of Mr. Wain's pictures; and we have no doubt that the six successful competitors will much prize the original drawings he has so kindly offered to present. It was a most difficult thing to decide on the cleverest stories; but the prize-winners have quite earned their pictures. Never did I hear of such wonderful cats!

**No. IV.**—Judging by the number of entries, this com-

petition has appealed to a great many of our readers, and some really splendid specimens of left-hand writing were sent in. I noticed that many more members of the fair sex competed; and, in most cases, their writing was the best, because, I suppose, they took more pains with it! At the same time, this must not be taken to imply that the merit was entirely on their side.

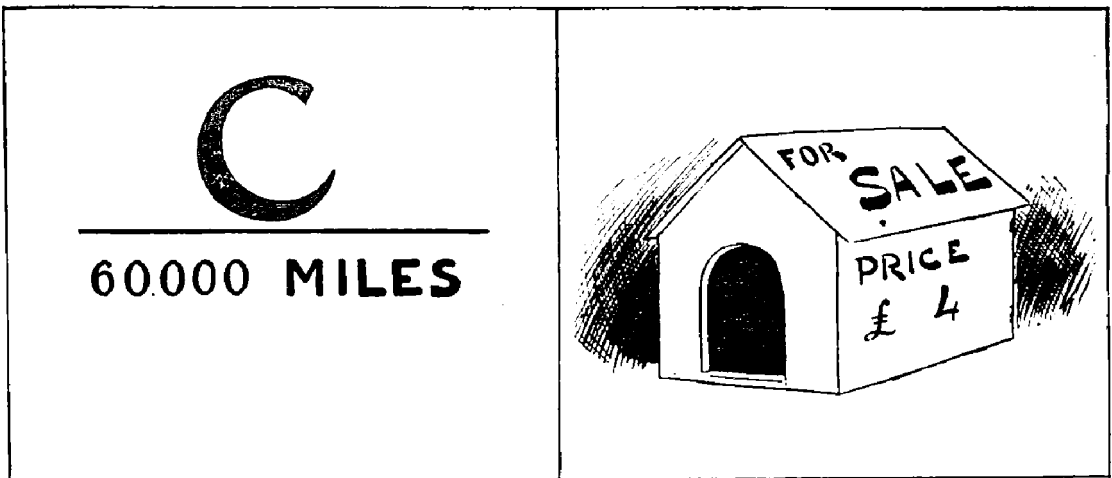
**No. V.**—Evidently a popular subject. This competition produced some excellent essays, one or two of which were treated in a quite original way.

**No. VI.**—Hundreds of attempts were sent in for this competition, and the prize has been divided between the senders of the two funniest, which we hope to reproduce in the March number.

**N.B.**—I should like to remind you again to *fasten pages of comps. together*, and mark the number of comp. and class on the outside of the envelope.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

## **"HIDDEN BOOKS."**

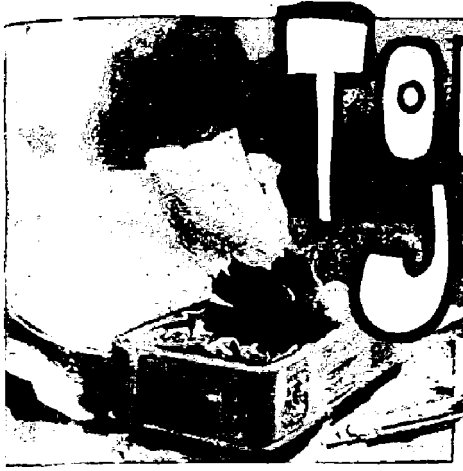


The above sketches indicate the names of two well-known books. See Comp. 1,  
"Hidden Books" (page 570).

There are twenty-three prizes—£1, 10s., 5s., and twenty books. No age limit.



I FLUNG MY PILLOW WITH ALL MY STRENGTH AT THE APPROACHING FIGURE.



# TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE

By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

## III.—THE JUNIOR CLASSIC.

**I**S HE going?" murmured Bannister, craning his neck in the vain endeavour to peer out of the window.

"Looks like it," responded Carter, who was two inches the taller; "I almost think——"

"Carter and Bannister do talk inside the class," interposed the French master; "one hundred lines apiece."

"Oh, Mossoo!"

"Another hundred lines! How for you like that, hein?"

And order was momentarily restored.

The cause of this excitement was the sight of the House Master, no longer in academical costume, conversing in the playground with the Senior Classic, and evidently giving him instructions. Could it be he was about to make one of his periodical visits to town? These almost invariably kept him too late to return the same night, and gave us twenty-four hours' unmitigated enjoyment. For it happened at the time of which I write, that, with the exception of the Junior Classic, who, though vigorous enough in his methods, was reputed to possess a sympathetic leaning towards "larks," there was no one of the ordinary masters who had much control over the boys. So when the House Master went to town!

"If I only *knew* he was going," muttered Carter, in an undertone.

And whilst the class simmered, young Lewis meditated. Lewis was a delicate-complexioned, flaxen-haired youngster, with a far-away look in his eyes, and a thoughtful, half-melancholy cast of countenance. Enthusiastic ladies generally refer to such a one as "the dear boy," whilst inexperienced masters are loth to rebuke him for seeming inattention, since he seems so rapt in lofty meditation. And meditating he frequently is: but not, as a rule, upon the

subjects for which he obtains credit. So young Lewis meditated. And meditating, he reflected that one of Jalaguier's weak points was a tendency to lose his head when excited, and to follow the first suggestion made to him. And as he thought of this, young Lewis smiled his sweet, seraphic smile.

"I say, Carter," he whispered, persuasively. "wouldn't you like to get out and see if he is really going?"

"Why, of course I should, chuckle-head," responded Carter.

"Then look out," quoth Lewis. And lowering his head, he uttered an unearthly yell and rushed across the class, butting the unoffending Carter in the stomach.

Now Carter was one of the last boys to strike a little fellow without great provocation, but, enraged at this unmanly assault, he grasped Lewis with one hand, and with the other freely belaboured the part of his anatomy which came uppermost.

"Ah! the wild boys! I will you report!" cried Jalaguier, rushing to separate them.

"He hit me, sir," whimpered Lewis, with the tears streaming down his cheeks; "he hurt me, sir; and he is bigger than I am."

"Ah, poltron Anglais! Why for the little boy you smack? It is not the chivalrous!"

"I am afraid of him, sir," sobbed Lewis, plaintively.

"Ah, the cru-el boy, cru-el boy! How can you so, how can you so?"

"I know he will hit me again, sir. Turn him out, sir, turn him out."

"I will, I will," cried Jalaguier, frantically; and seizing the astonished Carter by the collar, he bundled him neck and crop out of the room; and as the door closed upon him, Lewis put away his handkerchief and favoured the on-lookers with a portentous wink. Then the mystified class began to see things.

And when the class was over, Carter came dancing in again with a smile which in itself proclaimed his tidings.

"It's all right," he cried; "I saw him start myself."

"Hurrah!" cried Bannister, flinging aside the book he was reading; "and how are we going to celebrate the occasion?"

Many schemes were proposed and rejected as either too risky or too tame.

"I have it," quoth I.

"Hold him," said Carter.

"Let's hear it, said Bannister.

"Suppose we keep quiet until bedtime, and then attack No. 4?"

A burst of applause broke from the assembly. We would.

No. 4 and No. 6 (where Carter, Bannister, and I slept) were the leading and the rival dormitories. We were divided by No. 5, a room, however, which bore the not undeserved reputation of being full of muffs and milksops (both abhorred of the Junior Classic), and, therefore, merely performed the useful, though frequently unhappy, function of a buffer state. A more formidable division was a landing, with a short flight of stairs leading down to it from No. 5, and then up again to No. 4. This gave the latter room a great advantage. Whilst we could not attack them without crossing it, it was of little defensive use to us unless we turned out No. 5 bodily and took our station there. Owing, as we devoutly believed, to this circumstance, the star of No. 4 had been for some little time in the ascendant, and we were consumed with a desire for revenge.

Explained by this sentiment, our conduct during the rest of the day was so exemplary as even to banish from the furrowed brow of the Senior Classic the worried look it always bore when left in charge. Bedtime came, lights were out, and the masters had withdrawn. Trustworthy scouts reported that the coast was clear and the enemy unprepared. We leapt from our beds and prepared for action.

"Steady there!" whispered Carter, excitedly. "Don't make a row, or those muffs in the next room will let them know we are coming."

Noiselessly we fell into line.

"All got slippers?" said I.

"Rather," was the response.

"Does anyone want another pair?" quoth a small, gentle voice, and young Lewis pointed triumphantly to a heap beside him.

"Where did you get those from?"

"I crawled under the beds of No. 5, and bagged the lot. No one saw me."

"Good kid!" quoth Carter, approvingly.

"But we can't carry two pair," objected I.

"Suppose we leave them here in reserve in case we are driven back?"

"Let us take theirs, and keep our own in reserve," suggested Bannister.

The amendment met with unanimous approval.

"Now, come on," said Carter. "Here, you fathead, just take your pillow out of the case. Do you want to split it?"

The new fellow obeyed. Through No. 5 we crept, down the stairs to the landing. Then, with a loud yell, we rushed up the stairs; and as our opponents sprang awakened from their beds, a deftly aimed slipper saluted every one. The attack on No. 4 had commenced.

And then ensued a most spirited contest. Led by a lanky Irish youth, by name McGuire, the enemy, although surprised, offered a strenuous resistance. Long and stubborn did the conflict rage. Wherever the enemy fled, or wavered in disorder, there McGuire rushed headlong to the rescue. Wherever spindle-shanked McGuire—doughty foe!—plied his bolster and yelled his shrill defiance, there our men went down like ninepins, and we retreated. At last it became evident that if No. 6 were to gain the victory, we must first dispose of this redoubtable antagonist. Unanimously Carter, Bannister, and I rushed upon the champion of No. 4. He reeled, he staggered, he fell—no, he was up again. Disdaining the attentions of the smaller fry, we stuck grimly to our task. Down we went, one after another, only to spring up again and press on the attack.

Suddenly McGuire slipped, strove vainly to recover himself, and rolled over on the ground. With a yell we closed to pin him to the floor. A sudden lull in the storm behind us indicated that some fresh danger was at hand. Up I sprang, only to note a tall form entering the room, candlestick in hand. Too excited to pause and reflect, I flung my pillow with all my strength at the approaching figure. The well-aimed missile produced its full effect. With the candlestick flying from his hand, the new-comer went head over heels down the stairs. A startled exclamation escaped his lips. Only too well we recognised that voice. Heavens! I had bowled over the Junior Classic!

Shall I dwell upon the frantic haste with which friend and foe alike made for the nearest beds? There was no getting back to No. 6; and we all sought refuge together. Talk about overcrowding! There were at least five youths in the couch into which I scrambled, not to mention those who had found shelter under it. Amidst a deathlike silence the Junior Classic

gathered himself together; re-lit the candle, and re-entered the room.

For once he seemed uncertain how to act. Possibly the unexpected assault had momentarily nonplussed him. Gazing round the room, his eyes alighted on the many slippers which carpeted the floor. With a grim smile that boded little good to the owners, he stooped and gathered up those that lay close around him.

"You shall answer to me for this to-morrow," said he, and departed, taking the slippers with him.

And on the morrow the Junior Classic assembled the house, and, arranging the captured slippers on the desk before him, surveyed them with grim satisfaction. I skip the opening part of his address, in which he denounced in scathing terms the appalling iniquity of a bolster-fight.

"I need not ask you who commenced the struggle," said he. "These slippers alone sufficiently identify the assailants. They were the boys of No. 5."

We of No. 6 looked at each other aghast.

"Here, we must put this right," muttered Carter.

"Yes, but wait a bit," said Bannister; "he doesn't look at all waxy."

And what was the Junior Classic saying?

"If it had been the boys of No. 6 I should have known how to deal with them"—an injured expression flitted over young Lewis's countenance—"but I confess it is the first time I have ever had to complain of No. 5. Now, I do not like to interfere between boys and boys, but I have seen for some time that you have been rather put upon, and I am inclined to forgive you for showing a little spirit. Indeed, now you have begun to find your feet, I do not mind telling you it was high time you did

assert yourselves a little. But you must not overdo it, you know."

The house stood dumbfounded in its astonishment. But the Junior Classic turned smilingly to Walters, the captain of No. 5, and proceeded:—

"I will not ask if it was you who flung that missile at me, Walters——"

Walters, a mild-mannered, be-spectacled youth, with a taste for Wordsworth, almost swooned at the suggestion.

"As I have said, I am more pleased than anything at finding you and the others have more spirit than I thought. There, there, boy! There is nothing to be so melancholy about! I repeat, it will be all the better for you fellows and the school generally if you do learn a little more to take your own part. Only bear in mind"—severely—"I must have no more of this."

And the Junior Classic quitted the room, leaving the boys staring at each other agape.

Then Bannister and Carter and I, followed by young Lewis, arose and addressed the bewildered Walters.

"Really, Walters," said Carter, "I never knew you were such a bruiser. Knocking down the Junior Classic, too! You must give me some lessons in boxing, you know."

"We are safe enough from No. 4 now, aren't we?" inquired Bannister. "They will never get past champions like No. 5. We are proud of you, Walters."

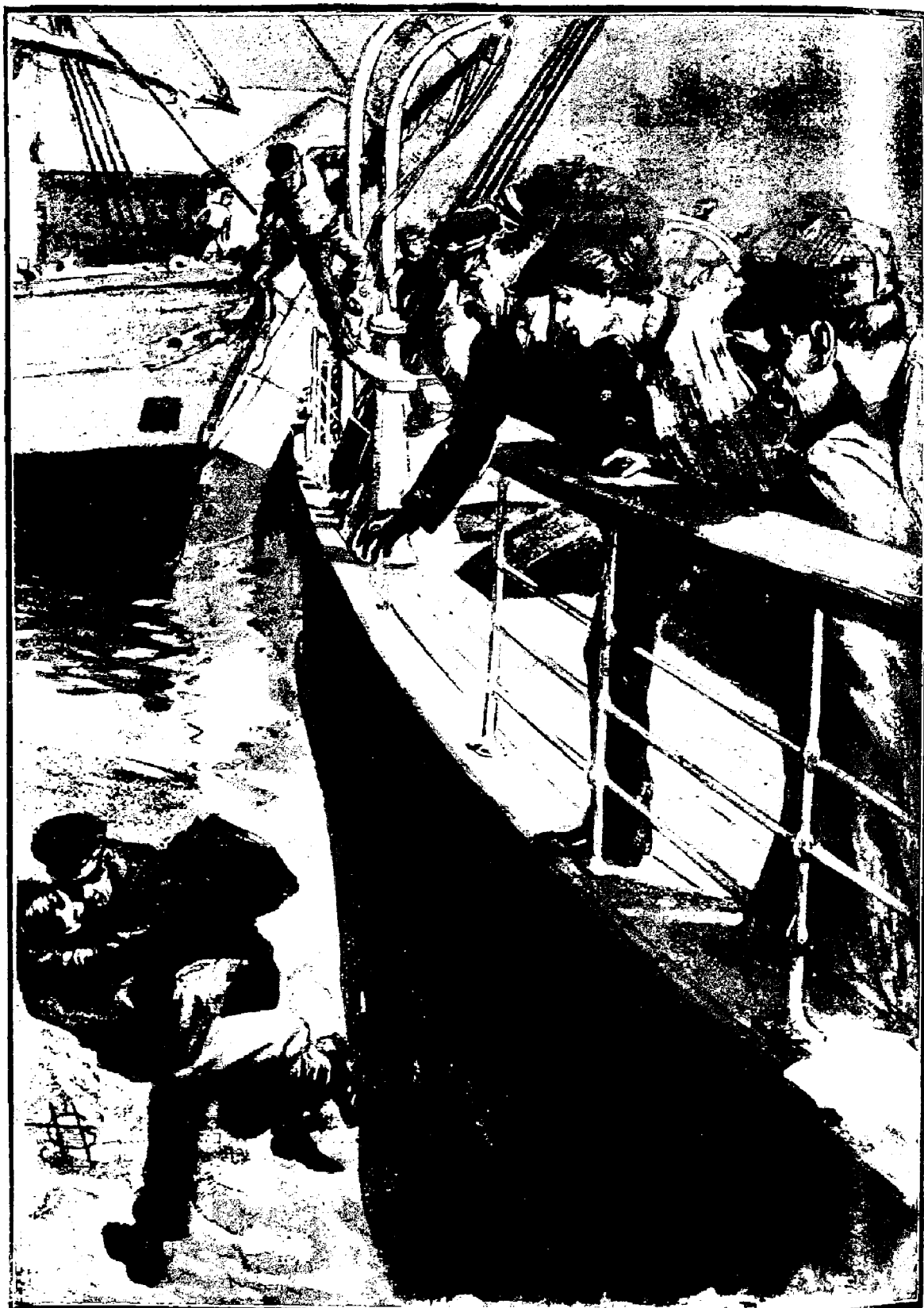
"I don't know about that," interposed Lewis, in his most melancholy tones. "My mamma does not like me to be with rough boys, and I did think of asking leave to go into No. 5. But it would be of no use now."

"Upon my word, Walters——" commenced I; but Walters had fled.

### FURTHER ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS BY C. B. FRY.

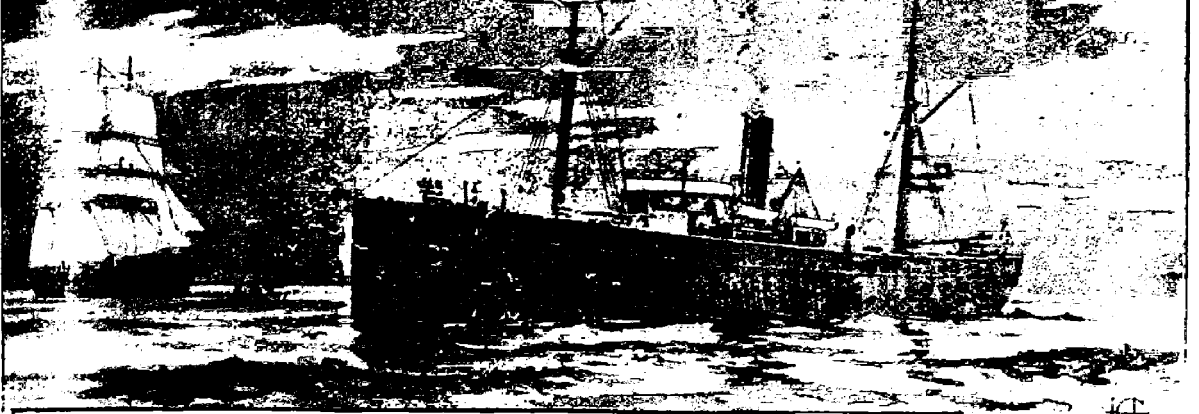
Chum.—Yes, on this occasion you mention I played the ball on to my pads when it cannoned off into the wicket. Foolish stroke, that. No, I do not bowl much now. I am rather tired of the fuss about doubtful deliveries. A. L. Sutcliffe.—The three best fast bowlers in England? Really, I don't know. Hirst, Wilson, Lockwood, and Bradley, I suppose, are the four most people would select. Then there is that mysterious Barnes, but I do not know whether he is fast or only medium. Opinions differ about bowlers. Lionel.—Best oil for bats is a mixture of raw linseed and ordinary salad. Wipe your bat over with an oily rag about once a fortnight in the winter. Bats often fail to drive at first owing to the cane handles being stiff and unpliant. A. T.—Swimming is not bad for football; but you cannot do much swimming

when you are playing football, as the former exercise is rather exhausting. You can judge best for yourself from experiments how much swimming you can do without spoiling your football. F. Dady.—You cannot do better than go on with your dumb-bell work on C. E. Lord's excellent system, together with as much outdoor exercise in games as you can get. Indian clubs may be used as well as dumb-bells; but do not overdo artificial exercise of this sort. You cannot hurry muscular development; gradual, regular work is the thing. F. G. Skinner.—Going to get the *Evening News* to see whether I've beaten Abel? My word, that sounds rather old! Mr. G. O. Smith's address is "Ludgrove," New Barnet. Opinions differ as to who is the best all-round cricketer. Hirst, I think, would get most votes. (See page 510 for Mr. Fry's article on "How to Race.")



THEY FELL DOWN INTO THE MUDDY WATERS OF THE SWIFT FLOWING RIVER.—(See page 498.)

# IN DEEP WATER



## A TALE OF THE MID-ATLANTIC,

BY STACEY BLAKE AND W. E. HODGSON.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

This story concerns the fate of the ss. *Creole* (belonging to the well-known shipping firm of Grimm, Channing & Grimm) and of the *Creole's* second mate, Grant Heath. Hudson, captain of the *Creole*, undertakes to get rid of Grant Heath, against whom Martin Grimm, junior partner in the firm, bears a grudge, and afterwards scuttle the *Creole*, which is heavily insured, in return for a bribe of £3,000. While Martin Grimm and Hudson are discussing the scheme, their conversation is overheard by Edith Hopewell, niece of Mr. Channing, the senior partner, who is lying at the point of death in his house at Hampstead. Grant Heath goes aboard the *Creole* at Cardiff. Finding the ship in a great state of disorder, as the crew, having signed on, are spending their advance notes ashore, it is with difficulty that the two mates get any of the men to come and work. Captain Hudson, arriving just as the ship is ready, sees the new second mate and treats him roughly. Once the voyage has begun the crew find they are to be almost starved, and mutiny—but as they are calling at the Azores the captain gives them money, which they spend in drink, and the voyage proceeding, the crew neglect the ship, and Grant Heath, when taking in sailing poles, is knocked overboard by Captain Hudson. From this time all on board drink heavily, and navigation is neglected—the crew lying about the decks in a fuddled condition—when a barque, the *Stella*, heaves in sight

flying signals of distress. Getting no answer from the steamer, the captain and one of his men come aboard the *Creole*, and finding the whole crew in an unconscious state, the captain of the barque transfers the crews, he and his men taking the names of the *Creole* people (which he finds on the ship's papers), and leaving the *Creole's* crew to shift as best they can on the leaky sailing-vessel, when they recover their senses. When Captain Hudson finds himself on a strange ship he attempts to shoot Talbot, his first mate, but is himself severely wounded in the struggle that ensues. Grant Heath, rescued from a watery death by fishermen, is conveyed to Fayal, where he meets Edith Hopewell. They leave Fayal on the *Adrian*, and in the course of their voyage encounter the *Stella*, with the *Creole's* crew aboard her. Grant, disguised by his newly grown beard, volunteers to go as mate on the *Stella*, which wants an officer. Some days later, putting into the Cays for repairs, the *Stella* finds the *Creole* anchored in a little bay. The *Creole's* real crew, after a desperate fight in which several lives are lost and many severe wounds sustained, succeed in retaking the steamer, Howell and his men being forced to return to their frail sailing-vessel. After the fight, Hudson comes upon Grant Heath lying wounded and unconscious on the *Creole's* deck. Supposing himself to be unobserved, he throws Heath overboard.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

INSTEAD OF JIM GOSSER.

WITH deadened senses, incapable of any sustained thought, save the primitive, instinctive one that made him continue to move his arms and legs, Grant Heath was borne away by the resistless ocean current. He heard, as though afar off in another world, the murmur of dashing surf; he was aware of the stars sprinkled over the indigo sky blinking at him coldly, and he saw the big, round moon

disappear in a bank of clouds; but all this, even the rise and fall of the water, he saw, and felt, and heard, without really being wholly conscious of it. For his mind seemed dulled, as though lulled by a narcotic.

He became vaguely aware, as he slid up and down the smooth, watery hills, that a black object of considerable size lay there slowly swaying to the swell, but he lost immediate interest in it, because he began to watch the bright disc of moon play hide-and-seek among the cloudlets. He was only conscious in a dim sort of way that strong arms



took hold of him presently, but how, or why, of any reason or sequence, he had no power to think. Nor was he interested.

He was only very tired.

When he came to consciousness he opened his eyes upon surroundings familiar enough. He was in a ship's cabin, lying in the top bunk. Daylight was streaming through the port-hole, and he saw the reflected sheen of the passing water rippling over the white-painted panels. His own clothes hung on a peg, swinging slowly from side to side with the regular sway of the vessel. There was a gurgling and washing sound, evidencing that the ship moved through the water.

"And I am aboard the barque after all!" he murmured to himself. "I must have dreamt it all, then. And the ship is moving. I thought we were lying-to under an island for repairs. What time is it, I wonder?"

He saw his waistcoat, wherein his watch usually reposed, hanging at the foot of the bunk, and he made a move to reach it, but, to his surprise, fell back without strength on to his pillow again.

He lifted up his head. It felt like lead. He could not understand.

"I must have been ill!" he muttered. "I am as weak as a cat. It is incomprehensible. Confound it! why doesn't someone come?"

Apparently his complainings were heard, for the cabin door opened, and a man with a fat face and rotund body appeared.

"Hulloa! Who are you?" asked Grant, noting that this man was a stranger. "I haven't seen you before."

"I reckon you ain't quite strange to me," answered the fellow, laconically. "I'm steward of thisyer craft, and glad to see yer with yer eyes open at last."

"Great Scott! Steward, are you? Then what ship is this?"

"The barque *Stella*, bound for New Orleans. I reckon you called her the *Foam*, of Hull," added the man, with a queer little grin.

"Ha! Then we didn't capture the *Creole*?"

"Waal, I should say your crew did. Yew seem to have bin chucked to the sharks. Anyhow, when we got on board thisyer craft again, we picked you up swimming like a porpoise. Then yew went a bit soft in the nut, I guess."

"And that happened?"

"Four days ago."

"Then I have not dreamed it. And have I not seen your face before?"

"I should say so. Didn't you gargle one of my cocktails aboard the *Creole*, when you came to try a bit of bluff with Captain Howell?"

"Howell is his name, is it? The man who claimed to be Samuel Hudson?"

The steward grinned with the air of a man who remembered a prime joke. Suddenly his face straightened.

"Hyer's the cap'n," he said.

There was a footfall outside, the door opened again, and the long face of Captain Jasper Howell filled the space between door-edge and frame.

"So you've waked up, sonny, have you?" he said with a drawl. "You've had a purty considerable rest."

"Have I been unconscious four days?" asked Grant bewildered.

"Nearly so, I guess. You'll feel empty now, I s'pose. Peter, jest hustle in some hot stuff."

The stout steward presently reappeared with a pannikin of thick soup, with which he proceeded to feed Grant, while Howell sat upon a locker gravely sucking at a black cigar. It was one of a few he had inadvertently left in a locker when he had vacated the barque in favour of the *Creole*, which same cigars he was overjoyed to find had been overlooked by the steamer's crew when they had been aboard.

"So, you see, you are back on this leaky old craft again," he said, when Grant had finished the last spoonful.

"And so are you," returned Grant, with some amount of misgiving in his mind, for he could not forget that this man had every reason to be hostile to him—that possibly his only motive in saving him might be a revengeful one. But Howell answered unaggressively enough.

"Yes, and your old crew have galloped off with the steamer. How did you come ter be chucked overboard?"

Grant shook his head. His memory was hazy on the matter. He remembered the fight clearly enough, but that was all.

"Someone must have unshipped you, calc'ulating you were dead."

"That must have been so," murmured Grant.

"And this ship—you call her the *Stella*, eh?"

"So, not the *Foam*, of Hull," answered Howell, dryly.

"And is she taking in water like she was?"

"Very near as bad. We patched her up a trifle at the island, but she is past repairing. It's hands ter the pumps every other watch."

There was a little pause, during which the Yankee skipper sucked his cigar contemplatively, and Grant watched the ever rippling light dancing across the panelling.

"We had a bit of talk in the saloon of the *Creole*, didn't we?" said Grant, musingly.

"When we each tried to do what we could in the lying business," added Howell.

"I don't know. I think what I told you was mostly truth," returned Grant. "Anyhow, we

both know more than we did then. Would you mind telling me how you got hold of the *Creole*?"

The skipper blew out a prodigious stream of smoke. "I reckon," he said laconically, "we wuz jest dead beat when we came across her, what with short rations and bad weather. We signalled distress and received no reply; went aboard her and found every durned skunk so fuddled that there wuzn't a live sensible man on the ship. We jest swapped ships, that was all. There's one thing I ain't tumbled to—how did you git aboard?"

"The *Stella*, in distress, signalled help from a steamer that crossed her course, bound for Jamaica from Liverpool, *via* the Azores. I was on board that steamer, having embarked at Fayal. The barque wanted stores and the loan of a few hands. I came aboard with three men to give the help they required. You kept the engineers, by the way?"

"Yes, to work the machinery."

"And now what?"

Howell shrugged his shoulders with the air of a man who had lost interest in the matter under discussion. "It's as we were," he said. "The *Creole*'s gone on with half-a-day's start; she'll be in New Orleans some days afore us, if that mad Scotsman ken keep the engines right going, and we are making the same course, p'raps going hairf as fast."

"Yes," echoed Grant, "it's as we were, except that there are some dead men to account for—and I am here."

"Yes, yes, you are here," repeated Howell, with a keen, cunning look in his face, "and you'll be reported dead aboard your own ship—tumbled overboard off the Azores. So, ez a matter of fact, Grant Heath, second mate, don't exist."

"I appear to be still alive."

"Yes," agreed Howell, with a drawl, "you air still alive; only I guess it will have occurred to you that I kant look with such a thundering lot of favour upon you. I reckon you had more ter do with the upsetting of my schemes than anyone."

"So that, finding me here in your power, sick and helpless," retorted Grant, bitterly, "you will take your revenge?"

"I dunno as I said anything about revenge," said Howell, after a little pause, "though I reckon I mought do anything I liked with you. But I ain't quite that sort. I'm onter any man in a fair fight, but I ain't a mean, murderin' ruffian, and I reckon you are a white man all through. I saw your cabin aboard the *Creole*. But I reckon I've got ter make use of you, anyhow. I've lost four men killed in that little picnic, and one on 'em Mr. Gosser, the second mate. If I go inter New Orleans with three men and an officer lost there'll

be questions asked. If I ken get another officer it won't be so bad. You air lost aboard the *Creole*, anyhow. I reckon I want you to jest step inter Jim Gosser's shoes."

"Become, in a word, your second mate?"

"So, and tew take his name till we git to port. As it is, we've got a few thoughts to think out, considering there's no blamed papers aboard this ship. I removed 'em all when I went on the steamer, and they're there now."

"Is that all you want of me?" asked Grant.

The ship-master nodded. "I reckon," he said, "that 'ull fix up what I want. I ain't p'ticular anxious f'r anything jest now 'cept a quiet life."

"Yes, I'll agree to that," answered Grant, after a moment's reflection.

So it came about that Jim Gosser, who lay fathoms deep among the Atlantic sand and shells, was revived in the person of Grant Heath.

At the end of the tenth day, when the *Stella* made the mouth of the Mississippi, Grant had so far recovered that he was able to take a turn on the poop. When, at Fort Jackson, the Customs officers came aboard and discovered a ship *minus* papers and log-book, he had a further opportunity of judging Captain Howell's genius for bluffing. The story told was something to the effect that one of his crew had gone mad, and, breaking into his room, had seized all papers, log-book, and a number of other valuable objects, and had jumped overboard with them in mid-ocean.

"E's the finest, biggest, fattest liar on the hull Atlantic seaboard," murmured Mr. Skinner, aside to Grant. "Scat me, 'e does it as easy as smoking!"

"You don't do badly yourself, Mr. Skinner," replied Grant.

"H'm! I dunno," answered the mate, sadly. "I didn't spoof yew much, did I?"

"No," murmured Grant, sententiously; "you see, I started with most of the advantage."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### TO SPANISH TOWN.

MARTIN GRIMM had sowed. Now it was his harvest time. The first element of mischance that arose to disquieten him came about from the obscure reason that a landlord who owned a tenement in Greenwich objected, like his kind, to wait for an overdue rent.

When that faded woman, the wife of Samuel Hudson, shipmaster, came into possession of the worthless cheque which bore the signature of Martin Grimm, and found on attempting to cash

it that it was returned to her, dishonoured, she put it quietly on one side pending the return of her lord.

She was not one to bargain, and clamour, and question. Her years of solitary, shabby insignificance—for a sailor's wife is nearly always solitary, and often poor—had wrought no impatience in her, only humility. But when necessity began to tighten its hand upon her; when credit at the baker's and butcher's, and the little huckster's shop round the corner, ceased; when there came a curt communication from the landlord referring to rent overdue, she took out the slip of paper, with its opulent figures and impressive red stamp, purposing to show it to the man whose name was written at the bottom.

She would ask why it was dishonoured, why those figures written over his own signature were meaningless.

She rehearsed all she would say, how she would hand the paper to him. She chose carefully from among her meagre wardrobe what would be best and most suitable to wear, for she realised that it was no small thing for a skipper's wife to interview her husband's owner. Then a little gleam of inspiration bade her place the cheque in its box, and go without it.

When she got there, and was ushered into the sanctum of Martin Grimm, she promptly forgot all she had designed to say.

"I am the wife of Captain Hudson," she said, simply, "and I am starving."

Martin Grimm tapped his pen impatiently on his desk. He did not ask her to sit down. He glanced at her with an irritable frown creasing his forehead.

"I am sorry to hear that, Mrs. Hudson, of course," he replied, "only I don't quite see what I have to do with it. I do not run a charitable institution. Your husband should have made provision——"

"He did make provision," she answered, quietly. "He sent me a cheque for £1,500, drawn by yourself. It was dishonoured."

Martin Grimm looked up in astonishment, and there was something else in his eyes. The pen tapped sharply and quickly. It might have been keeping time to his beating heart. He saw a vague, shadowy menace in the coming of this quiet, shabby woman.

"You must be mistaken, Mrs. Hudson," he said, in quiet reproof. "I have never paid your husband £1,500."

"No, no; I did not say that," she retorted. "You paid him the cheque for that, and then, when he had gone, you stopped its payment at the bank."

"I do not understand you," said Martin Grimm.

He played a cautious tattoo on the desk. "You must be mistaken; I have given your husband no cheque. Let me see it!"

"I did not bring it."

His face fell. This was a woman behind whose subdued shabbiness lay a certain faculty of judgment.

"If, as you say, you hold a cheque with my name upon it, there is something wrong. It is certainly a forgery. Your husband has deceived you."

She pressed her lips together slightly. "My husband never deceives me," she said, with quiet emphasis. And this was true, for Samuel Hudson, in the hard, unscrupulous life he had led, at least had kept his vows to this faded woman who bore his name—whom he had sworn to love, honour, and cherish.

"It is right for you to trust your husband, of course," he answered, with a little sneer; "yet perhaps he is not all you believe him to be."

She turned to go. "Perhaps you are not all he believes *you* to be," she answered, dropping her voice.

"My good woman!"

"Have you not deceived him?"

"No; I know nothing about this cheque!"

"Yet it was refused payment at the bank by your express orders."

A hard light came into Martin Grimm's eyes. "Yes, Mrs. Hudson," he said, speaking very slowly; "I *did* sign that cheque, but I did not fill in the figures. In its open condition it was stolen from my desk, and the figures and the rest were inserted by the man who stole it for the purpose of defrauding me. Your husband was here the day that cheque was missed. For my own safety I gave instructions that no money was to be paid out of my account. In coming here, Mrs. Hudson, you have given me information that the cleverest detective in London was unable to supply. You have shown me that my most trusted skipper is, after all, only a common thief!"

Her face remained passive. There was no sign of emotion on the pale features. "I might remind you," she rejoined, "that I have made no secret of my own identity. The cheque was refused payment at the bank. I voluntarily gave my name and address. Besides, at first you pleaded ignorance even of the existence of such a cheque."

Grimm bared his teeth slightly. He knew he had fenced badly. He had committed the common mistake of underrating the strength of his antagonist.

"I was trying to conceal your husband's shame from you," he replied with a snarl; "but now——"

She smiled a little bitter smile.

"I shall post it to my husband at New Orleans," she said. And the door banged behind her. This quiet, shabby woman had shot home.

"Confound it!" muttered Grimm, "the woman is annoying." But he had little opportunity of considering any probable sequence of this matter, for another momentous circumstance following quickly claimed all his thoughts.

It came about that night that the spirit moved Martin Grimm to pay a visit to his senior partner's house in Hampstead. Since John Channing's illness, the younger man's whole inquiries as to the other's progress had been conducted by means of the telephone. He had regularly rung up each morning to Hampstead, and asked the unvarying question as to how Mr. Channing had passed the night, and, upon learning, had replied suitably in terms of condolence or satisfaction as the case might be. He had made no personal visit, for reasons best known to himself. It came about, therefore, that he had little or no knowledge of many things that were fated to affect his destiny.

He had taken no account of the fact that since that stormy interview with Edith Hopewell, when she had so unexpectedly checkmated him, he had not seen nor heard of her. He supposed she was attending the sick man. Himself, it was reasonable to assume, she would seek to avoid. For his own part, he had plenty of reason to desire no encounter. He therefore deemed it best to temporarily ignore the existence of John Channing's ward. He wanted her silence now. Afterwards, when his schemes had blossomed into fruition, when, since she had kept silent so long, her knowledge would be valueless, he would be

able to consider the subject of Edith Hopewell as the future Mrs. Martin Grimm with renewed interest. For, he argued, by suppressing the information she held, in the event of his being called to account she would be necessarily compromised as an accessory before the fact. And, would she voluntarily sacrifice herself?

In any case, what would this one girl's word be against his own, and against the evidence of the skipper and crew of the *Creole*? Who could call

into question Hudson's conduct? Who could say he voluntarily and intentionally wrecked the *Creole*?

Arrived at the senior partner's house, he rang the bell. The door was opened by the housekeeper.

"Ha, Mrs. Simmons!" he said, in his blandest tones. "You see the cares of business have at last permitted me to come to present my inquiries in person. I understood you to say on the telephone yesterday that Mr. Channing's convalescence was quickly progressing towards perfect recovery."

"Yes," answered the housekeeper, regarding him a little doubtfully; "Mr. Channing has made a wonderful recovery. Won't you come in, sir?"

"Ha, yes! I suppose he won't have gone to bed yet?"

Mrs. Simmons knitted her brows with a little uncertainty. "I'm afraid you misunderstand, sir," she said. "Mr. Channing is not here."

"Not here?" he echoed.

"He went to Liverpool this morning to board the *Scotia*, which sailed for New York this afternoon."

"Gone to New York?" exclaimed Grimm in amazement. "What madness is this? Was he fit to go?"



"GONE TO NEW YORK?" EXCLAIMED GRIMM, IN AMAZEMENT.

"He might have been better," answered the woman, watching him narrowly, "but he was quite determined. He is going to Spanish Town, Jamaica, to meet Miss Hopewell."

"Miss Hopewell?" he gasped. "Is she not at home, then? I do not understand. Where are they going to?"

"To New Orleans."

"To New Orleans?" he whispered, hoarsely, with ashen lips. The cigarette between his fingers slipped suddenly to the floor. A sudden emotion seemed to shake him.

"I do not understand," he said, with a calmness that must have cost him much. "When did Miss Hopewell go?"

"She followed the *Creole* to the Azores."

Martin Grimm picked up his cigarette and looked at it with eyes that had fear written in them. He bit the end, and then mechanically wiped the tobacco from his mouth. In that moment of emotion he seemed to live whole lives. He hesitated weakly. He did not know what to ask next, lest the fresh knowledge that would come to him should be worse than the first. He did not know what his next word would lead to. He nerved himself.

"Did she go from the Azores to Jamaica?" he asked, not daring to meet the woman's eyes.

The other nodded.

"She cabled from Spanish Town to Mr. Channing. He started off by the next boat."


Martin Grimm's whitened lips were tremulous. Dark shadows crept under his eyes. He turned to the door and descended the steps, forgetting, in his agitation, the common courtesy of "Good-night."

"To New Orleans!" he murmured, huskily. "To New Orleans!"

That night, Martin Grimm went to Bristol, and the following morning he took passage aboard a 4,000-ton steamer that was going direct to Spanish Town, Jamaica.

## CHAPTER XX.

### MCPHERSON ADVISES.

 R. MCPHERSON, rather more oily and black than usual, with a grimy slip of sticking-plaster stuck diagonally across his forehead, ascended the engine-room stairs and wandered out on deck.

He sucked thoughtfully at an empty pipe. Lines of care were on his face. His mouth was set grimly. He let his eyes sweep round the horizon. In the north and north-west were

indications of flat land, and here and there streaks that would become low, wooded swamp land. On the port bow a schooner was leisurely making riverwards with the flowing tide, and right ahead a low-sterned tramp made a frothy wake for the *Creole* to follow.

"Sae, you'll be the mouths of the Meesissippi," he murmured to himself. "Losh! it was a peety that feckless gomerill o' a propeller didna last till we'd got intae this smooth water!"

For Mr. McPherson had performed the feat of shipping a new propeller at sea.

They had rounded the north-west Providence Channel all right, and got well beyond Key West and the Marques Islands, where repairs might have been made with facility, when the propeller stripped. For three days and three nights he had worked with derricks and winches. He had built a derrick over the stern; he had directed how the cargo must be moved to heave the stern out of the water—in short, he had performed miracles.

After he had communed with himself at still further length upon the cursedness of engines and ships, and men and circumstances generally, he moved forward to join a little knot of men who stood by the galley door. One's hand was bound in rag, another bore an arm in a sling. Some had bandaged hands, others' faces were hidden by sticking-plaster. Not one man was whole; not a man but bore marks upon him of the recent combat.

"Ye're a pretty-looking lot," commented the chief engineer. "Ma certie, but ye remind me o' the dee when the Dhoontrochty team played footba' wi' a select team fra Glasga'. They cudna play footba' sae well as the veesitors; but losh! they could fecht bonny."

"How's Mr. Talbot gettin' on to-day?" asked one of the hands.

"I went tae hae a look at him a bit sin," replied Mr. McPherson, gloomily, "and he's no sae guid. It's been a vera sad voyage, and a lesson for a' of ye. A wee drap whusky is a' recht tae keep aboard in case o' eendisposition, sic as I suffer fra mesel' sometimes; but it's vera bad tae see ye drinking it doon as a beverage. I mind when I was a wee bit bairn at Dhoontrochty—"

But the chief engineer's reminiscent mood was cut short by a hand being laid on his shoulder. He turned round and saw Pipp. The steward was very white-faced. His mouth was trembling with a vague kind of fear. He was firmly of the opinion, which no argument to the contrary could shake, that they would all be placed under arrest when they reached the shore.

"The cap'n wants ter speak to yer, Mister McPherson," murmured Pipp. "E's hin the chart-room."

"Losh, mon! but ye look green about the gills."

"Me bones is dried up, sir, and there's blood on me 'ands," muttered the steward as he turned and shuffled aft.

"Someone's been yarning tae the loon," said McPherson, taking the empty pipe from his mouth gravely, as some of the men burst into low laughter. "Onyhoo, I dinna think ony o' us hae got sic a bonny future immediately ahead. There's got tae be a few things tae accoot for when we get intae port."

He found Captain Hudson deep in the study of the log-book. Since Talbot had been incapacitated, the chief engineer, as the only other officer aboard, even though not a navigating officer, had come to be frequently consulted by the skipper.

"Hae ye no made oot a guid yarn?" he asked. "We've got tae give reason for a few things. There's a' these wounded men and twa deid, not coonting Meester Heath."

"It's a thousand ter one as poor Heath's a goner," muttered Hudson. "He must have been tumbled overboard by one o' them Yanks when he was wounded. Nobody seems ter know much what happened."

"It'll no be guid policy to let on about this fecht at a'," replied the engineer slowly, tapping his empty pipe on his greasy palm. "Puir Heath was drooned a few hours oot o' Fayal, according to that log-book. If we say he got kilt in the fecht, the question'll come up as to where he came fra, then we'll hae tae make a clean breast o' the whole affair, hoo he drappet o'erboard, cos we were a' too daffy to help him, hoo we lost the ship—at least, you did—hoo Heath picked ye up on a rotten old barque, and a' the rest o' it. It'll no be guid tae tell the Board o' Trade. Ma certie, we'll a' get jugged, and we'll never get anither ship! Nae, as it is noo, the puir laddie had better remain drooned, and for the rest, we'll hae tae spin a yarn about being attacked by a strange craft wi' piratical intentions during the time we were laid up repairing the heaps o' scrap-iron they wrangly label engines aboard this craft."

"It's just what I'm thinking," said Hudson, with a gleam in his eyes. "Heath had better be left out of this fight altogether. Why say he was in it? The yarn is that we succeeded in beatin' off this lot who attacked us, with a loss of two men killed."

"And maistly everybody wounded," added McPherson, little knowing that his suggestion had given Samuel Hudson the very idea he sought to cloak the treacherous crime he had committed that night when they had regained the *Creole*.

"Ye'll mak' the log-book up according, mon?"

"Yes, I think it'll be a safe yarn. There ain't

nobody as can contradict it, except that Yankee crew, and they'll keep quiet for the sake of their own skins. And," he added, in his own thoughts, "that swab of a second is dead."

"I'll just gang doon and hae a look at Meester Talbot," said McPherson, rising. "Do ye happen tae hae a wee bittie smoke, skeepie?"

"There ain't a shred of bacca on the ship."

"Ha weel, ha weel, it's a vera sad voyage," murmured McPherson, putting his empty pipe into his mouth as he sorrowfully departed.

He returned shortly. "He's asleep noo," said the engineer, "but according tae Pipp, he's pretty daffy. The sockdologer he got on the heid seems to hae upset his memory a bittie. I s'pose I'd better gang oot and instruct the men about the little yarn they've got tae remember?"

"Aye, and by thunder!" exclaimed Hudson, with sudden fierceness, "let 'em know that if one on 'em forgets anything it'll land us inside walls thicker than we can get through."

"I've nae doot I can impress it on their minds," returned the chief engineer. "Now, I mind when I was a wee bit bairn——"

"Mr. McPherson," snapped Hudson, offensively, "if it's that blessed Dhootrochty you're goin' ter jaw about, just hustle."

"Losh, mon, dinna be sair-tempered!" murmured the Scot. "We hae got a muckle deeficulty, but we'll get oot o' it. It's vera sad, but it canna be helpit." Presently the pilot came aboard and joined the bo'sun on the bridge. He was a tall, thin man, of few words, with a melancholy eye.

"Ben a free fight aboard?" he asked, surveying the bo'sun's bandaged head and plastered face, and then glancing towards the man at the wheel, whose face was stuck up similarly. McPherson, coming upon the bridge, purposing to survey the nearing chains of lakes which form the mouths of the great Mississippi, overheard the question.

"Ma certie, mon," he said; "it's not been a fecht, but a battle royal. Some piratical loons tried to board us when we were leeing by under a cay repairin', and it was the bonniest fecht ye ever heard of. Ye dinna happen to hae a bittie plug on ye?" The pilot, interested, put his forefinger in his waistcoat pocket and produced a hunk of black tobacco. The engineer took it and began to slice it in his grimy palm, awhile he proceeded to give a full account of the *Creole's* adventures generally. By the time the steamer had reached Fort Jackson the pilot had heard the same story, varying in wealth of detail and personal incident, from half a dozen men.

When the Customs officers came aboard there, to put tapes and sealing-wax across the hatches and to overhaul the papers, they of the *Creole*, from the skipper to the cook, had rehearsed the

story enough to be able to give a most verisimilar account of their doings, with the result that before the steamer was well on her way to do the last hundred miles to New Orleans, several enterprising newspapers of that city were printing varied and wonderful accounts of the adventurous voyage of the *Creole*.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE DAY OF RECKONING.

**THE** FIRST chapter of this story began with an old man and a girl at breakfast, and for the opening of

this, the last chapter, Fate, who has written more stories than have ever been read, has set such another scene.

Moreover, they are the same individuals, and, as always, old John Channing is letting his coffee grow cold while he reads the shipping news.

They sat in a room of an hotel overlooking the Mississippi, at New Orleans. The murmur from the levee came in at the open window. The old man rustled his paper uneasily as he ran his eye down the list of arrivals. He read slowly, for his eyes were dimmer than of yore.

"Are you sure that the barque was called the *Foam*, of Hull?" he asked, looking over the edge of the paper.

"Of course I am sure," answered Edith Hopewell. "Besides, that was the name entered in the log of the *Adrian*."

"Humph! She doesn't seem to have come in yet, anyhow. There's a barque with general cargo from Barcelona, called the *Stella*, but no *Foam* on the list."

His finger passed from the list of sailing vessels to the column of steam arrivals. Near the bottom

of the list he saw a name that seemed to set his eyes afire.

"The *Creole*!" he gasped, in an excited voice; "the *Creole*! Good gracious! Look, Edith, she is among the list of arrivals! What does it mean? The *Creole* in port! She is not scuttled, then!"

"The *Creole* here in the Mississippi?" echoed Edith, starting to her feet. "No, it cannot be; it must be another ship of the same name." She ran her eyes down the list, and saw the name staring her in the face. "I cannot understand!" she exclaimed with amazement in her voice. "The *Creole's* crew were all aboard this barque. The *Creole* must be in other hands. And where



"BEN A FREE FIGHT ABOARD?"

can this barque be—and Grant Heath?" she added.

The old man shook his head. It was all a hopeless, unfathomable mystery to him.

"At least we will go and see," he said tremulously.

With anxious haste they walked along the levee. They had no idea where the ship they sought might lay. Amid the litter of the quay, the sheds, moving trucks, great ramparts of cotton bales, and mountains of general merchandise they made their way. They reached the water's edge, and after much searching came full opposite a steamer, where one, a red-haired, greasy man, standing by the engine-room door, was criticising, freely and offensively, in a strong Scottish accent, the unworkmanlike way in which a certain shore-derrick was being manœuvred.

"Here we are!" gasped the shipowner. "This is the *Creole*."

"And who is that man?"

"The chief engineer."

There came into the old man's mind the thought that, after all, he had crossed the ocean to find a mare's nest; that the girl had been mistaken, that she had perhaps misinterpreted the motives of Martin Grimm, and jumped to conclusions upon little evidence too speedily.

And this thought must have crept into his face, for Edith spoke suddenly to contradict him.

"You think I have been wrong," she said hastily; "that the plot to scuttle the steamer has been only in my imagination. There is something here I cannot explain. But at least Grant Heath could not have been mistaken, and the fact that he all but lost his life at the hands of Captain Hudson is no imaginary incident; nor have I dreamt that he boarded a strange barque, in mid-ocean, of which the *Creole's* crew were in sole possession."

At that moment there appeared at the companion a tall, bony-framed man with black whiskers sticking rigidly from under his chin.

"That is Captain Hudson," said the owner in an even voice. "We will go aboard and speak to him."

Captain Hudson usually resented the visits of curious strangers to his ship when in port, and he turned with an offensive string of remarks on the tale of his tongue wherewith to greet the old gentleman who was coming down the gangway with a girl at his heels. But the words froze on his lips. A sudden speechless terror seized him. He forgot all the well-worded, plausible story of the *Creole's* strange voyage that had already been credibly received by the authorities. He saw

nothing but menace in the appearance of this mild old man.

Overcoming himself by an effort, yet not concealing the greenish pallor on his face that made plain the emotion that vibrated within him, he turned and clumsily saluted Mr. Channing.

"I am surprised to see you here, sir," he said.

"And I am surprised to see *you* here, captain," replied Mr. Channing, with a suggestion of emphasis on the pronoun.

Hudson looked a little doubtful.

"You mean we are several days late, sir?" he said, tentatively.

"I mean, I expected you to come in aboard a barque."

Hudson stiffened slightly. The pallor on his face seemed to grow more marked, and there came with it a tightening of the mouth. He realised that he was standing on the brink of an abyss where a single false step might bring destruction. The next few minutes might change him into a ruined man. He was at bay, and he meant to fight.

"I do not understand," he said, with a furtive look at the girl. "But it has been a bad voyage. We are lucky to have arrived at all."

"Bad weather, eh?"

"Yes, sir, very bad—wind dead ahead all the time. Perhaps you would like to see the log-book, sir?"

"Yes, I think that would be interesting. All your crew aboard?"

"All except the second mate and two men. Mr. Heath, I am sorry to say, was lost overboard a few hours out of Fayal; the two men were killed in defending the ship from a piratical attack made by another ship upon us when we were laid up for repairs."

The ship-owner's brow lowered.

"This is a serious business," he said.

"But is Mr. Heath not aboard?" broke in Edith, half fearfully.

"No, miss," answered Hudson, softly; "you will see it down in the log how Mr. Heath was drowned. It's very sad, and it's been an unlucky voyage. I've been sick myself, and I'd only half recovered when Mr. Talbot got wounded powerful bad in that fight, so that he's lying jolly well sick in his bunk now. I've had to do double duty myself for some days on an end."

"And you have not seen Mr. Heath since?" she pursued.

"No," he replied; "the Atlantic doesn't give up it's dead."

"Then you didn't see him when he discovered you ill with fever aboard the barque *Foam*?" she exclaimed in an intense voice.

Hudson met the attack coolly.

"I've never heard of such a ship, miss," he said.



He went down the companion, the two following behind, the one hopelessly mystified, the other with a vague terror at her heart.

Yet she felt a strange fierceness come over her; a hatred and fury against this man who had tried, and perhaps successfully now, for all she knew, to encompass Grant Heath's death. And the thought chilled her to the heart. She faced him with resolute eyes as he placed the log-book on the table.

"The losing of Mr. Heath was the first bad misfortune we had," he said. "We supposed he toppled over the taffrail while taking in awning poles, though no one actually saw him fall overboard. Look here, it's entered in Mr. Talbot's handwriting. Then came bad weather and breakdowns with the engines. We repaired once in mid-ocean, and again under the shelter of a cay south of the Great Abaca, and while we were laid up we were visited one night by a crew from another ship that had hove-to not far off, who demanded grub and 'bacca, which we hadn't to spare. Then they tried to get by force what they wanted, and boarded us, and we had a scrap for it. We lost two men killed, and mostly got everybody wounded. Then, with Key West a hundred miles astern, our propeller stripped, and we had to ship another. By gum! it's been a tough voyage."

"Yes, Captain Hudson," said Edith slowly, "and that is, to be candid with you, a 'tough' yarn."

She was used to talking with her uncle's skippers in their own way. She spoke without hesitation. Mr. Channing had dropped on to a locker, as though with tacit consent he had left the matter in her hands.

A curious light came into Hudson's eyes.

"I don't understand you, miss," he said respectfully, waving his hand towards the log-book. "It is all in there."

"Yes, but the truth is not there," she retorted. "You have not written down, Captain Hudson, that Mr. Heath was lost overboard because you gave him a cowardly and murderous blow as he stood on the taffrail that night after leaving Fayal!"

Hudson started, and gripped the table-edge.

"It is a lie!" he answered hoarsely. "Who has told you this?"

"Mr. Heath himself!"

"Mr. Heath himself?" echoed Hudson, thickly, the fear written plainly in his eyes.

"Yes; therefore I know that to be a lying entry, and if part be false, as much more as may have seemed convenient to you is possibly untrue."

"Where have you seen him?"

"At Fayal, and I know, from a steamer where he was passenger with myself, he went aboard a

barque in mid-ocean, with two seamen, to render assistance to the vessel which was in distress, and where he found yourself ill, Captain Hudson, with your crew helpless."

"I have never been off this vessel!" shouted Hudson.

"But you were seen off."

"By whom?"

"By Grant Heath——"

"Ha! this is a cursed conspiracy!" snapped Hudson, virulently.

"And the doctor of the *Adrian*," added Edith.

Hudson stopped short. Here was danger indeed. Grant Heath was dead; but the surgeon of the *Adrian* was not. And his would be fatal evidence.

"I don't know what you are getting at," he said sullenly.

"I am getting at the truth," returned Edith, relentlessly. "I am sifting your clumsy falsehoods. I know of your infamous compact with Mr. Grimm, and I know of the money he paid you. You have not succeeded in carrying out your bargain wholly, for this ship is safe, but what of the other part?"

"What other part?" muttered Hudson huskily.

"Where is Mr. Heath?"

"I have told you. He was drowned off Fayal," cried Hudson, in reckless, illogical reiteration. "I have not seen him since. Who can prove to the contrary?"

"I can!"

There were dramatic possibilities in this interruption. On a stage it might have been made much of, but life is woefully inartistic, taking no thought of appropriateness of time, or place, or scene, bringing in *dénouements* at the wrong moment, having no care of the importance of an effective curtain.

They turned their eyes upon the open door of a berth, and saw an old man, with chalk-white face, dressed in ragged pyjamas, clinging to the door-frame.

"Mr. Talbot!" burst out Hudson, "get to your berth, sir! Has your wound made you jolly well mad?"

The mate reeled forward, like one intoxicated. "I am dying," he said, clinging to the edge of the table. "I know I shall not get over this, but I—I—am not going to my account without—telling what I know." He turned a trembling, accusing finger on Hudson. "I saw you drop Heath overboard that night, after we recaptured this ship, when he was wounded and unconscious. You thought I did not see you, but I did—and—and——" His voice ended in a ghastly little moan, and he fell fainting across the table.

Hudson turned like a wolf at bay. "You cannot

believe that poor fool," he cried, with fierce insistence; "his wound has sent him mad."

"After the *recapture* of the *Creole*?" interposed Mr. Channing, dryly. "I think I begin to see a little light now."

"Oh, you do, do you?" cried Hudson, with desperate insolence. "Thunder! this is a plot to ruin me! I am charged with murdering my second mate, am I?"

"That is it, you cowardly scoundrel!" cried Edith, fiercely.

White-faced, Samuel Hudson turned to the companion-stairs, knowing, for all his blustering defiance, that he was a ruined man.

As he put his foot on the bottom stair, a form darkened the way above. A gasp of fear broke from his lips as his eyes fell upon the figure descending towards him.

For it was the dead risen up to accuse him.

"Heath!" he muttered under his breath.

But the other took no notice of him, hastening down into the saloon, since he had learnt from the chief engineer who was there.

Hudson staggered out on deck, and glanced wildly round with hunted eyes. He took no notice of the chief engineer's importunities about the unsatisfactory working of some gear; he was oblivious of the fact that the riverside postman awaited his pleasure to deliver a letter to him; he saw nothing of the hurrying life on the levee nor the crowded ships on the river. Only was he conscious of himself, of his grim position, of the measure of accusation that was so full against him.

He took the letter mechanically. He looked at the writing, and with a little start saw that it was from his wife. He was about to slit open the envelope, when a voice pronouncing his name in greeting stayed his hand. When he turned round, he saw one whom he believed to be three thousand miles away.

"Mr. Grimm!" he muttered, open-eyed with amazement. "You here?"

"Yes, captain, it looks like it, eh?" answered Martin Grimm, easily. "I'm glad to see you have arrived safely."

"You're glad, are you? I should have thought you wouldn't be. By thunder, but you've come in time! There's old Channing and his niece below, with Heath and that doddering, mad old Talbot; and they've got scent of the whole shooting-match. Perhaps you can quieten 'em—I can't."

Martin Grimm creased his brows critically. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, captain," he said. "If you will be a little more explicit——"

Hudson's brow lowered darkly, the lines about

his mouth grew harder than ever. His equanimity was being strained to snapping point. He growled out a curse.

"I mean," he explained in a hoarse whisper, "that the little arrangement between you and me to pile up this craft and get rid of Heath, is known. I tried to do for Heath, but it ain't come off, when all the time I thought it was successful; and things is pretty thick just now."

"Arrangement between you and me?" echoed Grimm, with astonishment in his voice. "You must be dreaming, captain. I know of no such thing."

The other paused a moment, as if requiring time to realise the significance of this denial; then a sudden, maddening fury seemed to break out on his face. His whole body vibrated with passion.

"You are going to leave me in the lurch, are you?" he hissed. "That means you are going to leave me to face it alone?"

Martin Grimm shrugged his shoulders delicately, and took out a cigarette.

"Right, Mr. Martin Grimm! I'll blow the whole gaff on you!"

He turned swiftly on his heel, and came face to face with Mr. Channing, while Grant Heath and Edith Hopewell stood in the background.

"It's right, sir," he exclaimed in malignant recklessness. "I've done all you've charged me with, and more. And do you want to know who egged me on—who paid me for the job? He stands there!"

He pointed an ugly, accusing finger at the junior partner, who had made a move to greet the others. Then he turned away from them with an oath, and tore open the letter with the air of a man who, having played his last card, and lost, was perfectly indifferent to the consequences.

As he put his fingers into the envelope there came into his hand a coloured slip of paper with a gleam of red in one corner. He unfolded it and saw the cheque that Martin Grimm had paid to him weeks before. And across the top of it was written the ominous words: "Refer to drawer."

He looked at it as one stupefied. Then he unfolded the letter which accompanied it, and his furious eyes read the words the faded woman at Greenwich had written.

He seemed to stagger as though under a blow. He took no notice of those standing by, save Martin Grimm. He fixed his gaze on this man, whose gold had tempted him, then walked towards him with face white as death, holding the dishonoured cheque in his hand.

Martin Grimm was leaning against the star-board rail, smoking his cigarette unconcernedly. Before he realised the other's intention, he was

caught by the throat. Hudson gripped hard with one hand, while he thrust the cheque in Grimm's face with the other.

"You black-hearted traitor!" he cried, hoarse with passion. "You have dishonoured this cheque, and my wife is in the street, starving."

Grimm could make no reply, for the relentless hand clutched his throat too hard; but instinctively he struck out, beating his white fists against the ship-master's hard face. His puny blows had no effect save to infuriate his assailant the more. In an instant the two were locked in each other's arms, words of hate and cries of fear mingling into an incoherent babble as they struggled.

The next moment the little drama became tragedy. With savage momentum they staggered heavily against the edge of the rail, where a gap had been made, the better to unship some cargo into a lighter, and, swaying a moment, there came an agonising scream, and then a splash as they fell down into the muddy waters of the swift-flowing river.

#### ENVOI.

"I CANNA help, mon, compeerin' the grund peacefulness o' this homeward voyage wi' the vera sorrowfu' time we had when that scoundrel Hudson was skipper."

The chief engineer filled his pipe slowly and deliberately, and nodded his head reminiscently.

"We had a confoundedly rough time, and no mistake," said the third. "Mr. Talbot seems to have shaken down into the old man's place first rate."

"Losh! but it's guid for this craft that there are ane or twa reliable men in the engine-room. I mind on the voyage oot, hoo the scoundrels forrad got at ma wee drap whusky, which I'd got aboard, no as a beverage, but sae tae be hony in case o' a leetle indeesposition, which, like enoo, ye'll hae noticed I'm subject to. Aye, and they drunk it doon wi'oot invitation frae me, which shows the vera bad disorder that was aboard. It's a guid thing I was able tae keep ma heid under such trying circumstances. Losh! now, I mind when I was vera yoong—

"Mr. McPherson!"

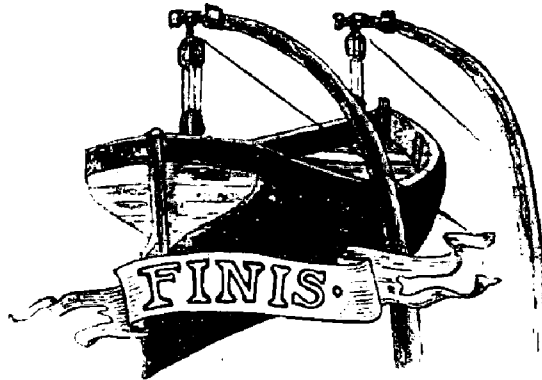
The voice came from above.

"Hullo, Meester Heath!"

"Are you coming on deck for a smoke before turning in?"

"Aye, aye, I'll be wuth ye shortly. It'll be about the lassie he'll be wantin' ter talk, I'll bet ma pipe," murmured Mr. McPherson, as he ascended the ladder. "Ah weel, ah weel, I mind, when I was younger mysel'—"

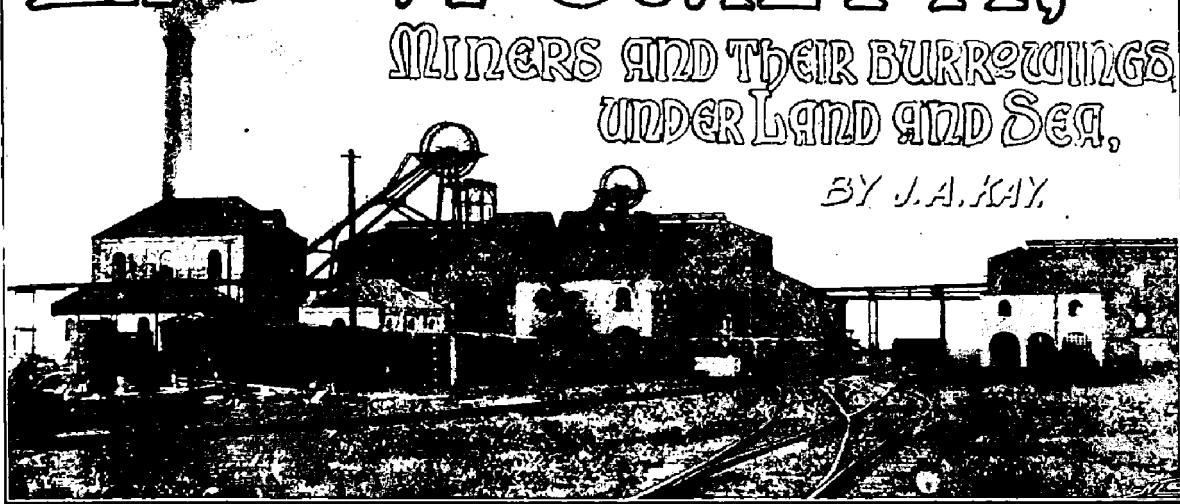
But the chief engineer's soliloquy was lost in the hiss and grind of the engines.



# LIFE in A COAL PIT,

## MINERS AND THEIR BURROWINGS UNDER LAND AND SEA,

BY J.A. KAY.



WOODHORN COLLIERY, NORTHUMBERLAND.

WE stood on the barren Cumberland cliffs, looking out over the Irish Sea. There were four of us—a mining engineer, his assistant, the manager of the colliery, and the writer.

Thirty miles west-south-west loomed the Isle of Man, and away to the north was outlined the Wigtown coast of Scotland. Those who are accustomed to associate the seaside with niggers, donkeys, and bathing machines, or with one of Nature's solitudes where there is nothing to disturb you except the tuneful "swelling of the voiceful sea," would be equally surprised at the

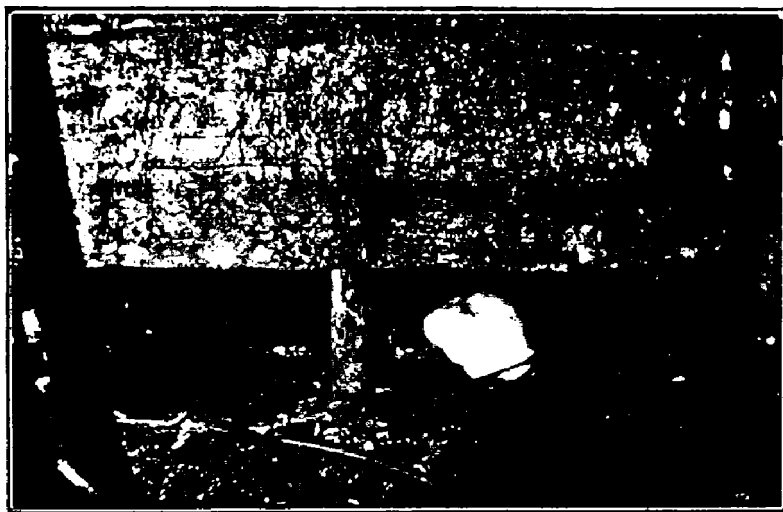
appearance of this bleak northern coast. As far as the eye can see, all along the water's edge are collieries and steel and iron works; each with one or more chimneys belching forth a continuous stream of black smoke, whilst at night the lurid flames of the furnaces glare out like

beacons all along the coast. In fact, if the ghosts of Macaulay's old burghers of Carlisle ever roam in these parts, they must think they are still living in the days of the Armada.

But the strange scenes above-ground had little attraction for us on that occasion, as we were intent upon diving down into the stranger ones below. The above-ground part of a coal pit is a noisy, nerve-destroying place. Grimy little engines drawing grimmer trucks come whirling and shrieking round unexpected corners, and one stumbles along over railway sidings, past a maze of machine-shops and engine-rooms, which re-

sound with the rhythmic thud, thud, of the engines that pump air into and water out of the pit, haul the cages up and down the shaft, and supply the motive power required to work a network of cable railways hundreds of feet down in the darkness below.

"Lamps?" queried a greasy



AT WORK DOWN BELOW. A MINER UNDERCUTTING A SEAM OF COAL.



BRICKLAYERS GOING DOWN AN OLD SHAFT TO DO SOME REPAIRS.

looking little man, peering out of an oil-stained doorway as the manager approached. We followed this twentieth century Aladdin into his chamber of mysteries. A modern safety lamp for miners is a weird and wonderful contrivance. Compared with it the famous Davy lamp is as a horse to a locomotive. It is locked by electricity and an electric current is the only key that can unfasten it, and as miners are not in the habit of carrying batteries



A MEETING OF THE ROADS.

about in their pockets there is no undoing it in order to light a pipe. If exposed to fire-damp, the explosive gas found in coal mines, it instantly goes out.

Our four lamps were in readiness. Aladdin took them in turn, placed them on a little electrical contrivance and lighted them without the aid of matches. In broad daylight it was difficult to see whether they were alight or not, but in the darkness down below one has to be thankful for small mercies. In the old days the Whitehaven miners often used to work by the aid of a phosphorescent fish skin picked up on the sea-shore.

Lamps in hand, we clambered up the steps to the pit's mouth. Here the noise was deafening. Every few minutes the cage arrived at the top of the shaft bringing up two trucks filled with coal. With a clang and a rattle they were wheeled over the iron flooring and tipped down a shoot. The coal rolls down this on to a huge dancing screen pierced with holes. All the smallest pieces of coal tumble through the holes, but the larger ones go on dancing and jumping and rattling till they reach the edge of the iron screen and tumble on the next one below. In this manner the big lumps of coal travel onwards down the sloping screens. On each succeeding tray the holes are of a slightly larger size, so that only the largest pieces reach the last screen. And during the final part of the journey they have to run the gauntlet of a small army of women, who pick out all the pieces of slate and slack which have got mixed up with the coal. Underneath each of the screens is a funnel-shaped shoot, down which the coal tumbles into a truck below. By this means the coal is automatically sorted after it comes up out of the pit.

At length we stood at the pit's mouth, ready for our descent. Several electric bells tinkled, and the truck-laden cage ceased to bob up every few minutes from the nether regions. Soon it arrived empty. We took the place of the trucks, standing facing each other, and grasping the iron bar in the centre with one hand and the lamp and stick with the other.

"Are you ready?"

"Right!"

"Tinkle-tinkle." Then a gentle sinking sensation, which in a moment or two developed into a wild, nightmare-like descent. If you are not used to that sort of thing you involuntarily hold your breath for the bump that doesn't come to wake

you out of your dream. Whilst going down a pit shaft one experiences all the effects of the gradual change from daylight to twilight and night compressed into the space of a few seconds. Soon the descent became gentler again, and changed into a mere "twopenny tube" lift motion. Then all was still, and I staggered out into the darkness.

After groping our way along a narrow passage we entered a strange little room, the floor and walls and roof of which were made of nothing but coal. We placed our lamps on the table in the centre

to the workings. After threading a network of passages near the foot of the shaft, where the various "roads" meet, we arrived at the tramway terminus, lighted by a row of lamps fastened to the wall. Here, to the accompaniment of much noise and shouting, the trains of trucks are unhooked from the endless rope which hauls them backwards and forwards from one part of the workings to the shaft. In some pits one can ride in the trucks between the shaft and the workings, but when, as in the Wellington pit, the roads slope steadily downwards, following the dip of the coal



THE SCENE AFTER THE SUBSIDENCE AT DONIBRISTLE COLLIERY, PIPE, N.B., LAST AUGUST.

(Drawn by Charles Sheldon.)

and sat down on the wooden benches around it. The only other occupant of what might well have been some conspirators' secret meeting-place was a grimy watchman reading the newspaper by the dim rays of his lamp.

"We'll sit here for a few minutes," explained the manager, "so as to get used to the darkness before we start on our walk to the workings."

The sight of the stretchers in one corner all in readiness for use at a moment's warning was not calculated to inspire very cheerful thoughts.

In single file we started on our four-mile walk

seam, the trucks are so liable to run off the rails that riding in them is prohibited.

All the while the noise made by the cable is bewildering. The guide wheels rattle merrily round, and the cable creaks and groans, rising from the ground where there is a change of gradient. Anyone accustomed to the pit can tell how far off these trucks are by the height of the rope. This is very useful, inasmuch as two sets of trucks passing each other completely fill the tunnel. If one passes on the down road you have to step on to the up, and *vice versa*, or into the



HEIGHTENING A ROAD SO THAT IT WILL BE BIG ENOUGH FOR PONIES TO PASS THROUGH.

refuge holes which are provided at intervals of twenty yards. Every now and then all is quiet for a minute or two, as a fresh train is being hooked on to the rope at either end. Then the creaking and groaning of the rope and whirring of the wheels recommence.



MINES INSPECTOR EXAMINING A BORE-HOLE WHERE OLD WORKINGS HAVE BEEN TAPPED.

Suddenly I felt I was going down a very steep hill, and stumbled along merrily for a time, until—Stars!

"Don't forget the roof," laughed the burly man of Newcastle at the head of the procession, as he caught the cap which was swiftly disappearing into the darkness, having fallen on to the cable. "Follow in my footsteps, and when I stoop, stoop too!"

"Full set!" he sang out a minute or two later. The cable to the right of us creaked, and groaned, and danced, and writhed by several feet above the ground. Then a few yards in front something white loomed out of the darkness—a whitewashed bogie, dragging after it a set of coal-laden trucks from the workings to the pit's mouth.

"Empty set behind," shouted a voice out of the blackness at my back. But it was a false alarm, for at that moment the cable stopped dead so that another set might be added, and as the trucks only travel four miles an hour, you get along faster than they do, as you don't have to make any stoppages.

By the time the cable started again we had caught up the set in front. We had nearly passed it by running along the up-road, when the guide shouted out: "Full set! Side off!" And there was just comfortable time to run back a few paces and follow the empty set till the full set had lumbered by. It occasionally happens that miners who have known the pit for years get injured or crushed to death through attempting to run past these sets of trucks.

"Full set!" and another train goes rumbling along, dimly visible by our lamps' feeble rays. And so on for an hour and three-quarters, though it seemed more like half a day. Then one of the party remarked that we had walked four miles out under the sea! Yet we were still some distance from the actual workings, though on both sides stretched acres and acres of abandoned workings, where the miners had been busy sixty, seventy, eighty or so years ago.

The front man suddenly seemed to disappear through the wall to his left. Remembering his instructions, I tried to do the same, and succeeded. The wall was a canvas curtain, and we found ourselves in the stables, where the ponies live far down below the fishes at the bottom of the deep blue sea. We encountered plenty of these canvas curtains further on. They are used in connection with the ventilation, as air in a coal mine has many whimsical tricks, and a rooted objection to going round corners unless compelled to.

What of the stables? They were just like ordinary stables above ground, only darker than usual, being dimly lighted by pit lamps. A

veterinary surgeon was busy tending a pony's hoof, whilst one of the ostlers complained to the manager about this pony's habit of running away. Runaway ponies in a coal mine are not pleasant to meet with.

Leaving the stables, we started again on our tramp. After a while twinkling lights glimmered in the distance ahead. Then men's voices could be heard, and we came to another railway junction. This was the end of the main tram-road, and of one cable. Other cable roads branched off in several directions to the various workings, but these cables ran at a slower speed—two miles an hour, instead of four, as on the main roads.

Another Aladdin stepped out from a black cavern, and, by the aid of a magical instrument worked by a battery, brightened our lamps for us; and we set off again. More empty and full sets lumbered past. More stumbles. More banging of heads against the roof. More mud. More darkness, and, at last, more lights ahead! The end of the second cable railway



THE MAN IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE IS EXAMINING A FALLEN-MINER WORKING TO SEE IF ANY GAS HAS COLLECTED.



THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT SHOWS THE WELLINGTON PIT, WHITEHAVEN, CUMBERLAND, WHICH, ALONG WITH THOSE CONNECTED WITH IT, RUNS FIVE AND SIX MILES OUT UNDER THE SEA.

THE PICTURE BELOW SHOWS TWO MEN SETTING A PROP IN A HIGH SEAM.

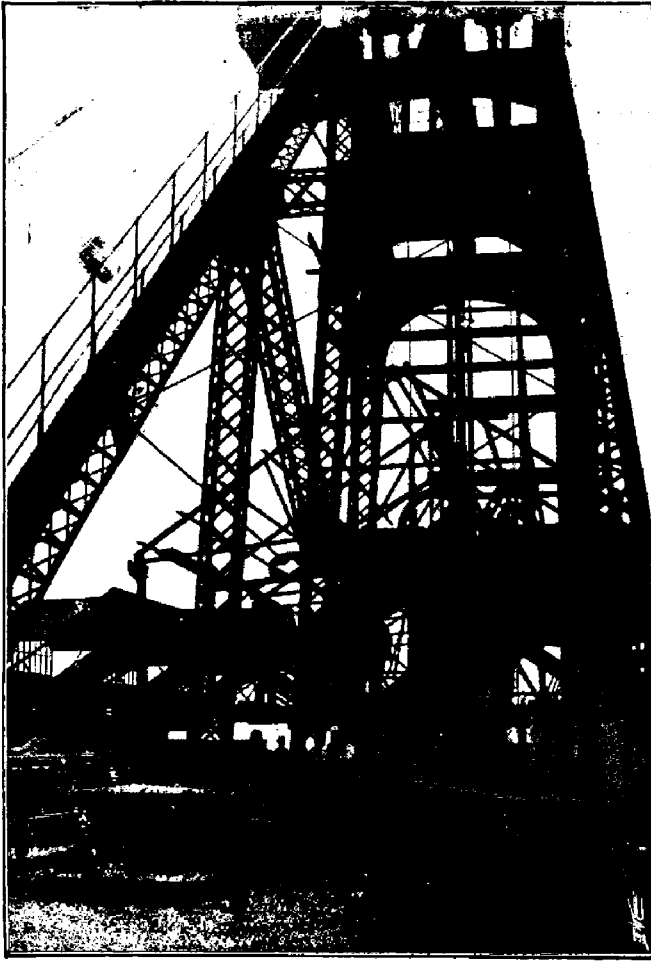
had been reached. Grimy, sturdy lads leading ponies, yoked to trucks, appeared and disappeared out of mazy passages filled with a darkness you could almost feel.

I slipped, and in struggling to regain a foothold found myself embracing a pony which was standing still waiting for its truck. A few more twists and turns, and we arrived at the head of the working farthest out under the sea.

Four almost naked miners were placing dynamite charges in the dead end of the passage. Our eight lamps gave the scene quite a brilliant aspect after the darkness we had passed through. It was a strange sight to see those sweating Titans as they crouched in that rocky passage far down under the deep sea floor, and a wonderful thought that above lay the great ocean and all its myriad life, and







ROTHERHAM MAIN COLLIERY.

This photograph gives a good idea of the amount of machinery there is at the top of a pit shaft.

further up still, on its surface, steamers and sailing vessels. Presently the tapping ceased. The "fault" of rock was ready to be blown up; thus would a way be carved through it to the seam of coal beyond. We all crawled back the passage to shelter behind its first bend. A miner connected two wires, which lay along the floor, with a box, which he handed to me.

"Press that button and turn the handle six times," he explained.

"What then?" I inquired.

"You'll see," laughed the manager.

I obeyed orders. It was merely like ringing up someone on a telephone. One—two—three—four—five—an ear-splitting crash, then a low rumble and smoke—that was all, but several feet of solid

rock had been blown away. We waited to see the effect of the explosion, and then crawled on through more winding passages, past more ponies and trucks to a place which had been making some gas and needed inspection, and then to another spot where the sea dripped through. Here there was quite a steady drop, drop, drop, of salt water which made everything around very wet and sticky. But it was explained to me that there was no fear of the sea breaking through, there being about 1,200ft. of intervening solid strata; and in these under-the-sea mines, the engineers make use of many clever draining contrivances for dealing with exigencies of this kind. In fact, on one occasion, when a bad fire broke out, the sea was admitted into the shaft by means of a level drift made from the shore in order to extinguish it.

We had now reached the busiest part of the mine, and were right in the very heart of the main workings. In many cases the miners could stand up to their full height, and work with pick and shovel just like ordinary navvies in the daylight. Others had not such a comfortable time of it, but lay at full length hewing away under masses of coal and rock. It all depends upon the size of the coal-seam, whether it is a deep or a shallow one. Our photographs give a wonderfully realistic idea of what the life in a coal mine really looks like; in fact, further description would be superfluous.

Had we wished we could have tramped



HOOKING ON A FULL SET OF WAGONS TO THE UNDERGROUND CABLE RAILWAY.

for many more miles along these strange dark passages under the bed of the sea, as all the various pits along the coast have underground connections. Losing one's way would be a very easy business, and it is weird and gruesome to think of some hapless visitor wandering about this strange submarine maze until strength failed him to wander further. And on mentioning this

thought to my friend, the mining engineer, he told me that on January 31st, 1854, Thomas Johnston, said to be eighty years of age, employed as a lamp-locker underground, went down Wellington Pit and was never seen or heard of again. He was supposed to have strayed away in the old workings, and either to have fallen down a staple pit or been buried under some fall of roof. Nearly the whole pit's crew turned out in search of him, and hundreds of pounds were spent in shifting falls, but all in vain; no trace was ever found of him, and his fate is still a mystery.



ON THE LEFT IS A "TRAPPER," WHO HAS JUST OPENED A DOOR FOR THE PONY AND WAGON TO PASS THROUGH.

not take long to become apparent, and gets more so the longer you remain below. In view of this most of the miners are not much encumbered with clothes, especially the hewers who cut out the coal; for, in a mine, there are two distinct classes

roads and the workings.

On our journey back we met a shift of miners going in to work. A long procession of tiny lamps bobbed past, out of blackness into blackness, with a vague glimpse of their bearers as they passed close by.

Long before this we had become uncomfortably hot. When you first go down a pit the heat is not very noticeable, but it does

not take long to become apparent, and gets more so the longer you remain below. In view of this most of the miners are not much encumbered with clothes, especially the hewers who cut out the coal; for, in a mine, there are two distinct classes of workers—those who actually cut out the coal, and the engineers and labourers whose duty it is to keep the mine in good working order, and see that all the props and roads are safe.

"How far have we gone now?" I inquired at length.

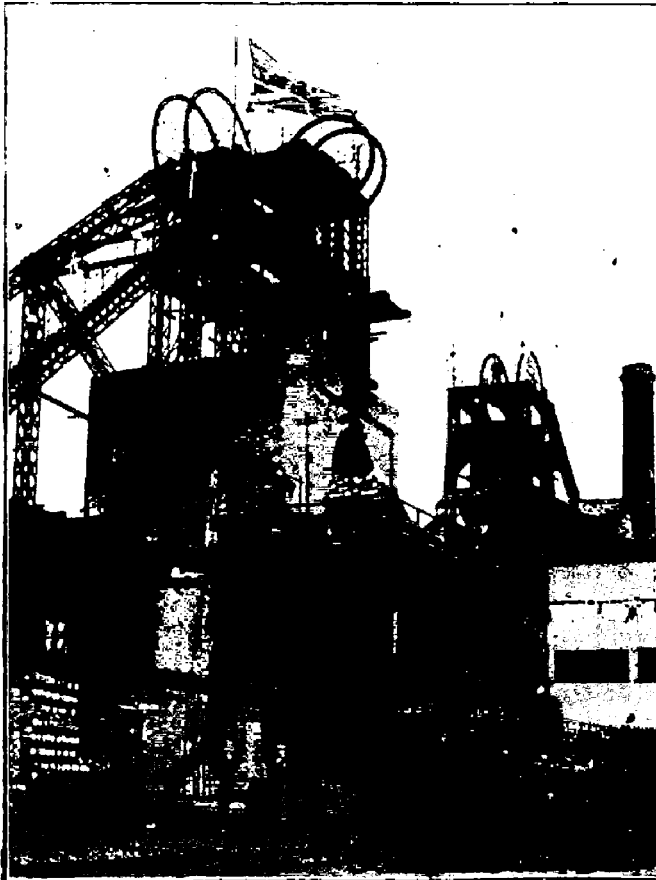
"About a mile," was the dispiriting response.

"Three miles more, then?"

"Yes, and all up hill."

But the end came at last, or you would not be reading this article!

[Our photographs are reproduced by kind permission of Mr. A. Sopwith, of Cannoch Chase, and Mr. R. W. Moore, Whitehaven.]



THE "HEADGEAR" OF THE ROTHERHAM MAIN PIT.



THE BIG LUMBERMEN SAT IN EASY ATTITUDES ROUND THE FIRE.

# A STORY OF THE BIG TIMBER.

BY IRVING BACHELLER. ILLUSTRATED BY E. HERING.

*The* SNOW was six feet deep on the level around Lavery's camp. There was a little opening in the evergreen canopy of the forest overhead, and the stars in the cold zenith shivered as one looked at them through the blast of heat and smoke that rose from the chimney. I stood many a night at the door of the big log shanty and saw the sparks shoot up and crackle in the leeward boughs of hemlock. It was forty miles to the clearing on the southern side of the camp, but at every point in the northern semicircle of the compass there was a trackless and unmeasured deep of timber. At a certain opening in the ridge, near Lavery's, one could look ten miles across a rolling sea of green parted by the frozen waters of the Ottawa that lay like a belt of white in the valley. The "big skid" flanked the river at the end of the trail, down which "hawbuck" and teamster started in sulky silence before daylight, and up which they came halloaing merrily at supper-time. Then the "hawbucks" stalled their oxen in the big shed, and the teamsters put away the horses that came in hoary with frost. I was the cook's helper at Lavery's, and had won fleeting fame in the tossing of flapjacks. My hand had lifted the flapjack to a proud position of indispensability on the upper Ottawa. For the rest, beans and molasses, salt pork and potatoes, bread and butter and apple sauce were the most popular items in the "filling." The table was spread before the roaring fire of logs every evening, and the men sat down to eat in their shirt-sleeves. The keen air went to their blood like wine in the work of the day, and the shanty roared with laughter as they ate. Songs were the solace of the evening hours, while the big lumbermen lay lounging on the bunks or sat in easy attitudes round the fire. The brogue of Scotch and Irish and the quaint dialect of Frenchmen mingled in their talk. There was the brute majesty of the lion in these men, as they shook the mighty muscles of breast and arm in their laughter, or when the furrows moved and tightened on their brows in the stern dignity of anger. There were a number of men who could sing doleful ballads, and one who often

harangued them with mock oratory that provoked noisy applause. The ancient game of "Whack Sal," in which two men, blindfolded, struck at each other with straps, was sometimes proposed, but not unless there had been drinking, in which old grudges were apt to be revived.

These northern woodsmen love the smell of powder and the feel of a gun. It is an inborn, over-ruling passion with most of them. Generally an idle hand had a gun in it, and the itching palm was one that had long been deprived of its birthright. These godless men of the forest spent their Sundays, in good weather, hunting on snow-shoes, and the roar of their guns rushed through the timber and bellowed in the distant waste. It happened sometimes that a luckless hunter ventured too far from camp, and never got back for one reason or another. I heard much of one "poor Tom" who had gone away hunting of a Sunday the winter before, and met his end somewhere in the great wilderness. Occasionally two or more of the men would wake in the dead of night, when the timber wolves were howling, and get up and peer out of the window and speak of "poor Tom."

One cold Sunday morn in mid-winter I started over the snow for Long Pond with a brawny Scotchman known as McVeigh. That was four miles beyond the Ottawa, and hard walking in the light snow. We wounded a caribou on the farther side of the river, and followed its trail of crimson for miles to the top of the great ridge in the north, and then westward through the burnt timber. The sky was clouded over, and the cold unusually severe. McVeigh seemed to know every tree in the forest, and we were continually coming upon landmarks that reminded him of a story. We had stopped a moment to light our pipes, and were striding with long steps through the soft snow. The woods were silent, and I could hear only the creak of our snow-shoes and McVeigh puffing at his pipe. He halted suddenly, and turned his ear to listen. I could hear then a faint but growing sound in the far distance at the back of us.



"STAND STILL, NOW! DON'T MOVE!"

"It's wolves," said the old woodsman, "an' they're on this line o' blood. We'd better leave it an' make for the top o' the ridge."

We turned to the south at once, intending to cross the ridge and make our way down the valley to camp. It was a stiffer climb than we expected, however, with the snow-shoes, and even before we got to the top that fearful echo was ringing in the near woods. Little avalanches of snow fell on our heads as we hurried in the underbrush. We strode through the open timber at the top of our speed, and as I turned to my companion I noticed a mighty serious look in his face. He stopped suddenly and looked back a moment.

"They're out fer man-meat to-day—that's sure," he said. "I'm thinkin' we must 'a' got some o' that blood on our shoes."

There was a great slash in the timber right before us. The steep southern side had been stripped quite bare by the lumbermen for a distance above and below the track of our snow-shoes. The line of the ridge swerved northward some ten rods at this point and then came back, describing a sort of oxbow, walled with rock, a hundred feet or more in width, and the sides of it fell sharply to the river valley fifty feet below. From Sunday to Sunday the sky had been thick with snow that flew before the dry wind like down. Every flake that fell in the big slash had been driven to this rocky gorge by the wind coming up the river out of the east. There was full fifty feet of snow in the deep pit which, under a slender crust, lay light and dry as a heap of feathers. On the far side the trees stood to their boughs in the drift. The great gloomy cavern under the canopy of the forest was choked with snow. McVeigh picked up a fallen branch of dead pine as we came to the bend, then cautiously stepped out upon the dome-like top of the great drift. I was a mere boy of eighteen, and but for the coolness of my companion I should have lost my head and probably my life.

"Hold there! Step careful, now," said he, as I came running after him, frightened at the near sound of the wolves.

"Ye might go t' yer ears if ye broke it here,"

said McVeigh, and, as he spoke, he thrust the long rod of timber down into the heap of snow.

"See there!" he continued; "the weight o' yer finger sends it down out o' sight. We'll stop and rest awhile, an' ye'll see a bit o' fun here."

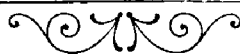
We crept, with shortened steps, to the white summit of snow near the far side of the pit, and its slender sheathing cracked and crumbled under our shoe-frames, though, fortunately, it was strong enough to hold us.

"George Washington!" said McVeigh, in a sharp voice, as we turned about, "look there! Stand still now! Don't move!"

There was a fearsome ring and echo in the air as the grey pack wallowed up the top of the ridge in the dead timber. There was near a score of them, so McVeigh claimed—and he would have it always that he had counted them—with legs so long, as I now remember, a fair-sized dog could walk underneath them, and they ran in a close bunch, the snow spray flying over them. They were the big, grey timber wolves. Now that the danger had come close, I was quite cool, and when they stopped at the brink I actually began to count them. It seems incredible as I think of it now, after all these years.

"The leaders give a jump an' the whole pack o' them stopped when I hollered," said McVeigh in telling the story, when we were safe in camp. "Then they made for us, jumping clear every move o' their legs. There was a fall o' six feet at the edge o' the pit, an' they jumped in a bunch. The big heap o' snow trembled when they hit it, an' they sunk as if it had been water. We heard a smothered roar, an' seen the splinters o' crust fly an' the white snow shut over 'em. Then it stirred like the boil in a pot, an' caved an' ran down at the break like sand in a hollow, an' then it was still." That is the end of the story.

We got to camp as quickly as our legs would take us, and told how we wallowed the wolves. The boys listened with much interest, but not a man would believe us. The first big thaw that came, we took them over and showed them what there was there in the deep of the pit.



# THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY  
**C. B. FRY**

*By special arrangement, Mr. C. B. Fry has undertaken to contribute to no magazine intended for boys or athletes except THE CAPTAIN. Readers are requested to bear in mind that we have secured, especially for their benefit, the services of the first writer on athletics in the world. Mr. Fry will reply to a limited number of correspondents by post every month, providing they are members of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. All applications for advice from the Athletic Editor, as well as from other CAPTAIN "experts," should be accompanied by THE CAPTAIN CLUB Coupon which will be found in one of the advertisement pages.—THE EDITOR.*

## HOW TO RACE.

**S**UCCESS in athletics, my friends, comes in a greater degree to him who plans and prepares than to him who leaves things to the last moment and trusts to the inspiration of the actual contest. This you will readily believe, for I doubt not you have observed that the same holds good universally in human pursuits—Euclid exams., for instance. Don't you know the fellow who curries favour with the fancy that he can get up his subject the night before the exam.? Quite so. Yes, and the fellow who imagines he can amuse himself with slack Latin prosos all the term, and yet slip in an extra good one on the fatal day. But it does not answer—that sort of happy-go-lucky procrastination. In fact, what wins races is careful preparation, skilfully organised training, and the slowly acquired habit of good method. If you have studied past volumes of THE CAPTAIN you have come across, either in articles specially devoted to the subject or in scattered "answers," a lot of well-meant and carefully thought-out advice about how to train and practise for various races, long and short, and for hurdling, jumping, and other events. If not, you are the loser. Anyway, no mortal being, spin he never so wise a yarn, can tell you how to provide yourself in three or four days with the training you should have gained in the course of six or eight

careful weeks. So I do not propose to give you here any advice about training for races, etc. This, however, I will say, that if you have neglected preparation, yet wish to race and to proceed as best you may, for goodness' sake do not start on trying to make up for lost time by cramming a month's work into a few hours. Far better, if your time for training is limited, just to do the same amount of practice as you would with weeks before you. This, I know, is worth mentioning, because I have often seen fellows, fired with late and sudden energy, systematically work themselves to rags every day of the week immediately preceding the sports. Useless, that. Whatever your past, whether you have trained or not trained, make quite sure that on the day of your race you turn out perfectly fresh. Trained or untrained, a man fresh is twice as good as a man jaded. And just a hint: if you want to get as fit as possible in some idiotically short time, do it by walking; four miles top speed per diem, every day except the day before you race, on which an easy stroll is preferable. The more I see of training, the more I believe in walking as the basis of all the grinding part of it. Walking does not exhaust, and it braces without stiffening. Try it!

How to race then? How to make the best of what you are in your shoes? That is our point. And, first of all, I won't advise you not

to be nervous. It is no use; you are dead sure to be nervous in a greater or less degree, according to fitness and temperament. There never was a man, I fancy, who did not feel at least a bit anxious before a contest in which his heart was set on success. This sort of anxiety simply goes with keenness to succeed. On the whole, I would rather see a man anxious than not; the "not" may mean absence of keenness, and that is a bad sign. Still, you must try, however nervous you are, to prevent your nervousness spoiling your efforts. And the best tip to counteract nervousness is to think outwards and not inwards; don't think of yourself, but of the task before you.

Now as to tactics. In short races which are run full speed all the way, there is nothing to think of but running your fastest all the way—which includes starting as fast as you can. But this simple matter is not so very simple. First as to starting: Whether you have or have not taken the trouble to master the art of standing steady and getting away without hang or backward jerk, be assured that you are bound to start slowly unless, as you toe the mark, you fill yourself with the one fixed, all-absorbing idea of getting away from it. If you let

any vague, meandering thoughts get into you as you stand there, you will be in danger of making some fatal error. Just pin yourself down to the single determination of springing away with—with, mind you, not after—the bang of the pistol. Make up your mind you are held in leash by an invisible string, which the pistol flash will surely cut asunder. Torture your body into harmony with this imagination—then, with luck, you may start quickly—as quickly, in fact, as your posture on the mark admits.

I should not advise you to change your posture unless you happen to have plenty of time to master a new one. I have known fellows discuss whether they should try this or that new

fad—discuss this, I'll trouble you, at lunch an hour or so before the final heat. But here is the position from which personally I found movement was smartest, helped by a good loud bang of black powder. Left foot on mark flat, cutting mark at angle of 45 degs.; whole weight thrown on this foot; left knee pushed forward as far as it will go without raising heel; body thrown forward as far as possible over left knee, with left arm stretched out eagerly towards the winning post. Right leg bent like a bent spring, pressing toes of right foot against the ground about 2 ft. behind instep of front foot. Keep steady by forcing left heel down, thus counteracting forward strain of body, a strain which,

nevertheless, should be intense. At the bang, simply release your left heel; then your left foot automatically makes a little 6 in. dab forward, and you are off. Note that the right leg should press the ground with no body weight whatever, only with its own muscular extension. It sounds funny—but—it works.

Once started, you must concentrate your whole being upon reaching the winning post. Run every inch of the way from the first stride with every ounce squeezed out. Let nothing cross your mind during the race; screw

yourself on to the idea of getting to the other end. This concentration is not easy; it needs a most determined effort of will. Full pace is evoked only by intense effort. If your will flags your pace flags. I need hardly say that to look round or turn the head during a sprint is the same as giving away a yard or two. But you should carefully avoid a very common error, that of drawing up before you reach the tape. Don't think of beginning to slacken till you are at least 5 yds. past the winning post. Heaps of races are lost on the tape through the man with a few inches lead slackening in the last couple of yards. Remember that even if a man is running level with you,



HOW TO START.

(Photographed specially for THE CAPTAIN by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)



you do not see him. Always, therefore, finish out, clean out, and all out. And, by the way, in sprinting, lean your body well forward and keep your chin tucked in near your chest. The moment you throw your head back, back goes your body, you begin pumping up and down with your arms, and your stride exhausts part of itself in high stepping. Sprinters should be daisy-clippers. That backward chuck of the head is horrid; an American trainer would whip you for it. It is—really it is—a self-inflicted bearing-rein. Run as fast as you can all the way. How simple it reads! and what a deal it means. I'll guarantee that not one young runner in ten can run as fast as he can. Why? Because he has not mastered the power of will to screw his available pace out of himself over 100yds. Put that in your pi—no, I mean take that to heart, and you will have learnt one great secret of successful sprinting.

Now for races which are not run full pace all the way. For boys I include the quarter mile among these, and, of course, all longer distances.

The quarter mile is a peculiar race. Most authorities call it a sprint. So it is: sprinters win it. But some of the very best quarter-milers have been third-raters at 100yds. However, what usually happens in school quarters is this: There are one or more of the middle distance runners—half-milers or milers—who can run fast enough to make a decent time in the quarter because they can run the whole distance without flagging from their highest pace; then there are one or more sprinters who can run part of it at a much higher speed, but cannot last the distance at their best speed. The tactics of the middle distance man are simple. He must, of course, lay his legs to the ground as fast as he can from start to finish; therein is his only chance. But the sprinter has a nice problem. Is he to hang on the stayer till within reach of home and then spurt? Or is he to use his speed to gain an initial lead?

Now it may be that if he keeps his speed for a final spurt he finds he has dissipated already his power of spurting. I have seen many races of this sort, and I am inclined to think that the sprinter does best by treating the race as a sprint right through, even to the extent of running himself off his legs; he must then trust to his legs and his pluck just to see him home. But some authorities advocate the following stratagem. You run the first 200yds. or so at top speed, thus establishing a good lead over your staying rival; then you ease yourself over the next 100yds. or so, husbanding your powers while the stayer works up to you; when he reaches you you urge forward just a trifle to

prevent his passing you, and directly he really challenges you, you put on full steam again, and try to last home. This is all right so long as there is not another sprinter on the carpet about as good as yourself. If such an one is there, you must be very careful that in easing up you do not allow him to get so far ahead that you cannot catch him. Remember, a lead of a couple of yards is a terrible lead to cut down in the last 40yds. of a quarter. Also bear in mind that it is a nice point how much to reduce your speed over the middle part of the race so as to secure the maximum of relief with the minimum sacrifice of lead. It is necessary to learn to know what is your full speed when you are, so to speak, running just within yourself.

When we come to races of half a mile and over, then tactics and judgment play a really big part. It is a fundamental principle of middle and long distance races that the runner must know his own running over the whole distance, for whether he aims at a waiting race or tries to run his at a uniform pace right through, it is equally necessary for him to be sure of the pace that gives him the best total result. In the case of the man whose strength lies in a great increase of cutting down pace over, say, the last lap, it is necessary that he know the exact pace which he can maintain over the rest of the race without knocking his quickening power out of himself; for if he runs above that normal pace he spoils his strong point, while if he runs below it he risks being left too far behind for his spurt to avail him. Of course, the man with the spurting finish likes the race to be run as slow as possible, but he is sure to be pitted against one or more competitors whose forte lies in pure staying power, and who, therefore, are sure to make the pace all the way as hot as they can without sacrificing their power of staying. They, too, in order to get their best result, must know their uniform pace. So all middle and long distance runners, during their training, ought to discover the pace that suits them, learn it by heart, and endeavour to inveigle the actual race into that pace. Each runner in the race, on the other hand, must try to avoid being forced by his rivals into a pace that does not suit him. In short, runners of these distances must make a careful study both of themselves and of their adversaries, and use their judgment in racing. It needs a fair amount of self-reliance not to allow one's judgment to be undermined by the sudden contingencies of actual racing, for one is never quite sure of not being bluffed by an adversary. Nothing but experience, fortified by Mother Wit, will give a runner the sort of judgment

that makes the worse runner prove the better in a race.

It is useful to remember that when a man wants to pass you, you can always put him to extra effort by making him race you to gain his point; you have the inside berth, and he must pass you on the outside, therefore you need not run quite as fast in order to stave him off as he must in order to pass you. Also, it is an old adage that if you want to pass a man, it pays to pass him with a bit of a rush rather than by degrees, for thus you are more likely to take him unawares, more likely to bluff him into not fighting you for the lead, and also more likely to dishearten him. Another time-honoured, but none the less valuable, hint is not to give up when pressed just because you feel "done"; persist at least for some 20yds. further in order to discover whether, as is quite likely, the man who is pressing you is not even more done than yourself.

— C. B. Fry.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. Toole.—The rule about the penalty bully at hockey seems to me to state precisely that all the players except the two engaged must be outside the striking circle. There is no exception added in favour of the goal-keeper, so I suppose the goal-keeper, unless selected by his side to participate in the bully, must foregather outside with the rest of his friends and foes. I have, however, never seen a penalty bully taken, so cannot say whether, by unwritten law, the goal-keeper is allowed to stay in his goal. I hope the penalty bully is a more sensible affair than the penalty kick in association football. Under that rule, if your adversary offends you, but you nevertheless score a goal, you must give up your gotten goal, and have another try to get one. How is that for sport?

E. Dudley.—The school record for the mile I do not know, but I know that 4mins. 30 odd secs. is supposed to have been done at Eton. Comparative school records are valueless; the conditions, and often the distances—the same distances—vary so much. But your time, 4mins. 48secs., is good, especially if run on grass. I know of no method of increasing weight; most people are on the other tack. If I were you, I'd let my weight take care of itself. I dare say it will overtake your stature all in good time. C. J. Brewer.

—K. S. Ranjitsinhji is about 5ft. 9ins.; C. B. Fry is 5ft. 10ins. P. R. Fulton.—My dear sir, don't, please, apologise for distance. The farther THE CAPTAIN goes, the better we like it. Besides, we value our colonial friends. You say you have been up and down with your leg-break bowling. That is quite common. Leg-break bowlers seem particularly subject to sudden loss of form. Vine, of Sussex, lost his leg-break power for several

years, but now, on his day, he is about the most difficult bowler in England on a fast wicket. You will get your length and break again, but avoid trying to put too much break on—a couple of inches or so is good enough. Your clubs should get a good man for the "screw" you mention. Good luck to your wicket!

Zummerzet.—You say you find you often get bowled by straight, fast half-volleys, and that when you hit them you fail to keep the ball down. Now that is curious, because your getting bowled indicates that you are late with your stroke, while your failing to keep the ball down indicates you are too soon with it. When playing a fast bowler be sure to lift your bat back almost before the ball is out of his hand, and try to time the ball so precisely that it travels all along the floor. Most batsmen are late on fast bowling, because they are taking the bat back at the time they should be bringing it down to meet the ball. If you are as keen on cricket as you say, get a pal to throw half-volleys at you at the nets; practice is what you want.

Enquirer.—For cricket photographs, Hawkins, Preston Street, Brighton; for athletic ditto, try Stearn, Bridge Street, Cambridge. W. M. Wace.—(1) If a wide is bowled and goes for byes, as many wides are scored as runs are run. (2) I always try to play right back—as far back as I can—to a ball that pitches on the blind spot; but I do not believe there is such a thing as a blind spot if one judges the ball correctly. Half-cock strokes are not bad for fast bowling. (3) It is impossible to say exactly what distance from the batsman is good length for slow medium bowling. Try to bowl so that the batsman plays forward, yet do not pitch the ball far enough up for him to be able to smother it at the pitch. (4) I cannot tell you how to make a ball hang in the air, but by holding the ball dodgily you can cause it to leave your hand with less momentum than would be expected from the pace you bring your arm over. I hope you'll do well at Haileybury. A. B. C. wants to know about his shooting at goal. He used to be a good shot; that is, he could shoot better than he could do anything else. But this season, though he has improved in his passing and in other respects, he has lost his pristine skill in shooting. And though he practises diligently, and often in practice satisfies himself, yet in matches he cannot shoot straight for the life of him. What is he to do? My idea is that "A. B. C." looks at the ball in practice, but looks at the goal in a match. A forward in a match should know by instinct where the goal is, or find out where it is by a quick glance, but, while actually engaged in kicking the ball, he should keep his eyes firmly fixed on the ball. I have often noticed that footballers, when practising shooting at goal, do not trouble to arrange that the ball shall come to them as it would in a match. Moreover, they do not seem to understand the importance of letting fly at once. You see, in a match a forward cannot always arrange the ball conveniently and take his time; hence it is necessary to practise shooting on lines resembling match play. Excellent practice in shooting and in all sorts of kicking may be obtained in a yard or on a lawn with a small ball (a common indiarubber ball is best). I have a theory that by wearing light shoes—sand shoes, for instance—one gains an intimate "feel" of the ball and learns accuracy.

C. B. F.

(Other answers will be found on page 485.)

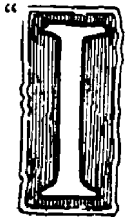
# A TIGHT CORNER.

A Story of the Indian Frontier.

By F. P. GIBBON.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

## I.



WONDER what the beggars are after?" Second-Lieutenant Fred Dalby, of the "Royal Oaks," murmured to himself.

He was strolling aimlessly through the bazaar of Hurdipore, a turbulent city not far from the north-west frontier of India. The narrow streets, with their open shops and groups of idlers, were

plaintively protesting their readiness to starve rather than disoblige the sahib.

Fred Dalby had been in India but a week or two, and was "an officer and a gentleman" of a few months' standing only. His appearance and expression were particularly boyish, and few people would have taken him for more than sixteen years of age. The men of the "Royal Oaks" had quickly nicknamed him "the Infant," and his heart's desire—second to the hope of distinguishing himself and rising rapidly in the service of his monarch—was



A HAIRY PATHAN MADE AN INSULTING JEST AT THE EXPENSE OF THE ENGLISH BOY.

picturesque but unspeakably filthy, and the young Englishman picked his way gingerly between the stalls of sweetmeat and fruit-sellers, jewellers, money-changers, and the vendors of curious pipes and hookahs, listening occasionally to the blandishments of the white-robed shopkeepers, who thrust their wares before him. In broken English they would offer him curious articles of native jewellery at not less than twenty times their real value,

that his moustache would become visible at a greater distance than a couple of feet.

Wandering from stall to stall, he noticed, with some alarm, the suspicious behaviour of two Sepoys, who were apparently following him at a respectful distance. They never came close to him, but though he turned corners sharply and made several attempts to throw his shadows off he would soon catch sight of them again, intently

watching him, and he fancied a malevolent expression on their by no means prepossessing features.

They were Gurkhas he felt sure, because of their small stature, and from the fact that a Gurkha battalion was stationed close to his own, and he had noted their distinctive, dark green uniforms and round caps, so different from the costume of other Sepoys. One of their officers, Lieutenant Brandon, had been at the same school, having left for Sandhurst whilst Fred was still in the Fifth Form. That very morning Fred had paid a visit to his old schoolfellow, and these two had evidently followed him from their camp, with what fell intent he could only guess.

Around the stalls lounged groups composed of men of various tribes and races, some being steady Punjabis, sturdy Jat peasants, and timid Bengali money-grubbers. Others, however, were big, warlike fellows from the north and west, whose truculent faces and open scowls and mutterings in an unknown tongue did not tend to reassure him. A hairy Pathan in one of these groups made a rough, insulting jest at the expense of the English boy, and spat after him as he passed, and the cackle of laughter that followed caused the young officer's ears to tingle, though he could not understand the remark. His skipper, Captain Longnor, had cautioned him against going alone into the bazaar, for Hurdipore always contained a rough element, and at the present time there were rumours of coming risings of the fanatical Mohammedan tribes of the frontier. A spirit of unrest was abroad, and hatred of the white *kafirs* seemed general amongst the fierce fanatics.

A moment later he turned, and, looking back at the group, beheld the two Gurkha Sepoys talking earnestly to the Pathan who had insulted him. They grinned at him and tapped the kukri-knives in the scabbards on their right hips—for they carried no rifles in the town—and Dalby guessed what that gesture meant. For one moment he wondered what to do, and was on the point of deciding to slip away as quickly as he could. He had already purchased the two or three curiosities he wanted to send home, and there was no further reason for staying.

But his pride rejected the plan in time. He turned, and with deliberate pace retraced his steps past the group and, drawing himself up, looked the men in the face as he passed. The Gurkhas saluted and the Pathans said not a word, and before long he was breathing freely again, outside the confined streets. Dalby saw no more of the two Gurkhas that day, but he was destined to meet them again. His friend Brandon was amused when he heard his story.

"I wonder who the two little asses were!" he

laughingly observed. "They must have taken a fancy to you, Dalby, to go to so much trouble on your account."

"What do you mean by 'trouble on my account'?" Fred asked.

"Why, they saw you were rather green and needed someone to look after you. Hurdipore bazaar is a bit dangerous just now for an inexperienced Englishman, and they knew it."

"Do you mean to say, Brandon, that you imagine those two chaps were following in order to protect me? I don't."

"I haven't the slightest shadow of doubt, Dalby, that they were very disappointed that there was no row and that you were not attacked."

"I daresay they were," our young friend retorted. "They'd have joined in it too."

"They would," the Gurkha officer laughed, "and those Pathans knew it, fortunately for you, perhaps."

A few weeks later the "Royal Oaks" were in the thick of the fighting, for the Afridis had indeed risen. Hardly had the troops left Shinawari, the advanced base, when the fighting commenced. The Dargai and Chagru Kotal hills were taken, almost without opposition, by General Kempster's brigade. But again someone had blundered, and, for reasons not generally understood, it was decided to retire, the result being that before many days had passed the heights of Dargai had again to be stormed.

On this second occasion every advantage lay with the enemy, and our loss was terrible. Most of you know the story of the Gurkhas' and Gordons' pluck on that memorable day.

Now these retirements form the Pathan's opportunity. The Afridis and other mountain tribes will allow themselves to be pushed from hill to hill, retreating continually until they have drawn our troops away from their supports and their supplies. The trackless hills and valleys are too steep and rough to admit the passage of transport carts or animals, and so the troops are forced to fall back before their food and ammunition give out. Then the watchful enemy come swarming round, potting at them from the surrounding heights, and sparing no effort to cut off all stragglers.

Highlanders, English, Sikhs, Punjabis, and Gurkhas all bore themselves with splendid gallantry and steadiness during this difficult retirement, though the Afridi marksmen were good. A small body of Gurkha scouts—picked shots and climbers from the various Gurkha battalions—were crowning the heights and driving back the Pathans whenever these became too daring.

The "Royal Oaks" had relieved the Sikh regiment that had formed the rearguard for a

part of the day, supporting the scouts when necessary.

"Seems a tight place, this," Fred Dalby remarked to his skipper, as their men spread out amongst the boulders, for Longnor's company was the last of the battalion, and the hardest work was falling to its share.

"Not so bad, youngster," Captain Longnor cheerfully replied. "Don't waste your cartridges like that," he called sharply to a Tommy who was firing rather wildly at nothing in particular.

"By Jove, look there!" Dalby suddenly exclaimed.

He pointed towards a bare, sloping shoulder of the mountain, nearly a thousand yards away. The last of the scouts were traversing this exposed place, having held the heights commanding the summit of the pass long enough to enable the rest of the force to get a good way down in comparative safety. But by now the Pathans had come up in force, and this bare slope being destitute of sheltering rocks a cross-fire from two sides began to sweep it. With the tail-end of the scouts was an ammunition mule. By some means or other they had managed to help it over the most difficult ground, and on this mule the Afridi rifles concentrated their attention, hoping to tumble it down the hillside towards them, for the prospect of so great a supply of ammunition filled their fierce hearts with joy.

"They've all reached cover except the mule and his driver," Captain Longnor exclaimed, as he gazed through his glasses. "What wonderful beggars those Gurkhas are. They seem to find good shelter behind a blade of grass."

"It seems like it," said Dalby. "If our 'Royal Oaks' had had to cross that place under such a fire they'd all have been hit."

"Englishmen, somehow, don't seem able to take advantage of cover properly," his skipper replied. "I'm afraid the Pathans are bound to get that ammunition though."

"Look, the driver's killed!" Fred cried. "By Jove, but that's a brave man!"

One of the scouts had rushed from behind his boulder as the driver fell, resolved that the enemy should not have the cartridges if he could help it. The bullets whistled round and above him, one cutting the sling of his rifle, a second entering his arm, others striking the boxes and the mule's equipment, the mule itself, fortunately, receiving only a slight wound. But though the dust was raised in little spurts all round him, the Gurkha calmly led the animal through it all into a place of safety, amidst the cheerful howls of derision raised by his comrades.\*

"That chap deserves the Victoria Cross," was Captain Longnor's admiring comment.

"Oughtn't we to go and help them down?" Dalby asked. "They seem to be in a pretty tight place."

Before the captain could reply an order was signalled from half a mile away down the pass instructing Longnor's company to support the scouts. Fifty men under Grey, the senior subaltern, were sent up the hill to the right, the remaining thirty, who were picked men, ascending to the left under Longnor and Dalby—for this appeared the more dangerous task. The assailants seemed less numerous on this side, but the conformation of the ground exposed the Englishmen to greater risks from the Pathan marksmen.

## II.

"THE BIGGER the body of men I take up there," Captain Longnor argued to himself, "the easier target they'll make. I'll have none but experienced fellows, who know how to take cover."

The mistakes he made were two in number, for neither of which could he reasonably be blamed. As it happened, the enemy were coming up in far greater force on this side of the pass than on the other, though, as yet, their numbers were not within sight or range. Secondly, the scouts were not in such difficulties as he had imagined, and when the thirty had toiled up the steep hillside and reached the ridge where they had expected to find their allies fighting for their lives, hardly a Gurkha remained within sight. They had passed swiftly along the ridge beyond this point, for as soon as they and their mule had reached cover, the Pathans had kept at a respectful distance, for they regard with the most wholesome dread the unerring rifles and keen kukris of the little men in dark green. Longnor and his handful found themselves practically in a trap. Only half a dozen scouts could be seen stalking one or two more venturesome Afridis. But, though as yet unnoticed, the enemy were close at hand. With savage glee they had marked the blundering infidels toiling in the wrong direction, and had passed the word to lie low.

"We're in a beastly hole, I'm afraid, Dalby," the skipper whispered. "I've led them wrong. We must follow those Gurkhas and stick to them."

As he spoke, a rattle of musketry broke out in front and to the left of them. Except the semi-circle of smoke, nothing was visible.

"Down with you, lads!" Longnor cried. "Don't waste a shot."

"But look there, Longnor," Fred whispered,

\* An actual occurrence.—ED. CAPTAIN.

pointing towards some perpendicular rocks a little way behind them and higher up. "There's a sangar."

"Good, that's the place! This way, men, and we'll win through yet."

A sangar is a stone breastwork, and the Tirah mountains are dotted with them. Though partially destroyed, this one was well situated, being built round the base of the rock that guarded their rear. In a few moments, what was left of the thirty—for five had been killed and seven wounded—were piling fresh boulders where the wall was broken down, while the bullets came pattering against their shelter, and the stone splinters flew

around. The Afridis' fire, though well aimed, was irregular, five minutes sometimes passing without a sign from the foe. After one such period of waiting, a man rose to his knees and peered over the breastwork, evidently believing that the enemy had disappeared.

"Duck, you idiot!" Longnor angrily shouted, and the man obeyed, for a bullet had entered his forehead the instant it appeared above the shelter. In the attempt to save the soldier from his own rashness, the captain momentarily exposed himself, and he dropped at Dalby's feet, shot through the heart. The Pathans had found the range, sure enough.

Our young lieutenant felt faint as he examined the body of his friend and captain, and found that he was dead. But this was no time for sentiment, for upon him the responsibility now rested. Was there anything he could do to save them? No, he gave it up as hopeless; they were surely doomed, for it seemed that their peril had not been noticed.

Suddenly a young private, who was looking between the gaps, where the breastwork joined the rock, gesticulated wildly. Fred and the sergeant crawled towards him.

"They've crept to the rear," he whispered, his



"DUCK, YOU IDIOT!" LONGNOR ANGRILY SHOUTED.

voice quivering with excitement. "Seen two of 'em 'mongst the boulders. Look!"

A dark form was wriggling, snake-like, over the rough ground, the least bit only being visible. Harding raised his rifle swiftly, and the vicious hiss of the Lee-Metford broke the momentary silence.

"Missed!" muttered the sergeant. "He ducked. Well, I'm jiggered!—what's that?"

The broad blade of a kukri was raised above the stone behind which the man lay, and gradually lowered. Fred promptly grasped the meaning of the sign.

"Don't fire! They're scouts! Keep the Pathans busy for a moment."

He was obeyed, and, under cover of the fire, the Gurkhas wormed their way inside, one by one.

"Only seven?" Fred asked, in disappointed tones, as the last crept through. He had hoped for a full company.

To his surprise, he recognised the two who had followed him through the Hardipore bazaar. Seeing the young lieutenant they grinned a genial and approving grin, and he understood, at last, how he had misjudged them. These seven had lingered to get a last pot or two at the more

daring Afridis, and, seeing the danger to their British comrades, had left a place of safety to lend a hand, though death stared them in the face. One of Fred's friends wore a corporal's stripes, and was evidently in command of the party. He raised his round cap, with its badge of crossed kukris, on the muzzle of his Martini, and as the pre-historic dodge drew the Pathans' fire, the little men chuckled merrily.

"Those chaps seem to think they're taking part in a bloomin' picnic," muttered one of the Royal Oaks. But, after a few shots, the Afridis would no longer rise to the bait. Amar Sing Gurung, the *naik*, or corporal, proceeded to commandeer the Lee-Metfords of the dead soldiers, examining them critically and grunting approval. Though none of the native troops had as yet been given the magazine rifle, Amar Sing and one or two others knew its little ways, and began to make use of it.

"Our Gurky friends ain't firing overmuch," Sergeant Harding presently observed, "but I'm jiggered if they don't bring their man down every time!"

"'Ello, there's one of 'em 'it, though—and Perkins as well. Through the head, poor chap."

An English private and a Gurkha, lying side by side, had been struck by successive shots, the Pathans having found a spot whence they could command a corner of the sangar. To British eyes the enemy were practically invisible, but the keen-eyed little Nepalese soon discovered the marksmen, and kept down their fire. In spite of all their efforts, however, this corner of their fortress soon became too hot. In rapid succession two more of the Royal Oaks were wounded, and then a bullet struck Fred Dalby's thigh. At once Amar Sing rose and lay on, the left of the British boy—because the bullets were coming from the left—shielding him with his body until he could be assisted from the dangerous spot.

"Cease firing there!" called out the prostrate sergeant. "'Ere's an 'airy beggar with a white rag!"

The speaker turned towards his officer as a Pathan approached, waving a flag of truce.

"Shall we 'ear what 'e 'as to say, sir?"

"Certainly," Dalby replied. "Can any of you fellows speak Pushtu?"

The men shook their heads, for a knowledge of the vernacular is not one of Tommy's usual accomplishments, though he is very proud of the few pet words of which he has managed to take hold. A young private pointed towards one of their dead comrades and said:—

"Perkins there could, sir, but he's gone."

"What's the good of tellin' us that, you numskull?" the sergeant wrathfully demanded. Then

he added, "'Ello, the ambassador chap's jawin' to the Gurkhies."

Amar Sing Gurung turned excitedly to the British officer, and, in broken English, made a request.

"Sahib, may I shoot this dog? The fool is trying to tempt us, saying they will allow us Gurkhas to leave this place and rejoin our comrades, so that you English may be more easy victims. Give me leave to shoot him."

"He is under the protection of the flag of truce. You must not touch him."

"But the white flag should not be a cloak for treachery, sahib," the little man persisted.

"Nevertheless, he must not be shot."

"I say, Harding," Fred whispered to the war-experienced sergeant, "the Pathans have offered to let the Gurkhas go free on condition that they leave us to our fate."

"That's a Pathan al' over, sir."

"Well, sergeant, I'm afraid it's only a matter of another half hour or so for all of us, so don't you think we ought to give the Gurkhas the chance? Their remaining here will only give us a little longer respite; it can't save us."

"Five minutes might mean a lot, sir, if rescue should come five minutes too late. Whether they go or not, we'll 'old on for every minute we can; but they didn't ought to leave us, bein' soldiers same as us."

"We've not been noticed, so there's little chance of rescue," Fred argued. "They came to help save us because we'd made a mistake, and we've no right to condemn them to death when there's a chance of their saving themselves to fight again."

"You're in command, sir," the sergeant replied—and the Pathan waited patiently for his reply—"but what I should like to know is, why the bloomin' Afridis are so dashed anxious to get rid of the Johnnies, unless they think there's a chance of rescue if we hold out long enough. Answer me that, sir!"

"Because the Gurkhas' shooting is so good that they're losing too many men. They'd prefer to kill us Englishmen without much loss, rather than slaughter the lot and lose heavily themselves."

"Very good, sir, give 'em the chanst. I've fought shoulder to shoulder with Johnny before to-day, and if 'e's willin' to leave us in this 'ere 'ole—well, I'm dashed!"

Our boy officer thereupon informed Amar Sing that, as there seemed no chance of rescue, he and his comrades might take advantage of the Pathan's terms. The *naik* stared at him until his almond eyes became mere slits, then, cackling with amusement, translated this offer for the

benefit of his countrymen, who broke into fits of laughter.

The Pathan looked on in amazement.

"You have insulted us," Amar Sing began. "What would Brandon Sahib think of us if we left you? What would you Englishmen do in our place? You would remain to die with your comrades—and Gurkhas are as good soldiers as Englishmen. We are as proud of our regiment as you are of yours, and there's not a man here but would rather die than disgrace it."

As he concluded, one of the Gurkha rifles rang out, breaking the long silence—and then a second and a third. Under cover of the flag of truce the enemy were drawing closer in to this hornets' nest of a sangar, creeping warily from boulder to boulder. Amar Sing Gurung cried out to the envoy:—

"Run, traitor, for I fire when I've counted ten!" and the Pathan vanished.

Once again the familiar fusillade rattled about their ears, and the lead whistled overhead and thudded against the stone breastwork.

### III.

MEANWHILE the main body, lower down the valley, had more than held their own, and the leading regiments had already reached a spot where the column might camp for the night in comparative safety. On the opposite mountain tops Grey's half company of the Royal Oaks, with that portion of the scout corps which we may call the right wing, had dispersed the Pathans with heavy loss. Rejoining his regiment, Lieutenant Grey reported to the colonel that Longnor and the others were with the scouts' left wing, so no one suspected their danger.

Luckily, however, Lieutenant Brandon had awakened to the fact that *Naik* Amar Sing Gurung's section had not rejoined. He lost no time in wondering what to do. Calling his men of the left wing together, he signalled across the valley to his comrades on the opposite hill-side that a section had been cut off somewhere towards the head of the Pass. His signal was promptly answered by the right wing, and, opening out again, the hundred fighting men under his command began to retrace their steps, and Brandon knew, though he could not see them, that another two hundred were swiftly moving towards the same goal to take the Afridis in the flank. These scouts had been at it hammer and tongs from dawn till dusk, fighting and climbing one steep mountain after another. Tired though they were—though they knew that their comrades below were preparing the evening meal—there was not

a grumble from the cheery little men. In less than half an hour the sound of firing attracted their attention, and put new life into them. With that call to arms ringing in their ears, British officers and Gurkha riflemen forgot their weariness, and advanced at the double in extended order along the heights.

Of the little band who were facing death with their backs to the rocks only five remained unwounded—Amar Sing, another Gurkha, and three British privates. The Afridis had made one misguided attempt to rush the post, and had been hurled back with heavy loss, the bayonets of the Royal Oaks and the kukris of Amar Sing's merry men having played about them. They also, however, had inflicted loss and reduced the garrison.

"Why don't the beggars make another rush and finish it one way or another?" Sergeant Harding growled. "It 'ud be better than dying 'ere without catching sight of their ugly mugs."

Harding had been struck in the left hand, but he could still fight.

"Aye," muttered another wounded Tommy, "I should just like another chanst at 'em with the bayonet. I've enough strength left for that."

Fred Dalby was feeling sick and faint through pain and exhaustion, but with the pluck of a British school-boy, or British officer—for it is much the same—he again and again rallied the men with some appearance of heartiness. They had nicknamed him "the Infant" a few weeks ago, and, if they lived, would continue to call him so. He had been tried by fire, however, and had not been found wanting, and for the remainder of their days those men would be ready to follow whithersoever he might choose to lead them.

But there seemed little prospect of any of that handful leading, or being led again. The noise of fighting behind them had died away, and what could this mean except that their comrades had reached a place of safety, and had never noticed their absence? Sullenly and doggedly they waited, and wondered when the end would come.

As if to settle the question, the reports suddenly redoubled.

"By George," muttered the sergeant, "now we shan't be long! They've worked round and got us like rats in a trap. Let's have at 'em with the bayonet, and die fighting, sir."

"How is it the bullets are not hitting the breastwork, or whizzing overhead, though?" Fred cried in excited tones.

Amar Sing sprang to his feet and peered over the sangar. Quickly ducking again he began to chatter to his comrades, and in an instant they were firing through the gaps with redoubled energy.





IT WAS BIG, BRAWNY MAN SLICING WITH LONG STRAIGHT KNIFE AT LITTLE STURDY MAN WITH HALF-MOON BLADE.

"Our comrades have crept up behind us," he gleefully sang out.

"Peg away, men!" Fred cried. "The Pathans have their hands full."

Brisker and brisker became the firing, and our beleaguered friends could see a long curve of smoke spurts behind their sangar, and knew that each spurt marked the cover of a scout. Creeping forward with great cunning, the rescuers dealt out death as they came, for not even a Boer can excel a Gurkha scout on the hills at the game of shooting straight whilst keeping unseen.

The thought that the prey, on whose destruction they had confidently reckoned, and who had caused such heavy loss, might yet escape their clutches, maddened the fanatics. They still greatly outnumbered the infidels, and a *mullah*, or priest, who for some time had been urging them to storm the sangar, now rose up, and in a violent harangue worked his hearers into a frenzy. Though half a dozen rifles were levelled at him, the bullets flew wide, and the *mullah* took advantage of this by declaring that Allah had made him invulnerable. "Follow me!" he cried. "Paradise awaits us!"

In the fury of religious mania, three score Pathans turned Ghazis—that is, fanatics who swear to die fighting—and these charged down upon the sangar, a terror-striking mob. Behind them came another hundred less determined men. Fred Dalby had painfully raised himself to look over the wall, and saw the new move as soon as any.

"Quick, men!" he cried. "Use your magazines. Every man who can stir a finger must fight now, or all our throats are cut."

And every man answered the call, but in the excitement the aiming was too wild to stay a Ghazi rush. The nearest scouts were seventy yards away, a group nearly thirty strong. Firing a couple of volleys, these dashed forward to meet the Ghazis. The shock came at the sangar wall, and it was big, brawny man slicing with long, straight knife at little, sturdy man with short, half-moon blade. But the Gurkha's skill with the kukri is something to wonder at, and can hardly be realised. No Pathan except a Ghazi will stand up to it. A dozen broke through, however, and scrambled over the breastwork, the rest being kept back and having to fight hard to hold their own. Harding shot the first and bayoneted the next; Amar Sing took the

third, and two more fell to Fred's revolver. In the excitement men forgot their wounds, and not one of those twelve madmen left the deadly enclosure.

Amar Sing Gurung was first over the wall to the aid of his comrades. How Fred scrambled over he could not tell, but he followed, and with eight others reinforced the scouts outside. By now the hundred backers of the Ghazis were close at hand, but closer still were Brandon and twenty of his men.

Suddenly distant Pushtu shouts were heard, and the greater part of the force following up the Ghazi rush began to slink away. The shouts warned them of the flanking movement of the scouts from the opposite ridge; and though the Pathan will fight gamely while he has a way of escape to serve at the last pinch, threaten his retreat and his heart fails him. Brandon made straight for the thick of the mob, and attempted to close with the *mullah*, when two big Pathans barred his way. Fred tried to follow his friend, but the injured leg now reasserted itself and he fell. The *mullah* ran to the spot, a cruel gleam in his eye. Every Gurkha and Englishman was engaged hand to hand, and only Brandon saw the danger; and, unluckily, he had just emptied his revolver on his opponents. Sword in hand, he sprang after the priest, for he now recognised the boyish face of his schoolfellow, when Fred, raising himself on one elbow, fired twice. The momentum carried the *mullah* forward, and he fell dead on the top of the boy.

Disheartened by the death of their "invulnerable" leader, the remnant of the Ghazis forgot their oath and fled, followed by the equally fierce Gurkhas, foremost among whom was Amar Sing. Brandon drew his friend from under the *mullah* and found he had fainted.

"Good heavens, sergeant!" he exclaimed, turning to Harding, "I never knew there were any of *you* here. By Jove, you have had a bad time! But we must get down sharp. Those who can walk do so—we'll carry the rest. Who's in command?"

"Captain Longnor—killed first thing, sir. Lieutenant Dalby in command since, and right down well he shaped, sir!"

"And you've held this hole for three hours against five hundred! Well done, Dalby! I'll take care that the chief knows all about it. Come along—quick!"

# IF I HAD TO BE AN ANIMAL.

Being some Expressions of Opinion by Readers of "The Captain."

If I had to be an animal, other than a human being, I should like to be a rook. Anyone

## THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A ROOK— BY AN OBSERVANT READER.

observing a rookery cannot help noticing what a splendid life these birds live.

The "route march" of a human army must be a direct imitation of the methods of a flock of rooks.

When a flock come back to their rookery at night, they do not fly in an irregular pack, like starlings or wild geese, but always travel in the same definite order. First comes the "advance guard," then a "connecting file," then the main body, after that comes a second "connecting file," and finally the "rear guard." This mode of travelling must be delightful to rooks with military minds.

Other great attractions of rook life are the Parliaments and Mass Meetings held in every rookery. Any observer will testify to the fact that rooks hold great open-air meetings, at which they discuss, apparently with great warmth, which farmer's fields they shall forage in, or what tactics they shall employ in the next skirmish with their neighbours. The Parliaments held by rooks are strictly democratic, for every bird in the rookery attends, and any rook with a sufficiently loud "caw" is always sure of a prominent place in the debate.

The rook has far greater security of tenure than birds who build in hedges or on the ground. It is true that human marauders do sometimes reach a rook's nest, but it requires a large amount of pluck and skill for a small boy to climb a tall elm. The pleasure of jeering at those who tumble down when they are half-way up, must fully compensate any sportsmanlike rook for an occasional loss of eggs.



One great drawback to a rook's life is the annual shoot held by farmers. Even then, however, a rook is in a better position than a partridge or a rabbit, for if he has sufficient sense to sit still in his nest, the farmers cannot very well send a dog or a beater to turn him out.

CYRIL BURRAGE.

I think I should like to be a frog best, because it would be so nice to be able to swim, and dive,

## THE JOYS OF FROG LIFE APPEAL TO A BOY OF NINE.

and to hop about in the grass by the pond or stream where I lived. Then in warm days I could lie and bask in the sun, and when I got too hot I could go for

a swim in the water, or dive off the bank. Of course there would be the winter, when it is cold; and I couldn't swim, and I should feel cold. But the winter is not always cold, and frogs like it when it is rainy. Again, even if I could not swim,

I could hop about. It would be rather good fun catching my dinner, which would consist of a lot of flies, water-insects, and things like that, or else worms, and when I could not get these, different kinds of water-weed. Sometimes frogs are caught and put in the strawberry beds to eat slugs and other things which eat the strawberries. But frogs like slugs, and there would sure to be a good many there, or I should not have been put there, so that would not be so very bad. Then there would also be the ducks, who eat frogs; but then, if I lived in a stream there might not be any ducks, and if there were they might not see me, and if they did they might not catch me; so

that altogether I should not be very likely to have anything very unpleasant happen to me. I would rather be a frog than



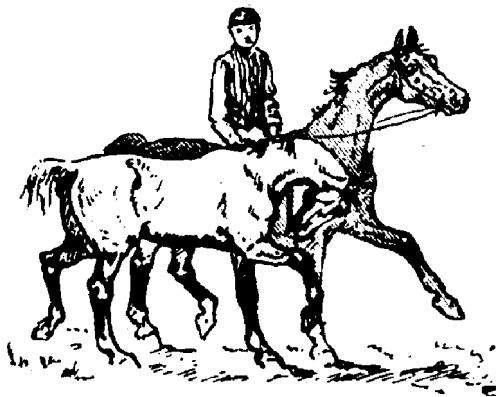
a toad, because a toad is not half so pretty, and is so slow and lazy. Of course, some day I should die, but I should most likely have lived a pretty long life first.

H. ACKERLEY.

Of all animals, I would rather be a horse than anything else. I would be one of the swiftest racehorses in the world. My

**SWEET SEVEN-TEEN WOULD PREFER TO BE A RACEHORSE!** reasons are, that you are treated better than ordinary horses, and fed and cared for almost like a child.

Your stables are beautifully clean and airy, with two or three individuals to look after you, give you the best and most stimulating food, and keep you spotlessly clean and groomed till your coat is most beautifully glossy. You are given gentle exercise in the morning, ending up, perhaps, with a glorious gallop over some breezy down. Fleet as the wind you dash along, strong and tireless, then, still quite fresh, home and another grooming, and so to your comfortable stable. Oh! it is a racehorse's life for me! Then comes the grand *finale*, after weeks of training, watching, and ceaseless care, with a jockey's light weight on your back, someone, most probably, who knows you better than anyone else, and whom you love, you start on your great race. Round and round the course you go amid the wild cheering, for, of course, you are the favourite; inch by inch you creep up and pass your opponents. A horse and man may fall, you take no notice—everything is to get clear of those surrounding



you. It is nearly over now and only one more to pass; but one great effort more and you have won amongst a roar of cheers! And the petting you get after—for perhaps you have won a fortune for

your master! Finally, when you are ill there is no neglect. You are a different creature, I might almost say "person," to other animals, who are often killed at once. Your doctor comes and attends you regularly, your food is most strengthening—eggs, bovril, etc.—and your nurses sit up with you all night. Finally comes old age. This with all animals is a lottery; you may be well cared for and tended, and you may come down in the world sadly; however, I must not write another word on the joys and sorrows of a racehorse's life, else I shall exceed my four hundred words.

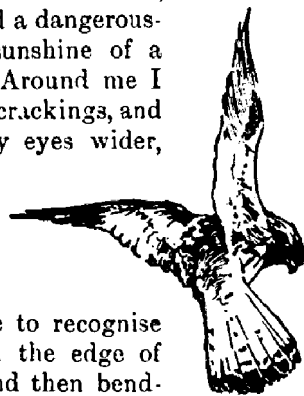
MARJORIE C. COPLESTONE.

For the present I am content to belong to the *genus homo*, though I dare say there have been

### THE LIFE OF A HAWK—ITS DELIGHTS AND DANGERS.

many occasions in my life upon which, to suit some exigency of the time, I have expressed a desire to be this or that animal, and even now, if Circe rose from her grave and told me I had to be an animal, giving me my choice, I should have no hesitation in choosing for myself the free, wild life of a hawk.

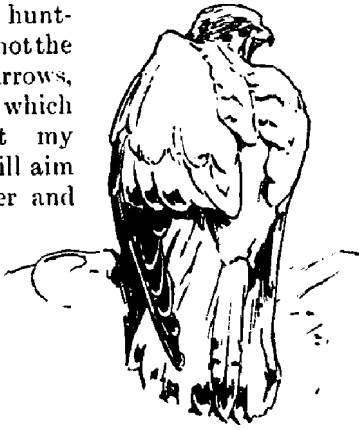
I am sitting, a ball of white fluff, with two beady eyes and a dangerous-looking beak, in the sunshine of a warm June morning. Around me I hear various chippings, crackings, and squeakings. I open my eyes wider, then crouch with a feeling of fear, which is gone immediately as an instinctive feeling of filial love creeps through me, causing me to recognise my mother, perched on the edge of our aerial home, now and then bending down to remove odd pieces of egg-shell which the entry into the world of my two sisters and single brother causes, my father all the while regarding us with paternal pride from the branch a foot or two above our nest.



Weeks pass like days as we progress from the stage of eating finely torn flesh to that of rending up for ourselves the quivering larks, linnets, sparrows, and other small birds which our kind parents never seem tired of obtaining for us.

As soon as we are old enough to understand, my father explains to us the life we are about to lead the dangers we shall meet and how to meet them, our many enemies, our food, and numerous items concerning our daily life. He then teaches us the art of flying, and not many days pass ere we have all caught our first prey.

My desire to go out "on my own" soon gets the better of me, so I leave home and parents and plan out for myself (how unnatural for a bird to plan!) a happy, selfish life of nothing but hunting and killing, but not the miserable larks, sparrows, and other small fry which seem to content my parents. No! I will aim at something larger and grander — the swift wild duck, the strong-winged heron, and the nimble hare.



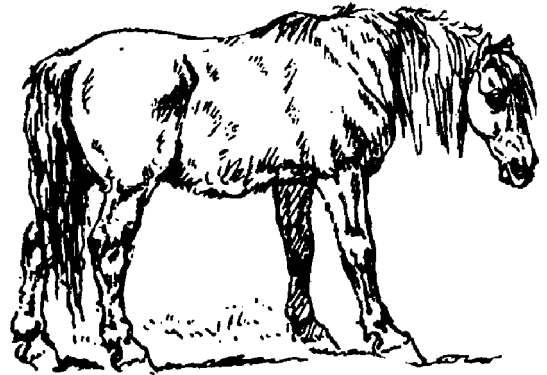
Thus I sit planning on the top of a tall oak, when suddenly my attention is drawn to a small cover not far off, whence proceeds the well-known whistle of our tribe. I grow curious, then fly off to make the acquaintance of whomever it may be. I hover above the spot whence the whistle came, but see nothing. I drop lower. Still nothing but . . . a man steps out from the undergrowth, pointing up at me a piece of shining steel. There follows a loud report. My poor leg and side!

I turn tail—or rather attempt to—for there is another loud bang. My wing falls useless, my brain whirls as a charge of No. 6 shot sears hotly through my breast. I spin like a tee-to-tum, beating the air with my free wing, while my father's warnings again rush through my bewildered brain. Then I meet the ground with a crash, and—the rest is a blank!

G. T. ATKINSON.

forgetting everything until I am checked by my master pulling the reins. He pats me, turns me round, and we gallop home again. He then places me in my stall, and gives me a good rub down, after which I have my morning meal of oats. When I am well rested, he mounts me again, and rides to school, which is in the adjoining village. When we arrive at school my master puts me in the stable, provides me with plenty to eat, and there I have to stop until school is over. He then rides me home, and, arrived there, places me in my stall, brings me in some straw for a bed, and, after a few caresses and pats, leaves me for the night. This ends my ordinary day.

At times my master and other boys, who are fortunate enough to possess ponies, have races, and nearly always I prove my gratitude to him by winning, which he appreciates by giving me a lump of sugar or some other delicacy. I am always happy when I win. To show my master how



much I love him is my greatest desire, as he in turn loves me very much.

JAMES BEAHAN.

The animal I would prefer to be is a boy's pony, well looked after by a kind master, who would always feed me himself, and

**AS A SHETLAND PONY.** who would pet me so as to make me love him and be faithful to him. I will now assume the rôle of a pony in order to point out some of the advantages of being one.

I am a little Shetland pony, bought as a present for Harry, the son of Sir James Barton, as a birthday gift. I have now belonged to him for nearly a year, and not once has he spoken an angry word to me or even chastised me.

When he rises in the morning he takes me out of my stable, saddles and bridles me, and then takes me for a brisk canter over the moors. This puts new life into me, and I gallop on and on,

There are times when we all wish that we could suddenly be transformed into a creature of the animal world; and

#### THE PROS AND CONS OF DOG LIFE.

this is generally the case when we have a longing after irresponsibility and a consequent lack of care; but, looked at as an event of possible accomplishment, we should perhaps require a little time wherein to consider the matter.

Of course, the lives of animals are always free from that form of trouble which arises from introspection and retrospection, or, at least, we are apt to think so. One feels a little doubtful on this point at times—say, for instance, when a favourite dog proves by his actions that he is anticipating something which only a past experience could

have led him to anticipate ; but then, dogs have so much more of the human soul in them than any other of the animal creation.

Their chief attribute is loyalty, a quality which proves conclusively the existence of a soul—however elementary and unindividualised. Some scientists say that the main difference between a man's soul and a dog's soul is that the one is individualised and particular, the other diffuse and general, in fact, without consciousness, which prevents their reasoning, even while they *divine*.

Then a dog has a great sense of humour ; and a sense of humour is the saving clause of life. There are few possessions more to be desired ; it carries one triumphantly on the crest of difficulties that would otherwise submerge ; it gives a zest to life ; and one cannot somehow imagine a man with an abiding sense of humour suffering from dyspepsia—but this is digression.

Dogs have their differences in temperament and worth ; but loyalty and humorousness are the common property of dogs, from the tiny toy, whose appetite and ideas are alike dainty and circumscribed, to the St. Bernard, big and trusty, who *comprehends* when he does not clearly understand.

We sometimes think that animals' lives are of necessity free from trouble worth mentioning if they are well fed and housed ; but we hardly realise how keenly a dog is hurt at times by a lack of sympathy or by misunderstanding ; he is a sensitive beast, and the kick that does not perhaps hurt his body, hurts *him* ; not by reason of the blow itself, perhaps trivial, but the feeling which prompted it.

There is no animal quicker of perception ; he scents a troubled atmosphere unerringly ; and his silent sympathy is the more worth having because it is spontaneous, and cannot be spoilt by words less eloquent and tender than his eyes.

But the fact that dogs possess these qualities would perhaps make one the less desirous of living their life ; to possess sensitive human qualities and be denied their expression is one of those sorrows which most dogs know ; but if the troubles be greater, the joys are, also ; and to be a dog possessed by an understanding master must seem a desirable existence in those moments when we would like to be some four-footed creature.

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

If I had to be an animal, what sort should I prefer to be ? Why, a dog, of course. No doubt about *that*. And why ?

**BY ANOTHER  
WHO, FAILING  
ABILITY TO TALK,  
WOULD PREFER  
TO BARK.**

Well, I'll try and give you my reasons.

*First*, dogs are undoubtedly the most sagacious and intelligent of animals. They are quick to understand and appreciate what is said to them, and can even answer back in their own "doggy" language by a wag of the tail or a short, sharp bark. Some dogs can learn tricks more quickly than others ; but if one can find a really clever dog, it can be taught almost anything, from begging to doing a sum.

*Secondly*, fidelity is a quality that one cannot fail to admire in man or in beast, and in dogs it is often especially marked. Their love and devotion to their masters are sometimes a lesson to us who claim to be on a higher plane than they are. There are many instances of dogs being the means of saving life by their prompt action and quick understanding of the

situation. The St. Bernard and Newfoundland are good examples of this.

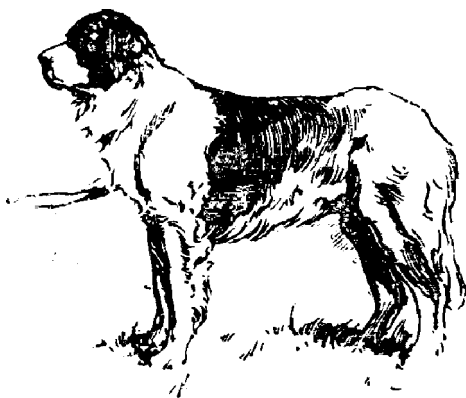
*Thirdly*, a dog is such a companionable sort of animal. A long walk by oneself is not half so lonely if one is accompanied by a faithful little terrier or a big retriever. Indeed, some people prefer the company of dogs to that of their own fellow-creatures.

*Fourthly*, dogs are not (at least, a majority of them) mere useless ornaments of society. They play their part with the rest of the world on that stage where all have their exits and their entrances, and their part is generally a useful one. Abroad the dogs are used to draw the milkcarts, and although we in England do not put them to this use, yet it cannot be denied that in their capacity as watchdogs they are certainly very necessary.

I have stated my reasons for preferring a dog's life to that of any other animal, but what has influenced me most in my decision is that dogs seem to me to approach the level of human nature more than any other creature by their wonderful amount of what we may call brain power or intellect.

Finally, if in a future state of existence I chance to be metamorphosed into an animal, may I become a dog !

DOROTHY OWEN.



If I had to be an animal I would be a giraffe. Why? Because then no one would say "How *tall* she grows!" "Soon be as big as her father!" or "SHE OF THE LONG NECK." make other inane remarks.

No, the taller I grew the more *fêted* I should be, and I should be looked up to in every sense of the word. *Now*, when I go out with my mother to pay calls, if the conversation flags—as it invariably does after a quarter of an hour's converse—the hostess remarks what a tall girl I get, and tells me not to do my hair on the top of my head or I shall not get through the doorway (that is a favourite witticism), and I have to smile and look as if the remarks on my abnormal height were pleasing to my flesh.

Yes, I would be a comely giraffe, with a long, long neck, and long, long legs, and a beautiful spotted body. With my flexible tongue I would twist off juicy leaves of handsome acacias, and then hie

me to my mate. Off we would go, galloping across the plains with swift strides to the green groves; now trembling with fear as the tawny hide of a lion shows through the interlacing boughs, now quivering with delight at the sight of tender leafy morsels. My name would be "She of the Long Neck," and all the giraffes would gaze with awe and envy. Long would I live, but when my years were drawing to a close, and my legs began

to wax feeble, and my neck to hang like a watering hose that has sprung a leak, I would call my giraffial friends and lie down for the last time beneath a sheltering palm. For the last time would I partake of fragrant dainties picked by sympathising companions; then I would lay my neck slowly on the sand, stretch my legs, give my tail a feeble wag, and all would be over. But no! Providence has decreed I shall be a female biped instead of a giraffe, and I pray, in the case of transmigration of souls, my soul may enter the body of a striding giraffe.

MOLLIE SIDONS.



# A HAWK'S NEST.

BY FRANK SAVILE.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK GOBLE.



MY! if that ain't enough to make a body wild!" said Mrs. Summers, stamping her foot with irritation. She was looking at the ragged circle of feathers strewn beside the paddock rails. A hurried count of the disconsolate flock of poultry that cowered beneath the alfalfa stack showed her that

her two special imported minorcas had disappeared.

"That's the third lot those dratted hawks have taken this week!" she cried, almost tearfully.

"Dad ought ter shoot 'em," drawled Pete.

His mother turned upon him angrily. She was not sorry to have a vent for her indignation, the hawks, the prime cause of it, not being available.

"'Dad' this and 'dad' that!" she declaimed shrilly. "Ain't your father enough to do with the barn fallin' down, and the stock roamin', and the creek a-dryin' up, over and above to stand like a scarecrow with a gun waitin' all day for hawks that's come and gone like shadders? Why don't you and your bone idle brothers find the nest and snare 'em, 'stid of standin' and moanin' about dad's job, and the fowls whipped away under your very eyes? 'Dad,' indeed!"

She walked back to the kitchen muttering inconsolably, leaving Pete the imperturbable still chewing the straw that seldom left his mouth.

"The nest's on Faro Crag," piped a shrill voice from behind. Pete turned slowly to confront his younger brother Ben.

"Is it, Mr. Know-all?" said Pete sarcastically.

"I scen it," said Ben unabashed.

"Huh!" said Pete, "then why ain't you taken it?" He raised the hoe on which he had been leaning and strolled off to the potato patch with an air of scornful incredulity. Yet ten minutes later Ben, passing the other side of the paddock rails, heard him and his second brother George discussing the information and planning to profit by it on the following day. His little soul revolted at such duplicity. The

wretches! To take his special knowledge and use it without asking him to share the adventure! He resolved then and there to forestall them.

Faro Crag was five miles from Summers' ranch, beyond the lower Buttes, that swelled up in increasing altitudes to the mountains behind. At the foot, where winter avalanches had heaped broken rubble and earth against the rock face, it was overgrown with pine and bush. But from this it rose almost sheer, though the perpendicular face was seamed with ledges and grass-grown crevices. It was the sort of cliff that a Northumbrian fowler or a Faro Islander would have made little of, but to Ben's twelve-year-old experience it loomed practically unscalable. But his mother's scorn, together with his brother's purposed treason, were strong goads to his courage. He resolved to reach that nest before Pete laid hands upon it, and to do this he made up his mind to get a good start. Pete was not famed for early rising. As a rule it was not till the clothes were pulled off his bed, and his bare body cooled by the draught from open window and door, that he condescended to join the work-a-day world of the morning. If he got off before sunrise, Ben felt sure of three hours' start.

Mr. Summers came back to the mid-day meal to be told of the loss. He was a man who looked prematurely aged. Life with him had been a battle ever since he and his young wife left the English Midlands to try their luck in British Columbia, and had taken up a ranch in Kootenay, close to the border line of the States.

By dint of ceaseless effort they had kept their heads above water. Summers was his own stockman; Mrs. Summers attended to the dairy and the poultry yard. But both were fully aware that one whole season's drought would spell ruin. There was a mortgage of 1,200 dollars on the farm. Let the instalments fail for one year and the mortgagees would foreclose, and that would be the end of the pleasant farming life for them all.

Summers had his own bad news to communicate. He had found one of the steers



shot, the tongue and half-a-dozen pounds of meat cut out, and the body left to rot. It was not the first time it had happened during the last six months.

"Ten to one it's Montana Jim," the farmer explained. "He's been holding up the mail again. Day before yesterday he covered them in Teacup Cañon, ranged 'em all alongside the cliff, and took all there was to take. Like enough he's got a hide-away hereabouts, and wants food."

Mrs. Summers went pale.

"Would he come here, John?" she asked, tremulously.

Summers laughed drily.

"Wish he would," said he. "There's a thousand dollars on him, dead or alive. I could do for a try at that."

"Still, you don't know. Our money's as good as other people's."

"Don't you fret, mother. He flies at higher game. He's got as good an idea as most of what's in our cash-box."

"Well, with all he took from the mail he might at least pay for the meat," said Mrs. Summers, querulously. And her husband laughed again.

"He'd better send a remittance by the sheriff," said he. "He's the next man he's likely to meet. There's a posse out with Comanche trackers, but they've done no good. They run what the Redskins said was his trail, and it wasn't nothing but a strayed horse. I didn't hear as they caught even that."

He lit his pipe, lifted himself wearily from his chair, and went off to the barn. The boys helped their mother clear away, chopped some wood, and then made off to the creek side. Here Pete and George gave a spirited rendering of the holding up of the United States Mail, Pete being cast for the part of Montana Jim, George acting the valiant guard who refused to surrender, while Ben, allotted the part of passenger, was a trifle too realistically thumped—according to his own ideas—when he attempted to resist the bandit's appropriation of his treasures.

He had rather a restless night, being so full of the idea of forestalling his brothers. He awoke at least a dozen times in the dark, terrified by the idea that dawn had come and gone to leave him sleeping. But at last, as he peered through the little uncurtained window, he saw faint signs of rising pink in the east. He slipped on his clothes, stepped warily down the creaking stairs, and was running across the smooth grass of the paddock without having waked a soul. He was three miles on his way before the light really grew to day, and by the time the first rays

of the sun beat upon the mountains he was staring up the face of Faro Crag.

He waited a moment or two. Then a dark object went with a whizz through the air, and on the ledge it had left he saw the ragged ends of the nest-sticks. He kicked off his shoes, and began to worm from ledge to ledge with bare hands and feet.

For the first few yards the going was not so bad. The rock was sound, and the tufts of grass that grew in the crevices were firmly rooted and gave hand-hold. But as he rose higher matters did not improve. The edges cut his feet and made them bleed. A tuft came away in his grasp, and for one terrible instant he hung against the cliff by one hand alone. Here and there the stone had been rotted by the weather, and broke away in showers as he fingered it cautiously before he tried it with his full weight. After a quarter of an hour's climbing he looked up to see the nest still a good twenty feet above him.

But his British pluck would not be denied. Thoughts of his mother's gratitude and of his brothers' reluctant admiration were hot in his heart. He scrambled from hold to hold, till he gained a broader ledge than most, not two yards below the eyrie. He could hear the hungry screams of the young birds.

As he stopped to get his breath, and to decide how to attain to the rift above him, there came to his ears the sound of a horse's hoofs thudding across the plain. He knelt and turned his face from the rock, filled with angry forebodings that Pete might have tracked him, and come to snatch the spoils from his grasp at the very last. But a quick glance showed him that it was not Pete.

A man was dismounting from a horse two hundred yards away. He looked unnaturally tall, Ben thought, till he noticed the thick bunchy shoes he wore. The man took the saddle and bridle off his nag, slung the saddlebags over his shoulder, and smote the horse a resounding thwack upon the flank. The animal galloped unconcernedly away towards the plain again, stopping about half a mile further on, and beginning to feed. Then the man, supporting himself with a couple of sticks, began to hobble towards the undergrowth, beneath the ledge of which Ben sat.

The boy noticed the curious fashion of his walking. He raised one foot deliberately, put it slowly down, and then brought forward one of the sticks on which he leaned. This he repeated time after time with great regularity. But it was not till he was immediately below him that Ben began to understand the action. Wrapped and bandaged on his shoes, and on

to the ends of the two sticks, were cow-hoofs. He was leaving, not the footprints of a man, but the track of a steer!

Ben was not a fool. The fact that a man was covering up his trail into the hundreds of cattle markings that seamed the grass lands right up to the hills, was suspicious enough. There was only one man in the neighbourhood who would have reason to do such a thing, and the boy's breath came in gasps as he realised that the hobbling figure beneath him could be no other than the noted desperado, Montana Jim. His cheek went pale, and his eyes shone with excitement as he saw the outlaw disappear into the undergrowth.

His first notion was to descend as quickly as he could, make off, and summon assistance. Then he reflected that as likely as not he would be seen and shot. And then another thing gave a new trend to his thoughts. The hawk came screaming shrilly back to the nest, gave a wild peck at the invader, and reminded him of his original quest. After all, he might as well do what he had come to do, and then consider matters further. He caught his hand in a tuft, and his toes in a crevice, and swung himself on to the little platform where the nest was built. And here he found a new surprise.

A wide slit in the rock, concealed from below by the ledge, made a dark splash on the white free-stone of the cliff. A cave was here—a cave unknown to anybody but himself. The splendid possibilities of such a thing appealed to his imagination, and he would have been a queer kind of boy if they had not done so. He resolved to explore the passage, at least as far as daylight would help him. He crawled into the hole on hands and knees, quite regardless of the screams of the kestrels behind him. Let

George and Pete have their heroic masquerades—this was a real adventure to boast about.

After he had groped about thirty yards along the tunnel, the light of day began to fade. Yet it seemed to him that another light was growing in the darkness in front of him. He rubbed his eyes. Yes, there was no doubt about it.



HE LOOKED UNNATURALLY TALL, BEN THOUGHT.

There was a dim red glow replacing the white light that filtered in behind him.

For a moment he felt like scurrying to the entrance and flitting down the cliff just as fast as hands and feet would take him. But curiosity—and perhaps the thought of Pete and George—drove him on. A red glow in the heart of the

rock! This must be worth investigation. He made no noise as he slid through the dust on his bare feet, till suddenly he gave a faint gasp and stopped with an abruptness that left him rigid. The roof of the passage had suddenly soared away from him. He was standing at the top of a steep clay slope overlooking a spacious cavern!

Sixty or seventy feet below him was a level sandy floor, in the centre of which was a table. On this stood the lamp that illumined the cavern, and which had sent that faint red glow filtering up to him. Beside it lay a couple of rifles, a saddle-bag, a dirty plate or two, and a knife and fork.



"HANDS UP!" HE SHRILLED, IN HIS BOYISH TREBLE.

But the thing that drew the gasp from him and riveted his attention was the figure of a man—a man who stood before a small cracked looking-glass and parted his hair admiringly with a broken comb, and smoothed it with a dilapidated brush. And Ben recognised him in a moment for the seeming cripple who had hobbled into the shelter of the undergrowth a moment before. So this was Montana Jim's refuge. No wonder he could rob and ride away as he chose, covering up his tracks with that fine device of the cow's hoofs! Who would think of searching inside Faro Crag for a hiding-place?

But with these thoughts came back to his mind the very practical idea of immediately departing to find his father, the sheriff, and the searching posse. He turned noiselessly upon his heel.

A lump of clay cracked, crumbled, and dropped beneath his feet. The next instant Ben was flying down the greasy incline like a load of coal into a collier brig, his feet and arms asplay, his hands gripping vainly at the elusive soil, and terror nearly bursting his little heart. He swept down with a thud beside the table, making a crash that echoed and re-echoed through the cave.

The man before the looking-glass turned with an oath and a yell of amazement. Ben's headpiece was considerably jolted by the fall, but the drilling of the evening before was strong upon him. Not for nothing had Pete and George enacted the desperate affray of outlaw and sheriff's officer. The cue came to Ben with an accustomedness that surprised himself. He seized one of the rifles from the table.

"Hands up!" he shrilled in his boyish treble, pointing the muzzle full at the outlaw.

For a moment the other hesitated. Mere force of habit at first sent his closed fists into the air to be held high above his head. But the next instant he recognised the puny

size of his antagonist. He roared another oath and made a rush at the boy.

Ben started, slipped, and jerked up the rifle. His fist closed convulsively upon the trigger. There was a flash and a loud report, multiplied endlessly into the echoes of the cave.

The man twisted round, clutched at his side, and for a long instant stood swaying dizzily. Then he seemed to shrink in upon himself, and sank down upon the floor in a confused heap.

Ben gave one glance at the prostrate form, and, with a yell, plunged wildly past it down the entrance, crashed through the underwood

outside, and raced out upon the plain as he had never raced before.

So it came about that half an hour later the sheriff, cantering along at the head of his armed posse and his Indian trackers, came full upon a wild-eyed, incoherent boy, who was stuttering absurdities concerning the very desperado that they were hunting. But when they had gathered more of his story, and had swarmed at his heels into the hidden cave below the Faro Crag, they found proofs that admitted of no denial. The famous frontier highwayman lay insensible; so his capture was made easy for them.

After they had all cheered themselves hoarse, the sheriff took Ben up in front of his saddle, and the whole outfit made off for Summers' ranch, the cowboys still yelling triumphantly as they raced along. And in this victorious guise the boy returned to his home.

It taxed the resources of the ranch to provide breakfast for such a body of visitors, but neither Summers nor his wife grumbled. Indeed, they had no cause to. For, after he had told his story, the sheriff presented the farmer with a

most satisfactory document. It was a certificate upon the State treasury for one thousand dollars, money due to Benjamin Summers for bringing about the arrest of James Shepperton, *alias* Montana Jim.

Yet there was one speck to dim the brightness of the occasion, and Pete, with the unscrupulous eye of the elder brother, was the first to point it out.

"Anyway, you didn't take the hawk's nest, after all," said he. And Ben, who had entirely forgotten all about the screaming nestlings, was at a loss for an answer. But the sheriff heard.

"Not taken the hawk's nest!" bawled the burly frontiersman. "Well, if that don't dog my cats! Wasn't Montana Jim the poisonest bird of prey that ever raided a country-side? And ain't your little brother found *his* nest? I tell you what, my fine feller; you'll have to get up in the morning a sight earlier than you're accustomed to if you want to do a bit of birds'-nesting to beat that!"

And for this home-thrust Pete found no repatee.

## IMPRESSIONS OF GENOA.

I WAS not in Genoa very long before I found the heat unpleasantly great. During my sojourn the average temperature was 91 degs. Fahrenheit in the shade. There was no wind to refresh one, either. Very soon laziness and thirst overcame me, in which I was not alone, for everyone used the electric cars when available, and the *cafés* were never empty.

I was able, under the guidance of a friend, to "do" Genoa well, and was much struck with the many handsome palaces and churches, with their priceless contents. In the "White Palace" I saw the ashes of Christopher Columbus, who was born at Genoa. The ashes were in a handsome case, and looked very like pepper. Another palace is named the "Palace of the Staircase," as it contains a wonderful marble staircase, with two long flights of broad stairs, without any pillars to support it! It is considered an architectural feat.

Marble is cheap and common in Genoa. Many houses have marble staircases of which any English nobleman would be proud. I much enjoyed a visit to St. Catherine's Monastery. There I was shown the mummy of St. Catherine. A

rose had been placed in her mouth, as the latter had become a little decayed!

In the old quarter of the city the houses are very high, and the streets so narrow that often I could touch either side with my outstretched arms. The streets are always overhung with newly washed clothes. The people who live here are very poor and dirty, and wear clothes of all colours—yellow and blue predominating.

The docks and harbour are very large, and the sailors therein are of all nationalities. It is interesting to note that the Genoese dock labourers have, at the time of writing, decided to help boycott the English shipping to show their sympathy with the Boers.

Most people have heard that Genoa is famous for its cake. It will come as a surprise to these people, therefore, to learn that "Genoa" cake does not exist in Genoa. The most popular cake is like a loaf of bread with sultanas in it. No baking powder or sugar is used. All meals seem to be composed of dishes made of macaroni, cheese, and butter, but I soon acquired a taste for them.

VERNON H. JONES.



## THE KING'S HEAD STAMPS.

**THE** GREAT event of the day, from the stamp collector's point of view, is the issue of the new English stamps with the portrait of His Majesty King Edward VII.

As will be seen from our illustrations, they present a profile portrait embodied in a new design. On the left of the oval containing the portrait is a branch of laurel, and on the right a branch of oak leaves. The laurel on stamps betokens the victories of the reign, and the oak leaves, presumably, the strength and stability of the empire over which His Majesty has been called to reign. Over the head, like a keystone in an arch, is the crown, which has not yet been set upon the head of the new King.

Some good folks seem to think that after the coronation the design will undergo a further change, and the crown be placed upon the head of the King. Of that I can say nothing, but I should hardly imagine the stamps would have been engraved and issued, as they are, within a few months of the coronation if they were to be changed so quickly. The portrait would certainly look more dignified, more regal, and less commonplace if crowned. However, for the present, we have to take the stamps as they are, and, on the whole, it is admitted that the design is not displeasing—it is passable without being very striking.

The values of the new stamps are  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green, 1d. carmine,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. blue, and 6d. purple, all

on white wove paper, watermarked, as before, with a large crown, and perforated 14. The  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., 1d., and 6d. are of the same design, and differ only from the  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the tablet of value.

The 1d. has been changed in colour from purple to red, and the  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. from purple on blue to blue, to conform to the Postal Union arrangement, under which the  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. is to be green, the 1d. red, and the  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. blue. This country is one of the last to conform to this recommendation, but after much official hesitation it has at last fallen into line. As a consequence, the 6d. on red paper has been changed to the colour of the now obsolete 1d., and the coloured paper is discarded.

It is understood that the rest of the stamps will undergo as little change as possible, merely the King's head being introduced in place of that of our late Queen, the stamps remaining otherwise unaltered in design and colour. It is said, however, that some additional high values between the £1 and £5 will be issued.

The new stamps were issued on January 1st, and, as the New Year's Day commenced when the clocks finished striking the midnight hour, many enthusiastic stamp collectors rushed into such of the leading post offices as were open, bought sets of the new stamps, and forthwith stuck them on envelopes already addressed to themselves, and posted them right away, with the object of securing the very earliest possible



dated and timed post-mark cancellation of the day of issue. Many bought whole sheets, others panes, or blocks, or pairs, and these will be carefully preserved as first printings of the new stamps. I have seen a few pronounced shades, mostly in the 2½d., which is not surprising when it is remembered that these stamps have been printed by the million.

The earliest cancellations will probably be those of Dublin; for there, it is reported, the post office ran out of the old stamps before the last day of the old year closed, and were compelled to open and use the new stock to supply the ordinary postal requirements. Therefore, once more the Emerald Isle scores over the Saxon.

At some of the London offices the demand was so great that the officials restricted the sales of the new stamps to make them last out. In one office they were doled out in shilling's-worths. Another office was completely cleared out within an hour of opening.

No fewer than 82,270,000 of the new stamps had been issued up to Thursday night—the second day of issue. The Postmaster-General had instructed the Inland Revenue Department to supply post offices with the new issue up to a maximum of a fortnight's supply. The old stamps are to be used up before the new issue is to be put on general sale, so that it will probably be found that the old stamps will be on sale, and will be handed out to applicants unless the new stamps are specially asked for.

I heard of one amusing case in a suburban office, where a party handed in a dozen of the old green 1s. to be changed for the new issue. As the green 1s. is now catalogued at 2s. 6d., and the new issue may be had *ad lib.* at face, the exchange was not a profitable one; but the party was evidently not a stamp collector.

The figures which have been made public in connection with this new issue, will be of interest to stamp collectors, as an indication of the improbability of common English stamps—or, indeed, the common stamps of any important State—ever increasing much in value. We are told that the usual average weekly issue of 1d. stamps is 48,000,000 in 200,000 sheets of 240 stamps per sheet. The first day's sale of the new 1d. stamps was 49,200,000; of the ½d. stamps 29,680,000 were issued; of the 2½d. 1,830,720; and of the 6d. 1,560,000. The average weekly issue of 2½d. and 6d. stamps is about 1,200,000, and of the ½d. about 28,000,000.

The total face value of the new stamps issued from Somerset House, the source of supply, during the first forty-eight hours of the new

year is stated to have been £270,000. Large supplies were, of course, bought for and at once forwarded to stamp dealers all over the world. Indeed, it may be taken for granted that a very appreciable number of the stamps sold in the first few days will go into stamp collections at home and abroad, and will therefore be a clear profit to the Post Office, and a profit which will materially help the national revenue when the Chancellor of the Exchequer comes to balance up the items for his budget.

So far as can be gathered, the new stamps have met with a varying reception throughout the country. The head, which is the work of an Austrian sculptor—Mr. Emil Fuchs—domiciled in this country, is declared by the *Yorkshire Post* to be weak and finicking in treatment. The *Birmingham Gazette*, on the other hand, hails it as "perfectly beautiful," and as "reminding one of a fine cameo." The *Irish Freeman's Journal* declares the portrait to be the most curious presentment of the features of King Edward VII. that one could conceive. The face it condemns as "cadaverous, hungry looking, discontented; the very opposite of the reality as the public know it."

It will be interesting to note how the new stamps pass muster as time goes on, and when they have been discussed, as they are sure to be, in Parliament. The wish of Parliament has been roughly over-ridden in the selection of the design. It has been refused any voice in the matter, and it will not be surprising if it criticises the design severely, and even generates a public opinion against it, for there are not a few members who hold that the occasion should have been used for securing a series of postage stamps that would have been really worthy of the Empire

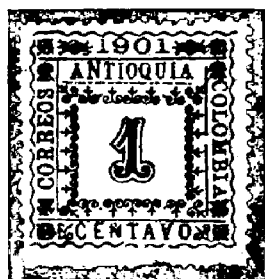
#### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

I HAVE already chronicled and commented on the issue of the new King's head stamps. Apart from this issue, there is not much of special interest in the new stamps of the month.

The crop of war provisionals from the United States of Colombia marks the continuance of hostilities and the disturbance of the postal arrangements in that "united" part of the world. Bolivia has commenced the issue of a very beautifully engraved series of portrait stamps. Later on, no doubt I shall be able to give the names of the individuals whose portraits are given. The annexation of the Cook Islands is marked on the stamps by a

curious smudge over the face of Queen Makea. The smudge is said to represent a crown. Those old boys who specialise the stamps of New Zealand will be interested in the news that the colonially printed picture series is now being perforated 14½ by a new machine recently sent out from England. The set of colonial prints, perf. 11, should be completed without loss of time. From Spain we are promised a series of stamps bearing portraits of the Alphonsos who have ruled that country. If the portraits are well engraved from authentic paintings, they should be exceedingly interesting and historically valuable.

**ABYSSINIA.**—The current stamps of this country have been overprinted with the word "Ethiopie." This overprint is done in violet with a rubber stamp. Large numbers of Abyssinian stamps have recently been mysteriously put on the market unused and considerably under their face value. The overprint is designed to prevent the use of this mysterious stock for defrauding the revenue of the country. There have also been rumours of a new issue. As a result of the mysterious supplies from Paris, the current set of Abyssinians can be had at a very low price.



ANTIOQUIA.

1 centavo blue, 1 centavo brown.

**BOLIVIA.**—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us two stamps of a new series for this



BOLIVIA.

They are apparently the work of the American Bank Note Company. Perf. 12. 1 centavo puce, 2 centavos green.

**COLOMBIA.**—This country, which is still in the throes of revolution, is sending out a great many provisionals as a consequence of the disturbance of its postal arrangements. These



COLOMBIA.

provisionals are generally very crude lithographs. Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us a 1 centavo blue and 2 centavos brown, recently issued at Cartagena, which we illustrate. They are printed in blocks of twenty, and are afterwards hand stamped in red with a band of interlaced links, each impression covering five stamps. Pin perf.

**COOK ISLANDS.**—Consequent upon the annexation of these islands by New Zealand, the stamps of Queen Makea are being overprinted with a crown, making the smudge we have already referred to. The initials, "V.R.I.," which have served the purpose in the case of the stamps of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, would surely have been sufficient, and less of an unnecessarily offensive disfigurement. Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the 1d. value, with the crown overprint.

**JAPAN.**—The 5 rin stamp has been replaced by one of the same current design and colour, but with the value expressed as ½ sen.



JAPAN.

**MONACO.**—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the current 25c., changed in colour from green to the Postal Union colour, blue.

**NEW ZEALAND.**—The postal authorities of this colony have had a new perforating machine sent out from England, and are now using it to perforate the latest local printings of the Waterlow picture series. We have the 1d. universal postage stamp and the ½d. (Mount Cook) from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., with the new perforation, which gauges 14½.

country. As will be seen from the illustrations, they are excellent portrait designs; but we cannot say at present who are represented.

Some people seem to think that the local prints, now they are being perforated with the same gauge machine as the London prints, will be indistinguishable, but they forget the difference of paper, the London prints being printed on wove unwatermarked paper, and the current colonials on paper watermarked N.Z. and star.

TRINIDAD.—I am indebted to Mr. A. Lewis Inness, a member of our CAPTAIN Club in Trinidad, for the earliest information that has reached me of the issue of a new 1d. stamp for this colony, and for a specimen for description. It is of the current design, printed in black on red paper. Watermark crown and "C. A.," and perf. 14 as before. This new stamp, Mr. Inness informs me, was issued on December 19th last, and is, it is rumoured, the forerunner of further changes.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. E. C.—German Colonies, last issue, are not a good investment. Falklands, set of eight, used, are worth

from 4s. to 5s. I know of no reprints of Labuan or North Borneo rubbish.

C. G.—Your money will be better spent on waste paper than on North Borneo or Labuan stamps. No boy should be so foolish as to buy such worthless rubbish at any price.

H. S. D.—The English Jubilee post-card, used, is catalogued by Gibbons at 5s.

H. C. C. (SOUTHAMPTON).—The Prince of Wales's Hospital Stamps are in no sense postage stamps, and are, therefore, not entitled to a place in a postage stamp album. They are merely interesting labels.

L. S. (MAIDSTONE).—The Transvaal ½d. green E.R.I. is worth about 6d., and the 1d. E.R.I. about 2d. The O.F.S. fiscals are of very little value.

G. F. L. (ABERYSTWYTH).—Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., 391, Strand, publish an excellent album, known as "The Imperial," for Great Britain and Colonies, but there can, of course, be no separate album for King's Head Stamps alone on the same lines till Colonial King's Heads have been issued. A blank album will best suit your purpose in the meanwhile.

C. G. C.—(1) The 1s. red and green English stamp has not yet gone out of use. (2) Don't know the Colchester dealers mentioned by you. The others are reliable firms.

V. K.—Yes. plate numbers are collected by specialists, and some are scarce, especially 225, 1d. red.



A BAD LIGHT.

MR. FINIS: "What we want in the globe is a sun-fish!"



# "MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN ENGLISH HISTORY."

JOHN HAMPDEN.

**I**N selecting a "favourite" character from among that motley throng we meet with in our history, a character which turns the scale of our moral appreciation, we instinctively set up as our criterion of merit those admirable qualities, a perfect blending of which few men possess—courage, moral and physical, honesty, simplicity, sympathy, gentleness. These, aye, and more than these, John Hampden, the Champion of Constitutional Liberty, possessed.

We get a first insight into the nature of the disposition of the "plain Buckinghamshire squire" when his courageous but misguided King endeavoured, contrary to all laws of right and common justice, to coerce his patient and loyal subjects into paying "forced loans." The people were asked to "lend," but Hampden, ever with the banner of his principles before him, unhesitatingly refused to jeopardise the safety of the freeman by "lending" to one—even though that one were the King—who openly disavowed his liability as a borrower. It was the refusal of a man who realised the danger he was in, in common with his fellows, and not that of meanness or selfish introspection—the resistance born of a just and well-balanced mind, and not of a sordid imagination.

In the consideration of that portion of his life which is so closely connected with Wentworth, and in which his action under similar circumstances compares so favourably with that of Wentworth, our just pride in such a fellow-countryman receives a fresh stimulus.

At that time Wentworth was Hampden's firm friend, their sentiments common, when the King endeavoured to seduce those great men of the opposition whom he could see would, if brought to his side, be of great use to him in the future—a future, for him, dark and cloudy enough. Among those so raised socially, but debased morally, was Wentworth. Wentworth the Commoner bowed low before ambition and became Wentworth the Courtier—but more, the renegade.

This is not really surprising; it is at most but natural; and it is this very fact which so clearly illustrates his less vacillating friend's moral firmness. Hampden's principles, as we

have said, were those of Wentworth, but when the latter threw his moral convictions to the winds, Hampden stood to his guns in spite of all the allurements and enticements appertaining to the position of a friend of the Court.

It was then that the King, being in sore need, re-established, with the help of his slave, the renegade Wentworth, the old constitutional tax of ship-money; but he *applied* it illegally. Once more the people's defender distinguished himself. He refused to pay.

Now, this act might appear to the superficial observer one of haste—an act of boastful rebellion or of blatant bravado. It was neither of these. The thoughtful, unbiassed mind sees in it only a brave and manly refusal on his part and on that of his fellows to undergo an unconstitutional and unrighteous imposition.

Hampden, nevertheless, fully realised what he exposed himself to. He knew that in place of the few paltry shillings he was now called upon to pay, he would later be put to a heavy expense as a result of thus supporting the liberty and prosperity of the entire kingdom. But he remained true to the cause he had espoused, and which he believed right; and though the suborned satellites of the King forced a very small majority against him in judgment, Hampden was the real gainer, for the love, deep-seated and unaffected, of one's own people is productive of more satisfaction than the doubtful glory of gold-won

honours, and gives its possessor strength to triumph over all obstacles.

This brave man remained throughout faithful to the cause for which he finally gave his life (and who could give more?) on the fatal field of Chalgrove. His death was characteristic of the man. While suffering excruciating agony, the effects of mortal wounds, his only care was for the success of the Parliamentary troops, which meant the triumph of the dearly cherished wish for which he had so long fought and struggled.

He was buried with military honours in the parish church of Hampden, mourned deeply and sincerely by all who had ever cause to come into contact with him either in private or in public life.

HEDLEY V. FIELDING.



JOHN HAMPDEN.

# ACAVALIERMAID.

## *The Romance of a King's Messenger.*

BY CLIFFORD MILLS.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

ETIENNE GLANVIL, an orphan, grand-daughter of the celebrated French soldier, the Marquis de Latour, is living with distant relations—Sir Geoffrey and Lady Stapleton—near Torrington, in Devonshire, when the Parliamentary troops rout the Western Loyalists and drive them towards the Cornish border of Devon. Etienne by chance meets a wounded Cavalier, who is carrying a message from the King to Lord Hopton; owing to circumstances recounted in the opening chapters of the story, it devolves upon her to deliver the King's packet to the Loyalist general. She is suspected of being in possession of the packet by Giles Harrison, a Roundhead officer and suitor for her hand. With the idea of hurrying into Torrington in search of one Stephen Gale, who is favourable to the King, Etienne leaves the Stapletons' house by a secret door only to stumble upon a Roundhead sentinel, who would have detained her but for the intervention of an unknown officer, who proves to be none other than the great Fairfax. Arrived at Torrington, Etienne is so angered by the rejoicings of the crowd at the rout of the Loyalists that she forgets herself, and cries "Shame on ye all, traitors!" Ill would have befallen her had not a huge man carried her into safety at his own house. The man proves to be Stephen Gale. She is suspected of being a traitress by the wounded Cavalier himself, who escapes from the town and makes for the inn at Langtree. To escape the Roundheads and follow to Langtree to deliver to him the letter, she enters a deserted house, where she finds a young gentleman's discarded dress. This she dons and proceeds on her way. When well out of Torrington she falls in with Sir Harry Burgoin, a friend of Lord Fairfax, who recognises the clothes she wears as having belonged to his young brother, recently murdered at Torrington. She denies knowledge of the crime, but will not explain how she came by the clothes. Catching sight of the Cavalier she is seeking, she gallops on, but Sir Harry brings her down with a pistol shot. She proves, however, to be only slightly wounded in the wrist, and after an adventure with Roundheads in a tavern, she journeys on towards Stratton, accompanied by the Cavalier, to whom she has yielded up the precious packet. Deeming her to be the brother of the maid whom he met near Torrington, he greatly embarrasses her by confessing his love for that lady. At Stratton "Tree Inn," the tale of Etienne's adventures whilst in possession of the King's letter wins her an enthusiastic welcome. Circumstances compel her to confess to her disguise; fever follows, and she remains at Stratton under the care of her grandfather, the Marquis de Latour, when the Loyalists retreat further westward. Months later, after peace has been restored, Etienne, whilst walking out with her grandfather, is confronted by one of Giles Harrison's spies. Panic-stricken, she hastens after Latour.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### A MEETING.

**H**ALF-WAY down the other side of the hill I saw the majestic figure of my grandfather, striding slowly along with bent head.

He turned as he heard me, and, with his habitual courtesy, awaited my overtaking him.

But his face was so stern and his mien so haughty, I found it impossible to acquaint him with the cause of my fear, and, contenting myself with the security I ever found in his presence, walked on in silence by his side.

As we went I cast many a backward glance of fear, but I saw no signs of the spy. Pondering, I found little that Giles Harrison could now gain by discovering me, save for the purpose of revenge at my outwitting him with the King's letter, and seeing that the rebels were now victorious, I felt he would deem me too poor an enemy for his ever increasing ambition. Yet the satisfaction on the face of the spy at beholding me gave unrest to my heart.

But as the days went by and nothing untoward befel, I gathered courage, and dared to hope that I had thought more of the meeting of the spy than the occasion merited.

Alas! with Latour matters mended little. He spoke no more of his plans, and I did not dare inquire; though oft did I marvel how long we should tarry in England, or if, indeed, he would now wish me to return with him to France.

Remembering his many kindnesses, remorse tormented me, and I watched his face anxiously for any sign of relenting. But his features might have been carved in stone, so fixed were they in disdain.

At last, and only now, did I feel that I saw Latour, the warrior-noble of France, the relentless foe of his enemies, the father, who, for pride's sake, had sacrificed even his affection for his only child, and lived in solitary splendour, a grand, but lonely old man.

Oft did the tears fill mine eyes at the wall of rock against which my new-found love and respect were beating—bruising themselves. For I loved Latour, this heroic grandfather of mine, with a love passing that of most daughters. Could I ever forget that moment when he had

taken me to his proud heart, or the emotion that then had torn his breast? And now, alas! had I hurt his pride.

Little by little did we hear tidings of what was taking place at Truro, where the army of the King had at last retreated. Early in the month had the Prince of Wales left Pendennis Castle for the Scilly Isles, and now came the news of the signing of the treaty, and the disbanding of the Royal army of the west.

Ah, dear! how I grieved, heart-broken at the news! Our poor, poor King! But to my grandfather I mentioned not my sorrow, because of the estrangement that had fallen between us.

But one day there came to me a letter, borne by a lad. Eagerly I broke the seal, and, glancing down the page, saw that it bore the signature of Sir Harry Burgoin.

It told me little, but I knew, seeing its inscription, he had discovered my secret, and knew me for the maid I was.

He held, he said, revenge in his grasp, and waited only to produce the clothes in testimony, before openly accusing the murderer; and he begged me to meet him with the gauds at a place he named near, it being expedient for his plans that he came not to our village.

With the letter in my hand, I turned eagerly to Latour. But, as usual, when I made sign of approachment he drew back.

"Some petition, I presume," he said, with the haughty insolence he could at times so cruelly assume, "from one of your English paupers. I have oft seen the like at the Louvre, where one cannot air one's jewels at a festival but one is pestered for a loan by such beggarly exiles."

I crushed the paper in my hand, and with burning cheeks left the room. So he spoke of my countrymen, of the honourable misfortune of those poor, proud English abroad. Oh, cruel Latour! I would ask no counsel of thee, I vowed.

So I sent my word that I would meet Sir Harry as he desired, and that evening Latour had no need to shrink from my advancements.

But the morrow dawned a day of such rain and tempest as I had not oft seen, even in our wild west country. I rose early and, dressing, marvelled if even Sir Harry, great though his need, would keep tryst on such a morning. And here a difficulty came to my mind. For Nanette, whom I purposed taking with me, dreaded the rain which tortured her bones with cramp and pain, so that nothing short of necessity would ever induce her to stir abroad in it. What would she think if I importuned her to go out in such a tempest? "A day not fit for a dog," she would grumble, and doubt my love that could e'en ask her.

Thinking thus, I saw naught but to go alone, and this being so I determined to say nothing to Nanette, who would fidget herself into a fever if she knew that I was away. And having so settled, I went down to breakfast with Latour.

He looked up as I entered. Perchance he had missed my usual good-night, which, last evening for the first time, I had dared to neglect. Penitent, I dropped him my curtsy, and received in return his salutation.

His face was paler than usual, and he remarked that he had slept infamously.

"Whatever you say in favour of your country, Mademoiselle," he said drily, "you cannot in truth avow that the climate in these parts is propitious."

I shook my head, for in truth the least said about that the better. But afterwards, in his glance that followed me as I left the room, methought I read a relenting, and, remembering this when I was dressed in cloak and hood, I hung about in the passage and watched him writing in the room within.

As I did so, a sudden impulse stirred me, and, chancing rebuff, I went in quietly and, bending, kissed the white, strong hand that supported his leaning head.

I found myself trembling violently. But all he said, as he looked up, was, "Going out, child? Well, let not the wind blow you away, for in truth it is strong enough. *Parbleu!* what a country!"

Out in the road the storm rushed at its will, making of me so poor a thing that I scarce could get onward. But the thought that I was serving the friend who had so generously stepped betwixt danger and my dear love, made me think lightly of the rude wind's buffetings, and I walked on steadily, the tempest shrieking about my path.

The place named by Sir Harry Burgoin was a spot well secluded from the regular wayfarers, but, to-day, of these there were none to be seen, even on the usual paths.

What a morn to be sure! What a comfort Nanette knew naught of my journey! Then, with a start, I bethought me that, careless maiden as I was, I had left the letter of Sir Harry Burgoin behind in my chamber. Sore troubled was I, until I reminded me that Nanette was innocent of all knowledge of writing, and went on comforted.

But so bad was the day, and so miry the road, I had quite rested my mind to find myself the sole keeper of the rendezvous, when, as I turned from the road and entered the secluded way named in the letter, I saw that a horseman, heavily cloaked, was waiting under the shelter of a holly tree, about twenty yards down the grassy lane.

Thankful was I to think that my battling with the wind had not been for naught, and was hastening onwards, when at sight of my approach the horseman turned and rode quickly forward to meet me.

The wind, blowing up from the sea, as I stood in the teeth of it there, on the top of the hill, blew my cloak athwart my eyes, and, when I had struggled free of it, the rider was up to my side.

Without a word he swung himself from his horse and bowed before me. "Mademoiselle," he cried in a voice that chilled my blood, "it is indeed Mademoiselle? Then I have won the last move of our game!"

Dear heart! There in the lone, lone lane, amidst the wild storm, did I meet again—Giles Harrison.

Giles Harrison truly, but so changed from the man I knew, no longer *débonnaire*, faultless, but splashed, draggled, disreputable, with eyes in which shone a wild light strange to me.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### AT WIDEMOUTH BAY.

MY

FIRST impulse was to fly. But he caught my arm with a cruel force.

"No, my ladybird," he said, "Fate has not so favoured me for naught; thou shalt come with me."

But I cried out in horror, and, struggling desperately with all my strength, he found it hard to compel me, the horse he held, by its plunging, aiding my endeavours to escape.

Taking advantage of his good beast's prancings I tore myself free from his grasp, but he was as quick and caught me, dragging me back. "Fool," he cried, and, raising his hand, he hit me with clenched fist in the face.

In a blood-red pain and blindness I fell, and knew naught till I found myself held in front of him on his horse, which was galloping head to wind down the hill to the sea.

Though a terrible singing and pain in my head sickened me, my wits were as clear as before, and, perchance, something in the wild sea breeze that caught us roused my courage, so that I felt more loathing than fear for the hateful and cruel man who had thus used me.

Once he spoke, but the wind shrieking by tore his words from my hearing. Oh! the wild ride, and the cruel strength of the arm that held me, as downward we went, till the lane opened wide and there was the sea, angry, raging, lashing its huge white waves on the rocky shore of a wild and desolate bay.

Dear heart! To my left arose the same black headland I had seen with such joy when I had ridden that night for the King. Alas, alas, for me now! Where was he taking me? A cold fear caught my heart, for he rode straight onward to the seething waters ahead.

I cried aloud then, but scarce could I hear my own voice above the tempest. I thought of Latour and poor Nanette, who would never know my fate. I thought, too, of my love, and all my youth rose in repulsion of this death that threatened me—death at the hands of such a man!

But just as I deemed it sure, he turned his horse and rode leftwards to a house I had not before observed, that, like a bedraggled sea-bird, was perched upon a piece of rising ground on that lone shore. A wall surrounded the house, and in front of this he drew rein and dismounted.

A villainous looking man, who had apparently been watching our approach, now came forward. To me and my ill-concealed terror he paid no attention, but, taking the horse, led it through the gateway, Giles Harrison with me, his hapless victim, following close after.

Inside the walls I found myself in a wild and desolate garden, but here Giles Harrison stayed not, but hurried on to the house, a dreary ruin of a place, the contemplation of which filled me with new alarm.

Within, its empty, gloomy aspect, barren as it was of all human belongings, calmed not my terrors, and I shivered as I glanced around me.

"Nay," cried Giles Harrison, "have no fear, Mademoiselle," and he led me to one of the two stools, which, with a rickety table, were the sole articles of furniture of the dark, low room that was lighted by two narrow windows, the one in front of me looking across the angry sea.

Striving to conceal my fear, I sank down on the stool and regarded him with shrinking terror.

He stood for a moment in front of me, looking down into my averted face. Then he laughed harshly.

"No," he cried, "be not afraid—I will not hurt thee again, Mademoiselle; I shall find through all eternity the blow I gave thee hard to forgive."

Then he seated himself on the stool opposite, and drawing it to the rough table looked steadily across the latter into my face.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "to understand one another we must recapitulate events somewhat. Look through the window, Mademoiselle, on to the rocks which are now visible—soon will it be full tide, when we, in the boat you see now high and dry on the sands, will go forth together; who

knows whither. I would not have us in such close company divided by misunderstanding.'

My gaze was riveted on the waves—white-capped, tumultuous. What boat could live in such a sea?

"Mademoiselle, you think we shall not go far," he said, watching my face, his back to the sea. But I did not reply. I had no wish to let him know more of my fear.

"What matter? We must all die," he went on,

ought he cared, and offered his services on one of those great ships of England's enemies. Mademoiselle, he went down to the sea in a storm, and saw not his heart's vengeance. Happier than he, Mademoiselle, I see mine!"

I shuddered; his calmness chilled my blood, and with a short laugh he continued:—

"Hadst thou not met me this morning I must still have taken this journey, for my game is played out, each card, Mademoiselle. Listen!" he



I STARTED BACK WITH A CRY AT THE SUDDEN PASSION OF HIS VOICE.

still in the same tense tone, "and who knows whether death in an angry sea is not the most easy exodus from life? My grandfather, Mademoiselle, was a Spanish sailor, captain of a craft that oft did run to England. Like all his nation, he hated your insolent English—but for all that he found an English maid so fair that he married her, and lived in this grey island for years. Yet, Mademoiselle, did he so nurse his hatred for your race, that when Spain sent forth her great Armada, my grandfather left wife and child to starve for

exclaimed, his voice rising as he sprang to his feet, "I have played it well against odds. I, the son of the crazy preacher, Ezekiel Giles, to what self advancement might I not have turned the tumult of this country, but for two mistakes! Only two, Mademoiselle—one, that I loved you."

I started back with a cry at the sudden passion of his voice, the glitter of his eyes, as, leaning across the table, he confronted me.

"Yes, loved you, proud, insolent, noble blooded

"I loved you, and each move I made, each trick I played that led me out of the mire of my birth a step nearer to you, gave me hope that the power I should one day wield would tempt you, the haughty aristocrat, to my feet. That was my greatest mistake, for ambition will brook no secondary worship. The other," he said, with a shrug of his shoulder—"bend your head, pretty one, and listen—in all the world none but you will ever hear the confession—I killed Hugh Burgoin."

"You?" I cried, horror unchaining speech.

"Yes," said he, calmly. "I killed him; why, it matters little, save that he crossed my path of advancement, and so put thee further from me."

But I fell sobbing in an agony of horror. Alas! that he should thus unbosom his heart of so hideous a secret showed with grim portent his intents towards me.

"After all, Mademoiselle," he cried, looking down upon me unmoved by my terror or grief, "you have also your revenge. But for you, who stepped between, I should have done Cromwell good service; but for you, who by some strange witchery did unearth those hidden garments I had given into the safe custody of old Juan—ever my creature—I had been yet undiscovered, and not a hunted and desperate man, pursued ever by the deadly vengeance of Sir Harry Burgoin, friend of Fairfax. Such the return for the love of a life. Is not thy revenge keen, Mademoiselle, that I, who climbed so fast as to almost reach the heights of fame, have been undone by thee?"

"Nay, nay," I sobbed, "naught did I with malice. I want not revenge, I crave it not, only I pray thee leave me to live."

But he, unheeding, strode the room implacable. "Mademoiselle," he cried, pausing in front of me, "I have seen two sides of this life of ours; I have tasted what it is to be spurned, derided; I have felt the exultation of power. Now to-day I stand robbed of all for which I have striven, with the knowledge that even the creatures who have licked my hand in fear have turned their services to mine enemies and are helping to hunt me down. But I have played my last trick well; I discovered Sir Harry's intent, and caused his delay at the tryst this morning, and so go not to my fate alone. Ah! my wild bird, beat not thyself against this meagre cage. Look out! the tide flows in, and soon we will start over the sea, with Fate as our helmsman, and Death for the priest that shall bind us together!"

His dark eyes glowed as he spoke, his neck was rigid. I saw in his glance the madness that illumined his father's, the preacher, and knew I was doomed.

Here came a knock at the door, and I sprang to my feet with a cry. But it was only the voice of the man I had seen at the entrance.

Opening the door, Giles Harrison went out into the passage, and I could hear him talking to the other, who, with much grumbling, was striving to make a hard bargain for his boat.

In despair I glanced round my prison. A window faced landwards, and to this I crossed cautiously, the voices in the passage still being in deep argument, and looked out.

I saw the yellow moorland and the lane, but not a soul was in sight—nothing but driving rain. I wrung my hands in despair; alas! what hope could I have of rescue, and had I not by the very secrecy of my errand destroyed myself?

Fascinated by horror, I found myself drawn to the other window. Dear heart! The rolling water had nearly covered the shining sands; the black teeth of the rocks were scarce visible above the seething breakers.

A few more minutes, and then black horror and death in the angry sea. Distracted, I beat my hands against the tiny lattice, and, the window falling open, I felt once more the strength of the storm.

But I heeded it not, and, thrusting my head out as far as I could, I now saw, standing on a low wall beneath, a woman, ragged, bare-headed, heedless of the tempest, looking seawards.

I caught the lattice and beat it till it splintered against the wall of the house, shrieking meanwhile to attract her attention, and at last she turned and caught sight of me at the window.

I beckoned to her in frantic gestures, and she came on till she was beneath the window. But though she raised her voice, I could hear naught of what she said, and seeing this, she signed with her hand and disappeared round the house.

Guessing her intent, I was half-way across to the other window when Giles Harrison re-entered the room. The cold blast rushing through the broken lattice made him glance at me in dark suspicion.

"Mademoiselle doubts my devotion," he said, coming towards me, "if she dreams I would thus permit her to escape."

Transfixed by fear I stood before him, and in the silence there fell on the window behind me the rattle of shingle. I knew it for the action of the woman, and realised, with despair, that I was lost.

But he started at the sound. "What?" cried he, standing in the centre of the room, alert, his lips lifted, his white teeth gleaming as in a snarl, and fear—yes, fear—in his eyes.

I watched him walk across the room, his face working in nervous tremors, and open the lattice

with a stealthy caution. I could not comprehend, and I shivered in anticipation of his cry of triumph at the pitiable opponent he would discover outside.

But instead, he uttered a hoarse scream, and springing to his side I looked through the window to see not only the woman I expected, but, close to where the lane merged into the shore, two horsemen. Ah, dear Heaven! The nearest, broad-shouldered, majestic, was Latour!

The very sight of my grandfather inspired me with a wild courage. Pushing aside Giles Harrison, who suffered me strangely, I screamed aloud, "Latour! Latour!"

And the storm blowing landwards carried my voice to him, so that he looked up, and, seeing me, came on towards us with a great cry. And now did I see that he who rode with my grandfather was none other than Sir Harry Burgoin.

Screaming to them to come onwards, I turned to find myself alone in the room. Terrified, I ran out into the passage, which also was empty, and from thence gained the garden, at the gate of which I was met by Latour, who, unmounted and hatless, his white hair blown with the storm, caught me to his heart.

For a moment I clung to him, regardless of all save the happiness of such shelter; then, looking from his embrace, I saw, on the sands below, Giles Harrison pushing the boat out into the foam-curved ocean, now racing high at the turn of the flood. And, dear heart! galloping along the speckled shore, and even into the bubbling waves, was Sir Harry Burgoin.

Enthralled, mine eyes never left them—the murderer and the grim avenger.

Twice did Giles Harrison go forth in that wild flood, and twice did the waves refuse so guilty a burden, and bring him back, well-nigh within reach of his enemy. Then a breaker, high, mountainous, caught his boat, and tossing it high, I saw him standing in the stern, a dark figure against the background of white foam; then the wave raced seawards and I saw the boat no more.

Appalled by the sight, and torn by a strange and terrible pity, I fell from Latour's embrace to my knees, and covered my eyes from the terror of that avenging sea, and its hapless victim.

I found myself praying wildly, with streaming tears.

"Oh, Lord forgive—for our sweet Saviour's sake—forgive this man!" I cried. "Dear God of pity, forgive!"

When at length I looked up, save for the tossing foam, naught was upon the waters. And Sir Harry Burgoin, with a white, awe-stricken face, was leading his horse towards us.

## CHAPTER XX.

### MADEMOISELLE DE LATOUR.

**W**EEPING sadly at the pity of it all, I rose at my grandfather's tender request and turned, shuddering, from the sight of that terrible ocean. But when I sought for my hood, I found it gone, and, to my surprise, Latour drew it from under his riding cloak.

"Ah, my child!" he cried, brokenly, "when I found this at the end of the lane and saw there the marks of the struggle, then did I know that evil had come to thee."

In the shelter of his strong arm I rode homewards, with Sir Harry Burgoin at our side. But at the cross-roads, despite my grandfather's protestations, Sir Harry left us.

"Nay, let me away," he said sadly, "to make peace with my Creator. What better than a murderer am I myself, save for the grace of God?"

And almost in silence we parted, for the horror of the sea was upon us, and the presence of an avenging God was crushing our weak, human hearts. So we parted.

But that night, when I awoke from a feverish sleep haunted by the horror of the morning, I found my grandfather watching at my bedside, and Nanette, candle in hand, stealing with whispered caution from the room. Dear heart! scarce had my nurse left the chamber than Latour fell on his knees beside me, and, deeming I slept, offered up his prayers to God at my deliverance.

Trembling I lay, and would not for the world he knew I heard, yet when I dared I stirred, and, groping, clasped my hands around his honoured neck. But he, lifting his head from my embrace, cried out in heart-broken accents into the shadowy room, "Marie, Marie, forgive thy father as God has forgiven, Who gives me back thy child!"

Scarce was I myself once more than Latour busied himself with plans for our departure, and I, lest I should wound so loving a grandparent, must needs hide all trace of regret that the thought of leaving gave me.

So it came that our days in this dear England grew numbered. But, it being no longer necessary for my grandfather to live in secrecy, many of those disbanded Cavalier officers, who were by permission of Parliament returning in much poverty and distress to their impoverished and cruelly taxed estates, sought out the great French noble, whose sympathy for the Cause to which they had devoted themselves had been no secret.

Those poor, brave, weary gentlemen! How my heart ached for them. As for Nanette, who loaded our table with all the best for their benefit, much



TWICE DID GILES HARRISON GO FORTH IN THAT WILD FLOOD, AND TWICE DID THE WAVES REFUSE SO  
GUILTY A BURDEN.



ado had I to prevent her wounding their pride by open offers to assist their oft ragged attire with needle and thread.

Remembering the scorn with which Latour had spoken of the English exiles, I at first suffered much uneasiness for our guests' sakes, lest my grandfather in his heart felt not the sympathy for these poor heroes his manner so admirably implied.

But I was discovering daily what a noble heart it was that Latour's pride so often hid. Albeit Nan, remembering other days, would sigh and say I alone had found the key that had opened the iron door of the proud soul.

Alas! those whom my grandfather entertained were but the fortunate of the King's servants, who, by taking the oath never again to serve against the Parliament, might thus return to house and kindred.

But for those dauntless ones, whose loyalty would but end with their lives, there could be no return; banishment beyond the seas, imprisonment, if not death, were the sentences of the victorious rebels on these brave men.

What then of Brian Carthew, truest of Cavaliers, beloved of the King? No marvel that, as the days passed and naught heard we of him, I carried a heart of lead in my bosom.

Oft in my dreams did his face, lit by the tender light of love, visit me, and again would I hear with wondering joy that declaration of his passion for myself, told to the boy he had deemed me.

With such thoughts for company I tarried one morn at my lattice, mine eyes, as ever, searching the grey road beyond, when there came my grandfather's voice calling me.

Hastening downstairs, I found Latour in much content at news from his beloved France. For, anxious at his long delay, the Queen Mother herself had demanded of the English Parliament tidings of the revered warrior of France.

In a transport of delight he embraced me.

"See," he cried, "'tis the Queen's own hand—she mentions thee by name—see thee—'*also Mademoiselle de Latour.*' Ah, my child! thou seest they forget not their old soldiers in La belle France!"

Nor was that all; a deputation of two of the most honourable of his country was on its way from London, travelling under escort of Parliament—that knew its weakness too well to quarrel with so great a neighbour—to offer in person congratulations to Latour on his safety.

But the morrow brought trouble, for my grandfather must needs vex himself at the plain and homely attire my nurse herself had fashioned for me. Such was not fit, he vowed, for *Mademoiselle de Latour*, in which to meet the eyes of his

countrymen fresh from the elegances of a French Court.

Oh! the weary day we toiled, in hopeless search for gay attire in simple Stratton!

Till Nanette, on our return, bethought her of a poor gentlewoman, who from a life of splendour at our English Court, now lived in Stratton in retirement, near the church, and who for love of the Cause had once sought to sell her gauds, but found no market for such amongst the Puritans who peopled the pretty hillside. Thither we must go then, and much angered was I at Nanette, who had thus started us on so uncomfortable an errand.

But, dear heart! so light a task of it made this chivalrous Latour, I found embarrassment gone and myself up in a bedroom, the green bowered window of which overlooked the prettiest churchyard in the land. Here, with our hostess—so sweet a gentlewoman, I felt no shyness—did I tarry, as she displayed to me her pretty fineries.

She protested much at my grandfather's generosity, vowing that to see us was payment enough, languishing as she did for sight of loyal hearts. Sweet soul! when she heard she served none other than the great Latour, the tears swam in her eyes.

"Alas, sir!" she said tremulously, "my brother has been forced to seek shelter in your kind country."

"Madame," replied Latour, bending low before her in his courtly fashion, "rest assured, thy brother has henceforth a friend in Latour."

"Oh!" she cried in delight, a rose pink coming to her faded cheeks, "so strangely has God answered a sister's prayers."

Then into the garden we went, where the apple blossoms peeped all pink from tenderest green-leaved boughs, and took our leave of this poor lady, who had come from affluence to such sad straits for love of the King.

"Adieu," she said, through her tears. "Ah, Monsieur, assure our dear exiles they have taken our hearts with them to your kind France."

There were tears in my eyes also as I rode down the white dusty lane; alas! what was there but sorrow for all loyal hearts in this dear mad England?

Little love had I for the wearing of gay gauds when the noblest in the land lacked even necessities, and small patience, save for Latour's sake, had I in the contemplation of such.

So thinking, with hot cheeks, was I, when we reached the hill and came in sight of that white inn, which I ne'er passed without heartache, as I thought of that wild ride of mine, so bitter-sweet and sadly ending! Dear heart! as my shy glance flitted yearningly thitherward, I saw by

the archway a party of dust-laden Cavaliers, in the midst of which, travel-weary, the shadow of himself, was Sir Brian Carthew.

Another moment, he had caught sight of us, and the next he was at our side, bowing before me with the stately grace I had so oft recalled to mind, while Latour, his first surprise over, busied himself with courteous inquiries on Sir Brian's behalf and heartfelt commiseration at such a termination to the King's cause in the west.

Sir Brian's face grew stern as he listened. "Our chief hath nobly done his work," he said, "but the spirit of loyalty no longer exists in our army, which daily dissolves by shameless desertion. Even the best confess themselves weary of the strife, and crave for peace, though it be under the protection of Cromwell.

"As for myself," he added, proudly, in answer to Latour's question, "I ask no favours at the hands of these rebels, who, though they seize my land, shall never receive oath of mine that forbids me to serve my King."

Here I, observing all shyly apart, saw come to Latour's eyes the look that would shine there when he related those deeds of his own youth's daring. For one moment his keen glance fell upon Sir Brian's glowing face.

"Honour permits no compromise, Monsieur," he said, simply; "nevertheless, with such sentiments, I take it, you run risk in thus tarrying in England."

"As for that——" answered Sir Brian, shrugging his shoulders, and then his look sought me, who, remembering all, sat such a picture of confusion that Latour, observing, and anxious to help me to recall my lost dignity, turned to Sir Brian.

"Monsieur," he said, in his haughtiest tone,—"ah me, how haughty could be Latour!—"you have yet to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Latour," and with the most superb air did he present me, saying we were on the eve of our departure to France, whither I went by the King's gracious command as Mademoiselle de Latour, "and," he added, with much pride, "I trust Mademoiselle will forget in the welcome she will receive there those trials that have beset her sojourn in England."

Sir Brian Carthew bowed low.

"Mademoiselle is indeed wise to renounce so sad a country; yet forgive me, Mademoiselle," he added, "if I, as an Englishman, regret that the Cause loses so staunch an adherent as Mistress Etienne Glanvil did prove herself."

"Indeed, indeed," I cried, pleadingly, feeling he must regard me as veriest coward and turn-coat thus to shuffle name-changing into security and ease.

But all this not being quite to Latour's mind, he frowned and flicked his whip, then, bidding Sir Brian a courteous *au revoir*, rode forward.

Naught was there for me but to do likewise, and despairing in truth was the glance I cast my love in parting. Dear heart! as mine eyes fell upon him, standing bareheaded before me in the roadway, my heart leapt, for there, in the dusty beaver he held, did I behold that little posy of violets he had begged to carry as a favour of mine when first we met.

So he had not condemned me. The joy of this thought sent me forward on the wings of hope. Away, away for ever with false shame! *He* understood and still was my true knight! Oh, my love, my love! Could there be for me such bliss in this sad world?

"Etienne," said my grandfather, as we came in sight of our home that, like a bird's nest, peeped from amidst the trees on the hillside, "how strange will it appear to our noble visitors that yonder cottage is the home of Latour's grandchild. Dear child," he cried, tenderly regarding me, "dost know how great and rich a lady is this same Mademoiselle de Latour?"

Alas! was this the answer to my dream of joy? Oh, Brian Carthew, weary and travel-stained, beggared for honour's sake, landless and proud, wouldst thou still wear the violets for love of this Mademoiselle de Latour?

Dear heart! so marvelling, how long was the following day, that from golden morn merged into lengthy afternoon, in which I, heart-sick, watched the garden door that, in a corner of the white-walled garden, peeped from behind a budding lilac bush.

But nay, he came not, and what hope had I save that yesterday he wore my favour that he would ever seek my face again?

Yesterday, alas! was not to-day, neither was Etienne Glanvil Mademoiselle de Latour. Oh, my heart! Oh! that kind death might come and ease me of this pain that was half killing me! But here, through the lattice above, looked old Nanette.

"Child," said she, "the light grows dim. Come in, dear heart, and thread thy Nanny's needles." Sweet soul, no word said she of blame, that I had left her to stitch alone for hours at my new gauds.

"Nanette," said I, when the stars peeped and we might idle, "tell me a tale of some poor maid who died for love. I have a mind to hear such, and, indeed, methinks it were a happy ending, should love go unrequited."

"Now," cried Nanette, "that I should live to hear thee talk such folly. Fools die of love, 'tis true, and the world is well rid of such weaklings. Heaven forbid that I should see *thee* mope

miserable for any man; the best is not worth one heart-ache of a true maid."

But her arms were round me as she spoke, and methought she guessed somewhat, my sweet Nan.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE VIOLET POSY.

**B**UT the following day, when I had schooled myself to at least a show of indifference, I was startled by my nurse's sudden appearance in my chamber.

"My bird," she cried, breathless, "the noble gentlemen have arrived, and the Marquis hath bid me acquaint thee."

"Dear heart," thought I, maliciously, "these French nobles shall find no lack of pride in the English Mademoiselle de Latour."

So, with Nan's assistance, I donned a gown of rich simplicity, and sought the room below.

Sweeping my curtsies with hauteur, I presently caught my grandfather's glance of proud delight upon me. Of a surety, I told myself, it was something to be rich and noble; something to be grandchild of this great Latour, and my cheeks grew pink with triumph as I listened to the compliments of the gallant French Vicomte at my side, who expressed himself truly enchanted to find in me so charming a compatriot.

"Ah, Monsieur!" I cried, naughtily, "you had then feared to find me English—who can have so maligned me?"

Dear heart! As I swept him a curtsy of laughing disdain, I looked up to meet the eyes of Sir Brian Carthew, who had entered the room unseen by me.

How my heart beat as he came towards me! But my first glance at his beaver found the violets gone, and away flew all my pride and haughty bearing, as with a white face I sank into a chair—like some poor butterfly caught in a storm, robbed at a breath of all its gaiety.

The courteous Frenchman, startled at my mien, bent over me with kindly solicitation. But of naught could I think save that poor posy, the absence of which from my dear love's beaver meant, I felt, his resignation of myself.

Ah, me! how long the time till I stood with

him, a little apart from the rest, in the deep window, through which came the song of the birds in the garden beyond.

"Mademoiselle," he said, and I thought I had swooned of hopeless love as I listened, "I come to say good-bye."

Naught could I speak, but my head drooped. Could life hold more sorrow than this moment?

"Yet, before I go," he said, "do I return to thee that which in happier days I have dared to hold my dearest treasure—emblem of all those fond hopes which I may no longer entertain for Mademoiselle de Latour."

Dear heart! he was gone next instant, and I held in my hand the poor posy. Dazed with sorrow, I stood a moment, and so caught sight of him going slowly down the garden path.

Going!—yes, he

was going. Love was going, passing out of my life for ever.

But no! I could not so endure. With but one thought I fled from the room, and by a quicker way gained the garden door before him. There, 'neath the shadowy lilac bush, I stood, with heaving bosom and clasped hands. Right up to me he came, and saw me not, and then:—



"DEAR LOVE, I HAVE NOW NO FORTUNE SAVE MY SWORD."

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, starting.

But no words found I, for all my full heart, as I stood with bowed head before him, barring his path to that outer world which meant for us separation.

"Mademoiselle," he said huskily, "make, I pray thee, no sport of this parting, which in height of sorrow so far outcaps my lesser griefs."

Then in desperation I raised my head.

"'Tis of this same violet posy, sir," I said, tremulously. "I have no place for it, nor do I crave it."

But he laughed bitterly.

"Nay," he cried, "'tis not possible Mademoiselle de Latour lacks a knight. Is there, then, no gay French noble within for her to so honour?"

"Alas!" I cried, "alas! is it thus you read me? Must I for ever go disguised to thee, like that poor boy who heard thy wooing, tongue-tied by cold custom?"

And in sad dignity I stepped aside.

But, with a great cry, he caught my hand.

"Love!" he cried, "dear love—forgive!"

And as I turned, startled at the passion of his tone, he snatched me into the heaven of his dear embrace.

But his first words brought sorrow.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "dear love, good-bye. God helping me, I will yet win that which will make me fitter suitor for Mademoiselle de Latour."

But I cried out in pain: "Oh! think not of Mademoiselle de Latour—indeed—indeed, I crave naught but to share thy present fortunes."

"Dear love," said he, sadly, "I have now no fortune save my sword, small comfort for my dainty sweet. Yet since thou dost love me, fear not; trust me, dear heart, 'tis but for a time we part."

"Alas!" I cried, "I cannot bear that thou shouldst go."

But here came my grandfather's voice calling me: "Etienne, Etienne!" The sound stirred my heart strangely, bringing fresh tears to my eyes. Alas! I had forgotten Latour.

"Sweetheart," softly said my love, his hands holding mine, his dauntless gaze upon me, "our duty, by these separate paths, shall lead to true

love's happy ending. Courage, sweet! Do I not know the strength of thy brave heart? Dear love, give me again the posy; when I do return it to thee, in the land thou art seeking, it will be but to take my dear love in exchange for it."



(THE END.)

YES, WE CAN.



Can you imagine anything more delightful than watering one's garden on a—



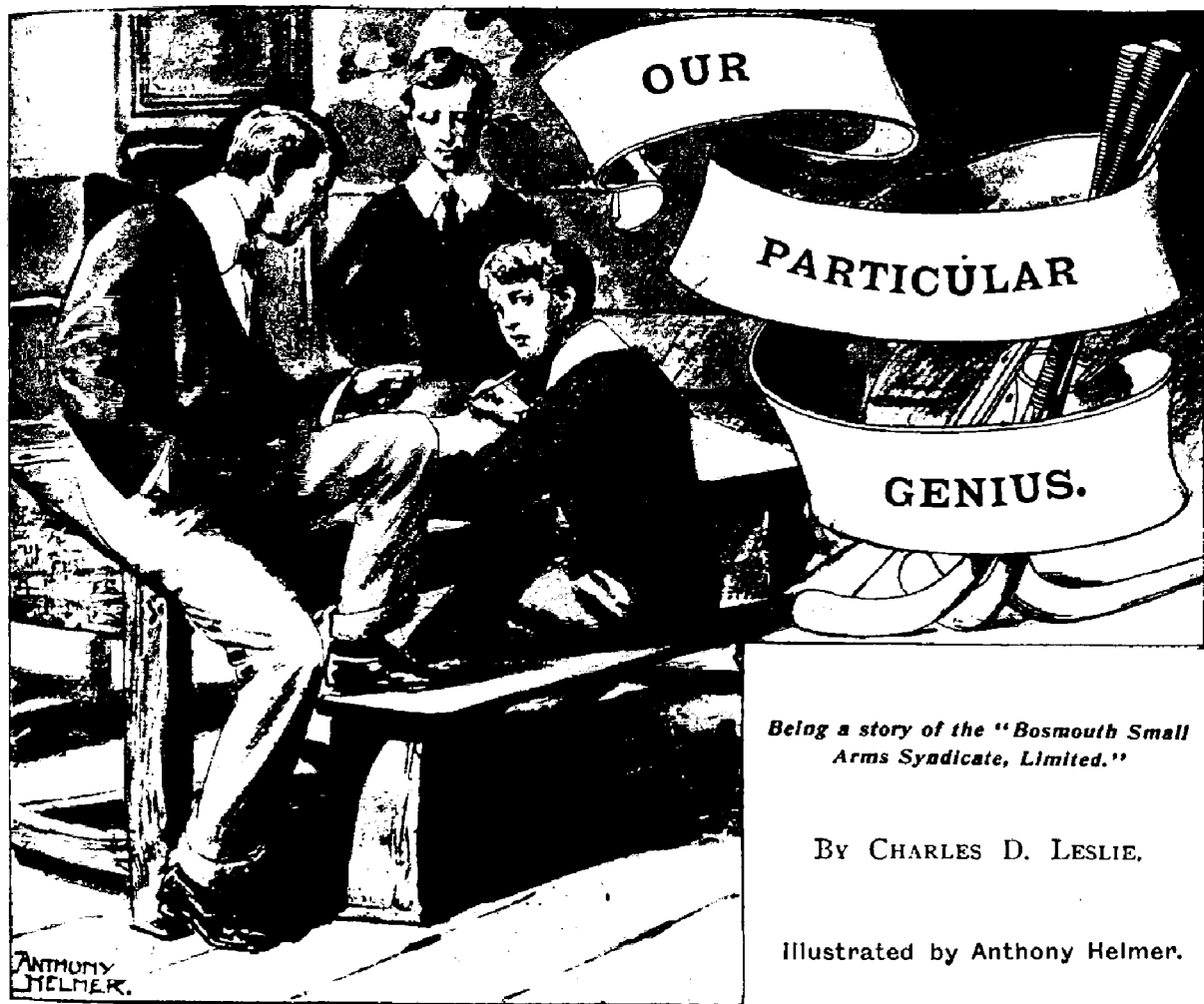
calm and—



peaceful—



summer evening?



*Being a story of the "Bosmouth Small Arms Syndicate, Limited."*

BY CHARLES D. LESLIE.

Illustrated by Anthony Helmer.

**W**E had several geniuses at school. There was Crichton—the Admirable Crichton, as Mr. Hervey called him—who could do Latin verses correctly almost as easy as prose, and who could write whopping fine poetry—the *Bosmouth Gazette* once published one of his poems—and Merry, who could climb up a straight water-pipe like a monkey; and Day, who could rattle off the Kings of Israel and Judah as easy as the first eleven cricket scores. But I think Grindrod was the biggest genius of all. He was an inventive genius, and didn't trouble his head much about ordinary lessons, or he'd have been in the Upper instead of the Lower Fifth. He'd an exercise book nearly full of sketches and plans for inventions. There was a gaudy flying machine, a great deal better than any Jules Verne ever wrote about, with the mechanism sketched

and planned so as it must fly when you turned a handle; and a combined umbrella and hockey stick, an awfully clever idea; and tons of other things. He was going to patent most of them when he left school, and then sell them to capitalists—that is, chaps with lots of money—and companies. His father was a stockbroker, and Grindrod would read the financial papers carefully in the holidays, and knew all about finance, and contangoes, and mortgages, and that kind of thing.

One day in the autumn term he came to me—we were rather thick, and sat next each other in class—and said, "Ormsby's got a gun—a splendid breech-loader—which he says he'll sell for ten bob. Suppose we go partners, and buy it? Then we can go rabbit shooting on half-holidays on the marshes, and maybe shoot some snipe as well."

I said I'd only got half-a-crown.

"That's all I have. But look here, I've a

plan to get the rest. Day's got half-a-crown; suppose we three constitute a syndicate, pool our cash, form a trust, and engineer a financial speculation?"

"Now do talk English," says I.

He went and fetched Day, and then explained his idea. It was simply grand. Hockey was just becoming the popular game in the playground, and all the fellows were buying hockey sticks. They cost fivepence plain and sixpence coloured. A shopman in the town had a job lot of twenty-five, the six-penny quality, which he'd offered to sell Grindrod for seven-and-six. If we bought them and sold twenty at sixpence each, that would mean ten bob—the return of our capital, and a dividend of 33½ per cent. If we sold the lot there would be a dividend of 66½ per cent., and with our increased capital we'd buy the gun.

Day and I both cottoned to the idea, and that afternoon, after school, we stayed in the class-room and drew up a prospectus, which it seems

every decent syndicate company has. Grindrod said he would be chairman and treasurer, and I secretary, and Day the directorate. I wrote it out at Grindrod's dictation on the leaf of a dictation book. It was headed: *The Bosmouth Small Arms Syndicate, Limited*. (Small arms means rifles; cannon and Maxims are big arms, and as our syndicate was to buy a rifle, it was proper to call it the Small Arms Syndicate.)

"We, the undermentioned members of the syndicate, viz.: Arthur Grindrod, chairman and

treasurer; William Johnson, Minor, secretary; and Gilbert Herring Day, directorate, constitute the above-mentioned syndicate.

"The capital, which is fully subscribed, is seven and sixpence, in three half-crown shares, each member holding one share. Each holder is also entitled to one hundred vendors' shares."

"What's a vendor's share?" asks Day at this point.

"You know what *vendo* means in Latin, don't you?" says Grindrod; "in this case it don't

make any difference, but I put that in because it sounds well. The liability of each member is limited to the amount of his shares."

"Hold on!" sings out Day; "what's that mean?"

"You ass! Can't you understand it means you can't lose more than your half-crown?"

"Ass yourself!" says Day, getting in a ruck. "Of course I can't lose more than half-a-crown as I haven't got any more money. Any fool knows that."

"Keep your hair on. I'm conducting this

syndicate, and everything is to be set down right and proper, like a real syndicate. If ours is a limited liability company, we must say so in the prospectus."

"The operations of the syndicate will, in the first place, be devoted to a speculation in hockey sticks, as has been already explained by the chairman to the other members."

"What comes next?" I asks.

"I think that's about all. Now we'll sign our names, and then you two give me your half-crowns."



"AND WHAT DOES THE SECRETARY SAY?"

Which we did, and I put the paper away in my desk, and then Grindrod, who had leave to go into the town, went straight away and bought the hockey sticks. They made a big bundle to carry, but he got them to the playground all right, and we locked them up in one of the gymnasium cupboards. As soon as I saw them I'd a kind of fear we'd have a trouble to sell the lot, as they were so thin. But Grindrod said they'd sell all right, and as we all had sticks of our own, it didn't matter much how thin they were. Some fellows like them so.

We went about that evening telling all the fellows of the swagger lot of hockey sticks we had for sale at sixpence each. We counted on selling a lot next day, as it was Saturday, and all the junior boarders have their sixpence a week pocket money paid on Saturday mornings. We brought them out in the half-hour in the playground before morning school, and sold six for cash, and three more to day boys on credit. Unluckily, some of the senior fellows said they'd be dear at a gift, and that put the kids off buying. There was rather a scene in the gym. after morning school. Grindrod and I were there, when Barclay came in and said the stick he'd bought didn't suit him, and we must take it back and return him his money.

Grindrod declined flatly, and said that wasn't business.

Barclay answered he didn't care a hang if it was business or not, but it was a rotten stick, and he couldn't play a bit with it; and he chucked it down, and said if Grindrod didn't give him his money back again he'd lick him; and, as he's an Upper Fifth fellow, much bigger than Grindrod or me, of course, that settled it.

But Grindrod got out of it in an awfully dignified and clever fashion, and showed what a genius he was. He said in a disputed point of such a nature the decision of the secretary must always be followed, and that Barclay must address me in the matter.

I had a silk muffler on, which the matron had ordered me to wear, as I had a bit of a cold; and Barclay turned to me and took hold of it, and tied the ends tight round my neck, and then said, holding them:—

"And what does the secretary say?"

I said I decided he was entitled to have his money back again.

"I thought you'd be on my side," said he, grinning; and Grindrod shelled out sixpence and handed it over, and Barclay walked out whistling. But as it happened we didn't lose over it, because we sold the stick to Ferrier.

Johnson Major wouldn't buy one, though I asked him; he looked them over, whistling carelessly, and made me repeat twice how much

we were going to make out of the speculation, and then he said he wished we might get it.

We held a board meeting that afternoon, because Day said we must declare a dividend, as he wanted a shilling at once. Grindrod said it was an absurd demand; dividends were never declared so soon, and in this case, as we hadn't got our seven shillings and sixpence back, it would mean paying them out of capital, which was shocking bad finance, and only done in shaky syndicates. It would, he said, be nothing more or less than a job.

Day said he didn't care what it was called, but he must have some money. He'd spent his sixpence buying a ball for Aspland Minor to replace one he'd lost, and he owed Vipon a shilling which he'd faithfully promised to pay on the Saturday. He appealed to me to back him up. I said I didn't see why we shouldn't divide the three shillings we had, and which the treasurer held, so Grindrod caved in, and ordered me to enter on the minutes of the syndicate that a dividend, an interim dividend, of 40 per cent. was paid on the day following the formation of the syndicate, and gave each of us a shilling. He said he thought that would probably constitute a record in the annals of syndicates.

It certainly looked rather grand when written down, and if we'd been paid for the sticks sold on credit, and sold the rest, the syndicate would have been a big success, but a crisis came before the ink was dry on the minutes. It came about like this. None of the fellows were pleased with the sticks they'd bought, and while playing that afternoon two of them broke, and, through some fellow who must have overheard us talking, it came out what we'd given for them.

There were about fifty fellows playing, boarders and day boys, most of them in the Fourth Form and Lower Fifth, with three or four Upper Fifth boys—Crosbie and Caldicott and Barclay—and a shower coming down they all took shelter in the gymnasium. Somebody calls out:—

"Let's have a trial with a judge and jury."

"I've got it," says Ferrier; "let's try Grindrod and Johnson Minor and Day for selling us these measly hockey sticks."

"Good idea!" shouts everybody, and about half of them formed a committee to look for us, and we were found, and lugged along into the gym.; and Barclay was made judge, and a jury enrolled, and all the fellows who'd bought sticks made witnesses; and Caldicott, with a rattan like Mr. Hervey's, swaggered about as usher.

All this took a long time to arrange, for there was lots of rotting; and when the preliminaries



were all settled, and Crosbie, who was prosecuting counsel, about to open the case formally, the judge looked at his watch and saw it was a quarter to six, and the tea bell rang at six.

"Gentlemen," says he, getting up, "it's a quarter to six, so we'll have to cut the speeches and the evidence, and I shall proceed to sum up right away, else we shan't have time to carry out the verdict before tea."

"Question!" shouts Denton, whose father was a lawyer. "You can't sum up yet, you mug, before the defence has been heard."

"Silence in the court!" roars Barclay. "Usher, turn out that disorderly person! Chuck him out! I'll teach him law to-morrow, and manners, too, sure as my name's Barclay! You mind me, you stuck-up six-and-eightpenny bounder!"

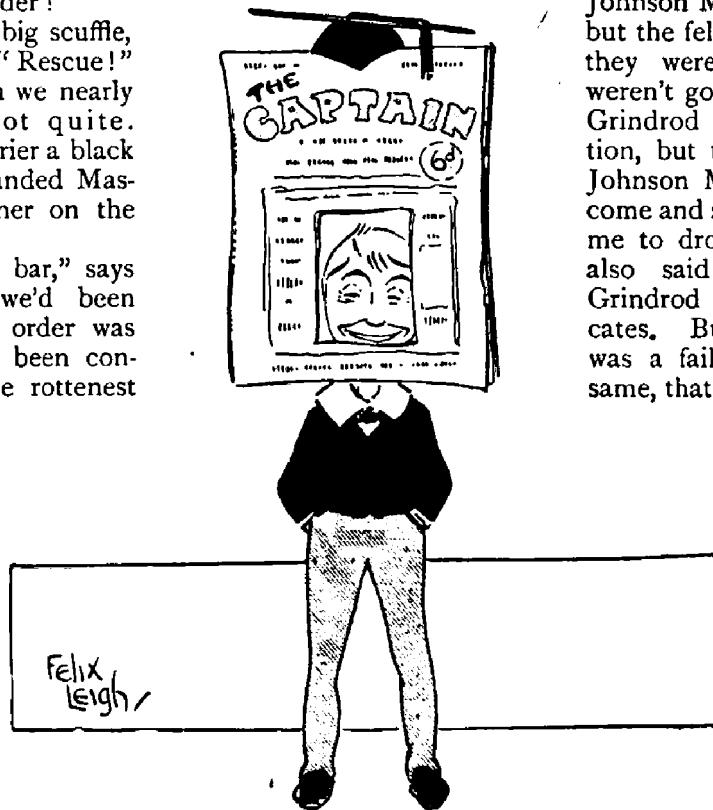
Then there was a big scuffle, and Denton shouted "Rescue!" and in the confusion we nearly got away. But not quite. However, I gave Ferrier a black eye, and Grindrod landed Mas-singham a lovely one on the chin.

"Prisoners at the bar," says the judge, when we'd been overpowered and order was restored, "you have been convicted of selling the rottenest

hockey sticks ever known in this high-class school—sticks you've bought at about three-pence ha'penny each—sticks dear at three for a farthing—sticks you've had the cheek to sell for sixpence each; and six fellows have been asses enough to pay for them. The verdict of this court and impartial tribunal is, that the rest of your sticks be smashed up, and every member of the jury shall kick you."

However, the sentence wasn't carried out, for though they found our sticks and smashed them up, we managed to get into a corner and keep them off for a while, and then, luckily, Dane and Johnson Major and two other Upper Fifth boys came in.

They stopped all the nonsense, and Johnson Major behaved like a regular trump, saying if there was to be any kicking of Johnson Minor, he'd begin too; but the fellows in the jury swore they were only rotting, and weren't going to kick anybody. Grindrod talked of compensation, but that evening at prep. Johnson Major signalled me to come and speak to him, and told me to drop the business. He also said I wasn't to join Grindrod in any more syndicates. But, though that one was a failure, I think, all the same, that Grindrod is a genius.



"I HAVE JUST BEEN LOOKING THROUGH THE MAGAZINE, AND I FIND THAT 'THE CAPTAIN' IS STILL AHEAD."

(Extract from the letter of an occasional correspondent.)



# A POSSUM HUNT

## "Down Under"



By Walker Hodgson.



Prefers 'possum undressed.

would appreciate some verses we remember by the American, Paul Laurence Dunbar, of which the first lines run as follows :—

El dey's anyting dat riles me,  
An jes gits me out o' hitch,  
Twell I want to tek my coat off,  
So's to r'ar an' t'ar an' pitch,  
Hit's to see some ig'nant white man  
'Mittin' dat owdacious sin—  
W'en he want to cook a 'possum,  
Tekin off de 'possum's skin.

Just so! The noble savage "down under" prefers 'possum *undressed* as a roast, and would not thank you in the least for any garnishing.

Our first experience of 'possum as an item in the bush menu was, of course, preceded by a hunt for the little marsupial—a pretty, silver-grey creature, about the size of a six-months-old cat, and resembling somewhat our pine-martin when seen upon the eucalyptus branches, or, as the familiar phrase has it, "up a gum-tree."

The phalangers (*Phalangeridae*) are a large family found everywhere in Australia. They inhabit the trees, and, like most of the marsupials, seek their food at night. They are usually called opossums, but are very different from the genuine opossum of America. Just as the latter are the most perfect and most intelligent of all marsupials, so the Australian opossums are the most perfectly organised

of all Australian marsupials. They are, so to speak, the apes of the marsupials, in that they feed on fruit, but are able to live on insects and birds' eggs; have a prehensile tail and a movable thumb, which almost converts their feet into hands.

"Yanky"—(*Yanky* is an aboriginal word for fig)—"Yanky," who was civilised to the extent of half a dozen "white" words, made it plain to us that 'possum was abundant in the neighbourhood we were visiting, and could readily be caught after daylight.

"When um light gone, 'possum come," said the native, most musically and metrically.

All we required was our gun and dog, both of which were handy, though we cannot claim that "Auld Reekie," as we called the latter, was a master craftsman as a hunter, for he was as new a chum as ourselves. However, "Yanky" was sure "Auld Reekie" would acquit himself well, so when the sun dropped we set out from our camp for the bush on the higher land. But the dog proved of little use as a pointer, and the black fellow himself had to do the finding for us—a matter he attended to with marvellous keenness. He seemed to know just which tree held its 'possum as well as the musk rat knows what kind of weather is coming. Soon we reached the upland scrubs—which by the way are as characteristic of Australia as are the steppes of Tartary, the prairies of America, or the deserts of Africa, of these respective countries—and here we came upon a couple of "Yanky's" relatives, who possessed a good specimen of the native dingo. They were seated at a fire, and had evidently just finished gorging some sort of game, so were in a condition of extreme laziness, though, for the matter of that, these lords of the boomerang are rarely in any other state.

"Yanky" proposed borrowing their dog, and in his own tongue asked for it, but "There isn't such a thing," was plainly written in their countenances, and the loan was not negotiated. The fact is, there had recently been some feud between these natives. "Yanky" was no longer a naked bush wanderer like his brethren. He was civilised now—that is to say, he was associated with the white man in his hunting, and

was, consequently, the victim of great jealousy. So we got no dingo help.

It was not long, however, before our dusky companion espied the little furred fellow we sought, and desired the action of our pea-rifle, the most suitable weapon to use if you are hunting for skins.

"Yanky" indicated a dark object upon the bough of a blue gum, saying, "Yonner um 'possum; you shoot." Our discernment of the animal though (or maybe we ought to refer to our shooting) must have been feeble, for no 'possum fell to us from *that* bullet discharge, and doubtless we received a black mark in the mental summing-up of the aboriginal regarding our skill with the gun. But when "Yanky" had told us that there were plenty of opossums after sundown he had spoken with knowledge, and in less than two minutes, following this non-success of ours, he spotted another, and directed our visual attention to it. This time, because our eyes had become accustomed to what little light the young moon gave, we brought the creature to our feet, though after receiving the shot it clung by its tail for a few minutes to the branch of the eucalypt. But an extremely vexatious thing

happened now. The dingo of "Yanky's" unamiable relatives had followed us unobserved, and no sooner did the marsupial reach the ground than this claim-jumping cur burst upon it from behind us, and, snatching it from beneath our very eyes, disappeared with it into the scrub. "Yanky" was furious, and his anger was by no means allayed when the loud laughter of his enemies—expressive of congratulations—made us aware that their hound had done a smart bit of stalking for them. And what could be thought of "Auld Reekie" in these ignoble circumstances? Well, if we can at all translate the look of "Yanky's" countenance for a clue, "Auld Reekie" should have been thoroughly ashamed of himself.

The opossum makes a delightful pet if you catch one young, and we have seen one seated upon the shoulder of a lady during her piano-exercise in a sheep-station parlour. Another we saw occupied the same privileged position while accompanying its owner out shopping in the main street of Perth, Western Australia.

If you shoot 'possum in plenty, why, your gain may be considerable, for the fur is greatly prized in the rich and fashionable markets here at home.



'POSSUM "UP A GUM TREE."



TEETH OF THE POSSUM.



# The CAPTURE of De WET

## A School Tale

BY C-MALCOLM-HINCKS

Illustrated by Anthony Helmer.

### I.

**U**LLOA, wot's that? Sounds like them collegers!"

The speaker was a tall, ungainly looking youth, lying full length in a sort of natural cave thoroughly hidden by the green brushwood that grew at its entrance. A peculiar boy was this cave-dweller. The son of a poor woman in the village, who, by slaving at the wash-tub, made just enough to live upon, he had never regularly attended the village school, but preferred to be roaming about the country, and now, at the age of sixteen, when he should have been a help to his widowed mother, he was seldom at home, but lived no one knew how. Now and then he would appear in the village, and then would disappear, and, by a peculiar coincidence, so would a loaf of bread, or any other light article that happened to be unguarded at the time.

As for the fellows at St. Veda's (the big school near the village) they were his sworn enemies, and had recently christened him De Wet, owing to his marvellous power of evading capture. He was continually at war with the St. Veda's boys, but despite many narrow escapes he proudly boasted that he had never been captured.

Now, as he heard his great enemies approaching, he peered cautiously out of the bushes into the lovely green dell, looking its best in fresh spring foliage; but the beauty of the place had no attraction for De Wet, his gaze being fixed on a good-looking, well-built boy who sprang into the opening.

"That's 'All," he muttered to himself, and drew back.

"Come on, you fellows," yelled Hall; "this is the very place for it."

Three others then came up with a large hamper, and put it down in the place Hall indicated.

"Now we must go and get some wood for a fire."

"Awful fag," grunted Jenkins, a stout fellow.

"Oh, you shut up, Tubby! Why, I believe you're tired already. Look here, Braddon, you and Tomkins go down to old Jones's place and get some wood, and I'll go to the brook for water, and we'll leave that lazy beggar in charge of the grub."

To this Jenkins agreed with alacrity, and, on finding himself alone, and knowing that his companions would be gone at least a quarter of an hour, he settled himself on the green bank for a doze. Soon after, a face peered out from the bushes, and then, it being palpable that the guardian of the hamper was asleep, the thin figure of De Wet appeared.

"This is the fat 'un as allus 'as a nap," he observed. "Fancy em comin' so near my cave! I'll teach 'em ter be more kerful in the futcher."

He advanced to the hamper, and attempted to pick it up.

"Too 'eavy," he muttered. "I must take one at a time." Then, while Jenkins slumbered, this ingenious youth quickly transferred the contents of the luncheon hamper to his cave. At last, when all was safely stored away, he dived into one of his voluminous pockets and produced a short stumpy pencil and a dirty piece of paper. Carefully spreading the paper out on the ground, he scrawled on it: "*i thanks the collegers for mi diner d wet.*"

Putting this into the basket and closing the lid, he regained his cave just before Hall and his companions came up.

"I'll be hanged if that duffer Jenkins isn't

asleep!" said Braddon, noticing the fat youth's recumbent form.

"Now, you lazy beggar, wake up and come and help us get lunch!"

"Have I been asleep?" said Jenkins; "I feel jolly hungry, anyway."

"All right, then; you undo the hamper while we make the fire."

This he began eagerly to do; lifting the lid he glanced inside, and, as he did so, gasped in astonishment, while a sickly smile overspread his round face.

"Have you fellows been having a joke with me?" he demanded.

"Joke!—what do you mean?" said Hall, who was on his knees endeavouring to kindle the wood.

"Grub's gone," said Jenkins miserably.

"Grub gone," they echoed in amazement, and then, on looking in the basket, they discovered De Wet's short note.

We will draw a veil over what followed. Suffice it to say that the unfortunate Jenkins had to bear the brunt of their rage as they returned to the school, their picnic spoilt. Great was the indignation expressed when the three unfortunates told their tale to the rest of the school, and many were the vows of vengeance made.

But before the term was over the school was to feel again De Wet's power, for this was felt to be the *last* straw.

Paindou, the captain of St. Veda's, had sent Billy, the boot-boy of the school, into the town to fetch a dozen cakes that he had ordered the previous day. After procuring the cakes Billy was about to return to the school when he met his bosom friend, the butcher's boy, who with cheerful indifference to the anxiety of the neighbouring cooks and his master's wrath on his return to the shop, proposed a game of marbles, and Billy, nothing loth, readily assented.

While engaged in this interesting pastime, who

should appear on the scene but the redoubtable De Wet, who quickly observed Billy's open basket. Having a few coppers about him, he went into the confectioner's and demanded "a bag of stale pastry," and the bag he received in exchange for his twopence bore a close resemblance to that reposing in Billy's basket outside.

Leaving the shop he stole quietly up and, substituting his bag for Paindou's, stole swiftly away again.

"Exchange 'aint no robbery," he chuckled to himself, as he made for his cave.

The unfortunate Billy discovered nothing wrong, and having been victorious in the game went cheerfully whistling to the school, and gave the bag to the captain's fag, who only discovered the change when about to arrange the pastry on the table. All guessed the marauder's identity.

When the school heard of it great was their wrath that the captain should have suffered from De Wet; it was intolerable; had the King himself been robbed it could not have caused more excitement.

The luckless Billy admitted having seen De



I THANKS THE  
COLLEGGERS FOR  
MI DINER.

D WET."

Wet, but said he had no reason to suspect him of tampering with the bags.

De Wet went on his way in triumph; three Fifth Form fellows had seen him on the last day of the term, and had attempted to catch him, but had been easily out-distanced after a long chase in the woods. As for De Wet, in the secure hiding of his cave, he chuckled greatly, and looked forward to plenty of amusement with the "collegers" next term. Verily, pride goeth before a fall!

## II.

**B**RADDON and Hall were the sole occupants of the large playground of St. Vedas. It was the first afternoon of the term, and they had arrived by an earlier train than that by which the majority of their schoolfellows came.

After exchanging their toppers for caps, they had wandered out into the playground in search of something to pass away the time until the other fellows appeared, and had just settled this interesting question by deciding to go for a swim, when a boy entered the school gates and walked towards them with the unmistakable air of a new fellow.

Braddon stuck his hands into his pockets, and with all the dignity of the Lower Fourth stared at the fresher, saying briefly:—

"New kid?"

"Yes."

"Name?"

"Ashcroft."

"How did you come?" was the next question.

"By the 2.15, and as I knew I was early I told them to send my things up, and walked."

"Ah, that's how we must have missed you!" said Hall. "We were in the front of the train and we cabbied it here; the others have not come yet, and we were just going for a dip. Can you swim?"

"A little," Ashcroft replied.

"Come on, then," said Braddon. "I'll lend you a cap; just run in and change your hat for it."

Soon all three, with their towels over their shoulders, were on the way to the river, and by the time they arrived were firm friends. Quickly undressing, they stood on the bank ready for a plunge.

"We'll give you a start and race you down to the boat-house," said Braddon to Ashcroft.

"All right," was the reply, and with a neat dive he was in the river and swimming with a powerful over-arm stroke in the direction indicated.

The others were in almost directly afterwards, but came to the winning point yards behind

Ashcroft, although they were by no means poor swimmers.

"You beggar!" gasped Braddon, as they sat on the bank resting. "I thought you said you could only swim a little."

"Well," said Ashcroft, simply, "I have lived by the sea all my life, and my father said I could swim fairly."

"I should think you could," said Hall. "Don't you think so, too, Brad?"

"Rather," said that gentleman, as he lay panting on the grass.

After their rest they again dived in, and were thoroughly enjoying themselves, when Ashcroft, happening to look towards the place where they had left their clothes, saw a lanky, dilapidated youth quickly bundling them together.

"Hi, you fellow! Drop those!" he yelled.

At his shout Braddon also looked, and at the sight a blank look overspread his usually cheerful countenance.

"De Wet," he said, in a miserable voice.

"I don't care who he is," said Ashcroft, as he scrambled up the bank. "I'm after him."

"You'll never catch him!" shouted Hall. "He can outrun any fellow in the school; that's why we call him De Wet."

But Ashcroft was already in full run after this celebrity, who, seeing that he was pursued, had quickly gathered up the clothes and was tearing across a field at a furious pace. The chase that followed is a matter of school history. Braddon and Hall soon saw that Ashcroft was a very good runner, and, in spite of the start that the speedy De Wet had got, was beginning to gain on him, so much so, in fact, that that discreet youth began to ease himself of his load of clothing. First he dropped a coat, then a waistcoat; but, as this did not avail him much, he began to quickly relieve himself of the remainder of his burden, amongst which was a pair of boots. This was a fatal mistake on his part, for, with a hardly perceptible pause in his run, Ashcroft picked up one of the boots and threw it with such sure aim that it hit the flying De Wet on the head. Had he been anyone but a British yokel, it would have knocked all the running out of him, for that day at least. As it was, the redoubtable one wavered, and then, finding all chance of escape by flight impossible, as a last resource turned and faced his pursuer.

For a moment they both paused, and, panting for breath, glared savagely at each other. Then, with a rush, Ashcroft sprang at his opponent, hoping to bear him to the ground, but the wily De Wet was not to be caught so easily, for, with a quick turn, he caught Ashcroft by the neck. Then, closing with each other, they com-

menced to swing backwards and forwards, each exerting his utmost strength in his endeavour to throw his enemy.

Then, slowly but surely, the superior strength and training of Ashcroft began to assert itself, and, seizing a favourable opportunity, he caught the thief beneath the arms, and with all his might threw him with a crash to the ground. Then, despite the other's struggles, he calmly sat on De Wet's head until Braddon and Hall came running up.

"You pick up the clothes, Hall, while Braddon helps me take him back and give him a ducking."

Hearing these kind plans for his future, De Wet began to struggle violently.

"Look here, my lad," said Ashcroft, as he took a boot from Hall, "if you don't keep quiet I'll give you a crack over that skull of yours which will knock all the kicking out of you."

The captive promptly ceased struggling, but whined piteously for mercy the whole way back to the river.

When they got there they found a crowd of fellows gathered round Hall's cap, which had dropped out of the bundle as the thief started; they swarmed round Ashcroft asking him whom he had got, and, when Braddon explained, the cheers they gave Ashcroft woke the echoes. They then hustled De Wet towards the river.

"I can't swim," he shrieked. "You'll drown me."

"Oh, no, we won't," they said. "We're not going to chuck you into the river, but into the brook."

Now the brook was a wide ditch full of black mud and dirty green water, which branched off from the river and was only a few feet deep.

Six fellows now got hold of the captive and started to swing him in the air.

"Steady," said Ashcroft. "One, two, three—and away!"

There was a mighty splash, followed by a vision of legs and arms—and then a miserable figure,

simply covered with mud and weed, emerged on the opposite bank.

The fellows stood ready, expecting a volley of stones and abuse.

But the triumph of De Wet was over; he had been caught—his record was broken. In a dejected manner he walked slowly away without a word, and was never seen in the neighbourhood again.



"HI, YOU FELLOW! DROP THOSE!" HE YELLED.

As for Ashcroft, he became the hero of the hour, and when, in later years, as captain of St. Vedas, he won the mile, and the fellows had cheered him until they were hoarse, a lady said to her son:—

"How popular your captain must be!"

"Yes," was the ready reply, "but you should have heard them by the river when he caught De Wet."

Whereat the good lady marvelled greatly.



## THE FREE WHEEL AND ITS FUTURE.

THOSE of you who have had a monthly chat with me in this corner of ours from the very outset, will remember that I long ago pronounced emphatically in favour of the free wheel. I believed in it from the moment I saw it first applied to the modern safety—for, as you know, it is a very old device as fitted to tricycles—and, after various trials with somewhat numerous varieties of it, I have seen no reason to modify the opinion originally formed—that is to say, not in essentials. I still think the ratchet class of devices superior to those embodying the clutch principle. I still think effective ball races essential, and that those designs which do not provide them are something short of efficiency. I still think rim brakes the best for the purpose of controlling a free wheel machine, and I still would emphasise

### THE NECESSITY OF HAVING TWO OF THEM,

one on each wheel, so that if one should go out of order at a moment of emergency, there may always be the other to fall back upon.

But in certain minor matters I have learnt more than I knew when I wrote upon the subject last. I then objected to what has come to be known as an "any-point" brake—that is to say, a pedal-actuated brake so contrived that it can be put on by backing the pedal at any point in the circle of revolution. The view was a cautious one, and was expressed largely in the interests of novices who cycled, but who had not previously free-wheeled. The danger to them lay chiefly in the inherent instinct to back the pedals at all moments of crisis. Many of the earlier pedal-actuated brakes were of a nature to go on so suddenly that any rider accidentally or in-

voluntarily applying one would be so unprepared for the consequences that he would in all probability

### BE TREATING HIMSELF TO A "HEADER."

It was partly for this reason that I thought a two-point brake the best. Partly, also, there came in the consideration of coasting with feet at rest, and the dangers that might arise from a jerk caused by passing over an unexpected stone. All stones and other unevennesses are in this sense unexpected when one is riding in the dark. Now most of the good two-point brakes are arranged to go on as the result of the pushing back of either pedal at a point a short segment to the rear of the lowest portion of the circle. The correct style of free wheel coasting is with the two feet on about the same horizontal level—something like the position when one is sliding upon ice—and not with one foot up and one down, like a roosting stork. Hence it follows that a rider coasting correctly might sustain a pretty sharp accidental shock without either foot being jerked so far as to involuntarily lock the brake.

I use the word "lock" advisedly, because when I wrote with such caution as I used on the last occasion,

### I HAD IN MIND A TERRIBLE BRAKE,

which had just been submitted to me for inspection. It would go on with the smallest back-peddalling impulse, almost at a touch. Once on, it would almost certainly skid the wheel, and most of my strength was required to get it off. This latter could only be achieved by very vigorous forward pedalling; and, mark you, this vigour could with difficulty be mustered, when the force of momentum of



one's own body was tending to carry one over the handle-bars, so that one's weight could not be properly utilised in pedal pressure. I had dangerous devices of this class before me when I roundly pronounced against the whole crowd of any-point brakes. Since then an enormous number of inventions have been offered to the public, and many distinct advances have been made. One of them has only come under my notice quite recently, but I am so well pleased with it in theory that I have determined to give it a lengthy trial. It is called the

**"UNIVERSAL" AUTOMATIC COASTER AND BRAKE.**

It hails from the United States, as any practised eye could detect at the first glance, and for neatness, lightness, and apparent business-like efficiency, it seems to embody most of the virtues that one looks for in a good free-wheeling and braking device combined. The chief agents for it in this country are Messrs. Markt & Co., of 20, Chapel Street, Wilton Street, London, E.C.—a firm long identified with the importation of good American novelties and cycle accessories. Those of my readers who live in the Midland counties, or in Lancashire or Yorkshire, may obtain information from the chief agent for these regions—Mr. B. E. Dickinson, Toledo Works, Aston Brook Street, Birmingham.

In speaking of the merits of this invention, I must emphasise at the outset my confirmed preference, on purely mechanical grounds, for rim brakes as compared with hub brakes. Inasmuch as the one under discussion is a hub brake, it falls, in my view, something short of the ideal. But that having been premised, I have thus far nothing but good wishes to offer it.

**THE QUESTION OF WEIGHT IS NOT, OF COURSE, OF THE HUGE IMPORTANCE.**

which cycle manufacturers and dealers tried to make it a few years ago. But it is still of some importance, especially in a day when the refinements of cycling convenience and luxury have led to the addition of almost innumerable knacky accessories to the machine. Now, in point of weight the automatic coaster very distinctly scores. Its dead weight on my spring balance is 2lbs. 4ozs.; and remember that it is destined to replace an ordinary substantial back wheel hub, and to dispense with the necessity of a pair of strong front fork foot-rests. That is the way of looking at the case when the conversion of a captive wheel to a free is in contemplation. But when the merit of light-

ness is considered as between this and various other forms of free wheel, we must, of course, remember the weight of the back rim brake. This is all saved by the present device, for there is a powerful brake applicable inside the rear hub.

The hub is not large enough to look ungainly, although

**ITS PROPORTIONS ARE NECESSARILY SOMEWHAT GENEROUS**

in order to afford housing room for the ingenious mechanism concealed within. It consists of twenty or thirty parts, if the balls be included in the enumeration, and sufficient room is allowed for every component to be made large enough and strong enough to do its work. The forward drive is instantaneous, and the curious clutches by which this merit is attained go quite as instantaneously out of action the moment pedalling ceases. The freedom of the wheel can thus be enjoyed at all moments when its advantages are desired. While this is so there is still a possibility of applying the brake practically instantaneously, and yet there is hardly any danger of its going on when that would be dangerous. This is because the amount of "back-lash" allowed for is equal to about an eighth of a revolution of the crank, so that it is extremely unlikely that any chance unevenness in the road will be sufficient to jerk any experienced rider to such an extent as to cause him to inadvertently apply the brake. When he puts it on deliberately it is very powerful, and its method of release is admirable. Here you have a brake which can be gradually "fed" on—a virtue I spoke of in an old article on the subject of brakes as being indispensable to the perfect brake—and yet, however hard on it ultimately is,

**YOU HAVE AN INSTANTANEOUS AND AUTOMATIC RELEASE,**

which throws the wheel free again at once.

On the whole, it is as neat a thing as I have ever seen, but I feel bound to discount this eulogy by saying that for the present I only speak of it as a theorist, and that I am still convinced, as I have said before, that a rim brake is better than one which acts at the hub, where leverage is very considerably less, and where it is consequently necessary to exert a much greater wrenching strain upon the spokes in order to obtain the desired retarding effect upon the machine. With this, as with all other brakes, the art of using it to the greatest advantage consists in applying it as gradually as circumstances will permit. There are, of

course, emergencies in which it may be necessary to clap it on at full pressure at once; but unless this is absolutely required by the exigencies of the moment, it should never be done. The feeding-on process is the most advantageous. In this way a long coast may be achieved at a most exhilarating speed and in perfect safety.

Of course, there are plenty of brakes which can be fed on with care and graduation. I named a number of good brakes in an article on the subject some time ago, and other brakes have from time to time been recommended since. Similarly, it must not be supposed by any who have not seen former articles of this series that there are no other good free wheels than the one I have been talking about. There are many. In fact, you could hardly name a firm of repute that will not to-day supply an excellent one if asked to. You can trust any of

the really tip-top firms to give you a good free wheel and adequate brake-work. The Swift, the Singer, the Sunbeam, the Royal Enfield, the Rover, the Rudge-Whitworth, the Elswick, and a host of others that might be catalogued, are all the names of stuff upon the makers of which you can absolutely depend. Then there are devices such as those of Messrs. Riley & Haigh, of Manchester, and of the Bradbury people, of Oldham, both of which allow of the wheel to be made free, or to be kept permanently captive should the rider so desire. Much is to be said for an arrangement of this kind in the case of a cyclist who is timid about trying a free wheel. There are instances in which riders have been induced to make the change, and have, after a period of perseverance, come to the conclusion that the free device is beyond their appreciation and enjoyment. Such cases are well met by the class of inventions of which the Bradbury "free wheel at will" is an admirable type. My belief is, however, that most who experiment with such an invention will before long decide to keep the wheel set permanently free. I have before me the new season's catalogue of the New Premier cycles. These must certainly be added to the list given above. The makers of them supply sound machines, ranging from a boy's mount at £8 10s., and a girl's at £9, to tricycles at over £20. Their best bicycles are £21, but the Royal roadster at £16 16s., with £2 extra for a good free wheel on the ratchet

principle, is a splendid thing. There are in the price list a few other extras which are optional, but from among which I should recommend the purchaser to select a gear-case, if he is having one of the cheaper mounts not so fitted.

A friend of mine tells of a splendid down-rush he once enjoyed in the Engadine, which extended to nearly thirty miles. It is true that

#### HE HAD TWO DAYS OF PUSHING

to get the tandem, on which his wife and he were touring, up to the requisite altitude from which this could be enjoyed; but he told me that the experience was almost worth a week of such trudging. I have never had so long a coast myself, but I know one favourite bit of unbroken downhill which for three miles is as smooth as a billiard table, and when fitted with really good brake-work I enjoy dropping down it

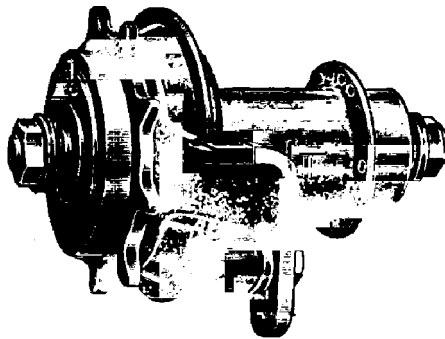
in eight minutes. The thing is perfectly safe if you keep your head cool. Your eyes are far ahead, eager to anticipate by as large a margin of time as possible any danger or difficulty that may arise. You gauge the acuteness of each bend or turning, and arrange to arrive at it at just such a modified rate of speed as will allow you to round it without too risky an amount of inward lean. At times when you see the course quite

clear and straight you release the brake-work altogether, but even then you have, if you are wise,

#### TWO FINGERS ON THE BRAKE-LEVER AND ONE ON THE BELL,

so that with whatever unlooked-for eventuality you may be by chance confronted, no one can accuse you of not exercising proper care.

I never rush in this way through good scenery that is new to me, nor would I advise anyone else to do so. It seems like throwing away a golden opportunity. But on an old familiar hill I know of few delights to equal it. It is for this reason that I am one of those who believe that the free wheel has not only come to stay, as the saying is, but that it is destined to become universal for all road work. Many have roundly declared that it must of necessity be absolutely useless on the racing track; but even here I do not think that their logic goes far enough. No racing man who rode a free wheel could retard himself as much by faulty pedalling as he can



"UNIVERSAL" AUTOMATIC COASTER AND  
BRAKE.

with a fixed wheel. It is true that in either case it is possible for him to work against himself by pressing on the rising pedal. But the difference is this: if this action is carried to its extreme it will bring a fixed wheel to rest, whereas in the case of the free wheel it only results in cutting off the driving force, the onward momentum being still retained by the machine and rider.

One final word as to the misuse of the free wheel.

RIDERS OUGHT NOT TO "SHOW OFF" WITH IT.

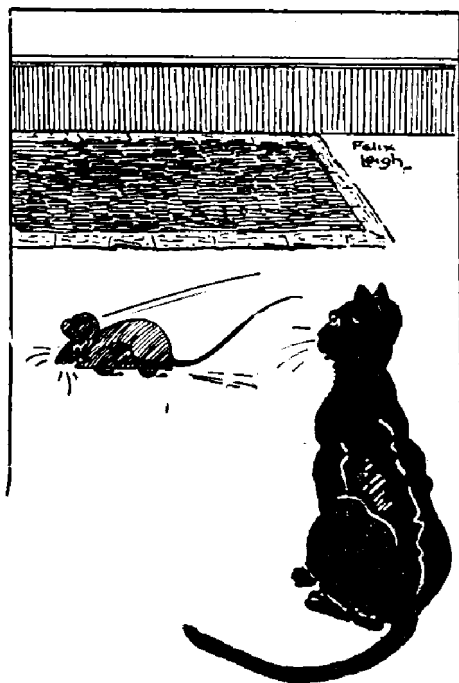
There is, no doubt, a temptation to announce to the whole street that you are possessed of the up-to-date thing, but that, after all, is somewhat childish. The habit of giving two or three pedal strokes and then sailing for a dozen yards not only fails to impress the onlooker, but positively irritates him. At the same time, it tends to rob the rider of that facility of even, light, and regular pedalling by which alone the best results can be obtained. It is all right to free the wheel when the scarcely perceptible bits of decline are encountered, the whereabouts of which in his own district every free-wheeler has learnt to locate. But it is not proper to free the wheel simply to show that you are able to do so, and the excessive use of this delightful option should be reserved for such glorious downrushes as I have referred to.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Elsie (NOTTINGHAM).—If you like your brother's two men friends, and if your parents are agreeable, there is not the slightest reason why you should hesitate to take rides with them. No wonder you didn't find it in the etiquette book. Publications

of the kind belong to an age when there was no glorious pastime with the freedom of cycling as its attribute, and I hope they may either reform or be relegated to a forgotten limbo. **MISS K. (GREENOCK).**—You will not find that cycling will in any way interfere with your piano playing, unless, of course, you allow it to absorb too much of your time. The vibration won't make you nervous, but, on the other hand, you will find that the exercise, taken properly, will prove one of the best nerve tonics imaginable. **E. M. B. (LEOMINSTER).**—I am always glad to give a girl information, but you ought to keep the rules, and give me your name, instead of your bare initials. I do not publish names, but I expect to have them as a matter of courtesy, and, if not furnished with them, do not feel under obligation to reply. You could have your bicycle re-enamelled at all sorts of prices, from about half a sovereign upwards, but if you want it done in green and gold it will cost almost double that. Nickelling is not very costly, unless there is an excess of bright parts. I have before me a quotation from a well-known firm for re-enamelling and re-nickelling my own mount, the figure of which is £1 6s. Yours is a splendid make, and you had better inquire from Singer's whether they will give your local repairer a new transfer. If not, let Singer's carry out the renewal; they will probably be quite as reasonable, only that you will have the carriage to pay both ways. You can get a pair of decent handle-bars for five or six shillings. As for tyres, if the machine has still plenty of life in it, get Dunlops, or Clinchers, or Palmers. If not, and you think it prudent to try a cheap tyre, you will find the Radax a good investment. **H. E. B. (KENLEY).**—Yes, I do think two brakes essential to every free-wheel machine. One of the cheapest and best is the compensating brake described in the November number. Write to Messrs. Morgan Bros., Ltd., Floodgate Street, Birmingham. Buy Bartholomew's maps, of a scale not smaller than four miles to the inch. The lin. ordnance maps afford an excellent means of indulging in more detailed study. Perhaps Lucas's "Acetylator" is as good a one as you could try. The new illuminant has the advantage of cleanliness, but is not always trustworthy.

H. P.



"WELL WHATEVER THE GEE-GEES DO, I'M  
NOT GOING TO SHY AT A MOTOR."

# SOMETHING ABOUT SHETLAND.

BY F. E. NORRIS. SNAP-SHOTS BY THE AUTHOR.

**The** AVERAGE person knows very little about Shetland. Few people ever think of visiting such an out-of-the-way "holiday" resort. In fact, some are of opinion that the place is inhabited by a semi-civilised race of pony-breeding, shawl-making natives, separated from the rest of Great Britain by a miniature Atlantic. On the other hand, there are people who, from continual observing of misleading maps, believe Shetland to be a tag-end of Orkney, the idea arising from the fact that the islands are usually put in one corner of the map, on a reduced scale. Let me put everybody right.

A sea passage from Aberdeen of sixteen hours (220 miles) direct, or twenty hours *via* Kirkwall, lands the traveller safe, though seedy, perhaps, at Lerwick (pronounced Lare-wick). The town, consisting of close on five thousand inhabitants, lies on the east side of the island called Mainland, and has a commodious harbour formed by the strait separating Mainland from the adjacent island of Bressay (see map). Built of the grey stone with which the islands abound, Lerwick has a neat though somewhat joyless appearance, rising out of the very waters of the sound.

It is an agreeable surprise to the traveller, as he walks along the winding, unevenly paved Commercial Street, on the way to his hotel, that, instead of being thrown

among mere ignorant sea-folk, he has hit upon one of the most enlightened spots in Great Britain north of Aberdeen. As he looks into the shops he descries such well-known names as Sunlight Soap (used for washing the shawls), Stephens' Ink, and so on; in fact, everything from Hinde's Hair Curlers to Cadbury's Chocolate can be bought at the same price as in the more frequented parts of our land. The Town

Hall is a very fine edifice, that will compare well with other halls of its kind. In the tower is a turret clock chiming on five bells, made in Belgium; this was erected at her late Majesty's first jubilee.

Other notable buildings are the Anderson Institute, for widows and orphans of fishermen; the public

reading-room; and Fort Charlotte, so called in honour of the Consort of King George III. There are places of worship belonging to nine different sects.

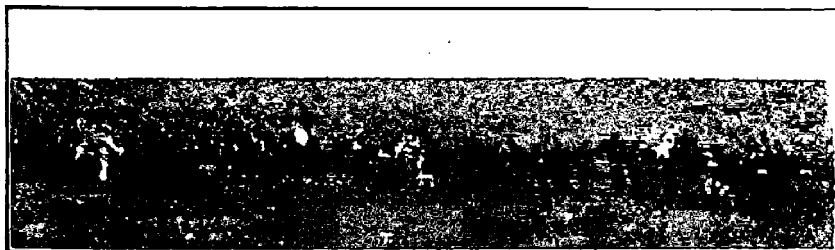
And now a word about the islands. The group, situated some fifty miles N.E. of Orkney, is about seventy miles long by forty-five miles broad, not reckoning Fair Isle, thirty miles S.S.W. of Sumburgh Head, or Foula, twenty-seven miles W. of the town of Scalloway. It consists of about thirty inhabited islands, of which the largest are: Mainland, Yell, Unst,

Fetlar, Bressay, Whalsey, and Papa Stour. There is besides, of course, a large number of uninhabited islets.

Trees are conspicuous



AT THE PONY SHOW.



SHOWING THE GOOD POINTS OF THE PONIES.

by their absence, except when grown behind walls, and so protected from the violent gales which frequently rage over the islands. Indeed, some sycamore trees at Scalloway, thus sheltered, though quite one hundred years old, are only 20ft. high, because the wall would not protect them above that height. The land is chiefly covered with peat, used by the Shetlanders as fuel.

On the preceding page is a photograph showing some of the famous breed of ponies. These sturdy little sure-footed animals stand on an average 3ft. to 3ft. 6ins. Their coats are usually brown, although black and piebald are sometimes met with.

The shawls, by making which the women while away some of the dreary hours of mid-winter, are too well known and appreciated to need discussion. I say "dreary" advisedly, because at mid-winter the sun rises at 10 a.m. and sets at 2.30 p.m. But in summer it is the other way round, darkness being almost unknown during May, June, and July. It is a great pity that, in getting shawls

made, some of the shops employ the "truck system," and it is earnestly to be hoped that this will not be permitted to continue.

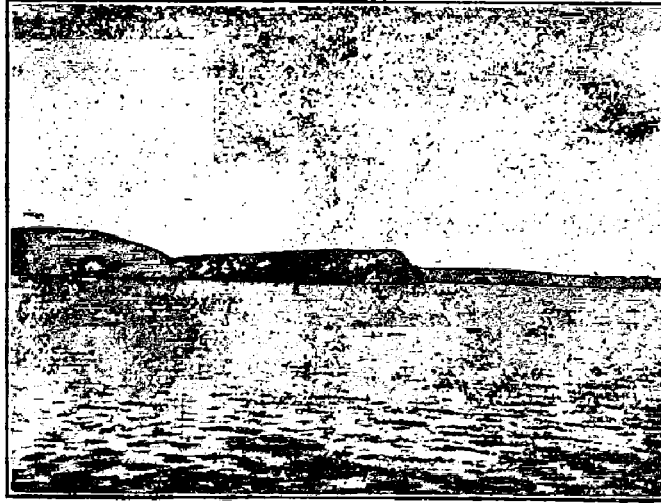
The staple industry of the men is herring fishing, the products of which go as far as Russia. The total catch of the Lerwick boats for the 1900 season realised £7,000 sterling.

Mountains there are none, the highest "hill" being about fourteen hundred feet high.

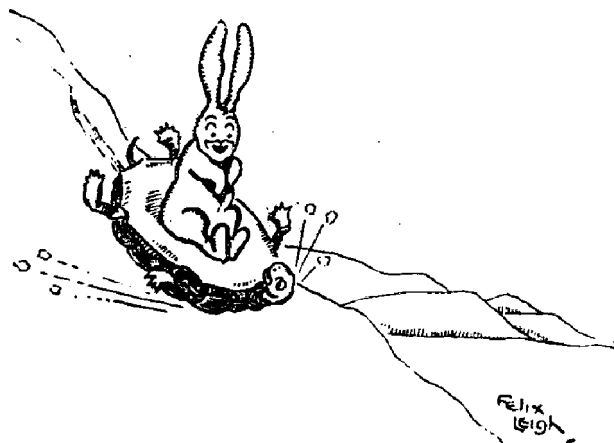
As to the character of the inhabitants, it consists in a mixture of honesty, simplicity, and goodwill that would be hard to equal. And, therefore, in conclusion, I advise anyone who is casting about for an unfrequented summer retreat to give all due consideration to this place of quiet, "far from the madding crowd" of tourists;

for I am sure that if he once braves the so-called "terrors" of the sea, and plants his foot upon Shetland soil, he will be more than repaid for the tossing of the voyage by the pleasant time that he will spend in the islands.

F. E. NORRIS.



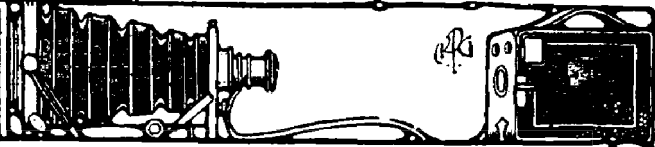
A POINT OF COAST, FETLAR, SHETLAND.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE (New Version).

TOBOGGANNING HARE: "You see I'm not going to be left behind *this* time, Mr. Tortoise!"

# THE CAPTAIN



## CAMERA CORNER

### ON BUYING APPARATUS.

By the time this reaches our readers they will be making preparations for their summer work, and a few hints on the choice of apparatus will be acceptable. Although there are numbers of cheap cameras and sets of apparatus on the market, by means of which very good work may be done during the bright days of summer, it is always advisable to buy the very best apparatus you can afford. Good apparatus costs no more to use than inferior, and is useful under a wider range of circumstances, and should you have to sell it, will always fetch a better price, in proportion, than a cheaper kind.

The price of a really good lens for quarter-plate pictures is £2 10s., while the best will cost at least five guineas, so that to get a complete set will cost about double that sum.

The first point to be decided is whether you will use plates or films. Plates are far cheaper, and are more generally useful, but they have the disadvantage of being both heavy and easily broken. Films have the great advantages of being light and "rollable"; but they are not so reliable, and will not keep in good condition so long as plates, and you are very limited in choice as to makers. "Kodak" cameras are extremely good value for money, and are very convenient and light for touring, and some of them are made to take plates as well as films.

If more serious work is intended with an ordinary stand camera, it is better, if you can afford it, to purchase a good lens and economise in the camera if necessary. Care, however, should be taken to see that the plates in the dark slide and the focussing screen occupy the same plane when in position in the camera, or, in technical language, are "in register."

If a shutter is purchased, it is advisable that it should be capable of working at various speeds, and have some means of indicating, at least approximately, the exposure given. The tripod stand should be chosen for its rigidity when set up.

Hand cameras for plates may be divided into two classes, viz., those in which dark

slides are used and those which contain the plates in a magazine. The advantage of the magazine is that the plates are always ready in position, and can generally be changed much more rapidly than by means of slides. In some cameras the focus is fixed for one point, and these are only useful for subjects beyond the ten yards, unless supplementary lenses are supplied for fixing on the front for near objects. A focussing camera with a scale may, however, be used for objects nearer than the thirty feet by racking out according to the scale. A good plan when using a camera of this kind for near objects is to pace out the distance of the object from the camera.

Weight in a camera is an advantage in use, if you do not mind carrying it.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**H. F. Smith (NEWARK).**—(1) See last month. (2) The best developer to use is generally the pyro-soda one recommended by the maker of the plates you use. (3) Ilford P.O.P., Solio, Paget P.O.P., and Imperial P.O.P. are all good. (4) Thin negatives are improved by intensifying them. (5) We cannot say whether the camera you mention is the best at the price. The "Cycle Poco," sold by Griffin & Sons, Ltd., is a similar one. You should consult a good dealer who will tell you the best he can supply for the amount you are prepared to spend. **M. E. H. (CANTERBURY).**—There is no appliance such as you name for fixed focus cameras. A telephoto lens can only be used on a focussing camera, and is rather expensive. It would also increase the exposure necessary. **Amateur (HASTS).**—Pleased to see that you have improved your negative as we advised. Sorry we cannot use the photograph, but should be pleased to see any others. **W. B. Huntly (EDINBURGH).**—The reason of your trouble is that the part of the plate exposed to the atmosphere absorbed oxygen, and the developer remaining in it became oxidised, and so caused the yellow stain. I am afraid it is impossible to remove this, but you might by artificially staining the other half get a better print; or you might obtain the same result by shading the negative in printing, or by getting someone to retouch it for you. You will be careful in future to avoid a like mishap by seeing that your plates are thoroughly covered with the fixing solution.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

# "CAPTAIN" CLUB

## . . CONTRIBUTIONS. . .

ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is divided between ALBERT ALBROW ("Sheffield Football") and "GEO." ("Target Practice at Sea"). Will "Geo." kindly send full name and address?

### *Are the Americans Beating Us?*



THE time has now come for the English commercial nation to show its mettle. The Americans seem to beat us in athletics and all sports, and are now trying to take our command of the commercial world away from us. Their journals nowadays represent John Bull as a thin man, and in one paper there is a cartoon in which Uncle Sam is saying to him: "You can keep your little stall outside my shop, John, if you behave yourself." This may be "considerable fine" for the Americans, but it does not suit us. Another paper has Uncle Sam reading a book of games, and saying: "I wonder if I can find some easy game to play him. I *should* like to see him win something," while a third represents Uncle Sam playing a game of cards with John Bull. By Uncle Sam's side is the America Cup, the horse that won the Derby, and one or two other articles of that kind. He is offering to play John Bull for his "darned little island."

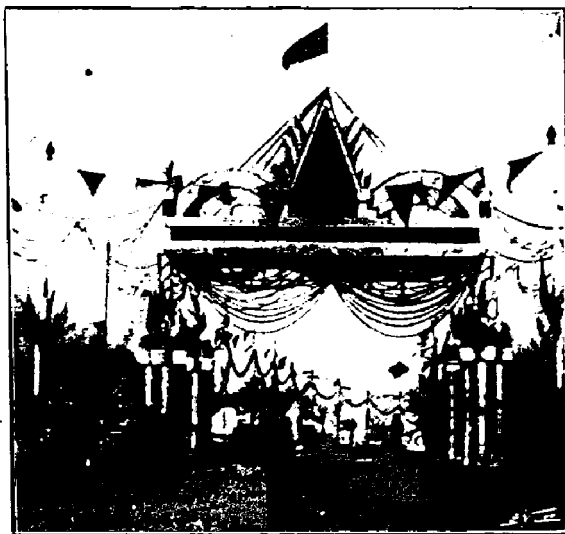
The American Steel Trust Company has yielded 12 per cent. to shareholders, and is no longer in need of money. The syndicate of Americans which

has challenged the English for the hand of Lady Nicotine has been met by a combine of British tobacco merchants, amongst whom figure such names as W. D. & H. O. Wills, Player, etc. A New York periodical shows Uncle Sam putting up his hand to stop the four Powers from touching John Bull. Underneath are written these words: "The time is coming when the Powers will combine to smash Great Britain. Then America will step in and say 'Don't!'" But let's hope matters won't come to this juncture.

J. GARRATT.

[I think my contributor is alarming himself unnecessarily.

The Americans won the Derby with an English horse that was leased from an English racing stable, where it was bred and trained. The Americans occasionally get a pull over us in some smart financial deal, but they can't find a 'Varsity man to beat Workman in the one-mile or three-mile races, nor can they find a crew to beat Leander at Henley. They haven't a ghost of a chance against us at cricket or football. All the same, they are fine sportsmen and love a fair tussle. Uncle Sam is a marvel of nervous energy and cuteness, but in doggedness and endurance John Bull is at the head of all nations.—O. F.]



AN ARCH OF APPLES.

This arch, entirely composed of apples, was built on the way to Government House, Tasmania, during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. The apples had to be soaked in kerosene, as the police found they could not keep the boys from eating them.

(Sent by C. T. Butler.)

C. B. Fry.

(As seen by Southamptonians.)

WE of Southampton admire C. B. Fry perhaps

more as a footballer than anything, for we have numerous opportunities of seeing his splendid play. When the Southampton team comes on the field before the start of the game, you can hear all round you "Where's Fry?" The answer generally is, "There—that chap with the stripe round his

stockings," as "C. B." always turns out for the "Saints" in his Corinthian striped stockings. Of course, the question is generally asked by the adherents of the visiting team, as Mr. Fry is well known to Southamptonians.

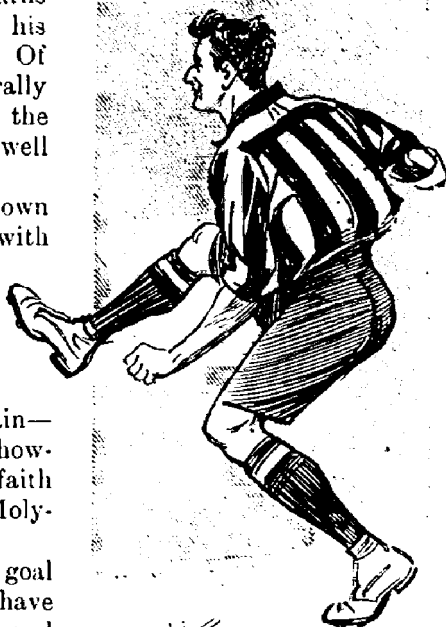
The game starts, and soon down swoop the visiting forwards with a rush. They fly past, the outside right is about to shoot, when suddenly "C. B.," with one of his beautiful kicks, clears the ball to mid-field, and we breathe again—not that we were very afraid, however, for we have the utmost faith in "C. B." and his partner, Molyneux.

Time after time, when a goal has seemed inevitable, I have seen Mr. Fry clear the ball and keep our citadel from falling. "C. B." is a grand football player, keen and alert; his judgment never seems to err; he is swift of foot, a good hard kicker, and never indulges in rough play, however badly he may be fouled. We always see him as cool as a cucumber—as an instance: On one occasion, with the two opposing forwards on him, he deliberately steadied the ball with his foot before kicking. Such feats as these always evoke delighted yells from the crowd. "C. B." seems to stand out from the other players; his well-knit figure, and (may I say?) handsome face, catch the eye at once, and all the "Lady Saints," I am sure, fall in love with him, as their gentlemen friends can testify. I hope to see him playing for Southampton in the English Cup ties, and helping them to gain the blue riband of the football field. That this may be the case is the sincere wish of thousands of Southamptonians, and also of his ardent admirer,

"No. 6."

### Winter, the Fraud! \*

I HAVE been gloating for the last month over those unfortunates who have entered the lists on winter's behalf in the Winter & Summer Competition. They will have submitted essays teeming with the praises and full of the delights of skating, skiing, tobogganning, and other sports associated with ice; and in a country like Canada or Russia these praises are justified. But can anyone living in England con-



"C. B. F."

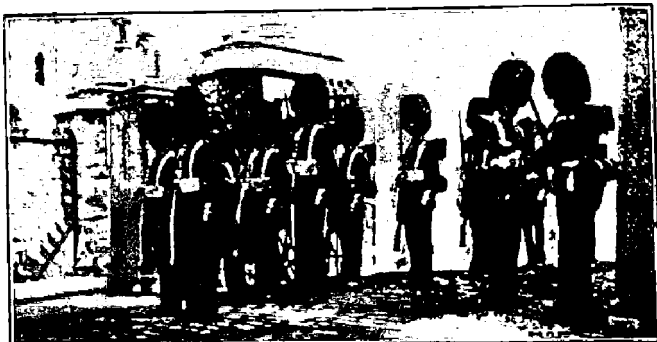
(As seen by Southamptonians.)

scientiously believe, as these good folk will try to prove in their essays, that the best time of the year is winter?

Look at the samples of winter we have had during the past half dozen years, and say where are the skating over vast sheets of ice, the swift rush down a toboggan slope, or the glorious games of "bandy"? Old Fag, I declare most solemnly to you that, for the last four years at least, as winter, or the time when winter should be, approached, hopes of learning "to skim o'er the vast plain of ice, the keen air rushing by, with motions graceful, swift, and easy as a bird's" (I suppose some competitors have written like this) have filled my breast.

Alas! how often have these hopes been disappointed! We have had some snow, some ice; but we have not had "winter" as I used to think of it.

Our winters are frauds. To have winter we want the ground, the trees, the houses, in fact, everything out of doors covered with a thick, white mantle of snow, and every sheet of water, with the ground, frozen hard. Under such conditions you may wax eloquent over winter's joys, but not when we have such frauds foisted upon us as at present. These frauds, to keep up their semblance of winter, give us a little snow—a very little—and frost in varying quantities. But the bulk of the present-day winter is wet—a nasty, chilly, penetrating wet—fog, cold, and mud. These, in various combinations, constitute our up-to-date wintry weather.



CHANGING GUARD AT ONE OF THE APPROACHES TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Royal Party always drives through these gates from the railway station when coming to the Castle.

(Photograph by K. F. Roberts.)



Old Fag, be not utterly cast down; we have compensations for these inconveniences. One we find in Christmas, that blessed period when you *can't* feel irritated. Another compensation is found of an evening. When the blinds are drawn, and the lamps lit, and the fire burns red, one can read, or gossip, or play quiet games, and be cosy and warm, and feel that life is very good, until one remembers one has to go out, and then—ugh!

But the great compensation is summer. Lay down your work, and let your mind wander, Old Fag. Imagine to yourself what summer means. You are stretched full length on the grass, and you bask in the heat of the sun. You watch the surrounding scenery, and see the lazy, contented cattle, and the merry, happy birds; above your head the flowers wave, and all around is the drowsy hum of the insects. This is peace, Old Fag—this is enjoyment. Let your thoughts wander farther, and think of cricket and bathing; of boating and pleasant picnics on the river; of trips at sea and lovely excursions through the forest; and, Old Fag, you shall agree with me that winter is a fraud, and that summer is the season for pure, unalloyed enjoyment.

G. R. BEVERLEY.

[Yes, that's all very well, but how about THE CAPTAIN? I can't edit THE CAPTAIN while I am stretched full length on the grass basking in the heat of the sun, but I can edit THE CAPTAIN basking in the heat of a nice warm fire. Besides, Mr. Beverley, think what frauds some of our summers are. There have been such things as snowstorms in June!—O. F.]

### Winners of "Captain" Comps.

April to September, 1901 (Vol. V.).

England	...	...	...	...	132
Scotland	...	...	...	...	25
Wales	...	...	...	...	7
Channel Isles	...	...	...	...	5
Ireland...	...	...	...	...	4

Grand total ... 173

H. L. DOBRÉE, C.C.

### Sheffield Football.

THERE seem greater possibilities for football in Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham than in Sheffield, but none of these has done so well in football as Sheffield. No other place in England can boast a record equal to the Tykes'. Sunderland can show a string of championships, Preston two wreaths of laurels, Everton and Liverpool one each, and Aston Villa a hatful. Sheffield supports two clubs, both good enough to win the highest honours. No other town can make this boast. This is where Sheffield has the pull. The United and Wednesday have both won the cup, and the United have had

the league leadership as well. If you take West Bromwich, Small Heath, and Aston Villa, you have a collection of clubs unequalled elsewhere in England in such an area; but to clearly establish the pre-eminence of Sheffield, it has to be remembered that its two teams are actually within the city boundaries, while the Villa is the only real representative of Birmingham. The Wednesday were established in 1866, and are one of the oldest clubs in the league. It was not, however, until the season 1892-3 that they entered the league. The United joined in the following season. Since then the United have been champions once and runners up

twice. The Wednesday have never done anything of note in the league, and in 1898-9 they finished up bottom. The following season they had to fight in the second division; but they came out on top, and were again admitted to the first league. The Wednesday were the first to do anything remarkable. This was in 1890, when they appeared in the English Cup final against Blackburn Rovers. They were, however, badly beaten by six goals to one. Four years later they again appeared in the final, and this time proved successful. Since then they have gone down, while the United have come on. The season 1898-9 saw the United in the final, and, with a very powerful team, defeat Derby County by four goals to one. Two seasons later they



CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY "TO BIRMINGHAM" WITHOUT CROSSING OVER A SINGLE LINE?

(By G. Smithson.)

again fought their way into the final, and were drawn against Tottenham Hotspurs. This was played before the largest crowd that ever attended a football match, and ended in a draw. In the re-play, the United were beaten. In the matter of internationals, Needham, the United's captain, has been capped fifteen times; Crawshaw and Spikesly, of the Wednesday, have each gained seven caps. Sheffield is a truly remarkable town for football.

ALBERT ALBROW.

### Target Practice at Sea.

THE salt, invigorating breeze blowing dead off shore had already caused a nasty sea to get up, making the cruiser *Gibraltar*, on which we stood, dip her "ram-nose" well into the green waves. We were out this morning for the purpose of giving the destroyers from Portsmouth a bit of target practice, and our experience was not only novel, but exceedingly exciting.

The handy man had constructed a large square canvas target, with a strong framework of wood, which we towed some few cable lengths astern. The navigating officers up on the bridge and in the white-painted chart-house had already directed their glasses upon some half-dozen small clouds of smoke far astern. These black clouds, examined carefully through a strong pair of binoculars, revealed six snaky torpedo-boat destroyers coming up very rapidly.

The great triple-expansion engines of the *Gibraltar* were only exerting half speed; the engineers were waiting for the clang of the electric signal from the officer on the bridge. The stokers, away down in the heated stoke-holes, were continuously feeding the ravenous mouths of the furnaces, and the Jacks on the decks, spick and span from crown to toe, were at their numerous duties, or crowding in little batches "to watch the fun." And now for the fun!

A string of flags crawls up to the yard-arm, and stiffens as it catches the wind. The dark clouds become black boats, lying low in the sea with a high rounded fo'c'sle (to break the waves that dash over the bow), upon each of which is mounted the 12-pounder quick-firing gun, with a little band of men surrounding it. The *Gibraltar* puts on speed, and in a few moments the engines are exerting nearly the full force of 10,000 horse-power.

Bang! You swing round sharp, and see as you turn a flash of foam jump up from the sea, some yards beyond the target. The first boat is well on our track, and the first shot has just been fired. Her three stumpy funnels are emitting volumes of black smoke; the vessel is at full speed, and rolls badly, making the gun platform very unsteady. Again you notice, through your glasses, the man crouching against the large shoulder piece, padded with rubber and fitted to the breech end of the gun, waiting for the favourable moment. Then a puff of smoke, the sharp bang of the cordite powder, a rip of canvas, and a huge rent appears



A SPRINT ALONG TOUCH  
Being a recollection of C. B. F.'s  
"Rugger" game, by "Rip."

in the square target.

The officer beside me, gorgeous in gold braid, yet business-like withal, mutters "Good shot, sir!" and again glues the glasses to his eyes.

Up she comes, this little boxed-up mass of terrible power, racing past like an express, her crew covered in oilskins, their heads inside the hooded caps peculiar to the torpedo boatman, her deck all wet with the seas, and her engines exerting a force of 6,000-horse. Following her come the others, firing rapidly as they pass, with varying success, until the once sturdy target is a mass of jumbled beams and wreckage, bearing strong

testimony to the aim of the men behind the guns. Taking into consideration the roll of the boat and the pitch of the target, we can proudly look round at the "stiff," clean-shaven.



A CURIOUS TREE.  
This curious freak of Nature, which has all the appearance of a fearsome animal, is merely an oak tree which was struck by lightning in a field near Wembley Park.  
(Photograph by G. W. Watson.)

and alert Jack tars, and murmur, "You can be relied upon."

As it is with these smaller vessels, so it is with their larger prototypes, and the high standard of efficiency reached by the navy in target firing during the last year or so has been aided, to a great extent, and grandly led by Captain Percy Scott, of H.M.S. *Terrible*.

GEO.

### CRITICISMS.

F. C. Muller (BERLIN).—Thanks for photograph; have added it to my gallery. I experienced some difficulty in deciphering your contribution, which should have been written on larger paper. Sorry can't use it. J. Garratt.—Send me something about Egypt of a more chatty and anecdotal description. Write a short essay conveying your information

in a pleasant and picturesque fashion. J. M. B. (Co. DUBLIN).—Contributions must be written properly, and not put into the middle of letters. Copy them out neatly and address to C.C.C. pages. Write only on one side of the paper. I have clubbed you. Is your signature "J. M. Blair," or "Blair J.M."?

Contributions have also been received from: J. S. Cox, James Harrison, O. L. Beater, "Nobody Much," Stanley King, Eustace Jones, A. C. Cockrell, Gildart Walker, F. S. B., Thomas Pittaway, Fred Skinner, B. A. Biggs, T. S. Plowman, Sholto Marcon, Hamilton Dunn, F. R. O. G., Sidney Wheeler, Beetle, H. Proudfoot, R. F. Megginson, S. Gresty, M. J. G., R. C. Tharp, N. Neill, W. H. Thomson, "Chestnut, Esq.," J. W. Anderson, W. B. Lantour, H. Appleby, J. B. Edgar, Eljaysee, J. W. Lewis, Kaja, L. J. Hodson, Wiggins Major, F. W. R., W. J. C., Watsonian, Colin Arrol, "Noyl," W. Paterson, and others whose names will appear next month.

(A number of criticisms and accepted articles are held over.)

## "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

**NOTICE.**—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,  
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 12th.

The Results will be published in May.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put in o an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

**AGE RULE:** A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

**No. 1.—"Hidden Books" (SECOND SERIES).**—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors. In the event of a number of competitors forwarding correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions.

No age limit.

**No. 2.—"The Twelve Greatest Living Englishwomen."**—Send your list on a post-card. Three prizes, consisting of goods to be chosen from our advertisement pages, to the value of 7s.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Sixteen.

**No. 3.—"Story of a Flower."**—This will be a good comp. for those who are interested in flowers and gardening. Imagine yourself to be a flower, and tell the story of your life. Do not exceed 400 words. Prizes: THREE HALF-GUINEA KODAKS.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-three.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Eighteen.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Fourteen.

**No. 4.—"What I think of Boys and Dogs."**—Send a letter supposed to be written by one cat to another cat, giving its views on boys and dogs. The cat should not write more than 400 words. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Sixteen.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twelve.

**No. 5.—"Mixed Letters."**—Send a post-card containing the twelve words represented by these letters. They are all well-known English words. If you can't make them all out, send as many as you can. TNAHPELE, RYSAGNIUAN, LANAEVHCA, IIEEMMYDALT, INDCOSENUIT, CAFTIFR, NEPCOPPERI, ITNOLAYTINA, RTAHOU, TABOS, GIPGPNNNO, ZIPER. Prizes: THREE HALF-GUINEA PING-PONG SETS.

Class I.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Sixteen.
Class III.	...	...	...	Age limit:	Twelve.

**No. 6.—"The Old Fag playing Ping-Pong."**—A SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS, value 7s. 6d., will be awarded for the best black-and-white sketch of the O. F. playing Ping-Pong.

One age limit: Twenty-one.

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,  
STRAND, LONDON.

**Every** April and September we make new friends in serial stories, and the end of each volume forces us to bid them farewell and prepare to welcome others. Messrs. Blake and Hodgson's well-salted mariners disappear from

view this month, and we shall no longer be entertained by Chief Engineer McPherson, who, when he was a wee bit bairnie up at Dhootrochty, used to repeat so frequently a little poem called "I Love Cauld Water." The authors are going to make a fine, big book of "In Deep Water"—which has necessarily had to be curtailed for publication in **THE CAPTAIN**—and then, helped by Mr. Hawley's vigorous pictures, their story will, I am sure, achieve much popularity. You can see with half an eye that these men know what they are talking about. Some day, I hope, they will write us a series of complete stories, dealing with life at sea on ships of the *Creole* type.

**"A Cavalier Maid."**—Those who have followed the fortunes of venturesome Mademoiselle Etienne Glanvil, in this pretty and moving story of a romantic era, will be interested to hear—though some may already

have guessed it—that its author, Clifford Mills, is a lady. Mrs. E. Mills Clifford, to give our contributor her real name, is the wife of an English officer, who, like many another brave soldier, has done his share of work at the front during this long and weary war. "A Cavalier Maid" was written on the spot—near Stratton, in Devonshire—and I think all

my readers will agree with me that "Clifford Mills" has caught the spirit and language of those troublous times very happily. The closing chapters could hardly be bettered. There is a world of pathos in the allusions to the hunted, shabby Cavaliers who, in spite of all, still defied the King's enemies and remained steadfastly loyal to the Cause. Very touching is the love-parting between Etienne and Sir Brian—she in her new finery, smiled upon by the world; he, ragged and desperate, with no fortune save his sword, yet stout-hearted and hopeful for the future, and,

through all, a most perfect gentleman.

**Perhaps** the most dramatic incident in the story was poor Etienne's confession before the assembled Cavaliers in the tavern at Stratton. One can imagine the girl, worn out by her rough-and-tumble journey—not to mention the bullet wound in her wrist—shrinking before the

## IN VOL. VII.

### THE "JALASCO" BRIG:

*A Story of the South Seas.*

By LOUIS BECKE.

### J. O. JONES,

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

### TALES OF ELIZA'S.

By FRED SWAINSON.

### TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE.

By H. BURROWS.

### ARTICLES on ATHLETICS.

By C. B. FRY, Athletic Editor.

imperious questions of the great Latour. She had said that she was Godfrey Glanvil's son, and Latour had thundered back that Godfrey Glanvil had *no* son—no children, indeed, save one daughter. Who, then, was this young Cavalier? Poor maid! One can picture the astonishment—nay, the embarrassment—of the assembled Cavaliers, when they heard the piteous reply: "Alas, sir! I am that unhappy lady, whose loyalty, perchance, hath out-stepped conventionality!" "Clifford Mills" has told the story of her Cavalier Maid with that sympathy which only a woman could impart to such a narrative.

**A word** is due to Mr. E. F. Skinner, the artist who has depicted so ably the divers plights in which this bold maid found herself. Mr. Skinner was genuinely sorry when he had completed his last set of pictures. "I was never more in touch with my subject," he said, "than I have been with this 'Cavalier Maid.'"

**Being off** with the old, let us now be on with the new. You will have already seen, on the first page of this department, a table of principal features in Vol. VII. You will, I am certain, be pleased to hear the further adventures of J. O. Jones, the Greyhouse boy, who broke the Old Door down and saved a very large number of school-fellows from suffocation. "The Story of J. O. Jones and the Great Door," said the *Guardian*, in a review of "Tales of Greyhouse," "is specially to be commended; we should like to know something of 'J. O.'s' career in later life." The author of the "Tales," curiously enough, had previously decided to make "J. O." the central figure of his next story. Don't imagine that Jones will be performing feats of strength all through the tale. Opportunities occur, you may be sure, when he is forced to display

his marvellous muscular power, but he won't play the "strong man" except when it is necessary. It is a story, this, *of how he earned his living*. It is a school story, but not a "Greyhouse Tale," being concerned with a school of quite a different stamp—a private school, in fact. Along with "J. O. Jones," Mr. Fred Swainson will be telling you "Tales of 'Eliza's'"—as St. Elizabeth's, the great public school, was disrespectfully termed by its *alumni*. Mr. Burrows will also continue his lively series, "Told on the Junior Side." Thus, in our new volume, several aspects of school life will be dealt with—what more want you?



STACEY BLAKE.

**"The 'Jalasco' Brig."**—I need not tell you who Mr. Louis Becke is. With the exception, possibly, of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, no man has written in a more interesting way of the South Seas, of South Sea Islanders, or of the strange piratical doings that have caused that part of the watery globe to have a peculiar and engrossing interest for those who tell of travel and adventure. Mr. Becke's tale concerns a most curious instance of marine highway robbery, in which one man pitted himself against a whole ship's company. There are many little touches in the story which show that the author of "By Reef and Palm," "Rodman the Boat-steerer," and "Tom Wallis," is thoroughly at home in these latitudes. The reason is that Mr. Becke was for years a trader in these Southern Seas, and knows them as we of THE CAPTAIN know Burleigh Street. I promise you a big spell of enjoyment aboard "The *Jalasco* Brig."



W. E. HODGSON.

**"George Washington and the Hatchet."**—A number of correspondents

have written to me drawing my attention to the fact that the winning CAPTAIN Club Competition in our January number bears a very close resemblance to a piece called "The Simple Story of G. Washington," by an anonymous author, which is to be found on pages 101-105 of Mark Twain's "Library of Humour." I have carefully compared the two, and my opinion coincides with that of my correspondents. In reply to a communication from me, Mr. Alex. H. Clapperton, winner of the prize in question, admits that he founded his story on an article "put together in a style similar to the one I submitted to you." Mr. Clapperton declares, however, that he had no intention of "cribbing." "If I have erred, I have erred unconsciously," he adds, "and beg to sincerely apologise." In the course of my comparison it occurred to me that Mr. Clapperton could not have had the American story before him when he wrote his paper, and I see no reason why I should not accept his explanation that it was his sincere intention to write an original article based upon an old idea. "I am perfectly willing," he says, "to forego the prize awarded." Under the circumstances, therefore, I shall accept his offer, and give the January CAPTAIN Club Contributions prize to Mr. HARRY MULLETT, 208, Abbey Road, Alexandra Villas, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs., for his article entitled "How to Make a Flagpole" (page 369). In conclusion, I must point out to all young writers that founding articles on old ideas is a dangerous experiment, especially when the similarity between the old and the new is made so apparent.

**School Magazines received** (a selection will be reviewed next month): *Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine*, *Academy Magazine* (Greenock), *Allan Glen's Monthly*, *Alperton Hall Magazine* (2), *Arvonian*, *Barrian*, *Bede Magazine* (2), *Blackpool High School Magazine*, *Boltonian*, *Borlasian*, *Boys' and Girls' Colonial Magazine* (5), *Bramptonian*, *Brighton College Magazine*, *Camaraderie*, *Canadian Boy*, *Carthusian*, *Clactonian*, *Clavinian* (2), *Colchester High School Magazine*, *Colfeian*, *Cottonian*, *Day School Gazette*, *Durban High School Magazine*, *Elizabethan*, *Epsomian*, *Esmeduna* (2), *Framlinghamian*, *Fulneck School Magazine*, *Glasgow Academy Chronicle*, *Haileyburian* (4), *Hulmeian*, *Hurst Johnian* (3), *Ipswich School Magazine* (2), *Irish Blue*, *Johnian*, *Kendallian*, *Lorettonian* (2), *Maivernian* (3), *"Mercury" Magazine* (3), *Mercers' School Magazine*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *Morrisonian*, *North Point*

*Annual (Darjeeling)*, *Olavian*, *Pilgrim*, *Portcullis* (2), *Portmuthian*, *Quarterly Review (Liverpool)*, *Quernmorian*, *Review* (2), *Rolandseck School Magazine*, *St. Andrew's College Magazine*, *St. Michael's Chronicle*, *St. Thomas's College Magazine* (3), *St. Winifred's Magazine*, *Salopian* (2), *Sandwich School Magazine* (2), *Sedberghian* (2), *Soloniensis*, *Spencerian*, *Stanley House School Magazine* (3), *Tamensian*, *Tasmanian School Journal*, *Tonbridgian*, *Truro College Magazine*, *Wasp*, *West Kentian*, *Whitchurchian*, *Wulfrunian*, *Xaverian Quarterly*.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**C. N. McW.**—You tell your German companions, when they jeer at you, that this Boer War is about the toughest war ever undertaken by anybody. Any other country but Great Britain would have been licked out of the field long ago by the enormous difficulties of climate, country, etc., which we have had to contend with. It has been, in its way, a sort of civil war, because a great many of the Boers are practically British, and know our language, and have used this knowledge in order to play the traitor by calling out such things as "Don't shoot—we are English!" and then firing on their more chivalrous opponents when the latter were at a disadvantage. Of course, the average Boer has been humbugged all along by his leaders. As for your question about Great Britain going down, you may tell your companions that Great Britain was never in such a splendidly secure and strong position as she is in now. We absolutely rule the seas with our enormous fleet, and we have practically the carrying trade of the world, which means power and money such as no other country can lay claim to. No single European power could tackle us, and the Great Powers know that well. They would have liked to have been at our throats during this war, but our ships were a wholesome check upon them. I am glad to hear that you stick up for the old country, and that you won't call yourself a "pro-Boer," or "Boer," or anything of that kind. Finally, I believe that when the war is over the Boers will live very happily under British rule. Many of them will no doubt enter our service as soldiers. They have already shown their magnificent fighting qualities, and when properly trained and taught to look steel in the face without flinching, they should become invincible.

**Chinawife** (GLASGOW) (1) is very angry because Mr. W. H. Williamson, in his story, "Rats," made MacFinn, the bully, talk such fearfully broad Scotch. My correspondent says that you only hear a Scotch farmer say "Na" instead of "No." Educated people in Scotland speak English, she says, as well as the English themselves. "It was therefore," she goes on, "a glaring absurdity to make a boy whose people were able to send him to a good English public school, speak the jargon attributed to him." "Chinawife" doesn't "suppose Mr. Williamson was ever in Scotland, or spoke with a Scotchman, all his life." (2) After this, "Chinawife" goes on to chat in a most interesting way about papers and magazines, and I must say that I agree with most of what she says—viz., that the average monthly magazine is filled with fearful rubbish, and that the ladies' papers mainly consist of "snobby

articles about the aristocracy, a few bad cookery recipes, a paper pattern, and a sentimental story." (3) The list of books she requires is as follows: "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," "Bachelorland," "The Papa Papers," and "The Cub in Love." Only the first-named can be termed a book for boys, however. (4) I really cannot discuss politics, but I heartily wish that the House of Commons could raise itself to the standard of the famous days when one might hear Gladstone, Disraeli, and Bright speak almost any night in the week. Those were times indeed!

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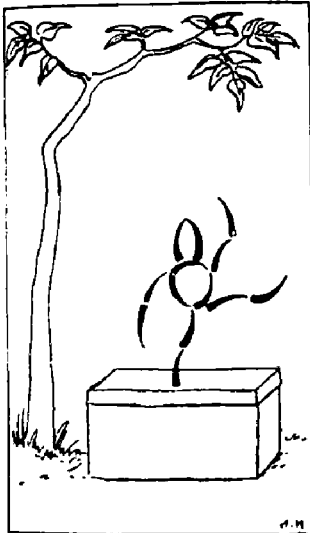
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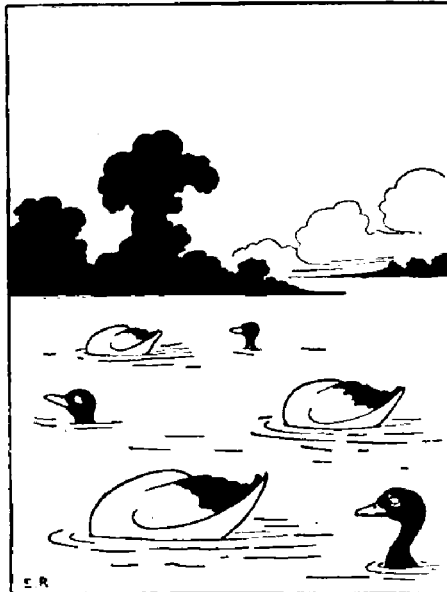
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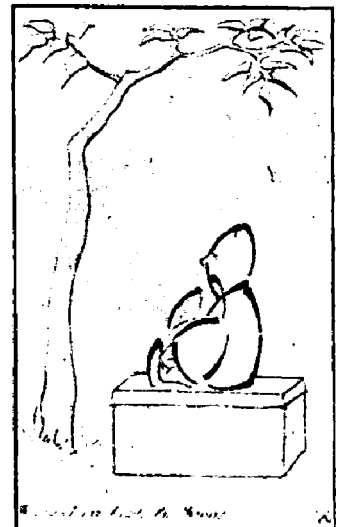
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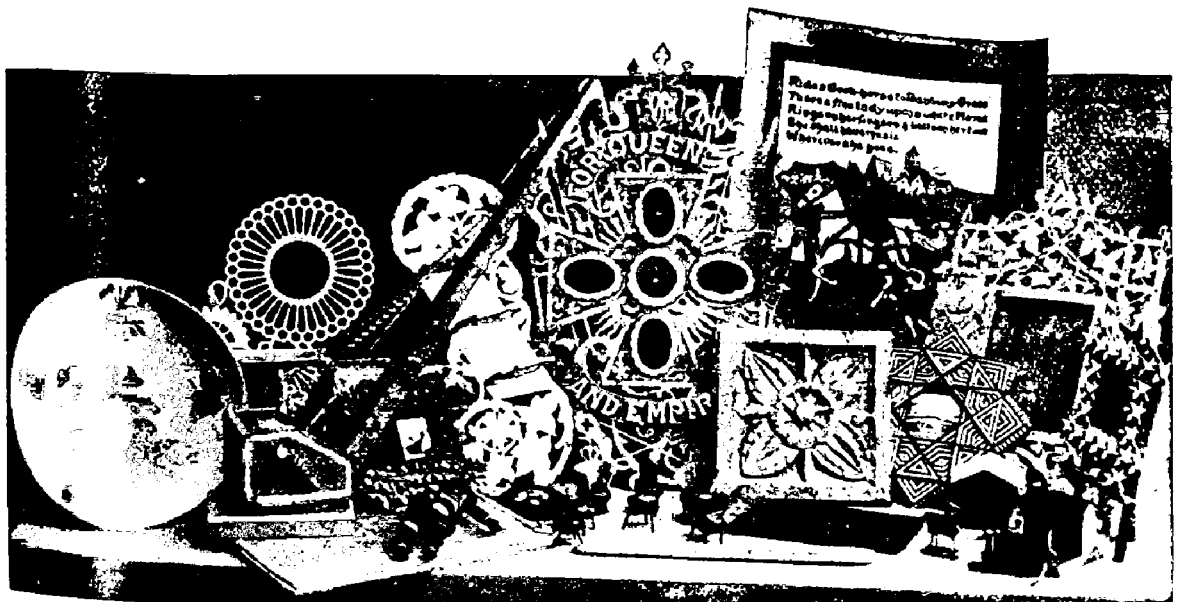
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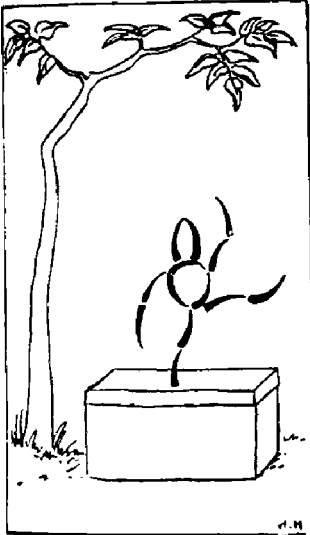
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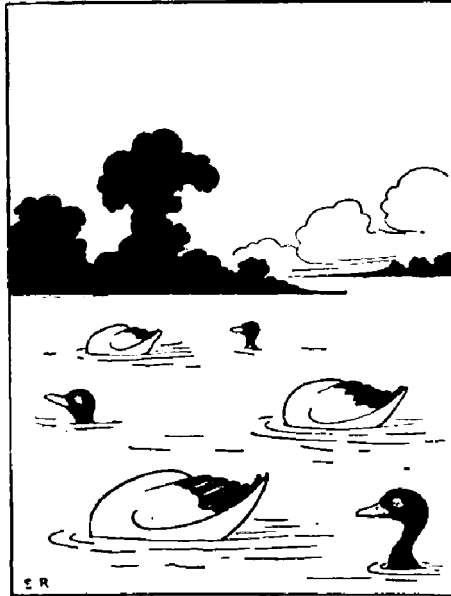
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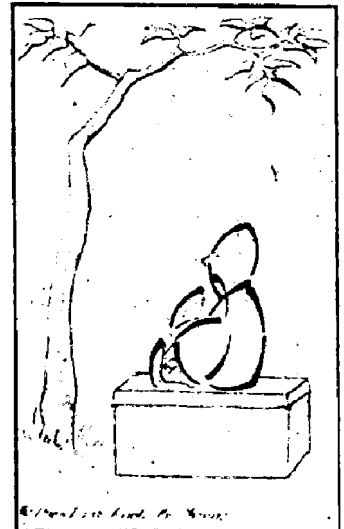
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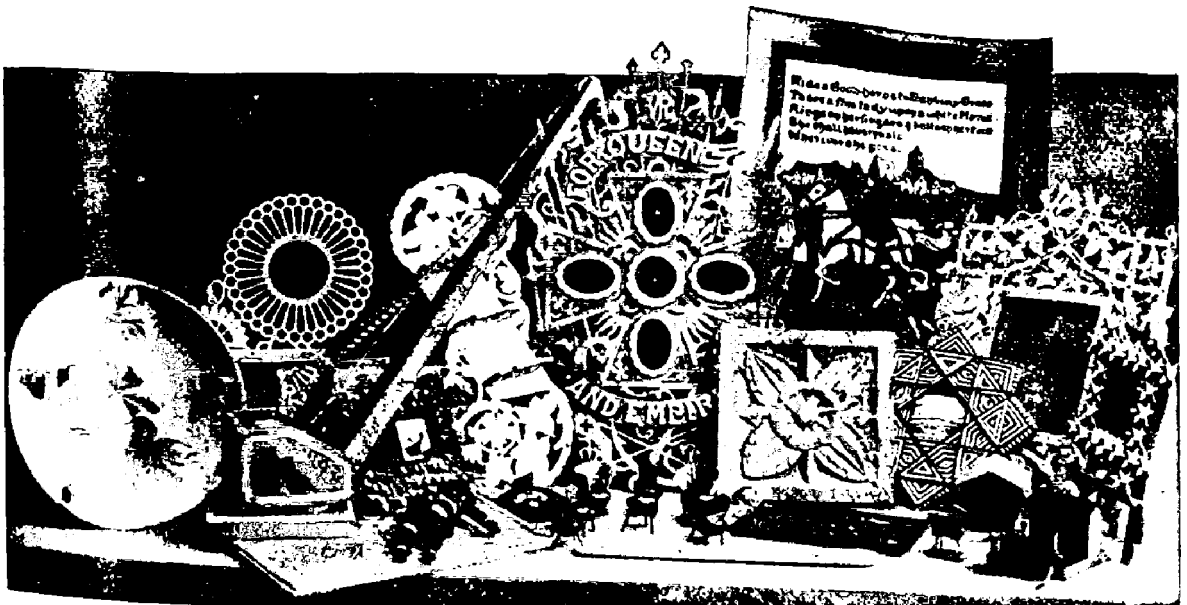
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# Results of January Competitions.

## No. I.—"My Favourite Character in Shakespeare."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-five.)  
WINNER OF 7s.: C. V. THOMPSON, "Cranalagh More," Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DORA WOLFENSTAN, Townsend House, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nellie Kennedy, Daisy Campbell, M. Prosser, W. J. White, Bertrand De Fontaine, J. H. Weeks, Dorothy Owen, Marguerite Dowding, R. A. H. Goodyear.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Twenty.)  
WINNER OF 7s.: MARION WILSON, "Woodstock," Camberley, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: V. B. HASKINS, Warmley House, Warmley, near Bristol; and J. MARTYR LUCK, "The Poplars," Horsmonden, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maud M. Lyne, E. E. Hyde, John W. Lewis, E. W. Stiles, Winnie Campbell, John Leigh Turner, Walter Higgins, Hugh T. Mowat, Humphrey Foster, Myrtle Francis, Doris Daniels, Eva M. Morris, Cyril R. Blackburne, P. W. Bennett.

**CLASS III.**—(Age limit: Sixteen.)  
WINNER OF 7s.: WILLIAM CAMERON, 246, High Street, Perth, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRANCESCA M. WILSON, 16, Lynnwood Avenue, Bentinck Road, Newcastle; and FRIDA PHILLIPS, "High Elms," Hitchin, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harvey Bateman, Howard Mellor, John J. Woutner, M. Schindhelm, Willie Watkins, Nellie Bescoby, Eric H. Chapman, Maud C. Dowson, "Hawthorne," Olive Hay, Daisy Deane, A. Browning, Walter S. Leeming, Edward T. Fairlee.

## No. II.—"Handiwork Competition."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-three.)  
WINNER OF 10s.: GWYNEDD M. HUDSON, 57, Tisbury Road, Hove.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. J. WHITE, "Fairlea," Abergavenny.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Godfrey Allen, Norah Simmonds, Mary Moreton, Sybil O'Neill.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Eighteen.)  
WINNER OF 10s.: G. WILLIAMS, Sydenham House, Hartogate.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. B. O'NEILL, 371, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow; and H. A. HATTS, 84, Lever Street, Goswell Road, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. P. Cook, Oliver Lewis, William Vaughan, Muriel Wilson, Hon. Constance Foljambe, James Macallan, Charles Widdake, Ernest Campbell, L. Tucker, Sydney Farnsworth, W. G. Parkinson, David Pryde, Eleanor Hunt.

**CLASS III.** (Age limit: Fourteen.)  
WINNER OF 10s.: WILLIAM BRADBURY, 28, Finchley Road, Kennington Park, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. HAWARD, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.; and R. N. SOUTHWELL, "The Beeches," 60, Bracondale, Norwich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jack Stanford, Leslie Ray, Mary Douglas, Hilda M. Luck, Bertram Travers, A. Jones, Kenneth Gabbett, E. M. Taylor, Dorothy Spalding, Walter S. Leeming, Daphne Kenyon-Stowe.

## No. III.—"Omitted Words."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-one.)  
WINNER OF 7s.: DAVID LOUGHAN, St. Thomas Road, Launceston, Cornwall.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number. The names of the winners of the "Extra" Consolation Prizes will be announced next month.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: DORA DANIELS, Mile End Road, Eaton, Norwich; and GILBERT T. LUCAS, 8, Cromwell Square, Queen's Drive, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Foster, A. Margaret Menries, J. H. Gellatly, H. E. Tetlow, Jennie Clasper, A. D. Vaughan, A. D. Pickard, Annie J. Anderson, F. Stafford Smith, S. H. James, Hugh T. Mowatt, Albert Bentley, F. A. Woodcock.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Sixteen.)  
WINNER OF 7s.: EDWARD G. F. CUTTS, 34, Bath Street, Bevois Town, Southampton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: PENCIVAL DOLLIN, Littlegrove Cottages, Cat Hill, East Barnet, Herts; KITTIE WADE, 41, Great Dover Street, Southwark, S.E.; and JOHN W. HAYS, "Lake Bank," Station Town, Wingate, Co. Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Smith, G. P. Harris, Dorothy E. Blackman, A. H. Buckle, William Roodcroft, Sydney Dias, A. G. Brown, Elsie Scriven, W. Gavin, Bertha M. Williams, R. E. Jayne, M. Langlois, Violet A. Smith, Mary Francis, James Anderson, Winifred Annett, Fred. C. English, J. Norman Peck, C. Spencer, Spurgeon Parker, W. J. Jones, T. C. Thorpe, Stanley H. Webb, Frida Phillips.

**CLASS III.** (Age limit: Twelve.)  
WINNER OF 7s.: STANLEY HOATSON, "The Manse," King Street, Leek, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: AMYAS PHILLIPS, "High Elms," Hitchin, Herts; and NANCY HUNTLY, 35, Newington Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles de la Hulinier, D. G. Rougnette, A. M. Barnes, W. G. Elder, Edgar Peers, W. Pycroft, G. A. Hattersley-Smith, C. S. Bird, Richard Drake, Katherine H. Barrs, Eustace C. Crowther, Guy Ozauer, James C. Webb.

## No. IV.—"Christmas Card Design."

**CLASS I.** (Age limit: Twenty-five.)  
WINNER OF PRIZE: MAY BERKELEY, "Le Hocq," Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: THE HON. ALICE FOLJAMBE, Kirkham Abbey, York.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Katherine Richardson, Hubert Holliday, W. J. White.

**CLASS II.** (Age limit: Twenty.)  
WINNER OF PRIZE: GWYNEDD HUDSON, 57, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ARTHUR S. ATKINSON, 12, Brantfell Road, Blackburn.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. C. Hudson, G. H. L. Barnes, W. Vaughan, Fred. Inkster, Fred. Carter, L. McDonald Gill, Alfred N. Tucker, John Brown, Dudley G. Buxton, Winifred Simmons, Madge Bradney, W. W. Humphrys.

**CLASS III.** (Age limit: Sixteen.)  
WINNER OF PRIZE: H. HAWARD, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: SIDNEY R. E. PHILLIPS, 15, Beaumont Street, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Roy Evans, David Pryde, Margaret P. Thompson, D. H. Neilson, Margaret Vaughan, John Gaid.

## No. V.—"Ducks."

WINNER OF 7s.: STANLEY W. MILBURN, 8, Thornhill Park, Sunderland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. A. OLFIELD, York City and County Bank, Doncaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edmund T. Morris, S. Parry, N. A. F. Knox, W. J. White, C. Wolferstan.

## COMMENTS ON THE JANUARY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—This proved a most popular subject for an essay, and some good, original work was sent in. The majority of competitors chose as their "Favourite Characters" Portia, Antonio, Brutus, Imogen, Rosalind, and King Henry V.; while others, venturing further away from the beaten track, chose such characters as Virgil, Adam in *As You Like It*, and Lear's Fool.

No. II.—This competition produced some wonderful exhibitions of skill, the most ingenious entry being a miniature set of furniture composed of chestnuts, pins, and wool. Another very cleverly made article was a toy crane, which actually worked, raising from the floor to a table hats, books, etc. A thermometer in a fretwork setting; a copper-work ash tray, with a very pretty design wrought upon it; a toy house and outhouse, made with bits of wood and gum; a box ornamented with poker work; and plenty of other very cleverly fashioned articles formed quite a show when set out on a couple of tables.

No. III.—The paragraph, with the missing words supplied, will be found in the February number, page 464, near the foot of the second column. No one was fortunate enough to get all the missing words right, the chief stumbling block being the word "stony." Only three competitors thought of it, but, unfortunately, they had other words wrong.

No. IV.—Although keenly contested, great lack of originality was shown in the Christmas card competition, competitors following too much on the lines of the orthodox card published by the well-known firms, or else breaking out into poster designs of the Hassall school.

No. V.—Many were the ways suggested by competitors to make the "Three Ducks" into six, the prize being awarded to the sender of the solution most nearly resembling that to be found on page 573, which is the artist's idea.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

OCTOBER.

A NEW VOLUME AND THREE NEW  
SERIALS COMMENCE WITH  
THIS NUMBER.

# THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE  
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

Vol. VI. No. 31. OCTOBER, 1901.

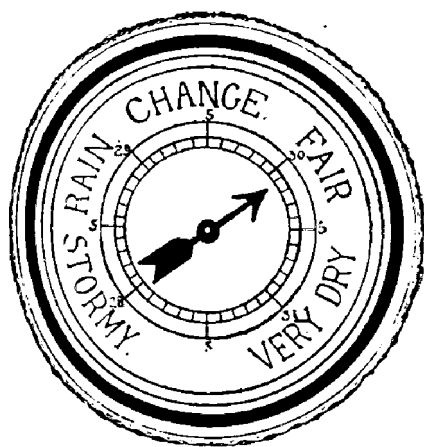
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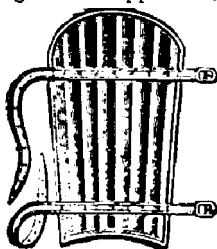
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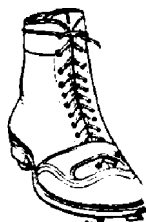


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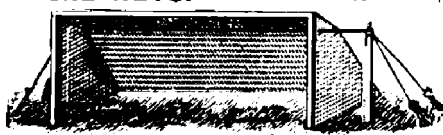


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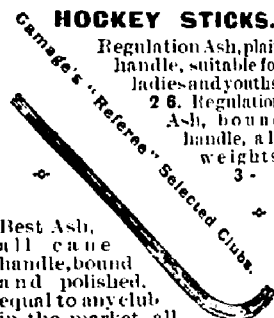
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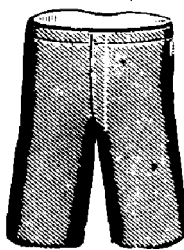


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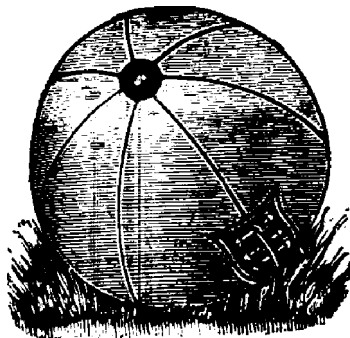
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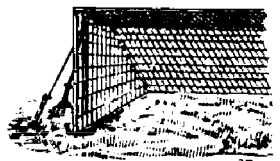
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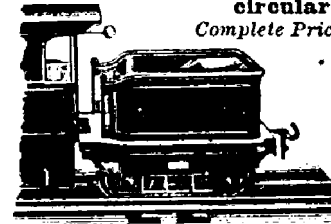
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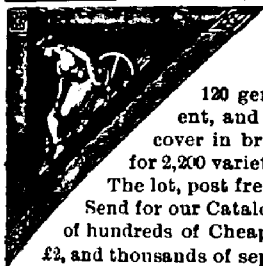
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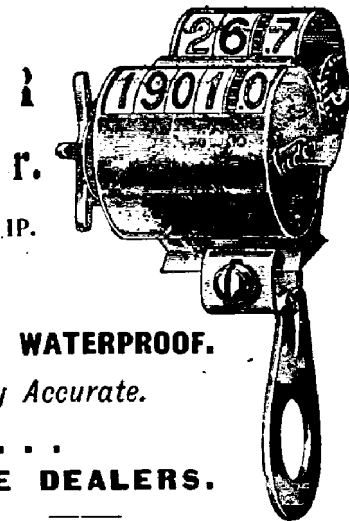
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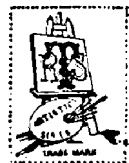
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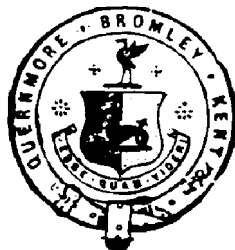
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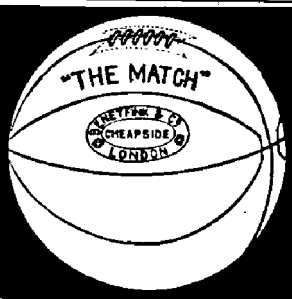
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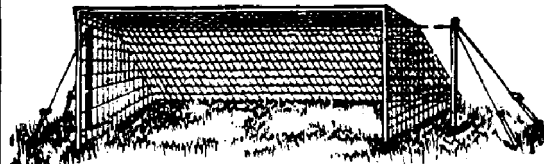
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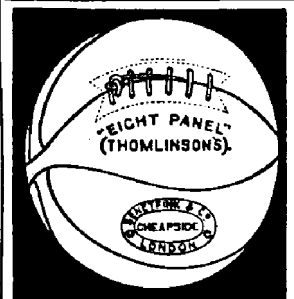
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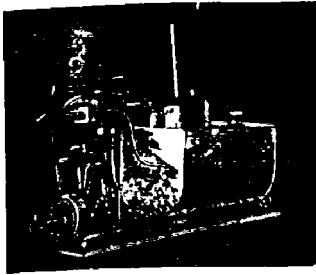


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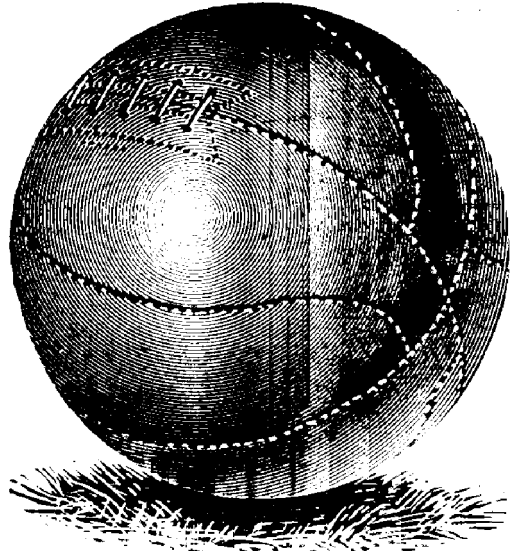
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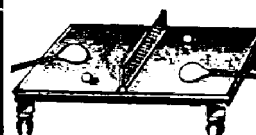
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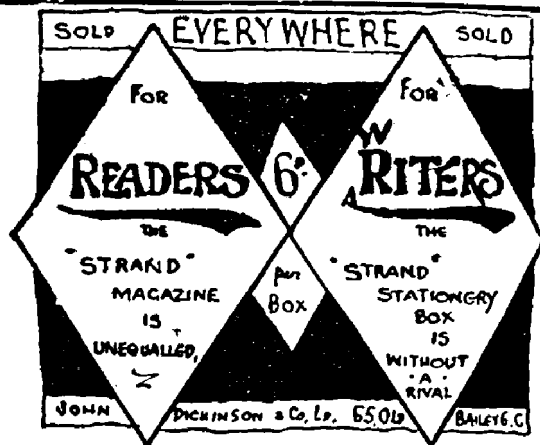
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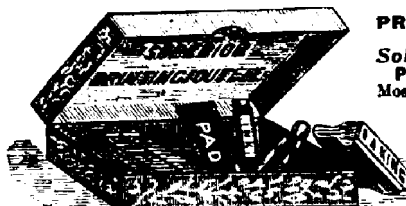
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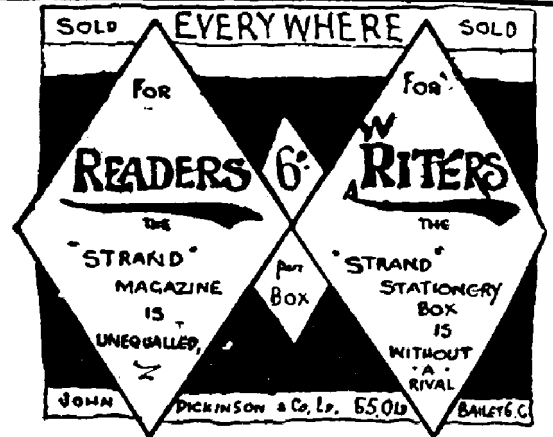
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M . . . . .	N . . . . .	O . . . . .
M . . . . .	N . . . . .	O . . . . .
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P . . . . .	R . . . . .	S . . . . .
P . . . . .	R . . . . .	S . . . . .
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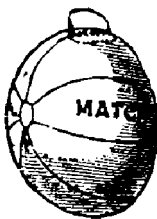
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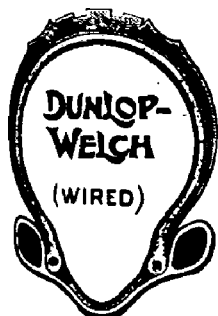
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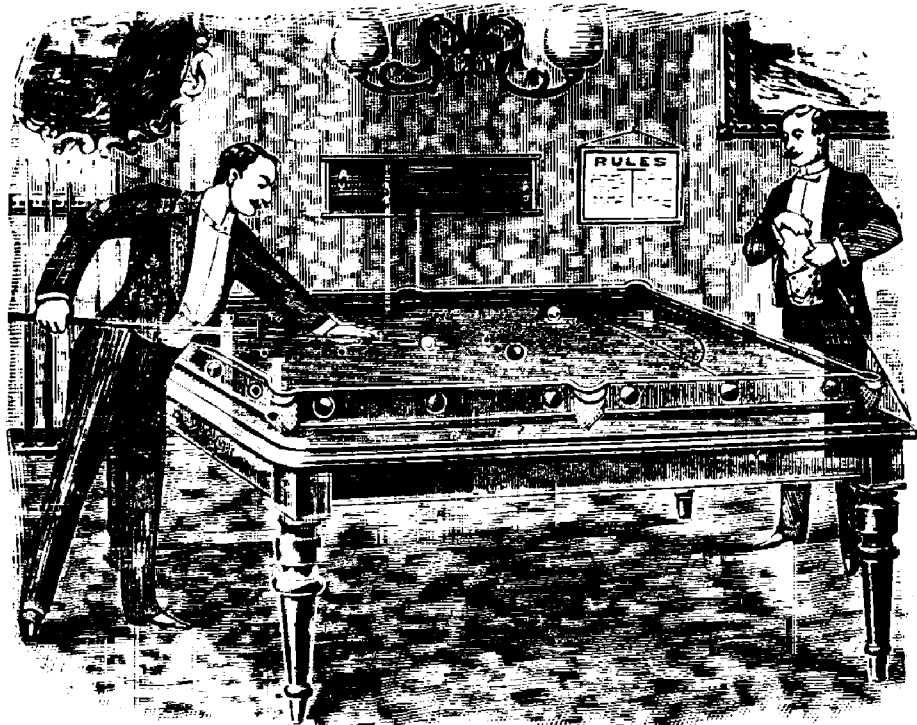
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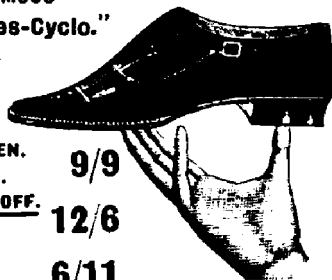
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109	Brit. S. Africa	6	2/6	141	N.Z. pictorial	10	4/11
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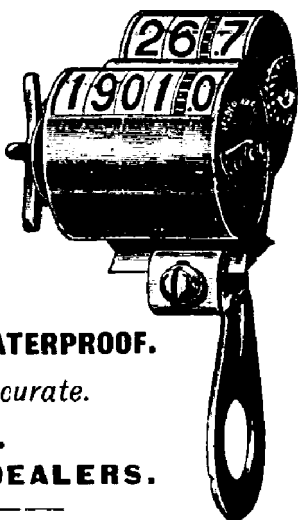
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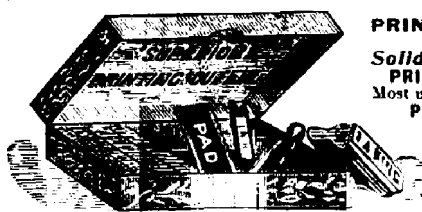
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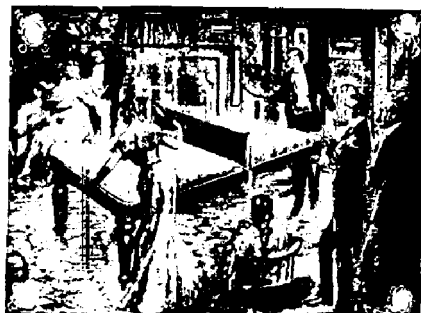
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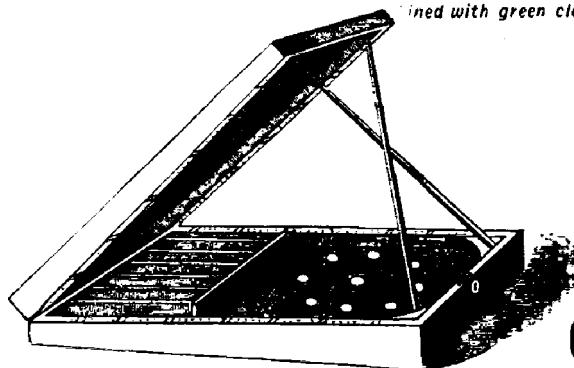
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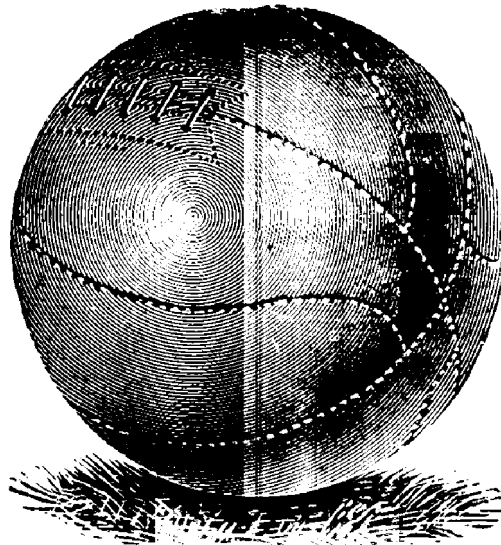
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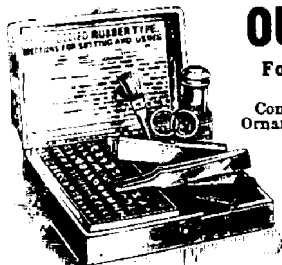
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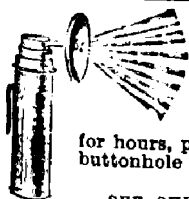


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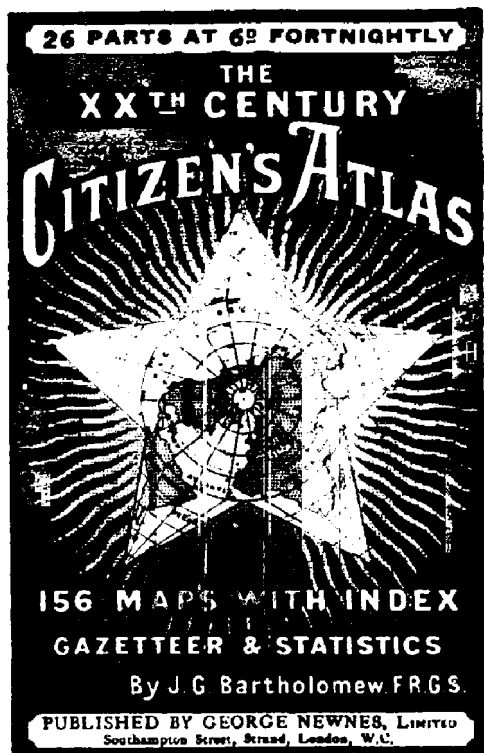
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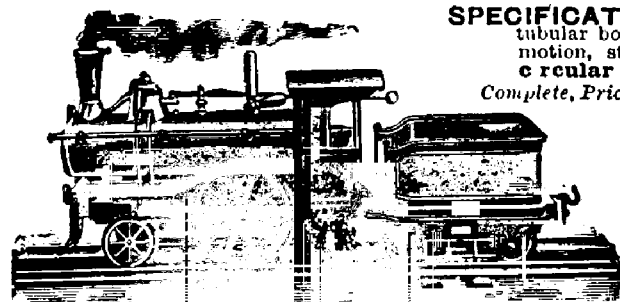
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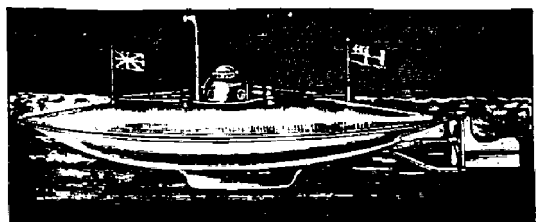
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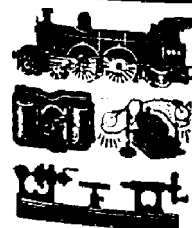


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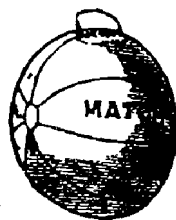
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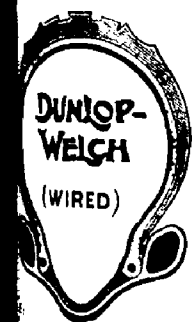
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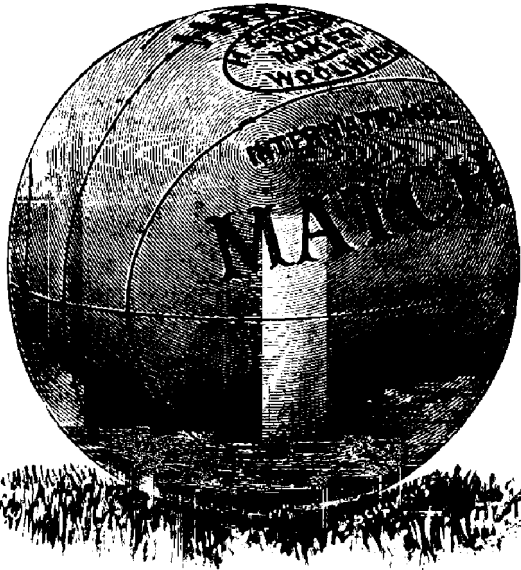
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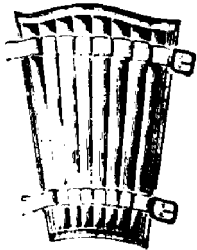
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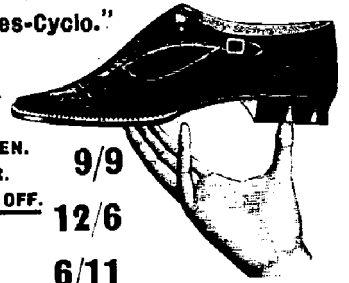
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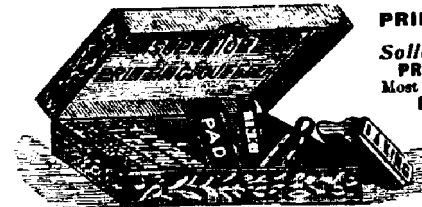
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The prizes are as follows:—1st Prize, Cape Woodblock (Error) 1d. Blue, value £92  
2nd " " " " 1d. Red, " £5  
3rd " " " " 4d. Blue, " £3

## CONDITIONS:

The Competitor whose Estimate comes nearest to the actual amount realised will be awarded the first prize, and the two whose estimates are next in order will be awarded the second and third prizes respectively. Should two Competitors send identical estimates, the prize will be awarded to him whose letter was first opened.

All letters will be opened on February 28th. None will be received after 4 p.m. on February 24th.

Every intending Competitor, on purchasing stamps to the value of 10/6 from our Retail Price List, will be given a numbered ticket entitling him to enter the Competition. He must then write to Messrs. PLUMRIDGE & Co., the well-known Stamp Auctioneers, of 63-64, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., asking them to forward a Catalogue of their Sale, which will be ready for issue on January 1st, 1902.

Having worked out the values of the lots offered, write your estimate and your name and address on the Competitor's Ticket and send it to the Stamp Collector's Fortnightly, 63-64, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Envelope to be marked plainly on the outside, "Skill Competition," S.A.S. Co.

THE AWARDS will be made two weeks after the Sale takes place, and the result, with Messrs. PLUMRIDGE & Co.'s Certificate, will be advertised in the Stamp Collector's Fortnightly.

One Competitor's Ticket will be issued to every customer purchasing stamps to the value of 10/6 from our New Retail Price List, which will be sent Post Free on application.

Competitors are not limited to One Ticket. The Stamps offered as Prizes have been deposited with Messrs. Plumridge & Co., as per Certificate at foot, and all letters will be opened and judged by the Stamp Collector's Fortnightly Syndicate.

**COPY OF CERTIFICATE.**—We have received in good condition the "Woodblocks" enumerated above, and undertake to hold them, and to distribute them to the winners of this Competition. We also undertake to open all letters and judge the results.—Signed, PLUMRIDGE & CO., for the "Stamp Collector's Fortnightly."

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3 Labuan 25c, 50c & 1 dollar	—	—	2 6	" " " " " " " "	—	8 1, 4d, 6d.	—	8 6	—
8 Persia 1sh. 5kr.	3 0	—	—	" " " " " " " "	—	1887-90 7 " " " " " " " "	—	3 0	—
6 China 4-10c.	—	—	0 9	" " " " " " " "	—	1895 7 " " " " " " " "	—	3 6	—
5 Bermuda	—	—	1 0	40 " " " " " " " "	1 6	9 " " " " " " " "	—	0 9	—
4 Malay States	0 10	—	—	50 " " " " " " " "	6 0	1900 " " " " " " " "	0 10	1 0	—
8 Persia, obsolete, 1c.—5l.	—	—	2 6	40 All different	—	1900 " " " " " " " "	—	—	—
3 German China	—	—	0 7	African stamps.	1 3	" " " " " " " "	—	—	—
8 Bosnia, New	—	—	0 9	50 " " " " " " " "	1 6	1901 " " " " " " " "	0 9	1 3	—
20 Cuba	1 0	—	—	60 " " " " " " " "	2 0	1894-7 6 Orange River Colony, various	—	1 3	—
8 China 4-50c.	—	—	2 9	75 " " " " " " " "	3 0	1900 6 " " " " " " " "	3 0	4 0	—
8 U.S. Columbus, 1c, 10c.	—	—	0 9	90 " " " " " " " "	4 0	1900 2 " " " " " " " "	0 5	0 6	—
7 Swiss, unpaid	—	—	1 0	100 " " " " " " " "	5 0	1884 3 Stellaland, 1d., 3d., 4d.	3 6	—	—
7 Iceland	—	—	0 10	150 " " " " " " " "	7 0	1889-90 3 Swaziland, 1d., 1d., 2d.	1 9	4 0	—
7 Luxemburg 10-50 he d	—	—	1 6	200 " " " " " " " "	12 6	12 Various Cape of Good Hope,	—	—	—
5 " " " " " " " "	—	—	0 3	250 " " " " " " " "	20 0	1d.—1s.	—	0 8	—
10 French China 5c.—1fr.	—	—	3 6	100 All different	—	8 Various Natal, 1d.—1s.	—	0 7	—
8 Servia 1a.—1d.	—	—	1 6	stamps	0 6	1888-92 4 Zululand, 1d., 1d., 3d.	1 6	2 0	—
3 Swiss Jubilee	—	—	0 3	150 " " " " " " " "	0 9	1900 2 Mafeking, Bicycle and Baden-	—	—	—
15 Hungary 1-3fr.	—	—	0 9	200 " " " " " " " "	1 0	Powell.	—	18 0	—
10 Hungary, New	—	—	0 4	300 " " " " " " " "	1 9	1887 6 British Bechuanaland, 1d.	—	—	—
3 Jamaica, official	—	—	0 3	400 " " " " " " " "	5 0	1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d.	—	2 3	—
5 Newfoundland	—	—	0 6	500 " " " " " " " "	6 6	1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d.	—	1 8	—
5 Sarawak, 1871	—	—	2 6	750 " " " " " " " "	15 0	1891-4 5 British South Africa, 1d., 2d.,	—	—	—
7 Jamaica 1-6d.	—	—	1 0	1000 " " " " " " " "	20 0	3d., 4d., 8d.	—	3 3	—
5 Dutch Indies, surcharged	—	—	1 6	50 All different	—	1896-7 8 " " " " " " " "	—	—	—
3 Austria 1g., 2g., 4g.	—	—	1 0	"Queen's Head"	—	1d., 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d.,	—	4 3	—
4 Panama	—	—	0 6	stamps only	2 0	6d., 8d., 1s.	—	1 4	—
9 Holland 24-50c.	—	—	0 6	100 " " " " " " " "	4 6	1898-01 5 " " " " " " " "	—	—	—
13 Luxemburg Head,	—	—	2 0	40 All different Japan	1 6	1891-3 4 British Central Africa, 1d.	—	—	—
1c.—1fr.	—	—	0 5		—	2d., 4d., 6d.	—	2 0	—
5 Turkey, 1901	—	—	0 5		—	1896 5 British East Africa, 1/2a., 1a.,	—	2 0	—
12 Austria, unpaid, 1h.—	—	—	3 0		—	2a., 4a., 8a.	—	—	—
10h., imperf.	—	—	—		—	1897 9 Zanzibar, 1/2 anna to 8 annas,	—	5 9	—
3 Seychelles, 2c., 6c., 10c.	—	—	0 8		—	complete	—	3 9	—
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American, 1c.—10c.	—	—	3 6		—	Gama), 2r.—150r., complete	—	2 9	—
7 Crete, 1900-1, 1l.—50l.	—	—	0 9		—	1892 8 Azores, Africa (Vasco da	—	2 9	—
5 Hawaii, various	—	—	0 9		—	Gama), 24r.—150r., complete	—	2 9	—
6 Labuan, postage due	—	—	1 6		—	1892 8 Madeira, Africa (Vasco da	—	2 9	—
" " " "	—	—	—		—	Gama), 24r.—150r., complete	—	2 6	—
" " " "	—	—	—		—	1898 13 Nyassa, 24 reis—300, complete	0 9	—	—
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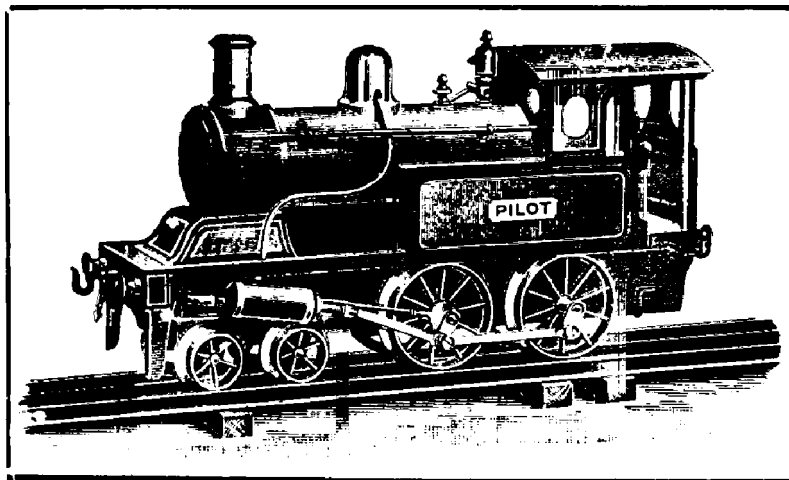
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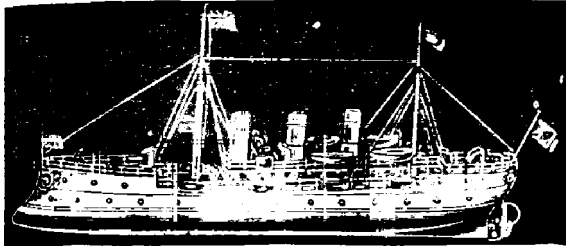
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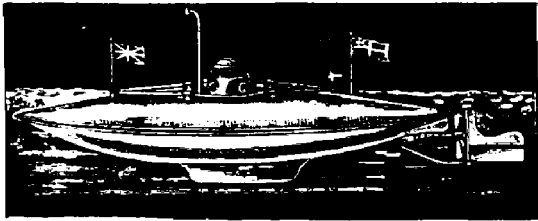
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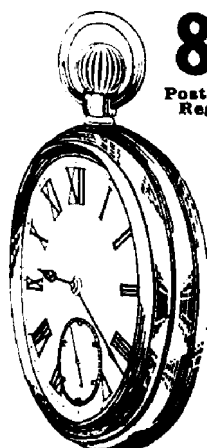
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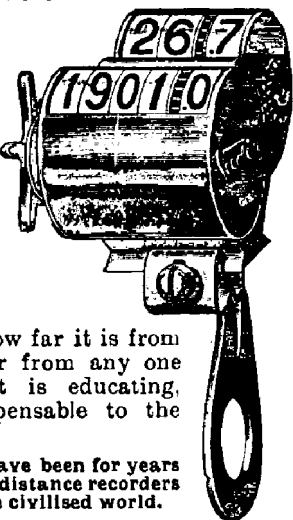
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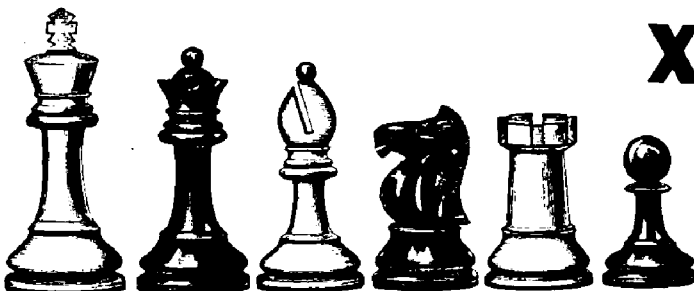
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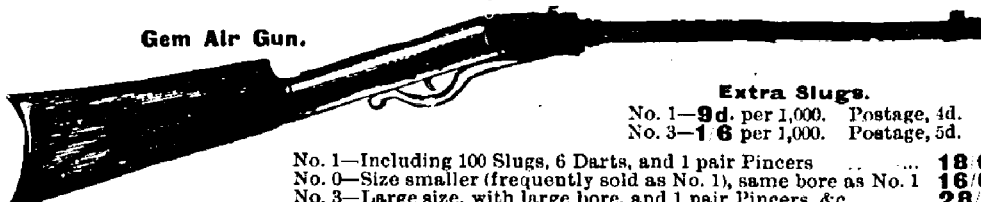
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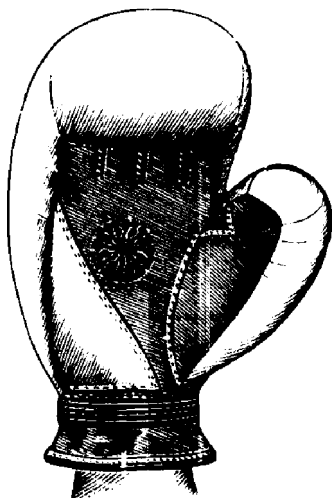
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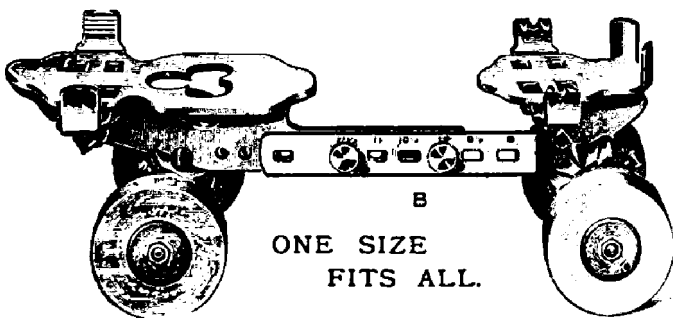
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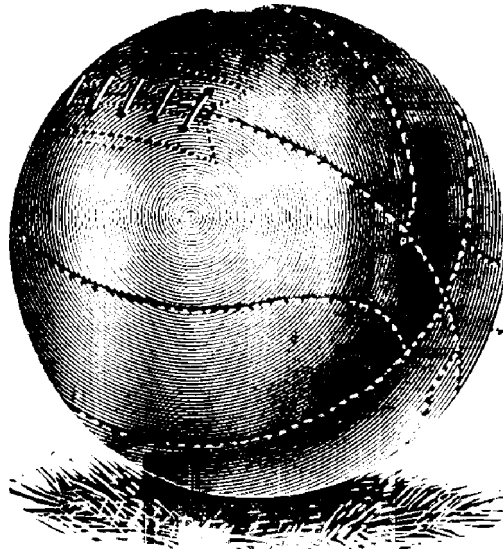
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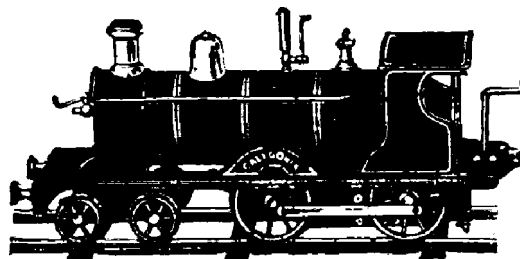


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W . . . . .	W . . . . .	Y . . . . .
W . . . . .	W . . . . .	Y . . . . .
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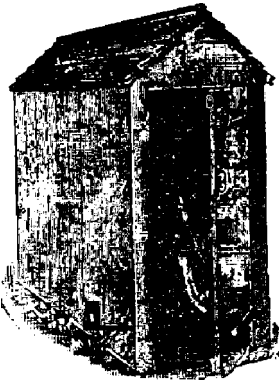
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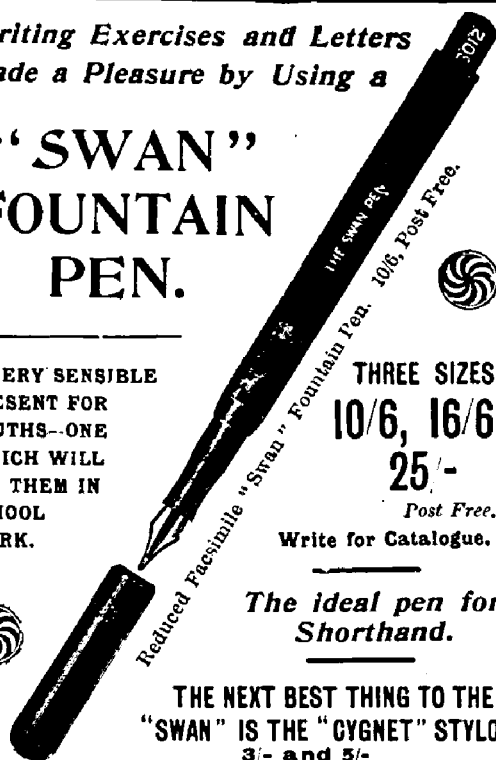
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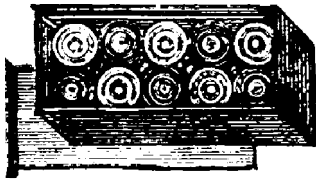
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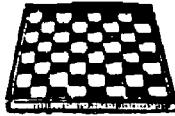
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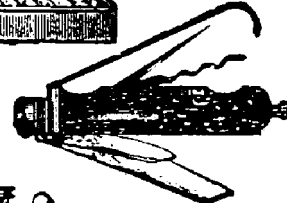


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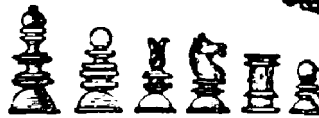
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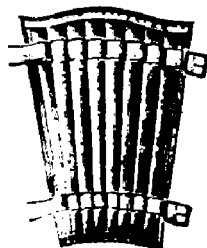
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106	Brit. Honduras	8	4/2		(Royal)	5	-/7
108	Brit. E. Africa	10	3/9½	138	" (Cabot)	7	3/10
109	Brit. S. Africa	6	2/6	140	N.S.W.	13	6/10
112	Canada	8	1/8½	141	N.Z. pictorial	10	4/11
113	" Maps	3	-/3	145	Orange River	7	2/8
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124	Grenada	8	3/5	162	Tasmania	8	2/4
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130	Levant	3	1/5	171	W. Australia	8	3/3
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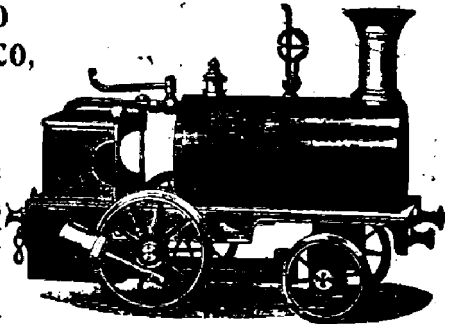
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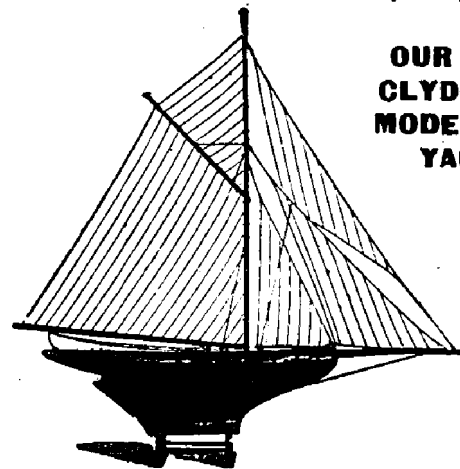
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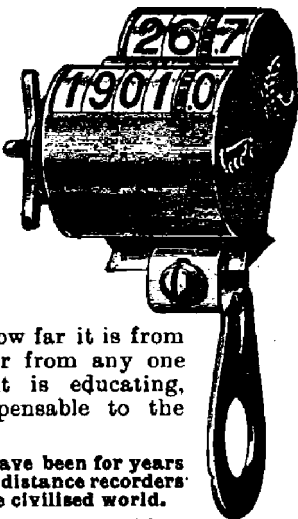
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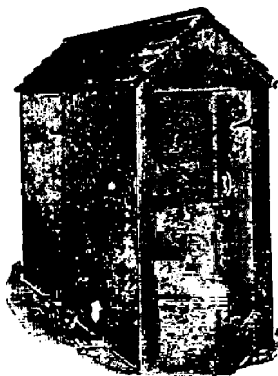
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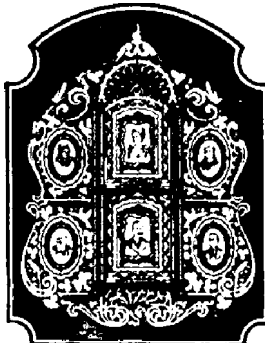
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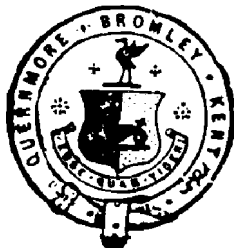
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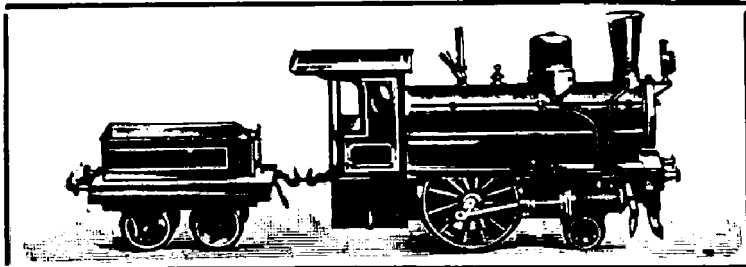
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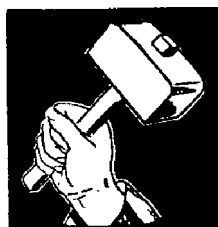
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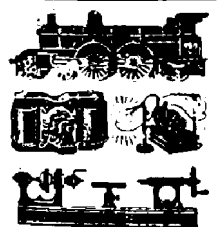
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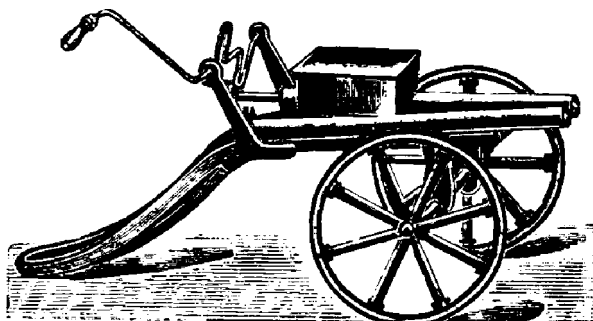


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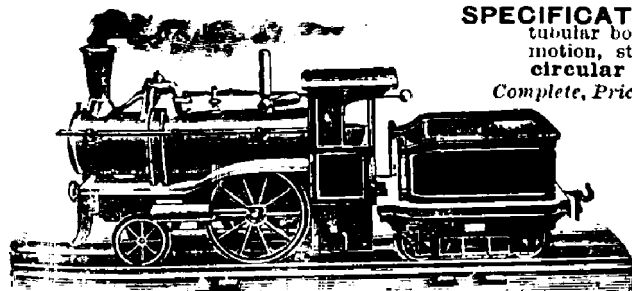
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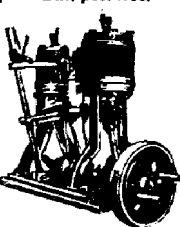
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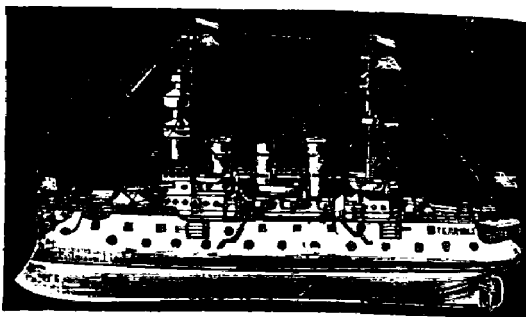


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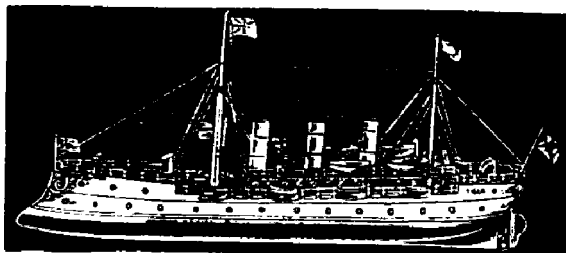
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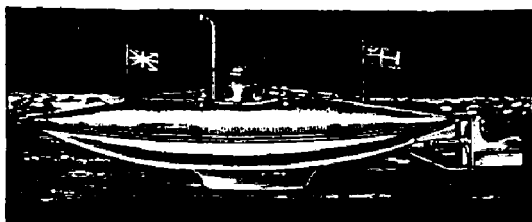
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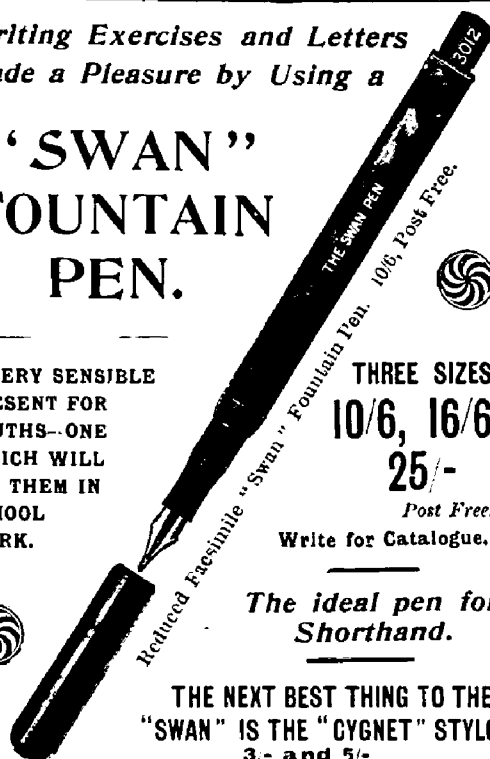
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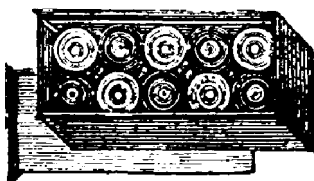
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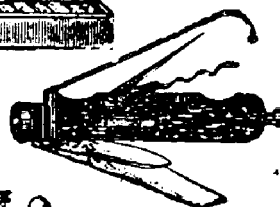


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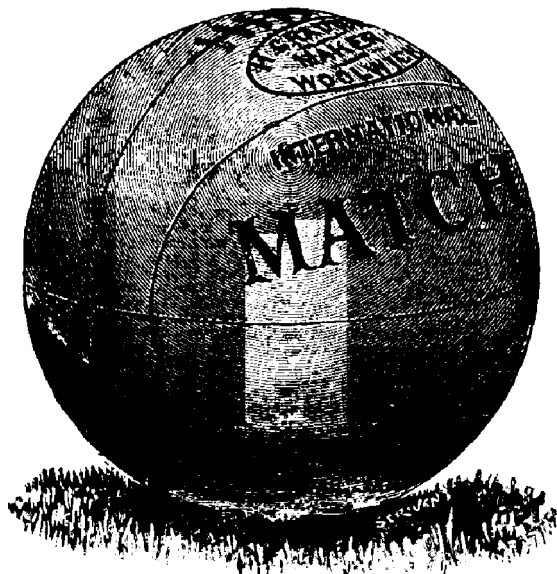
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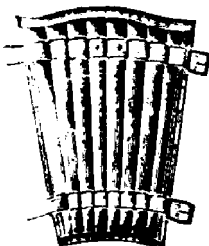
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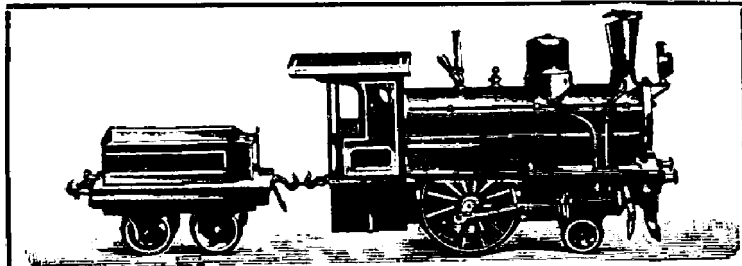
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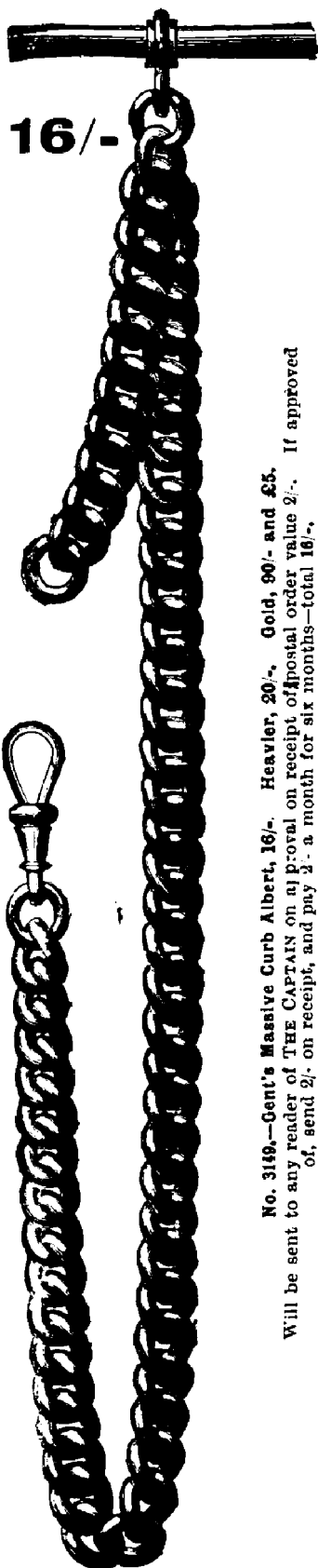
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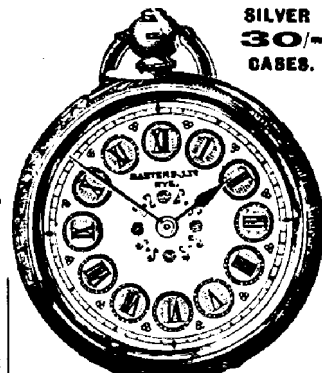
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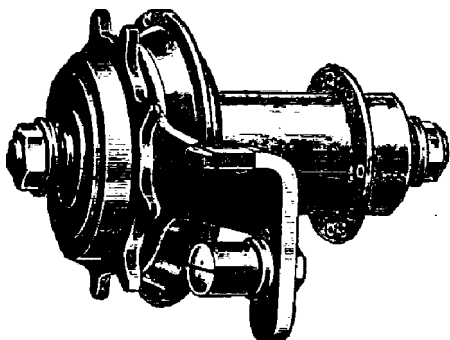
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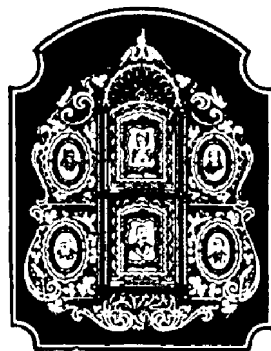
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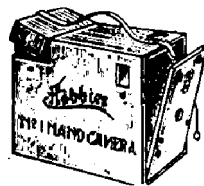


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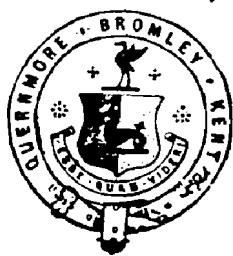
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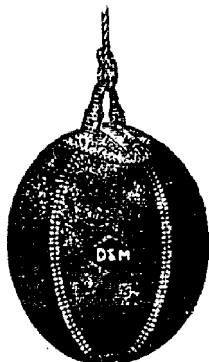
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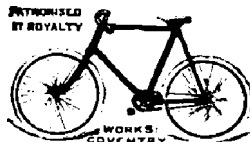
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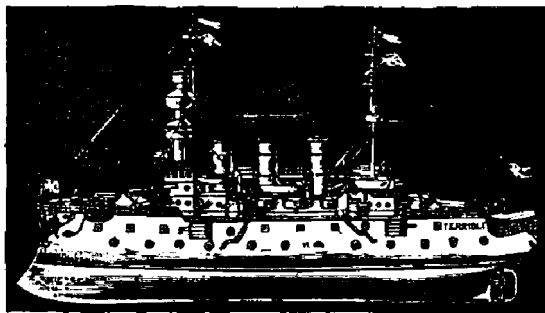
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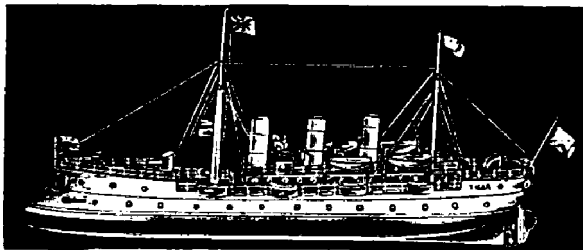
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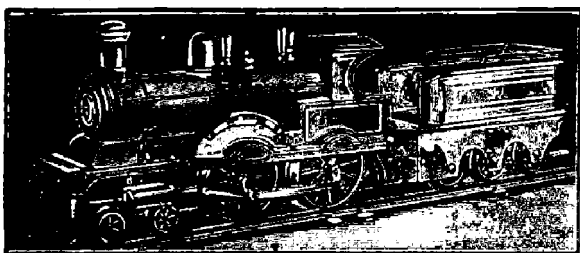
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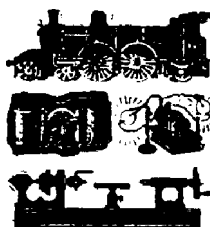
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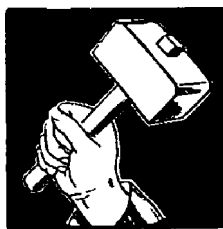
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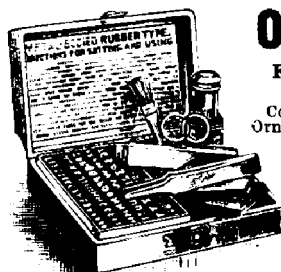
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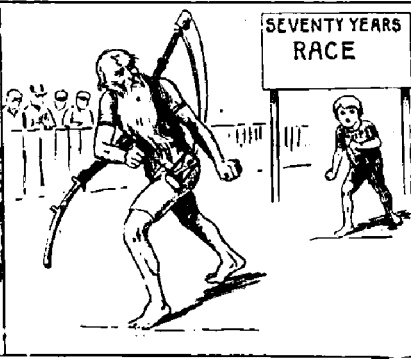
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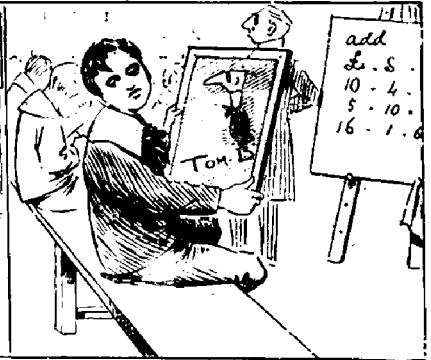
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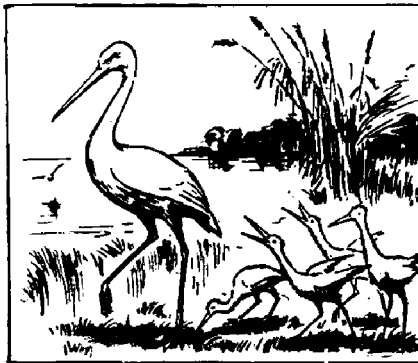
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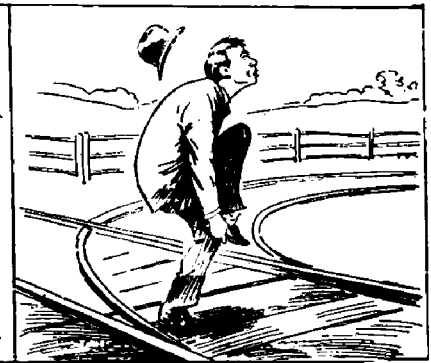
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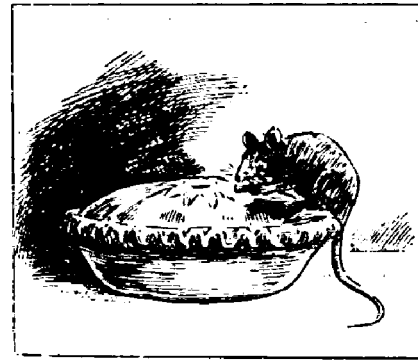
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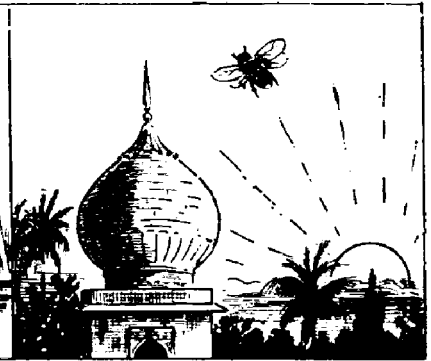
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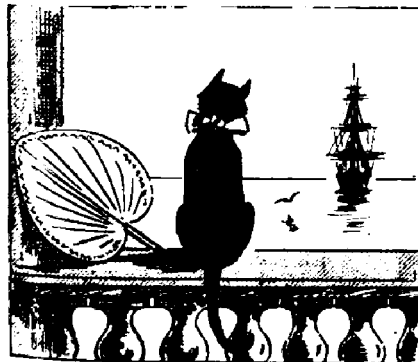
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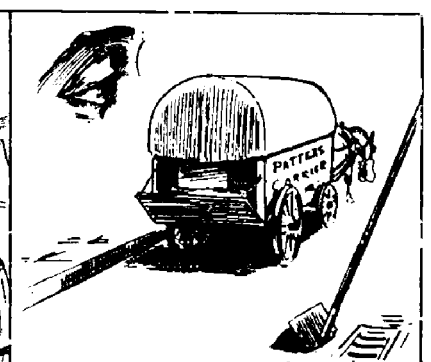
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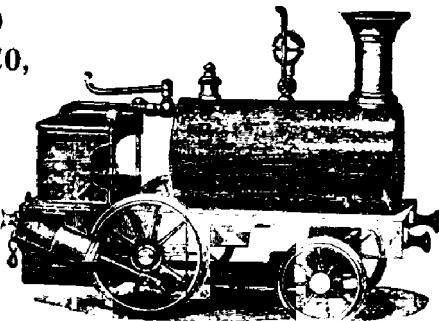
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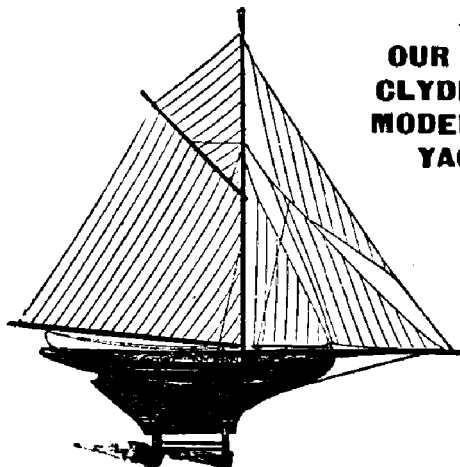
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(See page 555)

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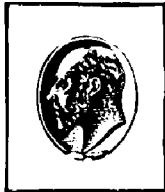
Vol. VI. No. 36.

MARCH, 1902.

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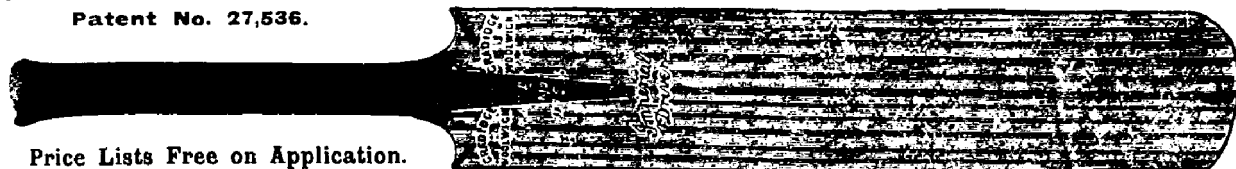
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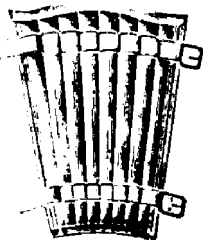
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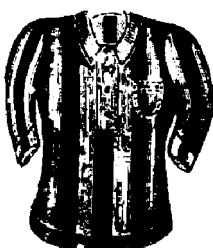
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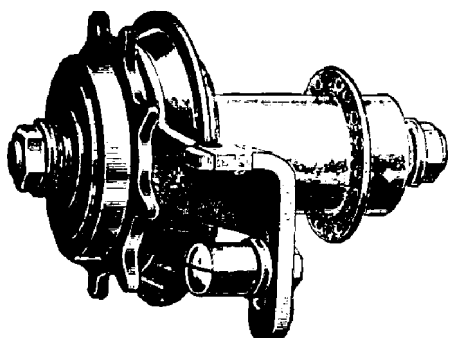
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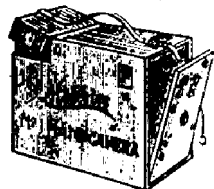
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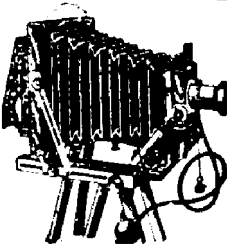


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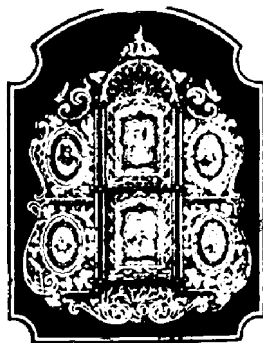


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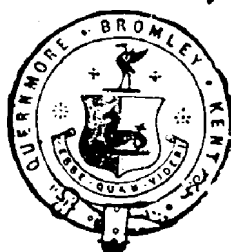
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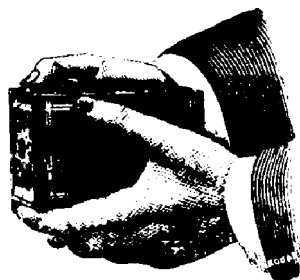
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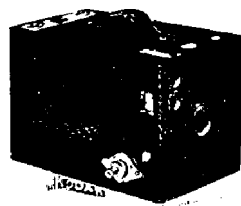
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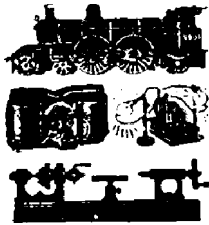
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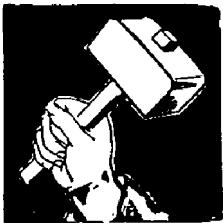
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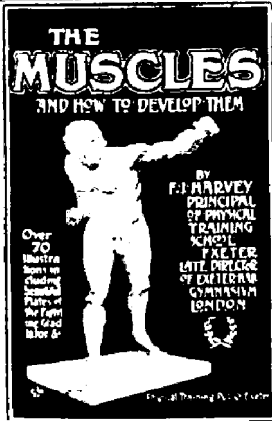
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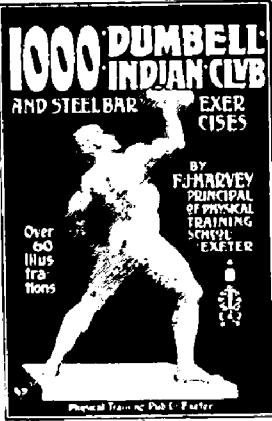
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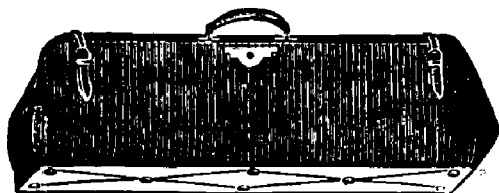


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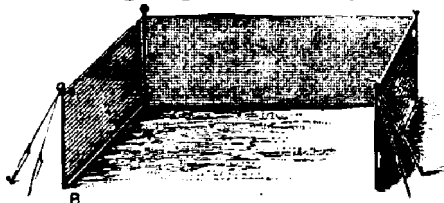


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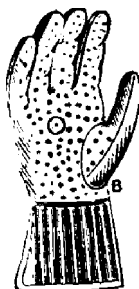
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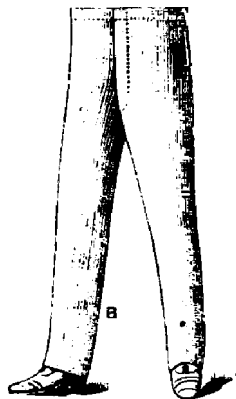
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SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH, PAGE 370.

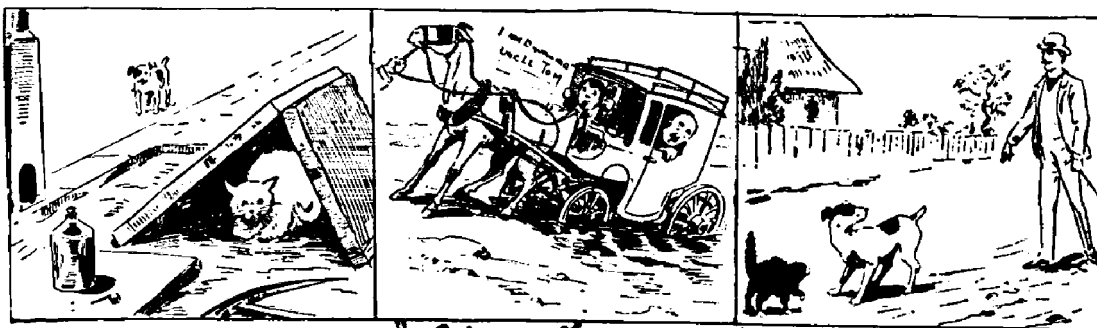
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1.— Oliver Twist.

2. *200*

3. *"Kenilworth"*



4.—

5. *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*

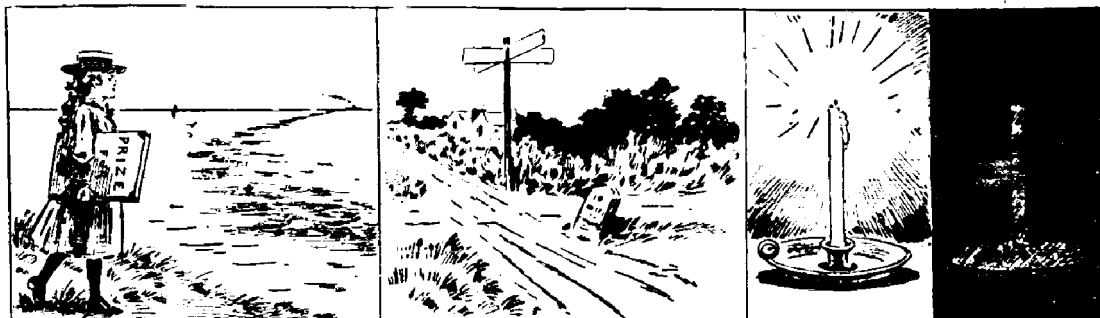
6.—



7.—

8.—

9.—



10.—

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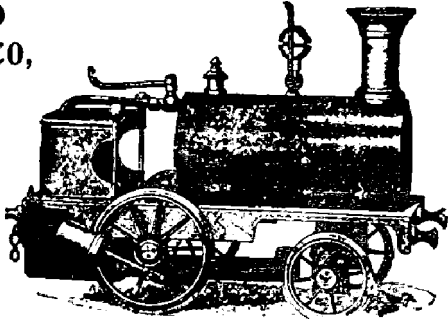
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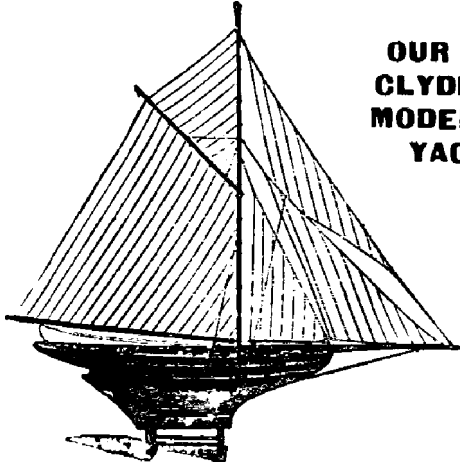
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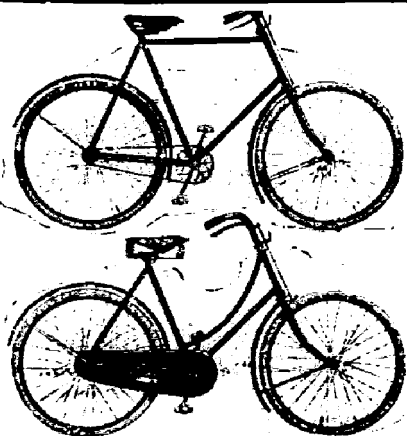
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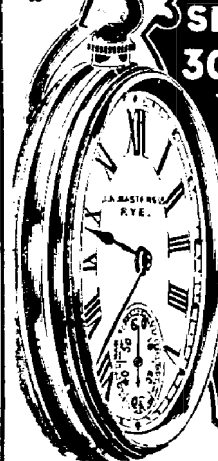
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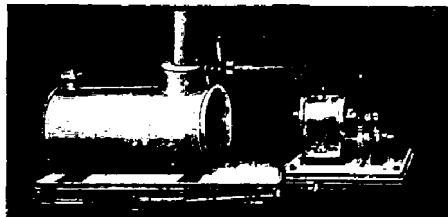
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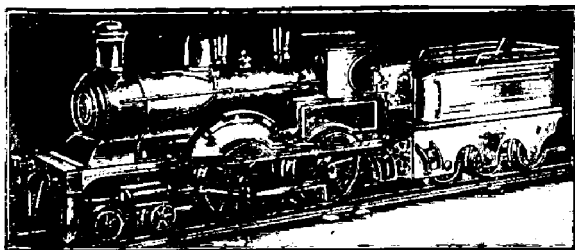
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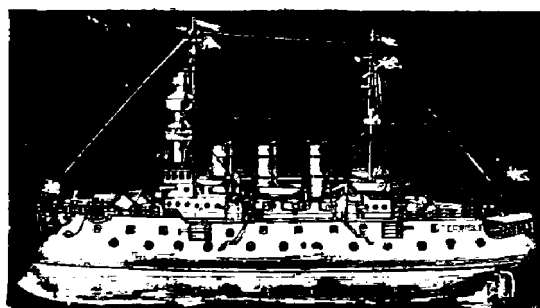


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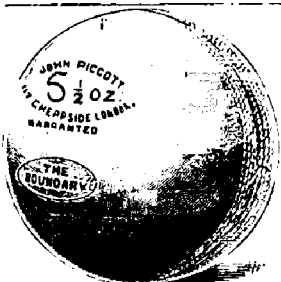
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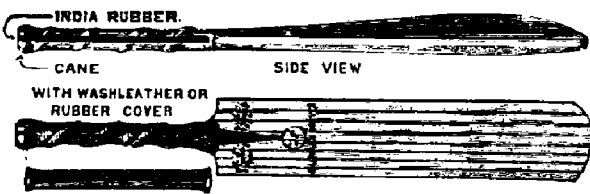
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