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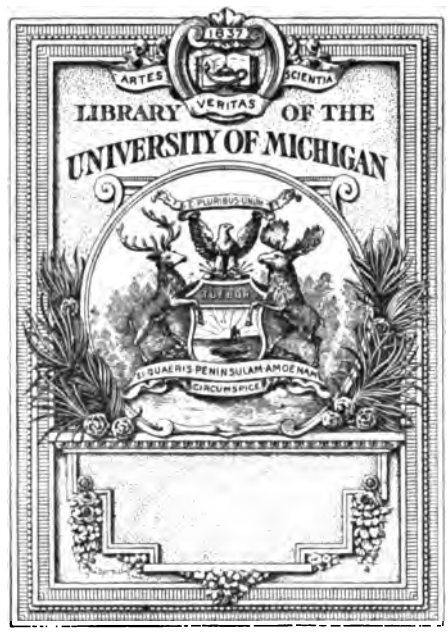

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Reginald Gordon observed with pride the admiration that his wife excited.

SEE "THE MIRROR OF DEATH."

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THE MIRROR OF DEATH.

By HAVELOCK ETTRICK.

PROLOGUE.

THE mad, jealous love of two men for one woman: the successful wooing of the elder brother, the hatred and revenge of the younger, were the elements of tragedy that gave to Greeba Manor the evil name that for more than two hundred years had clung to it. Successive owners had laughed, with perhaps a certain pride, at the sinister reports that were common talk in the neighbourhood of the Manor, but nevertheless the reputation grew with the passage of years. Greeba Manor was undoubtedly haunted.

In the early part of the seventeenth century Harold de Winton and his younger brother Hervey lived at the Manor: both were handsome, both were possessed of the indefinable charm that belonged to the men of their ancient race, and both were desperately in love with the fair daughter of a neighbouring squire.

The lady was won by Harold. To hide his mortification, and at the same time to cure himself, if possible, of his hopeless passion, Hervey de Winton left the home of his fathers and set forth to travel in Eastern lands. But the wild blood that was in his veins drew him back before many months had passed to where the object of his passion was to be found. Secretly, and unknown to his brother, he returned, clandestinely interviewed the young wife, and heard from her faltering lips that she was miserable, and already regretted her choice.

That same night, while Harold de Winton stood before the glass in his dressing-room, donning a fancy costume to be worn at a ball given in his wife's honour, he saw a well-known figure approach rapidly and with stealthy footstep from the shadows of the room behind him, and before he could utter a sound or give a cry for help a knife was buried to the haft in his back, and he fell, slain by the brother he had loved. The murderer fled from the scene of his crime, accompanied by his brother's widow, and from that time onwards no more was heard of the guilty pair.

But the deed so foully done was not to pass into oblivion: through successive centuries the figure of Hervey de Winton still stabbed his unresisting victim! He who stood at midnight before the same mirror saw approaching him from behind the figure of a man dressed in dark attire and wearing a plumed hat, who held in his hand a glittering knife. The watcher involuntarily turned to face his ghostly assailant, and lo! only empty space was before him. There had as yet been no record of any man brave enough to allow the uplifted arm to descend, though it might be argued in cold blood that no harm could come of it: whether or no the knife was as intangible as the hand that held it had never been proved! No man cares to face a possible death that carries neither glory nor profitable knowledge with it.

Scoffers there were who maintained that the vision in the mirror, which was seen by none save those who faced the glass, was the result of preconceived fear, a disordered brain, what you will! Be this as it may, the reputation of a certain oak-panelled room in Greeba Manor remained the same. Time caused the original history of the

guilty lovers to be overlaid with many fanciful embroiderings; each narrator added to the tale that which seemed good to him, but — the oak-panelled room held its secret!

AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

Reginald Gordon was wandering, silent and morose, among the wild, uncultivated portion of the grounds belonging to Greeba Manor. He was staying with his wife, on a visit to his kinsman, George de Winton. His appearance in the world of fashion as a married man was of recent date; after nearly forty years of bachelorhood he had, much to the surprise of his friends, fallen a victim to the charms of a girl some twenty years his junior. Margaret Richmond was undoubtedly a handsome girl, and as fascinating as she was lovely; and Reginald Gordon loved her with the love of a strong man who had hitherto lived his life alone, untroubled by the disturbing influences of passion, unsought, in spite of his wealth, by scheming mothers, his reputation as a woman-hater protecting him. Margaret Richmond came of a good family, but was desperately poor, the youngest of a large family of daughters who, as the years rolled by, saw their chances decreasing of being able to leave the wretched home provided for them by their drunken father. There is no need to describe the courtship of Reginald Gordon. His mind once made up, he bought his wife—bought her as he would a string of pearls or a racehorse that took his fancy. The girl accepted her fate with dumb resignation, and strove in all things to do her duty; she did not love her husband, but then, she argued to herself, paupers cannot indulge in the luxury of self-chosen marriages. Since the honeymoon they had been staying in various country-houses, Reginald Gordon observing with pride the admiration that his wife excited: one and all seemed fascinated by her beauty and charm of manner.

But the pride that he felt did not stifle the sadness of the realisation that his wealth could not command the love of his beautiful wife: he had seen with secret rage that she shrank from his embraces, that his very presence was irksome to her; the merry laugh that he so loved to hear was choked on his approach, and a look of patient resignation began to make itself seen on the face of the woman he so passionately adored. He had no fear that the admiration she so generally commanded would turn her head: his honour was secure. She had been reared in an atmosphere of the dullest British school of matronly supervision; the very air that she had breathed exhaled implacable virtue; she was to be entirely trusted. Perhaps time would give him that which he so ardently craved — the heart-love of his wife.

Reginald Gordon wandered further away from the cultivated portion of the park. The laughter of the tennis-players jarred upon him; he was in no humour for gaiety. As he walked the sound of voices issuing from a small rustic summer-house a few yards ahead of him struck his ear. He did not wish to disturb any flirtation that might be afoot among the young folk who were staying in the house, therefore he stopped, meaning to retrace his steps; but something familiar in the voice of one of the speakers caused him to strain his ear and catch the meaning of the remark.

"I can't bear it, I can't bear it!"

That was all.

Reginald Gordon deliberately made his way to the back of the summer-house, so that only a plank was between him and the speaker, and listened.

"I hate him! He bought me as he would a pet dog, a racer, or anything that attracted his fancy. I have always hated him from the first moment he thrust himself upon us."

"Then leave him!" came the reply in a man's voice.

Reginald Gordon's face grew pale. It was his wife, the girl he worshipped, and worshipped in vain, who had uttered the bitter words he overheard. Her companion he knew now to be a certain Captain Woodward, whom he had noticed pay particular notice to his wife: he was a man who attracted admiration from

women. Tall, handsome, with a soldierly bearing, he was a reckless rider, an adept in all games of skill, and at the same time a good musician and a singer of drawing-room ballads with no small skill. Margaret had, he now remembered, often quoted his witticisms, and had apparently found him vastly entertaining.

"Then leave him!" was the reply, given in softly seductive tones, as if the speaker were bending over the unhappy compeller of his sympathy.

"But the scandal!"

"There would be no scandal. We would be far away from all gossips; we would love each other. What more do we need? Margaret, my dear one, you love me; you cannot deny it; your dear eyes tell me so every moment of the day; your lips tell me so even when they are silent. You love me, why not trust your future to my care?"

Reginald Gordon stood with livid face and clenched hands, with difficulty restraining himself from making his presence known.

A cry of agony burst from the woman's lips.

"Ah God, why did we not meet sooner, before it was too late!" she cried. "I have been in hell itself since I met you, Claude, for I knew then that you were my fate, my other self for whom I have waited so long. Claude," she continued hurriedly, "you do not know the hell that I live in! Every word of love, of tenderness even, from that man I call husband fills me with such unutterable loathing that I can scarcely keep from screaming. The jewels that he gives me in such profusion are as fetters of steel that bind me faster to my gaoler, the dresses that I wear are but shrouds that wrap me as I lie in the grave of despair—hopeless, hideous despair."

"Darling, there must be an end to this! Listen; to-day is Tuesday. I leave here on Friday, ostensibly to rejoin my regiment. The following day you must meet me in London. By walking over to Broadwent Station you can avoid detection, and I will meet you at Waterloo. That night we will cross to Paris, and, once there, make our plans for the future. But you must trust me fully and completely!"

The man outside waited with bated breath for the reply: he had still a lingering hope.

"I will go anywhere, do anything, to escape from him," the woman cried. "I know I should hang back and refuse your offer and the disgrace it means; all the girls one reads about do that. But I am not like other girls. I will come to you, Claude, and God judge you if you forsake me in the time to come."

"Forsake you, my queen, my love! That I will never do, so help me, God!"

Gordon heard him drop to his knees; he heard the sound of their kisses. The sobs of the woman he loved struck like ice to his heart, and yet he did not reveal himself. What good could it do? What broken vows would it mend?

He slunk away; he had heard enough—too much! Only one word—vengeance—beat upon his numbed brain: vengeance on the man who had usurped the place that was lawfully his. For the woman who had betrayed his honour he felt nothing but pity; his love for her was too deeply rooted in his nature to allow him to feel even anger against her: all the tender strength of the man's nature rose up to shield her whom he called wife. But for the man——

For the rest of that evening, he avoided meeting Margaret's eyes, he could not trust himself. She, on her part, pleaded slight indisposition, and kept her room. Truly, she had much to think about: the image of her lover rose before her, the thought of him bade fair to break down the walls that years of conventionality had built about her, and the unhappy woman was as a bird with as yet untried pinions, who breaks free from the cage, and is face to face with the unknown!

The smoking-room that same evening was full, and the men gathered round the fire that the chill autumn winds rendered welcome. The conversation turned on the subject of occultism, and led naturally to the evidence or disbelief in ghosts and the supernatural generally.

George de Winton was curiously reserved on the subject, even when directly questioned as to his belief in the spirits of the departed having power to haunt the living.

"Well," he replied, "it is rather rough on a chap when he possesses an authenticated ghost in his own house, to question his belief in spooks!"

"Of course we all know the history of your ancestor," replied one of his guests, "but have you ever seen the thing yourself?"

"Never," replied his host; "but maybe Captain Woodward, if he has the curiosity, can have that pleasure. He has the haunted room!"

"Good gracious me! I have the haunted room?" gasped the gentleman mentioned.

"You don't sleep there," laughed George de Winton, "so you need not be alarmed. The little oak-panelled dressing-room was the scene of the tragedy: you may have noticed that a curtain hangs over the mirror let into the wall. Well, that is the glass in which one may see the spectre assassin."

"Of course," struck in a quiet voice, "Captain Woodward would not object to seeing it! A soldier should possess no nerves." The speaker was Reginald Gordon, who was ensconced in a deep arm-chair the other side of the room, and who till now had been silent, absorbed apparently in his own thoughts.

"Certainly not," replied the Captain. "I would watch the horrid thing's manœuvres without any particular fear!"

"For my part," said another man, "I don't believe it possible to avoid turning one's head at the particular moment that the dagger is about to fall. I don't think a man's nerves are strong enough: one would turn almost involuntarily; especially as one knows that turning will cause the spectre to disappear."

"Nonsense!" replied Captain Woodward. "I will take a bet with any of you that I don't turn a hair: a spectre dagger can hurt no one."

"I should be curious to see what happens after the blow is struck. What becomes of the gentleman, De Winton?" said another.

"I can't say," replied his host. "So far as I have heard, no one has experienced the 'after,' except the original poor beggar who was killed."

"I will go anywhere to escape from him!"

"I will wager that you do the same as everybody else at the critical moment, Captain Woodward," resumed the quiet voice of Reginald Gordon.

"Right! I will bet you an even twenty-five pounds that I don't," replied the Captain.

"Done! I take the bet. You are all witnesses, gentlemen, that Captain Woodward bets me twenty-five pounds that he will not dispel the ghost by turning his head before the dagger strikes him! But how," he added, as an after-thought, "are we to know? No one will be in the room—no one except yourself will see the thing."

"I will give you my word of honour to tell you if I fail," replied the Captain haughtily.

"Your word of honour?" said Gordon, with an almost imperceptible sneer in his carefully modulated voice. "Your word of honour?"

"Yes, Sir; my word of honour!" retorted the Captain, now thoroughly roused. "Between gentlemen that is generally considered sufficient!"

"Certainly, certainly," struck in George de Winton. "Why, Gordon, what's the matter with you? Has Woodward here ever given you cause to doubt his word?"

"Oh, certainly not! I apologise if I have been wanting in manners. Perhaps the fact that I have spent many years of my life in a country where men's deeds speak louder than their voices, where they judge a man by what he does, not by external appearances, makes me distrustful of 'words of honour.' Forgive me, Captain Woodward, if I have been discourteous."

A terrible blow . . . Next instant he was struggling for his life.

"Not at all, my dear fellow," answered the other. "Only here we are in England, not in Texas, or some equally out-of-the-way place; and that should surely make a difference in your opinion of your fellow-men!"

"Come, you fellows; it's a long way from the witching hour yet. Make up a game of pool to pass the time." So saying, George de Winton led the way into the billiard-room, followed by all except Reginald Gordon, who made the fact of his wife's slight indisposition an excuse for withdrawing early. He wished them all good-night and left the room.

"Does he know or suspect anything?" muttered the Captain to himself. "That last remark of his had a *double entendre*, unless I am mistaken. I must be on my guard."

It wanted just a few minutes to midnight when Captain Woodward entered his room alone, and passing through the dressing-room went into that adjoining to change his coat for the more comfortable smoking-jacket.

"Silly rot, I call this fuss about ghosts!" he said to himself. "However, the twenty-five pounds will come in conveniently for the little Continental trip next Saturday." He laughed softly, and entering the dressing-room, pulled aside the heavy curtain that hid the panel mirror. A full-length view of himself met his eye, and he contemplated, not without some pardonable vanity, his own handsome face and upright soldierly figure.

"Now come all the ghosts in Christendom and do your worst," he exclaimed.

The candles on either side of the mirror flickered in the draught, and the rays from the bed-room danced through the open door and shone on the polished oak wainscotting. Behind the watcher at the glass the room was dark: the double doors rendered any noise in the house inaudible, and the perfect silence grew oppressive. The clock struck twelve; a dog barked in the stables below; a log rolled off the fire and caused the flames to spring afresh and the sparks to fly up the wide chimney; a gust of wind shook the casement, and the candles flickered, nothing more.

"Not coming to-night, evidently," muttered Captain Woodward. "I have wasted——"

Yes, there *was* something moving behind him! From the dimness of the room a figure, with a large soft hat slouched over the eyes, a gleaming knife in the upraised hand, glided softly towards him. The man set his teeth, realising in one moment the terrific mental effort that it would take to avoid turning

his head and facing the approaching figure. Nearer it drew, the eyes, as seen beneath the overhanging hat, gleaming with vindictive passion.

"By Jove, I hardly bargained for this!" was the comment of the watcher. "It does require some strength of will. However, it can't possibly hurt me, so——"

A sound, unmistakably of terrestrial origin, caught his ear—the rustle of a stiffened shirt and the clink of metal sleeve-links. He turned rapidly, stepping back towards the wall. A terrible blow on the chest, a sickening sense of weakness, was enough to more than convince him that his assailant was mortal. The next instant he was struggling for his life, and over him the passion-contorted face of Reginald Gordon was bending. The two men for an instant stood facing each other, then Gordon, dropping his dagger, sought his opponent's neck, and strove to drag him down to the ground. Weakened by loss of blood, the other fell to his knees. He saw by the diabolical expression in Gordon's set face that he need expect no mercy. There was red murder written on every line of it, and he knew in a vivid flash of comprehension the reason of the undying hatred of the man who was slowly, silently crushing the life out of him. What a fool, a thrice damned fool, he had been to mix himself up with a woman: he did not care one jot about her; he only sought the excitement of a week, a day, an hour! He would have left the silly fool as soon as he had tired of her. His thoughts began to wander as the pressure on his throat continued, grew stronger. He knew well that, once unconscious, there would be an end of him: the man in whose power he lay was beside himself with insane passion and mad jealousy.

The arm descended with lightning rapidity.

Suddenly, as he was on the verge of suffocation, the hands relaxed their hold, and he saw that Gordon's eyes were fixed with terrified glare on the mirror. He half twisted round and himself looked. What he saw there caused the blood to freeze in his veins, his hair to stand erect with trembling horror, whilst the sweat rose on his forehead and poured down his livid face.

A faint shadowy figure, in the dress of olden time, a broad hat with plumes shading the face, stood at Gordon's back with uplifted hand which held a gleaming knife which glinted with blue light in the rays of the flickering candles. Reginald Gordon could not turn his head or move his eyes from off the spectre that menaced him. The arm descended with lightning rapidity and noiseless force on to the back of the doomed man. Then to the watcher's horror, his late enemy threw up his arms, lurched forward, and, giving a horrible stifled gasp, fell in a shapeless mass on the ground. Then there was no further

sound, not a sigh, not a groan from the stricken man.

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A faintness, a terrifying horror, came over the man whose life had been so nearly lost to him. He essayed to rise, but staggered back, helpless and weak, and lost all consciousness.

The immediate cause of Reginald Gordon's death was never explained; whether, as the doctors suggested, the shock of seeing the ghost of Greeba Manor, coupled with the terrible mental excitement that possessed him at the moment, had brought on some sort of fit, no one will ever know. There was no mark of violence on the body; the heart was apparently sound. Only a few of the more credulous care to believe that the spectre retains its death-dealing power upon those who are rash enough to let it complete its work.

The reason of the apparently unprovoked attack made upon Captain Woodward is known but to two persons, a man and a woman. To the one it was but a passing incident, horrible and haunting, to be forgotten with all that led up to it as soon as possible. To the woman, with her sad, pale face, there will ever be the presence of an unavailing grief for a love that was scouted, despised, and thrust aside for that which was cowardly and shameful; the remembrance that a moment of selfish abandonment had well-nigh caused the stain of murder to be attached to the name of one who had given to her his heart's love, and whose mistaken chivalry had cost him his life.

Greeba Manor is shut up, and the owner lives abroad, in the hope that the absence of a few years may tend to lessen the torrent of gossip which the tragedy of the oak-panelled room occasioned. George de Winton has determined that in his lifetime, at least, the haunted room shall be kept closed, and that there may be no further occasions of tragedy in connection with what he firmly believes to be "The Mirror of Death."

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LEAVES FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

No. VI.——TIBERIAS AT EASTER-TIDE.

IT was the season of Eastertide, and all the fields of Palestine—from the plains of Dothan onward—had broken out into flower to greet the spring. The first fruits of the season had enriched the land, until it seemed like the land overflowing with milk and honey promised to the Children of Israel in days of old. Only the deserted aspect of the country laughed the fields to scorn, and the Bedouins seemed to be in sole possession of as fertile a stretch of country as ever traveller saw. The many-tinted greenery of the plains was splashed with scarlet and white and yellow; larks sought the sky, singing as they do in the old homeland. Yet I was pleased to leave Esdraelon, and to see below me, at the end of a long valley, the white walled town of Tiberias and the shining Sea of Galilee beyond. It was good to be among white people again, though their language and customs and thought were of the East. And as I rode slowly into the town, certain aged men sitting on flat stones by the wayside rose and saluted me graciously, and with a courtesy belonging to a time long gone by.

TIBERIAS FROM THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Tiberias boasts a little hotel named after the Sea of Galilee, and kept by a Greek who has excellent notions of cooking, and prepares dishes of meat and vegetables dressed and served in vine-leaves. There were no visitors in the town from Europe, but very many pious Jews with white beards and ear-locks, with gaberdines and big turbans, had come from Safed, in the hills to the north, to keep the Passover with their friends or families, and perhaps to visitthe grave of the great Rabbi Maimon who is buried by the seashore. In the town there was no sign of life by day—the heat was appalling; but in the evening the old men came from the white houses in roads twisted by earthquake, and sat by the roadside to learn; and children, young and

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old, in the Arabian or Syrian costume, came out to stroll in the welcome shade, and to flirt, just as though they came from the West. On the Sea of Galilee the wary fishermen toiled at their nets, watching carefully for the sudden squalls that come when they are least expected; and on the far side of the lake sunsets of unimagined beauty shone in the untrodden snow-filled caverns of Mount Hermon. It was such an atmosphere of perfect peace as is encountered only in the East, and though the Safed Jews come of a sect that has been fierce and fanatical from time immemorial, their representatives now seemed filled with the spirit

VIEW FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS, TIBERIAS.

OUTSIDE TIBERIAS.

of tranquillity. There was nothing to recall the fact that the men and women must work hard for a very simple living, that bad crops or stormy weather mean as much to them as to any farmer at home. The synagogues were crowded in the heat of the day, and my host told me they were as well attended in the heat of the summer, when the rank-and-file of the population lived in the lake in early morning and late evening, and in their deepest cellars during the heat of the day. The old men passed all their time with ponderous books, written in Hebraic characters. They took no interest in mundane affairs. When I spoke once to a picturesque Rabbi about his unending devotion to his books, he replied to me in Spanish without any sign of annoyance: "Señor, it is written in the Book, 'In my word thou shalt meditate day and night.'"

FLOWER-FIELDS BEYOND TIBERIAS.

In the evenings the people who did not care for the long dusty road bordered by boulders, where the lizards sunned themselves, and flower-spangled grass whence the larks took their flight at sunrise, would sit at their ease on the flat roof-tops. I could see few signs of social intercourse, and very many of the women sat as closely veiled as though they were quite insensible to the heat. The boys of the lower classes played Palestinian versions of hide-and-seek, and the sound of their laughter alone broke the silence of the night.

There was little enough to do or to see when the Passover Festival was over, and many of the most striking Jewish types had left the town. I waited patiently for a friend who was to join me from Haifa, and visited Bethsaida, travelling in the cool of the evening to the monastery at the far end of the Galilean Sea, and waking in the morning in a bare, clean room overlooking a garden full of nasturtiums, roses, and wall-flowers. A recluse might search the world over for a more delightful seclusion, and he would go far to find a more gracious welcome than the one given by the men from divers lands who have decided to make Capernaum the scene of their last labours. Before I left the little town the natives had become reconciled to the presence of the stranger, and showed no resentment at my intrusion. They saluted me with dignity, made way for me with courtesy, and never failed to do any small service that the occasion suggested. In return for my small donations the beggars showered blessings upon me; and on the day when I left for Haifa I felt that I was leaving many friends behind.

THE TRAVELLER.

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MARGOT.

By MRS. W. HUGHES.

IT all came from the name, as anyone might have foretold? Give a girl an outlandish foreign-sounding name, and you immediately mark her for some fate which never touches people with more commonplace appellations. There were we three sisters, Anna, Mary, and Jane—what romance, and romance is more often sad than bright, could attach to girls with such intensely practical and essentially Christian names? Anna lives with her husband, a suburban lawyer, and has a family of orthodox little children, who go through the list of infantile ailments in exactly the manner prescribed by medical books, consequently it is possible to select a well-attested course of treatment. Mary moves in an unending circle of domestic bliss, the pivot on which it—her bliss and the world in general—turns being that most correct if somewhat narrow-minded man, her husband, a country curate. I, Jane, with insignificant freckled features, have passed through life untouched by any of its thrilling passions.

Once perhaps—but, there, it is not worth the telling: it would only involve the stirring of the waters that have lain stagnant now for many years. I have no wrinkles that have not been there for the last decade, and they drew themselves during a few sleepless nights. That is all past; it is not of myself I wish to write, but of Margot, sweet loyal-hearted Margot.

See! she is coming down the street with our rector by her side. I can tell from his face exactly the thoughts he is trying to express, but finds so difficult to formulate in words. What matter? It is useless, quite useless. I could tell him so if he asked me, but I am the last woman in the world he would turn to for advice—*now*.

Margot—we call her so no longer; it is Marguerite, fair, gracious Marguerite. The former name has been laid by with other cherished things, hidden away with a little lavender and rosemary, maybe—that's for remembrance, they say. Mother would call her so, though we all demurred. Anna was thirteen, and had a right to speak; Mary was eleven, and I eight, and we added our voices to the protest. "Margot! Dear mother, it is such an un-English name; don't call our little sister anything so unfamiliar. Couldn't it be Maude, Alice, or even Marjory?" Mother was decided; it was unusual with her when the trio raised a dissenting voice.

"Your father chose the name, dears," she said tremulously once. It was enough; we protested no longer. Our father's word had always been law—now his memory was sacred: he had been laid in his grave only a few weeks ago.

Father had chosen it; the name pronounced by dying lips could no longer be criticised, and baby was borne to the church in silence. It was a very sad christening; I remember it to this day. Mother's voice quivered as she pronounced the name, and we stood in our black dresses round the font while the little baby sister was baptised and christened Margot—christened amid our tears.

We led a very quiet life in our country home all the years that Margot was growing up. She was a sweet, winsome baby; then a merry, mischievous child running wild, laughing and dancing in the sunshine, with a will like the winds, which we rarely attempted to thwart.

After Anna and Mary married, the home was broken up, and we decided in an evil moment to go abroad—an evil moment, I said, thinking of all that followed. But no, I am wrong; none of the moments of our God-given life are evil--Marguerite would be the first to tell me that. Well, we went abroad, mother, Margot, and I. Margot was just seventeen, and the sweetest, sunniest vision that anyone could wish to see. We three elder girls were plain, undeniably plain, and Margot was equally undeniably lovely; it made up for all our want of beauty just to look at her. After a year spent in Italy she grew quite proficient in the language. I never got beyond the rudiments; she trilled little foreign songs and sang quaint ditties about the house, and laughed for the very joyousness of life all and every day. Our second summer abroad we moved into the mountains, the Italian Alps. How beautifully wild the scenery was! I had never dreamt of anything so grand; the great mountains among which we lived seemed to reduce us to such atoms of humanity, such midgets in God's universe. I think the feeling of insignificance did us good. Mother was not strong, and I no great walker; but we were quite content to sit on the balcony or wander in the woods close to the hotel, and bask in all the beauty around us. With Margot it was different. She was here, there, and everywhere; no peak of the mighty giants around us which she did not aspire to climb; no tiny ledge overhanging the precipitous cliffs along which she could not creep or run, as the case might be. Doubtless some folk are born to live in the valleys, while others pant for want of air and their eyes tire with a limited outlook: they are only happy standing on the heights. To the latter class belonged my sister. Her descriptions of thrilling adventures made our blood run cold; but provided she went always with friends and a trusty guide, we did not wish to mar her pleasure with our unreasonable fears.

Besides a party of friends who had joined us, there were always tourists *passing through*, so that expeditions were numerous and guides easily obtainable. Margot had found a guide for herself; "her own guide," she called him, and, indeed, he seemed to have instituted himself her special protector. We smiled at her choice. He was a fine, handsome Italian, lithe and active as a deer, yet with a well-knit frame. His eyes were like coals, and a profusion of dark hair curled over his bronzed forehead. In a rough fustian suit, with a scarlet kerchief knotted loosely round his neck, and a felt hat thrown jauntily on to his handsome head, he presented indeed a picturesque figure. To my eyes he appeared like the brigands of whom I had so often read, and inspired me with a certain respectful admiration. He formed a strong contrast to Margot, with her singularly English type of beauty—fair, blue-eyed, and slender as a willow. Yes, they formed a striking pair; and we often watched them admiringly as they led the party down the precipitous path falling away from the very door of the hotel, or up through the dark pine woods to some snow-capped summit. A striking contrast indeed, the English gentle-born girl and the Italian guide! Could we have seen? Could anyone have foreseen?

The summer days passed very quickly. Occasionally I joined an expedition if it promised to be a short one, or a horse could be procured to ride. More often I stayed with mother, or roamed at will within sight of the hotel. I was not particularly brave, and the silence of the pine forests seemed almost oppressive at times. One excursion we made remains indelibly imprinted on my memory. It was a glorious midsummer day, yet with that touch of winter in the air that remains throughout the year at such altitudes. Scarce 500 ft. above us were the eternal snows. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery through which we passed on our upward way I cannot attempt to describe: here a little forest stream, "leaping in child-like impatience from the moss cradle amid the towering pines which has seen its birth," swept across the path, there a bed of wild strawberries tempted one and another of the party off the track, high above all, the everlasting mountains

reared their heads "in golden fortitude." In the midst of all this grandeur my attention was drawn away, specially absorbed, by the sight of the two figures leading the way as usual, whether singly or roped together, as was necessary at times. The fragrant scent of pine woods always brings that particular expedition back to my mind. There were several other guides with the party, but the order of march remained more or less the same, and inevitably resulted in my sister and her chosen guide, Ilario, being away far, far in advance of all the others. After all, he *was* only a guide—what could it matter? Better far that she should be with one so manifestly careful, and who guarded her every step. The others went slowly compared to her: even the youngest Englishman among them would have found it difficult to keep up with her nimble steps. We mounted that day to a plateau from which could be seen, across the yawning chasm at our feet, a roughly hewn granite cross. It stood like a silent sentinel on a ledge that overhung thousands of feet of space, and behind it, forming a green background to the grey stone, rose a treacherous grassy slope. One of the guides, indicating the spot, related the tale of the cross in broken English for the sake of his foreign listeners. "That marks the place where an English milord lost his life long years ago. It is safe, quite safe, to reach the ledge with a guide and in fair weather; but he went alone late in the autumn, when snow had already fallen; then, of course, it was perilous. Some goat-boys, who had seen him last descending alone to the ledge, raised the alarm. He was traced to the spot where a few plucked flowers lay. He must have hung on for some time and then dropped from exhaustion, for there were still finger-marks left in the snow when the search-party reached the place. No other details of the accident are known, and the cross was put up by his father."

Marguerite.

The very winds, danger's grim playmates on that precipice, slept, clasped in his embrace.

"I should like to go there one day," said Margot cheerfully, whilst we gazed in silence.

"I hope you never will," I said in as severe a tone as was ever used to my wayward little sister.

She shook her sunny curls lightly.

"With Ilario," she said, turning on him such a glance as sent the blood mantling into my cheeks—hers were so pink already they showed no increase of colour, the

shameless maiden! I felt really angry—there was no chance of giving the whispered injunction reserved for her ear alone, for in another minute both were gone, descending the zig-zagging track as nimbly as they had previously mounted it. Thinking over the matter later, I decided not to speak. After all, he was but a guide and she a heedless child. Why sow in her innocent brain ideas which might spoil the remainder of the summer days?

* * * *

Poor mother! I do not know if she or I was most scandalised and shocked when, some days later, Margot calmly announced her intention of marrying him—Ilario.

"I love him, and he loves me; why shouldn't we?" she said with a wilful laugh.

"Marry a *guide*, Margot!" we both exclaimed. "You must be out of your senses."

"No, madre mia," she answered, gently taking and kissing our mother's hand. "I 'm in real, real earnest. If he is a guide, that doesn't prevent him being the very best man in all the world; and above all, I love him. What would you have more?"

"Will you live in the mountains as a guide's wife, and test love in an Alpine hut?" I asked sarcastically.

"No, of course not," she returned merrily. "I shall have enough of my own to prevent the necessity of that. We shall be poor, but he will find some other work to do, and I love him. *voilà tout.*"

"Other work," I repeated scornfully. It was true that she, like each of us, would have a share of the small fortune bequeathed us by a maiden aunt: besides, what could be gained by arguing against her reiterated assertion, "I love him, I love him"? We could only sigh, and wonder if Margot by any other name had been so wayward, and so sweet. That was the trouble of it all—so sweet.

* * * *

The days passed, and we still stayed on for the simple reason that our wilful maiden would not let us leave. In vain mother pleaded the cold and I the dullness of the place (an altogether unworthy plea forsooth, and one for which I owe those beautiful scenes some true apology). Margot shook her head at all our objections and kissed them away, and we stayed on. Of course all our friends, and others in the hotel whom we hardly knew, but who came to hear the story, were scandalised. It was very pretty and romantic, the very plot for a novel, situated amidst scenery which would afford such scope for word-painting; but in real life such a thing was unheard of, and could never be. The girl was too pretty by far, and we came of such a good old family. "The world" was very sorry for us, and condoled mournfully. On our part we were terribly distressed, for there was no doubt Margot was in earnest, and had never been so resolutely bent on her own way before. Perhaps that was not strange, but it seemed so to us. Only two points she conceded at our urgent request, and one was that there might be no question of an immediate engagement.

"Yes, please, dear, you must promise me this," urged my mother; and Margot yielded sweetly. The further condition was that we should return to England in the autumn, and only revisit the mountains the following summer, if Margot remained as certain as before of her choice. During the winter there must be no communication between them. To this also she agreed reluctantly, and it caused us a pang to see the first shadows on her sunny face. For my part, I much doubted if Ilario could have done his part of the correspondence had it been permitted.

Our situation under the circumstances became somewhat untenable, and could not long be maintained with dignity. Being Margot's selected lover, we saw far more of Ilario than we should otherwise have done. We could not ask him into the public rooms of the hotel: even my sister admitted that it was "difficult, very difficult. Though, of course, there need be no difficulty at all if you would only let me do as I wish and get married at once; then we could leave the place," she urged.

Marriage was out of the question, but leave the place we must. After a fortnight spent awaiting Margot's pleasure, mother and I decided ourselves this could last no longer. There was no engagement;

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"Afraid with you, Ilario!"

but what is an engagement, pray, in face of an understanding between two hearts as loyal and true as those of Margot and her lover? Poor child! I had never seen her weep before, save the painless tears of childhood, those April showers which only serve to clear entirely an almost cloudless sky. Now she wept at thought of parting for a few brief months—only a few months.

The weather seemed to sympathise in her moods, and it, too, changed, becoming cold and uncertain. The wind at nights in the pine-trees was terrible with its ceaseless moaning.

"We must pack and go, Margot," I said firmly one day, speaking to a disconsolate figure which stood at the window looking out towards the village.

"I suppose so," she answered listlessly. "I will pack to-night. I am going for a last walk to-morrow."

"Who with?" I answered, more quickly than grammatically.

"Oh, quite a number of people," she replied rather haughtily; "of course, you think I 'm going alone with Ilario, but I 'm not—that can wait." Then she mentioned the names of several friends who were to join the party.

"That's all right," I answered, reassured, "if the weather is fine, but it doesn't look very cheerful at present."

Margot muttered something about going in any case, but I did not speak again. That evening she was as good as her word, and set to, to pack.

* * * *

Here, on the very topmost peak of love,
Kiss we and part.

Next morning when I woke the sun was streaming into the little room Margot and I shared. The other bed was empty; she had gone. She must have moved quietly in order not to disturb me: the extremely early start these mountain expeditions necessitated was always a terrible drawback. At the breakfast-table I was surprised to find several of those whose names Margot had mentioned as members of the party; she would never, surely, have deceived me, even in so small a matter.

"No, we were going, it is true," replied one and another; "but it was a shocking morning when your sister started. Now—yes, now the sun is shining all right, but this morning early the mists were so thick that you could not see across the path. Look out now and see for yourself how it has rained during the night."

I looked out. The great pine-trees hung *heavy with moisture*, and were streaming under the sun's rays; the pine-needle under foot were saturated.

"It doesn't seem very settled weathe yet," I remarked. The sun shining o the mists made the mountains seem eve higher and grander than ever, and familia peaks appeared almost unrecognisabl looming out of the clouds. Below in th valley the mist was still rolling in billow masses, and threatened to rise at an moment.

"I suppose my sister did not go alone?' I asked, feeling unreasonably hurt that th others of the party should have deserted her

"Oh, no; there were two young English men, who only arrived last night, an started with Miss Margot and the guide they were probably going the whole wa together."

I said no more, and returned to m packing, trying to stifle all misgivings and resolved that, happen what might, no another day should we remain in the place Now and again I looked out of the windo and shivered at sight of the clouds whic were descending slowly but surely on th mountains and forests, while the dens mists rose to meet them from out of th valleys below. The sun glimmered feebl for awhile, then disappeared altogether It was a hopeless prospect, and I ha some difficulty in reassuring the mothe when she came downstairs.

"Of course, Margot's all right," asserted cheerfully more than once "Ilario is with her—who could she hav better?"

Ilario had proved himself not only th best of guides, but since we had come t know him well, singularly resolute an trustworthy, gentle as a woman at al times, yet ready for any emergency. Hi character lay revealed in the frank, hand some face, with its soft, true eyes—

The face that a child would climb to kiss,
True and tender, and brave and just,
That man might honour and woman trust.

It was, after all, no great wonder tha Margot had lost her heart to him; save for his social position, she might have done worse, far worse.

All that is left to tell of the events o that terrible day I learnt partly from

Margot herself, after many months, and partly from the young Englishmen who, thank God, set out with her that morning: but for them, we should never have known even the direction in which she and they had gone. It had been a dull, dark dawn, and as the party of four wound their way up through the gloomy forests, they slipped ever and again on the gleaming pine-needles. This rendered the ascent long and toilsome, while the raindrops from the trees soaked them to the skin. Ilario went first, clearing the path for Margot's merry steps, which followed closely in his own. She never seemed to lose breath or weary, and her gay laughter rang through the solemn trees while she prattled on in Italian to Ilario, and in English to the men behind. The latter, though good walkers, were unaccustomed to mountaineering, and in no wise suitably equipped, having started with nailless boots. Slipping again and again, they at length reached the summit of the wood, and stood with the other two enjoying the keen air and the effect of the sunlight on the misty peaks. Other view there was none. They, too, noticed, as we were doing from the hotel below, the threatening clouds, and pointed them out to Ilario.

Many women would forget, but Margot, never!

"They live with us all the winter months," he replied, laughing. "Only dwellers in the valley fear the clouds and mists."

After a short halt for breakfast, the party proceeded on and upward, the object of their expedition being the granite cross which Margot had long desired to reach. By midday they stood on the summit of the grassy slope below which ran the ledge. The ground was sodden with moisture, and the rolling mists obliterated on one side the valley from which they had ascended, and on the other filled the yawning chasm at their feet. For a moment even Margot started back. It seemed as though they were on the brink of eternal space, into which one forward step would plunge the adventurer. The Englishmen looked dubious and Ilario resolute.

"It is not possible for anyone to go down the slope on such a day without well-nailed boots," he said; "moreover, you would need a guide apiece. I will take the Signorina"—he invariably called her so in the presence of strangers—"but you, Signori, can either wait here or descend slowly by that path to the right, on which we will presently overtake you. It is a good wide track and perfectly safe. You cannot lose the way."

Both decided simultaneously that it was too cold to wait about in their drenched condition, and turned, not altogether

unwillingly, from the awful edge on which they appeared to be standing. They had merely come for a view which was not to be had, and a walk which had proved intensely enjoyable despite many drawbacks. Strangers as they were, it was no business of theirs to interfere with Margot and Ilario, who seemed to have a thorough understanding between them; besides, the guide laughed heartily at any idea of danger. When the others had gone he turned to Margot, still smiling a little as he knotted the rope round her waist.

"You are not afraid with me, carissima?" he asked, in his soft, mellow voice, his dark eyes looking lovingly into hers. Her blue eyes met his loyally and trustfully. "Afraid with you, Ilario!"

Then he drew her into his arms, and they stood for one moment on the summit of the mountain, clasped to each other, with the mists twirling around them and eternity yawning below. All social distinctions were merged in love.

"Come, my beloved," he said, as he let her out of his arms, and started cautiously down the slippery treacherous slope.

A false step, a cry, and they were rushing irresistibly towards the awful chasm below, the cord growing tenser and tenser. In the blinding mist something struck Margot on the forehead and stopped her, as, putting out both arms, she clung to it—the base of the rough stone cross. A great sob broke from her—Ilario had gone over into the grey gulf below, but the cord was still fast, and tore her almost in two with his hanging weight. She could not bear it long. "Ilario! Ilario!" she cried feebly, clinging for dear life to the hard stone. His face was just above the ledge; she could see an awful look in his dark eyes as his fingers clutched the ledge.

Should she lean over and give him a hand? She had not one to spare, both were clasped tight round the stone; to loose one would have been certain death; it needed all the strength of both arms to bear the strain, and the palms of her hands were bleeding. For one awful moment the man's fingers clutched convulsively at the slippery stone.

"*Hold on, help* will come," said the girl, striving to scream; but her breath came in little feeble gasps, and the cruel rope round her waist tightened till it was agony to bear.

"Cut the rope," he murmured hoarsely.

"Never," she whispered, smiling even in that supreme moment in the strength of her love.

Then for one instant she leant towards him, stretching out a hand over the chasm, clinging with the other to the cross. Had he grasped it, both would inevitably have been drawn over and hurled into the depths below. His senses were numbed, but he could still realise that.

A glitter of steel through the misty air, one low call, "Addio, addio," the muffled sound of a falling body, and the rope fell frayed at her feet.

Ilario? He had gone over into eternity.

Straining her eyes over the edge, she stood alone, one arm grasping the cross, one still extended.

"Ilario, Ilario!" A wild, agonised cry rent the air. "Ilario, Ilario!" No answer from above, no answer from below, only the awful silence of death.

They found her there some hours later, when a search party led by the Englishmen reached the spot. She lay unconscious on the narrow ledge, the frayed rope still hanging round her waist, and both arms twined round the rough grey stone. They carried her home very tenderly and brought her into the hotel—Margot, our poor little Margot!

* * * *

There she is, coming down the road. The prim little bonnet will not quite keep down the truant curls that play about her forehead. There are no lines on her face; only the blue eyes are wistful and seem to be gazing beyond present objects toward something unattainable. The tones of her voice have lost their merry ring, but they are even sweeter than of yore, and I can hear them now.

"I am so sorry, but it can never be!" I could have told the rector had he come to me for advice; but that, as I observed before, he will never do. Yes, I could have told him—many women would forget, but Margot, *never*.

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LAST CENTURY'S HATS.

By WILFRED MARK WEBB.

THERE can hardly be two opinions as to the usefulness of headgear under certain restraining circumstances. On the other hand, it must be allowed that with the aid of that formless influence which we speak of as "The Thing," and of its familiar, known as "Fashion," the hat has thrown off the guise of slave and assumed the attitude of tyrant.

According to the material, shape, and style of the covering he puts upon his head, a man may be readily summed up, and by this means a value may be put upon him by the world at large, or he is approved of or condemned by his immediate fellows. Appearance may be sacrificed for comfort, or conventionality purposely defied: then the *kind* of hat is varied. Individuals

ROUGH BEAVER, WITH UNBOUND BRIM.

Beginning of the Nineteenth Century.

sometimes cling to the times and traditions of their youth: then the *style* will be more or less out of date. A desire for smartness has often led to exaggeration, while utterly bad taste is accountable for many peculiarities.

For many years it has been stringently

MODERN SILK HAT.

Fashionable in December 1900. Height, 6⅛ inches.

laid down that he who would be well dressed at work or pleasure, in the busy centres of human activity, must crown himself with something hard and high, and, by comparison, heavy. Examples of hats which during the last hundred years were the outcome of this rule have been exhibited recently in the windows of the shops belonging to a leading firm of hatters in London. All the types there seen, and here represented, agree, therefore, in being "tall hats," though the materials and methods employed in their construction show a more pleasing variety.

We may first of all consider the time-honoured "beaver" in use in this country since the days of the earlier Plantagenets. This at the beginning of the nineteenth

century had already assumed the character which has given rise to so much fun and literary banter. Practically speaking, the

BLACK BEAVER, SMOOTH.
Early in the last century.

"beavers" of our grandfathers were "felt hats," and in those days as now, one of the chief materials used in their manufacture was the fur of rabbits. This is the "doe-hair" which, it is said, after the recent lamentable explosion at Denton hat-factory, "ascended in a black cloud, and settled in the roads for a distance of three miles."

A hundred years ago the hair was put into proper condition for felting by means of a wooden bow some seven or eight feet long. The string of the latter was plucked continually, and allowed to strike the materials got ready in a rectangular basket. Two separate lots were thus prepared, and after being felted by means of gentle pressure, were formed into conical caps with a join down one side. One of these was placed inside the other, with the lines of junction already alluded to, on opposite sides, and felting continued with the help of acidulated water, containing the dregs of beer. Any extra felt required was next added with a wet brush, and the beaver-hair laid on to the outside and worked in. Afterwards the crown was flattened, and the brim worked out, while the whole structure was stiffened by the application of glue to the inside. Finally, the required shape was given to the hat by the use of moisture and hot irons, while the brim was carefully trimmed to the required form with a knife. The cut was not, however, allowed to go right through the material; and the superfluous parts being broken away, the rough edge was hidden by the projecting beaver-fur, as seen in the first and third Illustrations.

Nowadays, in the making of felt hats, delicate machinery separates out the finer parts of the rabbit's fur, which are afterwards blown on to a revolving cone. Through perforations in this, suction is applied, which collects the hairs and causes them to mat together in a most complicated way. When enough material has accumulated, a hot spray is turned on, which further increases the felting, and the rough hat is obtained.

Returning to the old beaver, one finds that at first the nap was left very rough; various colours were affected, however, and in time the nap was smoothed down. Further finish was given by binding the brim with silk, as shown in the fourth Illustration, though, nevertheless, in the hat there depicted the fur has been allowed to project from the underside as of old. An appearance of added height was given

LIGHT BEAVER, WITH BOUND BRIM.
The fur projects, nevertheless, from the under-side of the latter.

to the hat by narrowing the band, which was reduced to so little as half an inch in width.

Leigh Hunt has humorously recorded the many objections to which the top-hat was just as liable at the beginning of the nineteenth century as it is to-day.

HAT COVERED WITH COTTON "SHAG."

The shape was originally French. The height is 6⅜ inches and the breadth of the hat-band is 2⅝ inches. This band is dark grey, while the under-side of the hat is of the same colour, and the crown is quite light.

In fairness he points out, however, that as an old Bluecoat boy he had "an educated antipathy" to head-coverings in general. He describes how a new hat comes home more like a marmot, or some living creature, than a manufacture; how the ladies of one's household try it on for one, and how its appearance is the only thing against an old hat, a true friend which in everything else is the better for wear. We must not, however, here follow Leigh Hunt and his new hats through all their trials and disasters.

The artist Hudson was another who had little admiration for the article of dress in question, for he always painted it under the arm of its owner. Once, it is told, a sitter prevailed upon Hudson to immortalise him on canvas with his head covered, but when the portrait arrived, there was another hat under the subject's arm.

After her accession, Queen Victoria continued to wear a man's tall beaver when riding, and, indeed, such hats have not quite died out yet. Drivers and guards of coaches still affect them, while outriders may occasionally be seen in similar white beavers, among whom the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' postilion is an interesting survival. Such hats cannot be made for less than a couple of guineas, and it is worthy of note that a number of them are exported to France from this country.

Before the first quarter of the nineteenth century had passed, a cotton "shag" or plush was introduced as a substitute for beaver. On this page is an Illustration of a hat covered with shag, and representing a shape which arose in France about the time of the Revolution, and found favour in Ireland for very many years. Silk shag followed, and in 1838 the British held their own in the production of the shorter nap and brilliant surface which came into vogue. Then the French made a "velvet pile," which was quickly improved upon in this country, and Lord Lyndhurst, it is said, wore the first true "silk hat."

There is, of course, no felt about the latter kind, which is actually built up of numbers of layers of calico and muslin, stiffened with shellac and ironed into shape upon wooden blocks made in pieces so as to be easy of withdrawal. The brim, unlike that of the felted variety, is made separately, as is also the crown, and the whole body is

THE "STOVE-PIPE."

A shape seen in 1847. Height, 7¼ inches.

afterwards covered with silk plush in the neat manner we are all familiar with.

With regard to the shapes of top-hats, it may be laid down that the fashions repeat themselves in cycles. The tall, straight "stove-pipe" (see Illustration on previous

THE "JOHN BULL."
Height, 5¼ inches.

page) reaches its limit, and then gradually becomes lower and more inclined to "bell" at the top, until the "tile," characteristic of John Bull is arrived at, which is represented in the next sketch. Occasionally the hat narrows slightly towards the top, as in the true "chimney-pot"; while the superb construction called the "Dandy," exceptionally combines the height and the bell. The leather band inside this latter is caused to project from the sides by a lacing drawn tight at the back, as is done all round in a "hunting-topper." By this means a grip is maintained on the crown of the head, and the hat thereby prevented from being easily blown off. The head of the rider, should he fall upon it, is likewise restrained from reaching the top of its covering, thus leaving a useful buffer. Many a hunting-man has owed his life to his hat.

From old catalogues and engravings, however, it appears that several shapes of silk hat were considered stylish at the same time and before the beaver had ceased to be worn. In 1837 very small brims were often seen. Both "bell and taper top" flourished side by side some few years later; while the tall hat worn by Lillywhite, the cricketer, in the match between the M.C.C. and All England in 1843 was not of any very pronounced shape. *The brims of those* worn by other contemporary cricketers curved down before and behind like those of some beavers attributed to George the Fourth's time; and men about town affected a brim turning down all round and a decidedly taper top. One feature of the cricketing-hat seen on the next page is the silk plush on the under side of the brim, which in our days is covered with cloth, excepting in a few clerical hats. The riders in the first bicycle-race which was held in this country, it might be recalled, wore top-hats and frock-coats. The year 1844 witnessed the arrival of a more pronounced bell, already known in 1830. The "stove-pipe" had its turn once more in 1847; the "chimney-pot" was seen in 1851.

The *Illustrated London News*, commenting at the time on dress at the Great Exhibition of 1851, praises the turban on account of its grace and suitability

THE "CHIMNEY-POT."
Fashionable about 1850. Height, 7¼ inches.

to the climate in which it is worn. Such a thing could not be adopted in England, the paper continues (umbrellas were then considered much too effeminate for a man to carry); but it is high time that a crusade should be organised against the ugly and uncomfortable top-hat, which is further described as being as "rigid as a helmet and almost as fragile as a piece of

porcelain." Further, we are told that the wide-awake was coming at that time "into faint vogue"; but as to appear in unconventional head-dress required more courage and intrepidity than that of the average explorer, the people of England would long continue under the despotic rule of "shocking bad hats."

This has proved too true, for it is only of very recent years that public opinion has allowed the tall hat to be discarded even in very hot weather. In the summer of 1900 such license was, perhaps, really marked for the first time, when liveried servants were furnished by thoughtful masters with the same comfortable straw hats they had themselves been constrained to adopt. Last year policemen even exchanged their helmets for white cotton hats. The Panama hat, however, got its foot in furthest, so to speak, and it may be looked upon, so say good authorities, as the approved head-covering in future summers. The changes in the fashion of present-day top-hats are very slight and gradual, and royalty does not always trouble to follow them. The styles adopted in the City, it may be said, are always a trifle more pronounced than those of the West End, the abode of solid conservative good taste.

THE "DANDY."
Height, 7⅞ inches.

No consideration of top-hats would be complete without a reference to one or two more types, the leather-topped covering of the early policeman, for instance, or the collapsible opera-hat, invented by a well-known hatter, many years ago. This may be covered with silk or merino, like the stiff hats affected by some country doctors, as withstanding the weather better than the silk-covered variety.

Cloth hats of this kind are only made in very small numbers now, and there is little demand for the "drab shell," or grey felt topper. The latter, for some reason

SILK HAT WORN AT COUNTY CRICKET MATCHES.
The date is about 1840. The under-side of the brim is covered with plush instead of cloth.

ORIGINAL HAT OF THE POLICEMAN.
With leather top and supports at the sides.

or other, is now confined to elderly men, though fifty years ago it was quite the thing for a young fellow to go to town in a "white topper." Last year, though not quite for the first time, a monstrosity was to be seen in the shape of a tall hat made of straw, which had less to commend it than the silk-covered "bowler" of some time ago.

Finally, in this connection, we must not forget another old type which still lingers—to wit, in the conical hats of the Welsh women. Formerly the importance of these in the eyes of their wearers was very great, and they were handled almost as if they were sacred objects.

Many interesting and peculiar hats characteristic of the past century are among those which have not been recognised by Society with a bi- "S," but it would be impossible t discuss them now in the space at our disposal.

In conclusion, it must be pointed out that thanks are due to Messrs. West and Co., of 29, Cheapside, for the opportunity so kindly afforded for sketching the hats exhibited by them, as well as to Mr. Herbert C. Tress, of Messrs. Tress and Co., of Stamford Street, for much useful information and help.

SILK TALL HAT OF THE WELSH WOMEN.

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SUSIE.

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

DOWN through the grey of the sage-brush, on a hill that was jewelled with patches of the melting snow of winter all but gone, shambling along as lazily as the blear-eyed dog at his heels, a Washoe Indian of Western Nevada arrived at the edge of a hurrying brook. Removing a hat, all battered and fuzzy, that once had been of silk and proudly high, he gruntingly descended to lie on his stomach at the selvedge green of the water's brink, and thrust in his lips for a short, eager drink. The dog lapped above him. Both resumed the march again, for the Indian School was near at hand and the way all a carpet of stubble.

To the kitchen-door the Washoe slouched, and awed the young mahalas, who, with red in their faces from the glowing range, were up to their elbows in the arts of civilised cooking.

"Injun Jim he's wants my Injun girl!" he announced.

"Lordee!" cried the teacher, jumping nervously, "you frightful object! You startled me dreadful. Now, what in the name of goodness do you want?"

The Indian maidens stood in attitudes of stoic amazement—one excepted. She, the brightest and the tallest, merely gazed at the visitor in dumb appeal, her hands going slowly, reluctantly back to the strings of the apron that hung about her waist.

"Injun Jim he's wants my Injun girl!" the Washoe repeated.

"Want *what*?" screamed the teacher. "Want Susie? Nonsense, you dirty old thing! You're supposed to be dead; we have *all* believed you dead and buried for two long years. You go back to the sage-brush. Here, I give you plenty biscuit-lah-poo. Your Susie go to school—she very smart girl."

"No biscuit-lah-poo. Heap ketchum girl, you sabbee? What's Injun goin' do at white man's school? He's don't learn nuthin' goot for us. He's heap Injun all same. Injuns can't vote; Injuns can't make no law. Heap no goot, you sabbee?"

The woman was speechless. She started abruptly to run to the agent, but suddenly halted, remembering sharply that against the wishes of an Indian parent the Government was powerless to hold a pupil.

A silence fell on the Indian maidens and the baffled teacher. A few quick words in the Washoe tongue delivered by the father to his child, and Susie laid her apron on the table. Then silently she walked to her teacher, kissed her lightly on the hair, and turned to follow where the man already shambled slowly toward the brush. Her head bowed submissively forward, her hands hanging listless at her side, she trod in his trail, and the dog shuffled patiently behind.

The sun was casting long, slender filaments of shadows. Into its ruddy glory passed the silent procession, out through the paths of the grey, lonely sage-brush, over the flat and the ridges, to the foothills far across the valley. Late in the darkness shone at length the dim red eye of the dark and smoky wigwam; and there at last, on the chilling earth, sat Susie in the night, and watched the greying of the glow to the death, her chin on her breast,

her fingers idly toying with a rounded bit of pebble.

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There in the morning Wanda, the mother, whined with her wrinkled mouth and bade the silent Susie stand and go to Chloride Hill, to beg at the rear of the cabins. Together they went, while her father wrapped his blanket about him and strode away, with his dog, in search of others in the mining camp, whose worldly possessions he hoped to win at the subtleties of "Pass the stick."

Winding through the stunted brush, the women came to the outlying houses. A door at the back of one of these was standing awide. A man within was clattering dishes, cups of tin, and iron knives and forks, to a clumsy pyramid on the table.

"Here," said he, when he found the mahala gazing in, "squaw heap wash 'um dishes, sabbee? Two-bits, plenty grub I give; mahala wash table, dishes, floor—hey?"

At the mention of twenty-five cents the woman was oddly alive. With many a grunt and with plenty of hybrid whistle-and-mutter, she impressed the girl to the service. The man made ready for departing to the mine that was his on the hill.

"Come every day," he presently added, after glancing keenly at Susie, as he piled some food on a stool near by and brought up the money from a pocket. "I pay every week for wash 'um floor and dishes."

The girl, when he went, proceeded deftly to cleaning the table and placing utensils and dishes in order—the order they taught at the school. It gave her a pleasure, but of this and of other emotions there was never a sign.

Day after day she returned, now alone. Her mother went begging at other of the cabins. With hands caressful—and rounded hands of dimpled bronze they were—she touched these kitchen possessions fondly and with grateful dreams of the school across the valley.

"See here," said the man one morning, as he watched her at the labour, "you needn't scrub the floor, I guess. I hate to see a woman doing that."

"*I thank you,*" she quietly replied, "but I like to do it. I like to see it clean."

He looked at her astonished. "Where in the world did you learn your English?" he rudely inquired.

She blushed beneath the softened bronze of her rounded cheeks, and the lashes drew her eyelids timidly down to curtain the wide-open orbs of dark and lustrous onyx.

"At the Institute," she faintly answered.

"Oh! . . . Well, the dishes I like to have you fix, of course, but not the floor, please."

She reddened again, and shot him a glance that resembled the questioning gaze of a doe, not trained to fear, yet always shy.

"If you—care for—books—or anything here—you're welcome," he stammered, and walked away. He beat himself a blow on the breast, yet he knew not why, and shook himself in the breeze that blew.

The mine on the hill was a hundred rods from the trail to Greasewood Cañon, but the forking path was well defined, where his boots had scarred the near-lying rocks, and ground the sand persistently.

Along the path at noon came a stunted man, a barrel-shaped miner, who "blazed" his track with a cut-off shovel used as a cane.

"Paper for Henley," he puffingly remarked as he opened the door of the shed above the shaft. "Paper 'dressed to 'Franklin Henley,'" and tossing it in by the side of the man who was eating his lunch on a box, he plodded ahead to return to the trail.

"Thank you, Billy," called the other; "much obliged."

He finished a bone, gave his fingers a wipe on the ragged trousers, and slit off the wrapper of the "down-East" paper.

Sitting in the door, he read the news of the far-away home, eagerly absorbing every line. Of a sudden he paused; a gleam of something wild came flashing in his eyes, and the muscles of his hands and arms abruptly stiffened.

"Married, by the Rev. Richard Watson,

Feb. 20, Miss Agnes Coles to Frederick Law," was all that he read.

The type swung a dizzy waltz, with the notice for their centre—a thousand

"So that's the reason she hasn't been writing!" he fiercely hissed. "That's the game he's worked on the quiet shift! Undermined me!—tapped the vein!—

"You needn't scrub the floor, I guess."

animated demon spots they were, dancing at his anguish.

He hurled the sheet, in a crunched-up ball, along in the brush; he grasped a pick and went where the paper lay—all crisply swelling to open again—and dug and gashed it to dirt-printed shreds.

robbed the pocket! Damn his cowardly heart!—damn the mine!—damn everything!" His voice was choked; he reeled to the shed, he sank—half-flung—to the earthern floor, to lie where the door, like a flabby jaw, was vainly trying to close against his body.

His fingers gouged in the sand like hooks; his face was pressed to the chill, hard cheek of the soil. The wind swept through, the hole of a window its vent, beating the door, in weak, squeaking blows against his back.

The day grew old; a drizzling rain descended; darkness obscured him as he lay, half within, half without. The night came down and found him motionless. The creak, creak, creak of the door was mingled at midnight with the distant howling of a lone coyote.

In the morning, when the Indian girl was come to the cabin, a wild-eyed man, mumbling and groping, haggard, unkempt, came staggering out of the sage-brush to fall on the floor of the kitchen.

There on the boards she fashioned the couch whereon he tossed and rolled, fought, and mined for fourteen nights and days.

Feebly he opened his eyes at length. It was Susie above him, laving his forehead; Susie preparing the food at the stove; Susie who sang him the lullaby of rest in Washoe music, soft, and persuasive.

Wistfully his eyes remained on her round young face. He lay there helpless, feeling like a man of thewless cotton. Day by day she coaxed his pulse to its strong quick thump of action. Night by night his energy crept in and through his system again. Yet what was the use?

There came an hour when he tottered to his feet, got the gush of spring from the visiting breeze, and at length returned to the mine—to dig in the adamant, to work off the shadows of hatred and vengeance.

He dug out a pocket of gold, nearly pure, and laughed in scorn at its glittering spread on the salver of dross and porphyry. It lay where it fell—a pyramid of riches; and he striking sparks from his steel and the rock in the opposite end of the tunnel.

Susie remained—his shy little doe—adoring the air that haloed him about, thrilling unceasingly to hear him speak—living in her womanly scheme of an earthly heaven.

The blossoms now presented their *cheeks* and lips in manifold petals for the sun's caress; the birds, wide-throated by gushing melodies, expressed throughout the day the joys of twining a nest in the branches. The Indian girl outspread her very fingers, to feel all the current of love and life that sweetened the air.

At times, as the spring bud bourgeoned into summer, the girl and Henley roamed on the hills hand-in-hand, seeking the grass blades that smoothed the roots of the sage-brush, hunting out the flowers, mocking the mellow lark—who sang of endless summer.

Now and again the man was fired by hot desire to honeycomb the mighty hills with drifts and shafts and tunnels. Yet, how sweet to wander "home" in the cool of the evening, stepping to the cheerful notes of crickets by the trail, to meet the day new-born again in the beaming face of Susie!

CHAPTER II.

Chloride Hill, the mining camp, was nothing to Henley, nothing to Susie. But out of its streets there came one day a tall, stalwart Indian, who stood aloft in the kitchen door and gazed in pleasure on the Indian girl.

"Mingo!" she cried in alarm.

"Yes, Mingo," he replied slowly and clearly, grinning like a wolf. "Mingo, big hunter."

She had backed away and stood there trembling. "What do you want?" she finally gasped, in the musical speech of the Washoes. "Why do you come?"

"Mingo, the hunter, comes for you," said he. "Mingo wants his mahala, his wife."

"What do you mean?" she cried, aghast.

"Mingo's mahala is afraid like the chipmunk," he joyously announced. "Mingo will make her like the pool of the water. Mingo will take his wife; he has given her father his rifle and pony. She will go to the lodge of Mingo."

"Mingo is locoed" crazy), she answered. "*Here* is my lodge. I am *his* mahala. This is Susie's wikiup."

"No," said he, growing dark with frowning, "you, my wife—my squaw

Your father, he say so. He say you go with Mingo, go to Mingo's wigwam."

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"But I can't go to your wigwam. I don't love you—don't you sabbee? I don't love you."

"Mingo, he loves you. That is plenty. I tell you come."

"Oh, you sneaking coyote! If my husband were here you would run like the coward. You would never come to the white man's wikiup!"

"He is not your husband, mahala. Do you say to Mingo, the white chief here is your husband?"

She faltered, staggered, and groped a little backward.

"You say it not," he quickly continued. "It is lying. No, the mahala is not the wife at his side, in his wikiup. She has broken the Indians' law; she has broken the law of the white man. Mahala, you belong to Mingo. I tell you come."

He moved toward her; she recoiled in dread. Her searching hand came down on the table, fell on the handle of a knife, and she grasped it suddenly.

"Stand far away," she cried, displaying the blade, "you sneaking coyote! You come when women are alone—you, the great hunter! Keep away! Go! Let in the light! Take your bad coyote face to the sage-brush, you coward!"

The savage blood of her nature was aflame. The Washoe flinched not at all, neither did he come. He was cunning more than brave. The dull, banked fires were aglow in his eyes, his body was bent in a menacing attitude, his head thrown malignantly forward. Muttering threats of vengeance, he glided backward, and she slammed and bolted the door. Then down on the floor she sank, to lie there breathing like a wounded animal.

On the hill, in the sunshine, Henley was gazing at the deep blue sky, that showed in a patch through a window in the shed above the mine. Along the path, down below, at his back, the squat, little barrel-shaped miner laboured wheezingly upward.

"Letter for Henley," he called at the door, and threw in the missive and trudged along the hill.

Not an answering sound did Henley make. "A letter," he mused, not starting at all from his resting position. "Comes a trifle late, I reckon. Life-preserver to a corpse—as far as the world beyond is at all concerned." He gazed another hour at the sky, while the light moved slowly athwart the earthen floor and lay at length, a brilliant finger, across the face of the upturned envelope.

Turning, he saw the white and placid invitation. His eyes began dissecting its features. Presently the writing, round and straight, made him move by stages involuntarily toward the light.

"Hers," he whispered.

His jaw grew square and firmly set; his eyes grew hard and glinted like flint. Yet he took up the letter and broke it open sullenly.

". . . and my illness increased to such an extent," he read through a mist, "that the doctor said I would have to go to the warm Bermudas. Everyone about was quite alarmed—they neglected you, my dearest heart—and for many a week I lay like a shadow on the pillow.

". . . I enclose a notice, the funniest thing that was printed in the *Star*.

"'Married by the Rev. Richard Watson, Feb. 20, Miss Agnes *Coles* to Frederick Law.'

"Isn't it odd?—the oddest thing! Of course it ought to be *Wolles*; but such a laugh they have had on me, and on Agnes too. But bless her heart, she doesn't mind; she's got her Fred at last, and they are very happy——"

His senses were swimming crazily, the world was whirring wildly in space—he tottered in his walk.

Out he went, clutching his letter—out to the light—out and away up the hill, striding like an engine breasting the breeze, fronting the steep ascent, panting and straining to reach that upper isolation.

"Frank, oh, Frank," cried Susie when he came, "Mingo, the Indian——"

He brushed her by. He looked at her blankly; his ears failed to focus the

sounds of her voice; he merely comprehended that something was uttered.

"No, no," he answered, "no, not now—I'm lizzy—rattled."

She stood with eyes wide open and startled — dumbly appealing. "But Mingo," she said, "Mingo, the Indian, he came to-day—and he threatened—threatened *us!*"

"Mingo—Mingo! He's a coward—I'm tired—never mind him, Susie."

He stretched forth his hand. She leaped to place it on her neck, and kissed it wildly. He stood there truly, but himself was far away.

Pacing and pacing, he wore away the hours in the cabin. All through the night she watched his face with startled eyes, pain, doubt, and yearning in her dumb, trusting look.

In the morning he bolted to the hill again; and she, like a doe that knows not anything but one who is master, followed him timidly far behind—followed till he threw himself down in the sage-brush. She sank where she was, to wait there in patience.

In the grass-broken sand he lay and sat and lay again, thinking rapidly, incoherently, the same things over and over. Under it all ran a current of echoes: "Saved my life—she saved my life—she saved my life."

At length his wandering attention was caught by a motley procession moving slowly along in the dust-wreathed road below. There were half-a-dozen Washoe Indians, more perhaps, approaching the town—women and men. They had two horses — jaded, hopeless creatures — that three old men were riding. Near them, walking barefooted, heavily laden, were three or four squaws, with time-furrowed visages. The loads were contained in sacks and in conical baskets, heaped on the shoulders and supported by heavy bands, which went across the foreheads of these camel-females. Forward the burdened ones bent, looking, as if in submission and patience, on the ground, leaning on sticks which they used with either hand. It was only a party returning *from* the mountains with the gathered supply of bitter acorns and berries from the red manzanita. For fifty miles they had travelled thus. Painfully the wretched caravan crawled around the hill and disappeared.

Henley watched them, strangely intent. "Saved my life," he muttered aloud. "Indian — same as those. Saved me. Yes, she'll wrinkle—be old. Why did I have to have the fever! Saved my life. Wrinkled, fearful old squaws."

Susie saw the squalid show. "Oh," she cried, in anguish to herself. "Oh, the women—oh, the Washoe women! Were they young long ago? Were they part of the summer? Did they hear the larks and crickets? Did they love?" She threw herself forward where she sat till her face was buried in her curving arm. "Oh, love!" she cried; "there is nothing in the world for me but love!"

The thoughts of Henley finally crystalised in form and sequence. He knew he would leave her, knew he would certainly desert all things western and go to the far-away east. How to do it gently, what to provide for her comfort, what he should say, how apply a balm with the caustic—these were matters to be planned and planned.

Early the following morning he went to his mine to gather the gold where it lay beneath the pocket. There, alone, he laboured hour after hour. The mine was simply a hole in the ground, fifty feet in depth, with branching tunnels down below; and over the mouth a windlass stood, with a rope about it, supporting a bucket that rested on the bottom. Built against one of the perpendicular walls was a wooden ladder, for ingress to and egress from the lower levels.

In the afternoon, from the rocks on the hill, a crouching form came stealthily down through the scrubby brush. It was Mingo, the Washoe Indian. Noiselessly he crept to the shed—after scanning the prospect far and near for any living thing—there to lay full length on a plank at the edge of the shaft. His practised ear was quick to catch the dull sound of blows that issued from the mine. Long he lay without moving

a muscle. He could wait an hour; he could wait a day.

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The sun went down, the daylight waned. Exhaustion told the man below to cease and go to his cabin. Having loaded the bucket, he laboured slowly up the vertical climb on the ladder.

The Indian glided nearer to the edge. He could hear every step on the rungs of the ladder, could even detect the sound of the roughened hands grasping the wood. Leaning far over, he saw the candle fastened on the miner's hat. Nearer, nearer it slowly came, flickering, throwing goblin shadows against the sombre walls, contending faintly against the encompassing gloom.

The shaft was now alive with hollow echoes of the labours of the man. On came the light. It was ten feet away—it was five feet—two. The head and the light emerged above the yawning chasm.

With a movement swift, strong, snake-like, Mingo thrust out his powerful hand. It came across the miner's eyes and nose; then the head was wrenched quickly, violently backward. The hands, surprised, tried to cling, but failed. They loosened, waved wildly, clutched at the air, and then, with the body and head, were over-toppled. Headlong, twisting, turning, the man was hurled to the swallowing abyss. The light on the hat gave forth the sound of a flame in the wind, and was gone—plucked off by the rushing darkness! A shriek issued forth from the mouth of the tomb.

"Susie! little Susie!" was the cry.

Sounds of a striking—a bounding back and forth, dully, against the jagged sides—a crash at the bottom—and silence deeper than stillness ensued.

The door swung open, and Mingo the Washoe glided forth and away in the twilight, into the sage-brush; and a rabbit would have made a greater rustle.

The stillness of midnight, a seeming attribute of masses of shadows that crouched from the waning moon, behind the rocks, the brush and every salient thing, was timidly broken. The creak in the hinges of the mine-cabin door sounded weirdly clear—a wail, an omen, thought the Indian girl. An awesome darkness filled the silent shed. Susie, on her knees, went creeping, feeling with her hands for the edge of the shaft. There she clutched the windlass-post, and leaned her breast against it.

"Frank," she cooed, in a low, sweet tone that wavered with the effort made to keep it cheerful, "Frank, my sunshine—Frank."

No sound, save that a piece of rock, somewhere down along the pick-scarred walls of the shaft, loosened and fell, down and down, striking the sides with diminishing sounds, till a ghostly echo announced its bottom rest. Then deeper silence.

"Dear one, are you there?" she called again; but the sound of her voice, rebounding on herself, made her frightened and awed.

Pressing her heart against the post again, to still its audible thumping, she sat a moment in dread. Suddenly, then, strengthened by the thought that he might be there, wounded, perhaps, and needing her sadly, down in the gloom of the yawning mine, she groped her way to the ladder. Moaning by instinct, there in the darkness, she slowly descended, down and down in the mocking, echoing tomb.

In the utter blackness her hands discovered his face, and she cried aloud, till the shaft was full of anguish.

A boneless mass, inert and fitted to the jagged surface of the loaded bucket of ore, into which he had fallen, she found. His head hung limply athwart the bucket's edge; the eyes, which her fingers sought, were closed.

Beside him, kneeling, she sank, to moan and croon, combing the dank, curling hair with her fingers, kissing the face—and seeing nothing. She fancied that a beat, slight and feeble, lived in his breast. Calling his name, she coaxed and wooed, and then, despairing, stood up and prayed for help.

"God, if the Indians, too, have souls," she said, "give my aching soul to him—

let him live! Give me something, Great Eternal Spirit—something of hope!"

The windlass-rope had touched her as it swayed. But the bucket was full of rock, too heavy to hoist—and such a fearful cradle!

With an esoteric summoning of a marvellous strength, she lifted the drooping form; the arms and head fell listlessly across her shoulders. Then to the ladder! And with all the power of arms and limbs, thewed by desperation against the giant task, she started toiling up and up, like one who shoulders up a crushing weight, to gain the air and freedom. Her palms were burning, her knees shook and trembled, her breath came in gasping lung-clutches painful to bear; the darkness swam thickly about—she was stifling, smothered, congested with blood, yet she forced her way aloft.

Across the floor of the cabin at last she fell with the burden. The limpish arms went dangling at random about her neck in a ghastly embrace that thrilled her keenly with joy. Exhausted she lay, fondling the hands and face, trying to rub him back to life, till the chill of long-dead clay was come, and the face seemed carved in stone.

Through the night, bending above him, she poured out a fountain of her love and grief alternately with all the softness of her Indian cooings and cadence of her mellowed English syllables. Grey morning found her wooing still the smile on the dead man's lips, striving, yearning to warm the cold, white features.

The small, broad miner, passing the cabin when noon was high, delayed for a second. "Letter for Henley," he stolidly announced; but tossing it in, beheld the girl, beheld the miner, and fled the hill to spread the news of the sight he had seen, and to fetch away the coroner.

CHAPTER III.

In the sage-brush wigwam the summer waned to autumn with dreary stillness. Grey already, the stretch of brush, relieved alone by the willow-fringe of the wandering creek, was cheerless, dreary, and oppressive to the girl. She sat alone, while the chilling wind was wantonly ripping the leaves from the branches, her head drooped low in hopeless despair.

A shadow, thrown by the setting sun, betrayed a presence. Dumbly she raised her eyes to look.

"Ugh," said a tall, grunting Washoe buck.

She turned away her head again.

"Mahala, do you wait for Mingo?" said the man. "Jonny Shag is bigger chief. Mingo shall never come!"

She looked in silence on the ashes of the wood burned the day before.

"Mahala," he added, "one, two moons Jonny Shag come to take you the trail to my wigwam. Why not any talk? Too long, you sabbee? Mahala waits for Mingo. Better look out, mahala: Jonny Shag is warrior. To-day you better talk."

"One moon, let me think," she wearily answered. "Let me wait one moon."

"One moon, yes. Jonny Shag will wait. Many things come before the moon again." He glided away, and again her head sank wearily down.

Mingo, the Washoe, stealthily returning to Chloride Hill, kept cautious ears and eyes awide, to learn the result of the murder at the mine. Susie, he rightly conjectured, would have guessed the truth. He avoided the wikiup, but remained in the town. Patience with many an Indian is a virtue.

On a crisp, cool day, while Mingo talked with a group of bucks on a corner, Shag, on a pony and armed with a rifle, rode up behind. Raising his gun, he deliberately shot Mingo through the body, and escaped to the hills.

The thoroughly astounded camp officials promptly gave pursuit, but all in vain. Friends and relations of the dead man assisting, the country was scoured, skilfully, cunningly. Cañons, valleys, the shoulders of the mountains, were traversed and searched, but nothing availed. Shag enjoyed every advantage.

Three Indian trailers, mounted, came at length to where the fugitive was lying in

ambush. One of these escaped with his life, and rode like a demon, to tell of the two, lying grisly and stark, struck in the back by the bullets of Shag, their faces now twisted in the sun.

A stooping, stricken Washoe, the old Red Wolf, whose boys they were that had died in the sand, departed in silence, alone, on the path of war. The feud was his.

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hurried away up the moaning creek. She went to a copse of alder-trees, entered, and was lost to view.

An hour later she slowly emerged, and in her arms she carried a child, a little girl with fairest hair and the bluest of eyes. She seated herself in the sunlight, and shivered as she nestled the infant and cooed to it softly with Indian words. She

"Letter for Henley," he stolidly announced.

In the night he found the man he sought, found him asleep—left him asleep—his knife standing firm, erect, buried to the hilt in the breast of Shag the warrior.

The year grew old; its days, like the hours of waking of an old and passing man, were dim and short; its nights long sleeps, that made it none the stronger.

And yet there came a day that was like an echo of what had been before the year began to age. Susie, wan but wistful of face, went from the hopeless wigwam and was faint and weary, but strangely happy. Her baby resembled its father, young as it was. Her heart went leaping to it—embraced it—owned it! Her pain, her suffering—everything was forgotten.

All the afternoon she sat by the stream nursing her baby, cuddling it closely, warming it ever in her throbbing breast. As the twilight approached, the air was the balm of the Indian summer.

Rising, she placed her baby in the rustling grass; deftly she bent the supple willows down—masses of willows—and

throwing the grass, leaves, and twigs over all, made a roof to catch the frost. Into this with her child she crept, nestling it gently as before.

Night came down. Quite late the babe awoke and feebly cried. She mothered it and sang, in her sad-sweet voice, a lullaby—

The little river talks to the white pebbles;
I hear the crickets sing in the long grasses;
Many camp-fires of the braves shine in the sky—
They shine again in the little river;
The wind is small and gentle when it plays in your hair.
Lie in my heart as the pebbles lie in the little river;
As the crickets lie in the long grasses;
Shine in my heart as the camp-fires shine in the sky;
Sleep, little Fawn, till the sun comes over the mountain.

The little Fawn slept, but never to wake till a greater sun should top the mountains of darkness, misery, and despair.

Singing and cooing, Susie weaved in the darkness, unconscious of the flight—with the birds, toward the summer—of the new little soul. At midnight, bending forward to kiss the downy cheek, she was startled at its coldness. Hurriedly feeling the wee soft hands, the pulseless feet, the tiny body, she sounded the utmost depths of agony.

She rushed from the shelter, the cold little body in her arms. By the light of the stars, the "fires of the braves," she saw the touch of the grim visitor. Then on the air of night arose a wail — the wail of the wounded — the pain-song out of a heart rudely broken. She sank unconscious on the earth. Away off hillward a gaunt coyote howled an answer back, dismal, long, forlorn.

The sun gilded the path to the heavens, and rose in purple mists of majesty; the beam-fingers played in the night-dark hair of the mother, and touched with gold the hair of the child.

Dreaming the present far out of vision, dreaming the past into present again, the wan mother smiled and nodded in her sleep. Awaking, she shivered; a sigh that had rested was also aroused. Yet peace and patience were come in her heart.

Kneeling, she yearningly extended her hands to the shimmering sun. "O God, O Great Eternal Spirit," she said, "they told me of the Christ who died—who died for sins—for souls in trouble! But oh, my God, He never knew of Indian souls—and so, Great Spirit, let Susie die for all the sins—the love—the happiness!"

Still with her look to the mighty sun, still with a murmur of passionate appeal on her quivering lips, she took up her baby, pressed it in eagerness close to her bosom, and glided ahead, to a pool of the stream, sobbing and sobbing, and was curtained from sight by the crystal waters.

When the body of the slender young Indian woman, clinging to a fair-haired baby, was found, a few wives and mothers said it was "pitiful," and other persons said she was "only an Injun."

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THE HERO-PLAYS IN MERAN.

AS PERFORMED ANNUALLY BY THE PEOPLE.

By A. DE BURGH.

Illustrated by Special Permission by Photographs of B. Johannes, Imperial and Royal Court Photographer in Meran and Partenkirchen.

IT is now nearly ten years since the people of Meran ventured upon theatrical performances in which all the actors are farmers, artisans, mechanics, and tradespeople of the neighbourhood. All give their services free, and only the supernumeraries, who appear on the stage in crowds, are paid. These plays have increased in favour every year, and are now an institution of Meran as much as the Passion Play is an institution of Oberammergau.

The plays, performed annually on Sundays and fête-days during March and April, are named "Andreas Hofer; or, Tyrol in the Year 1809," which treats of the period of the peasant patriot of that name, who was innkeeper of Sand, in the Passeyer Valley, who led the peasants against the invading armies of Napoleon I. and his ally the King of Bavaria; and "Tyrolese Heroes," laid in the same period, but having as hero Peter Meyer, another of the leaders of the people.

The inhabitants of Meran may justly be proud of the national plays which they have organised and so successfully carried out.

The name of Andreas Hofer has ever inspired poets and dramatists both in Germany and in his native land, and many are the results of the inspiration; but nothing can more truly and genuinely represent the simplicity of Hofer and his followers, as well as their actions, to which they were led by love of their Emperor and their ancient faith, than what is shown to the visitors at the annual performances which I attempt to sketch in this article.

The theatre is a wooden structure almost entirely uncovered, providing accommodation for about two thousand spectators. The stage is very large, with space for two hundred actors, much after the fashion of that at Oberammergau; the scenes are painted by a very clever German scene-painter. The building is in a sheltered situation near Gratsch, which is, to all intents and purposes, a suburb of Meran, close to the declivities of the Küchelberg.

The pantomimic actions and the tableaux vivants give the onlooker, even if he is not acquainted with that stirring epoch of Tyrolese history, a splendid idea of what is being represented. The dialogues and monologues would be unintelligible to anyone but a native, as the Tyrolese dialect is chiefly used.

The great success of the plays is to no small extent due to the very attractive scenery and the many-coloured national costumes of the players.

To give an idea of the magnitude of the plays, there are fifty-four speaking parts in "Andreas Hofer," and forty-three in "Tyrolese Heroes." There is strong evidence that the actors put their whole soul into their parts, and I noticed more than once tears escaping the eyes of the players during pathetic scenes, especially during that in which Hofer takes leave of his friends and followers before going to execution. The music, which is specially selected and suitable, also adds to the fine *ensemble*.

The scene of the first play begins at the annual fair in a village near Meran. In front we see a village inn, and on the right and left houses and barns; but the beauty of the background is difficult to

describe: it is formed by green hills stretching back miles to the mountains. On one of the hills stands the venerable Castle Tyrol, from which the province takes its name; a little below are the ruins of Castle Brunnenburg; other castles and ruins, chapels and villas, are visible on all sides. The mountain-chain which at last arrests the view consists of peaks from seven to nine thousand feet high; add to this the deep blue dome formed by the sky, and the reader may get an idea of what the scenery is.

TYROLESE ANNUAL VILLAGE FAIR: TABLEAU FROM THE MERAN HERO-PLAY "ANDREAS HOFER."

The libretto is divided into five parts, the first of which is the tableau "Ave Maria."

It begins, as already mentioned, at the fair, of which we give a photograph, showing the natural background. The people are supposed to give vent to their dissatisfaction at the arrogant bearing of some Bavarian Government officials, which at last led to a national revolt. In the tableau "Ave Maria," the religious feeling of the future combatants for freedom is well depicted, and shows plainly that the coming contest will be chiefly a religious one.

The second part bears the title, "Deliberation at Hofer's in the Passeyer Valley"; it concludes with a tableau, "Marching out of the Reserves under Andreas Hofer." Here the second cause of the rising of 1809 is well explained—namely, the firm adherence of the Tyrolese to the Austrian Emperor as the head of the ruling House, and to the Archduke John, who was so popular in Tyrol, and whose descendants bear the name of "Counts of Meran." At the council at the inn kept by Hofer, the news of the approach of the Austrian Auxiliary Regulars brings about the prompt decision to take up arms as soon as the Austrian army crosses the frontier. Here, too, we are introduced to Hofer's devoted wife. "The Marching out of the Reserves" is perhaps the most charming and effective of all the tableaux. The eccentricity and want of uniformity in the accoutrements, and the incongruity in the ages of the combatants, with their unanimity in the cause they have at heart, are in the highest degree interesting.

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HOMAGE TO THE IMPERIAL EAGLE: TABLEAU FROM "ANDREAS HOFER."

INCIDENT DURING THE BATTLE ON THE KÜCHELBERG: TABLEAU FROM "ANDREAS HOFER."

This tableau is followed by one representing the great battle on the Mount Isel, near Innsbruck. The hill (Berg Isel) is now adorned with a fine statue of the Tyrolese peasant patriot and leader.

The third part is called "Andreas Hofer's Day of Honour." The scene is laid in the imperial residence of Innsbruck. Hofer was victorious, and the Bavarians and French were driven out of the country. Hofer is decorated with a chain sent to him by the Emperor, and he is appointed temporary Regent of the country. The ceremony of investiture takes place in the Court Church in Innsbruck, which to-day contains the body of Hofer, which was brought from Mantua and interred in the body of the church. It contains also the world-wide renowned tomb of the German Emperor Max, surrounded by twenty-eight magnificent bronze figures, among whom we find Arthur, King of England. The tableaux in the third part are, as already said, "The Investiture of Hofer" and "The Homage of the People to the Imperial Eagle," which (the eagle) had been removed for some time, but which is now brought out again. We reproduce a photograph of this picturesque scene. The effect of this tableau is greatly increased by the ringing of bells and the playing on the church-organ of a solemn "Te Deum."

The fourth part, "During the Battle on the Küchelberg," is the most animated, and of all the parts the most attractive to the eye in its groupings. Particularly touching is the figure and deportment of a countrywoman whose brave husband is brought in wounded from the fight. We give a photograph of this very pathetic scene, as also the fine end-tableau of this act, "The Prayer after the Battle," which again reminds us that the war was a religious one.

The fifth part is called "Hofer a Prisoner." When the Emperor of Austria was again defeated, he was compelled to

THE PRAYER AFTER THE BATTLE: TABLEAU FROM "ANDREAS HOFER."

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HOFER MADE PRISONER: TABLEAU FROM "ANDREAS HOFER."

cede the Tyrol to Bavaria; but the people rose against their new masters, and were ultimately overwhelmed by the armies of Napoleon and the King of Bavaria, and Hofer advised his followers to return to their farms: he secreted himself with wife and son in a hut in the mountains, but he was betrayed and made prisoner. The tableau representing this event is a very beautiful one. The scene is laid high up in the mountains, and the ground is covered with snow. Hofer, his wife, his boy, and his only companion are led away by the soldiers who were sent up to the hut where it was known the Tyrolese leader was in hiding. The history of this remarkable man is now rapidly nearing its end. He was brought before General Huard in Meran and tried. We again have a tableau showing this scene. Hofer's firmness of character and his unalterable conviction of the justice of the cause are so well illustrated, as are also the impartiality and humanity of the French General, that we may easily overlook an occasional awkwardness in the dialogue. *The play ends with a most* pathetic tableau, showing Hofer at Mantua walking out to his execution (he was found guilty of rebellion and sentenced to be shot), saying farewell to his fellow-Tyrolese prisoners on his way.

Hofer died as bravely as he had fought. He refused to be blindfolded, stood with his face towards the firing-party, and himself gave the command "Fire!" Falling down, his last words were "Vivat my land Tyrol!"

During this last tableau the music plays the well-known air, "At Mantua in Bondage." The ending of the tragedy is most touching and solemn.

The second play, which is performed alternately with "Andreas Hofer," is called "Tyrolese Heroes," and represents pictures of the same time (1809). The libretto was written by Carl Wolf, who is also at the head of the Committee of the Meran People's Plays.

In the first part we have quite a number of living and moving pictures, the finest of which is doubtless "The Prayers for Help and Victory: A Solemn Procession moving towards the Church." We see here a really Tyrolese scene.

The play again begins with dissatisfaction created among the peasants by the harshness of the foreign invaders and conquerors. The young Tyrolese are compelled to join the Bavarian army, but they hide or run off into the mountain fastnesses in order to escape that duty, which is to them like treason to their own Emperor. So general was the evading of military service that the military authorities made the fathers of the fugitives

The second part ends very beautifully with a tableau called "The Oath to the Flag."

The third part has many scenes, and is full of life. The Tyrolese are determined to drive the enemy out of their country, and it is especially remarkable that the women, and even young girls, are as willing to use the rifle and fight as the men. Our next photograph shows the enthusiasm prevailing when the cry is raised, "To Arms!"

The fourth and fifth parts show the

THE PROCESSION TO THE CHURCH: TABLEAU FROM THE MERAN HERO-PLAY "TYROLESE HEROES."

prisoners, and threatened them with death if their sons would not come forward. We find one of the great scenes of the play based on a true story, which relates that a father was willing and glad to die in order that his son may be free; but the son, hearing of the plight and danger in which the old man is placed, returns just in time to save his father's life. The scene is depicted on one of the photographs. The young man returns to his unhappy wife and children, while *his blind old father expresses* his deep *regrets.*

spectator the sad scenes in which the poor patriots, now fully conquered, receive their punishment for doing what they, at least, believed to be their solemn duty. Many were shot, others sent to fortresses; but in spite of all the severity shown they still remained true and loyal to their beloved Emperor, and after the fall of Napoleon I. Tyrol was restored to the former, and has ever since remained the most faithful province of the Austrian Empire, to which it has been united more than five hundred years.

Our last photograph depicts a scene

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A SON RETURNS TO SAVE HIS FATHER'S LIFE: TABLEAU FROM "TYROL

which is especially characteristic. Peter Meyer, a prominent leader of the revolt, has won the admiration even of his judge, who decides to save his life. He plainly tells Peter he feels convinced that he was not aware of the fact that Tyrol had been ceded by Austria to Bavaria when he took up arms. Of course, in this case he was simply a combatant, not a rebel. Peter battles with himself whether he should save his life by a lie, as he had been made acquainted with the cession. Here are his wife and children, whom he loves with all his heart, begging him to accept his liberty. After a fierce battle he refuses to sacrifice his honour, and is carried off to execution.

The play is replete with similar scenes, and the acting is most earnest. From our photographs the reader will be able to see that the tableaux are artistically arranged, but their beauty is greatly enhanced by the many colours of the national costumes and those of the military uniforms.

It must be acknowledged that in the placing of these noble tragedies upon the stage of a national theatre a great step has been made towards the ennoblement and intellectual cultivation of the people.

Apart from the spectacular part of these plays, they remind us of great deeds enacted not a hundred years ago, and show us noble actions, purity of life, fidelity, and firmness—virtues which in every costume and at all times can be and ought to be practicable.

The audiences have shown themselves to be considerate, and often enthusiastic, and the undertaking is such a success that at every performance the space for the spectators has been found quite insufficient, and has already been greatly increased. The number of foreigners who come to see the plays has become larger every year.

For the information of English visitors, it may be well to mention that tickets for the play cannot be obtained at the

THE OATH TO THE FLAG: TABLEAU FROM "TYROLESE HEROES."

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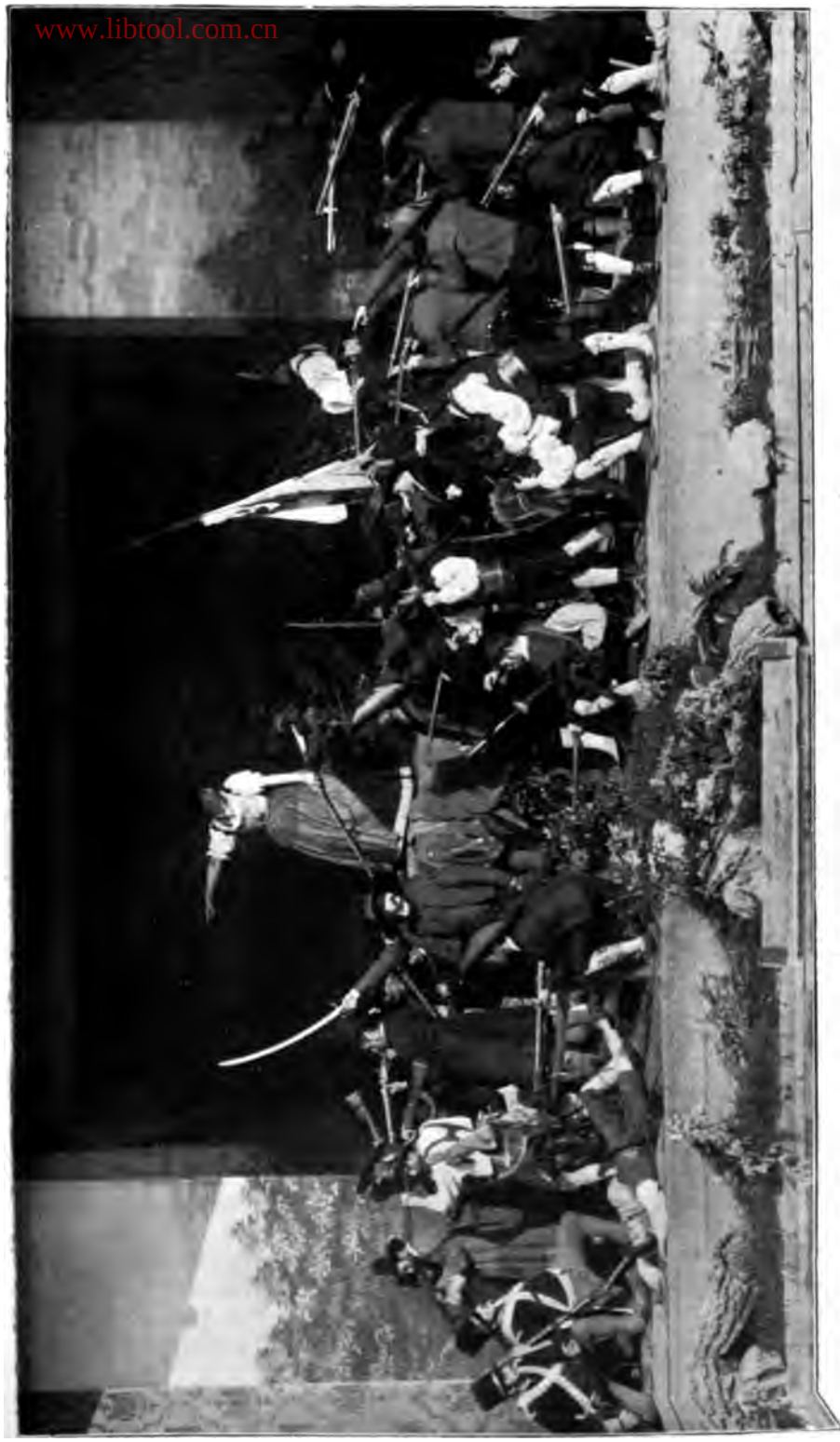

"TO ARMS!" TABLEAU FROM "TYROLESE HEROES."

place of performance, but must be bespoken beforehand in writing. Applications for these tickets must be made to the Kurvorstehung, with the price enclosed. The seats are allotted according to priority of application, and if the tickets are not to be had, the money will be returned.

That these plays, almost unique, must become more and more popular, is to no small degree due to the charming district in which they take place.

PETER MEYER REFUSING TO SAVE HIS LIFE BY A LIE: TABLEAU FROM "TYROLESE HEROES."

Meran is one of the principal Tyrolese winter resorts, and is easy of access, being connected with the Brenner Railway by means of a branch line from Bozen. The spring is quite an ideal time there, and is the best season. An endless variety of nationalities is to be met with among the visitors, and a veritable confusion of tongues may consequently be heard on the promenade. There is also an English church in the town.

Anything more lovely than the situation of Meran it is difficult to imagine, lying as it does at an altitude of nine hundred feet, *partly on the plain and partly* on sloping ground, which rises immediately above it; surrounded on every side by mountains of various heights, shapes, and colours, the high peaks and deep gullies of which are even at midsummer streaked with snow. One of the characteristics, quite unique, of the district is the great number of castles and ruins which may be seen, and which offer a rich field for antiquarian research. Of all these ancient edifices the oldest and most celebrated in the history of the country are the castles of Tyrol and the Zenoburg, these two having shared the honour of housing the reigning Princes of the country.

I must now take leave of a subject of which I could write much. In conclusion, I simply express my conviction that a pilgrimage to Meran and to the Volks-Spiel will never be regretted; it can be made in great comfort, and a stay in one of Meran's many excellent hotels or *pensions* will always be remembered as a special pleasure, apart from the benefit every visitor derives from the splendid invigorating climate.

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POCHARD AND MALLARD.

Shot in Essex, January 10, 1901.

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"MONSIEUR JACQUES";

OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A KING'S JESTER.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD.

PREFACE.

MAY it please your Worships, I am but a Fool; yet being a Fool, and, moreover, a King's Fool, I am monarch of a vast kingdom and head of a great race. The extent, dominion, power, and influence of our family have never, as far as I am aware, been disputed. Nor has anyone been so bold as to question my right to be the head of the family; hence I am sovereign, both by sea and land, over at least half the good people inhabiting the globe. Consequently I am a person of importance, and not wholly to be despised.

A man must have many parts to play the fool, and, moreover, in addition to many other qualities of mind and person, a King's Fool must be wise, as well as witty, or disaster will often befall the State. Not only must he be able to give a merry quip and jest to cheer his royal master when oppressed with divers affairs, but he must be skilled, too, in the conduct of State policy, which not unfrequently requires his aid and timely counsel. In the control of these august affairs his word is often of more weight than that of political wiseacres who dispute with him the name and title of Fool.

How often have I saved our beloved France from a rash and disastrous policy by a timely word whispered in the ear of the King, my master! How often have I counteracted the evil influence of unscrupulous and ignorant advisers! A wise man has written a book "In Praise of Folly"; the Praise of Fools would have proved a better subject. In such a work, if it be ever written, I doubt not my name will appear; and Monsieur Jacques will be recognised in his true character, as the great benefactor and saviour of his nation.

My nearness to the person of the King and my constant attendance at Court have enabled me to observe many things which the ignorant public wot not of, and in these pages I have recorded some of the adventures and intrigues which have hitherto escaped attention. I have enjoyed the privilege of being both friend and Minister to a mighty Sovereign; hence I have had opportunities of observing him in his private hours. I have seen the mask that covers the countenance of Kings as well as play-actors removed, the sceptre of State laid aside, and found that Kings were very human, after all, and in their hours of ease very similar in their habits to their humble and obedient subjects. I say not this to detract from the true regal dignity, but rather to kindle that sympathy and affection which it behoves the subject to bear to his royal master.

Why monarchs and great men should be pleased to take to themselves jesters has often been to me a cause of wonder, but such has been their custom for many years past. I could tell you of numbers of these noted and illustrious men, of whom I am now the humble representative—men who have done noble service to the cause of their country. How many times have they saved men's lives by a merry jest whispered in the King's ear when he was about to doom some unfortunate fellow to the

scaffold or the block? How many hypocrites have they unmasked by their cunning, and condemned to exile or the stake? It would take too long to tell of the achievements of Fools; and lest I weary you with too lengthy a foreword, I will at once betake myself to my task, and tell you of some of mine adventures at Court, and what these eyes have seen in those august precincts.

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THE ITALIAN IMAGE-MAKER.

In the autumn my foolish ears were often pestered by the ceaseless cackling of Italian political affairs; and the soul of my royal master was so much disturbed by the words and deeds of our Southern neighbours, that it needed all my efforts, my most choice and quaint conceits, to raise a smile on his gloomy face. It was a hard time; and I fashioned an Inferno more terrible than Dante's, to which I readily consigned all Italians and their vexatious policies. We were on the eve of going to war with them; and although, happily, for a time the quarrel between the two nations appeared to be patched up, I felt sure that the rupture might take place at any moment and war be declared. This liked me not, as I should be obliged to accompany the King in the expedition; and the hardships of the camp and the poor fare one is obliged to put up with on such occasions do not suit me. You cannot make jests on an empty stomach, any more than a cordwainer can make shoes without leather. So I rejoiced that at any rate the war was postponed.

One morning I had just left the chamber of the King, where he was discussing affairs of State with two of his Ministers, when I encountered a man in the long corridor who was evidently of Italian birth. He looked anxious and perturbed, and not even my grotesque appearance conjured a smile on his pale, distressed face.

"Mon ami," I said, "you have come to the wrong place, I fear me."

"How so, Monsieur?" he replied.

"Methought by your grave looks you were going to confess, and that you had a load of transgressions weightier than usual to rid your conscience of."

"Monsieur, I am indeed grateful."

"Nay, Monsieur," he replied, with a profound bow, "looks are deceptive. Your name and fame are well known to me, and also your influence with the King. Will you do me a great favour? Will you obtain audience for me? I am a poor struggling Italian artist, and I would fain have the patronage of the King of France, the mighty patron of all art; but I fear lest one of my nation should be to him distasteful."

"Monsieur, how can I show my gratitude to an Italian?" I replied, with mock courtesy, as I shook his hand violently. "You cannot imagine how obliged I am to your nation; for ever since my royal master has been favoured with your Italian letters, your proposals for treaties, your threatenings of war, he has laughed so heartily that there has been no need for me to invent quip or crank or merry jest to delight his humour. Monsieur, I am indeed grateful."

I watched his dark eyes flash with vengeful ire, while his hand unconsciously sought the place where his sword-hilt ought to have been. Then he seemed to recollect his position; the vindictive look vanished, and he remarked pleasantly enough—

"Art knows no nationality and no politics, Monsieur; and to Art I have devoted my poor services. I am a sculptor, and would fain submit to his Majesty some specimens of my skill. Will you assist me in mine endeavour?"

"Assuredly will I," I replied. "You shall see the King. Where lodge you, and what is your name?"

"My name is Henrico, and I have a poor lodging in the Rue des Petits Champs, at the sign of the Green Dragon. When may I have the honour to see the King?"

"I will acquaint you, Signor Henrico, when his Majesty may be pleased to grant you an audience. He loves the arts, and more especially the art of which I count myself a fortunate professor. Brother in arms, let me clasp your hand. We are both artists, though we work with different tools, and I scorn not the hand of a maker of images."

Again his dark eyes flashed, and it amused me to watch his suppressed passion. A sculptor and a fool brother artists! How Signor Henrico would have scoffed if he had dared! Bowing low, he withdrew, and did not observe the grimace with which I honoured him.

Divers affairs occupied my mind and time for several days. The King ordered a play to be acted in the theatre, and it fell to my lot to devise a merry interlude for his Majesty's delectation. Moreo he was much depressed on account of marriage of the beautiful Countess Blanc whose charming eyes had impressed and made him to "die of love." At time he was minded to stay her departu at another to declare war against fortunate bridegroom. In consequenc his depression, he frequently required presence to cheer him with some drolleries. So I forgot the Italian and images.

However, a week had scarcely elap before I was reminded of his existence the advent of an impertinent mess from the Italian Court, which somew enraged my master; and while he engaged with his Minister of State resolved to visit my artist comrade behold his carvings. A beautiful pi of sculpture delights my heart; perh the contemplation of the perfect symm of form compensates me for the defi which are so apparent in mine figure. As so, to the Rue des Chan the lodgings of Signor Henrico, at sign of the Green Dragon.

The good dame who kept the ho met me at the door, and must needs b out in laughter, trying in vain to hide mirth behind her raised apron.

"Ah! Master Jacques," she said length, when she was able to control l self somewhat, "right glad am I to you. Surely the Green Dragon will t his tail and grin when he knows that famous Jacques, the favourite of the Ki deigns to come beneath his shadow. Monsieur, pardon me"—and again good dame laughed as if she was ab to explode—"I heard such a droll say of yours but yesterday. Everyone is t ing about it. Oh, it was so droll! ha! It was about——"

"Yes, yes, my dear lady; no doubt story was very amusing. All my sayi are amusing, except when I am ang and I shall be very angry if you do tell me instantly whether you have Italian image-maker lodging here, what kind of a man he is. I swear tha will make the Green Dragon kiss you you do not tell me the truth."

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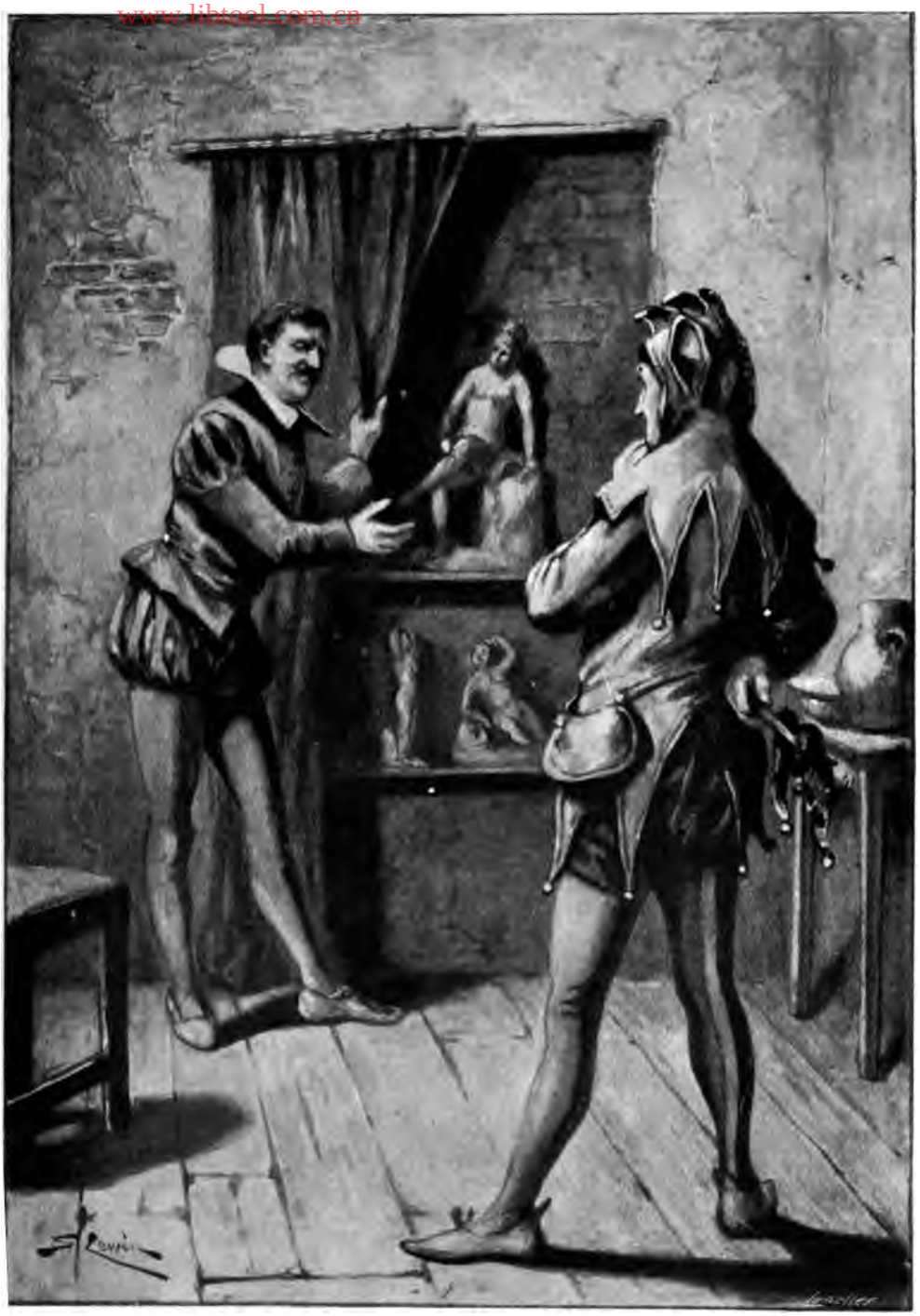

The Italian withdrew a covering, and disclosed some pieces of sculpture.

"Do not look so cross, Monsieur Jacques. I like to think of you as always laughing, and making others laugh. There is plenty of sorrow in the world, and if there were more folk like you to make us laugh, the world would be none the worse for it. Well, Monsieur wants to know about the maker of images. He is a very quiet gentleman, an Italian; and I like not the Italians. Their eyes are so dark, and they stick daggers into you before you have time to turn round. But the gentleman who lodges here is not like that. He is very quiet, and gives no trouble, and stays at home all the days and nights, and says 'Grazie' ever so pleasantly when I take him his dinner."

"Does he carve much?" I asked.

"I think not, Monsieur. I have never heard the sound of his hammer, or swept up any chips of marble from the floor; but he has some sweet figures, all beautifully carved. One is that of a nymph bathing. It is quite perfect, and I thought that the lovely girl was alive, and just going to step into the water."

"Is the gentleman at home?" I asked.

"I think so, Monsieur; but perhaps Monsieur will consent to ascend the stairs. The artist's room with the lovely nymph is at the very top."

So I consented to ascend the tiresome stairs of the Green Dragon, and at length found myself after much climbing at the Italian's door, at which I knocked.

"Entrez," said a fine tenor voice. Why do these wretched Italians always appropriate to themselves such sweet voices! I walked into the room hastily.

"Ah, my dear comrade, my artistic friend! I have come to you at last. Hard fate has kept me away from you so long; but I have severed my bonds, and here I am, my dear friend." How the sculptor groaned as he suffered me to shake his hand, and how angrily he looked, though he said pleasantly enough—

"You have been long in coming, and methought you had forgotten me, and life is hard for poor artists who labour with their hands. When may I bring some of my poor work to the King?"

"I will try to arrange it, Signore. Let not your anxiety trouble you. But, fir would like to see some of your trium that I may proclaim them to my mas ears, and procure for you a h welcome."

"They are here, Monsieur," repliec image-maker, "and for your kindn shall be for ever grateful. See, Monsie

The Italian withdrew a covering w concealed a rude shelf, and disclosed s of the most beautiful pieces of sculj that I had ever seen. The figures we small, the largest not exceeding two in height, but so exquisitely were fashioned, so perfect were the shape symmetry of the images, so smooth white the marble, that I was struck astonishment. This was the handiwo no novice, no poor struggling artist, b one who had the world at his feet could attain the very pinnacle of ar fame. The Italian watched me with l of pleasure as I gazed admiringly a images.

"Signore, you are a wonderful mak I exclaimed at length. "Just no claimed kinship for my poor art with of yours; now I withdraw gladly a c so preposterous. You will achieve g ness, immortal fame is yours, and you be one whom the King of France delight to honour."

The Italian bowed as I uttered praises of his handiwork.

"Signore, your skill charms me so n that I would fain become sculptor Show me how you carve so beautifully produce such perfect images."

"That will I," he replied; "but I s first see the King."

"Yes, so you shall, my friend; but me, before you carve these wond figures do you first mould them in clay

"Yes, that is so," he replied.

"Well, here is a lump of clay," I s producing a piece from my wallet. always carry some about with me. S me how you fashion this piece of dead lifeless clay into figures which seem al to breathe and move."

The Italian blushed—with pride, do less, at the praise I bestowed upon his s

"Nay, I cannot mould this lump.

iece lacketh moisture, and is not in a ondition for fine moulding."

"Ay, that can be soon remedied," I eplied, as I went to a washing-stand, and

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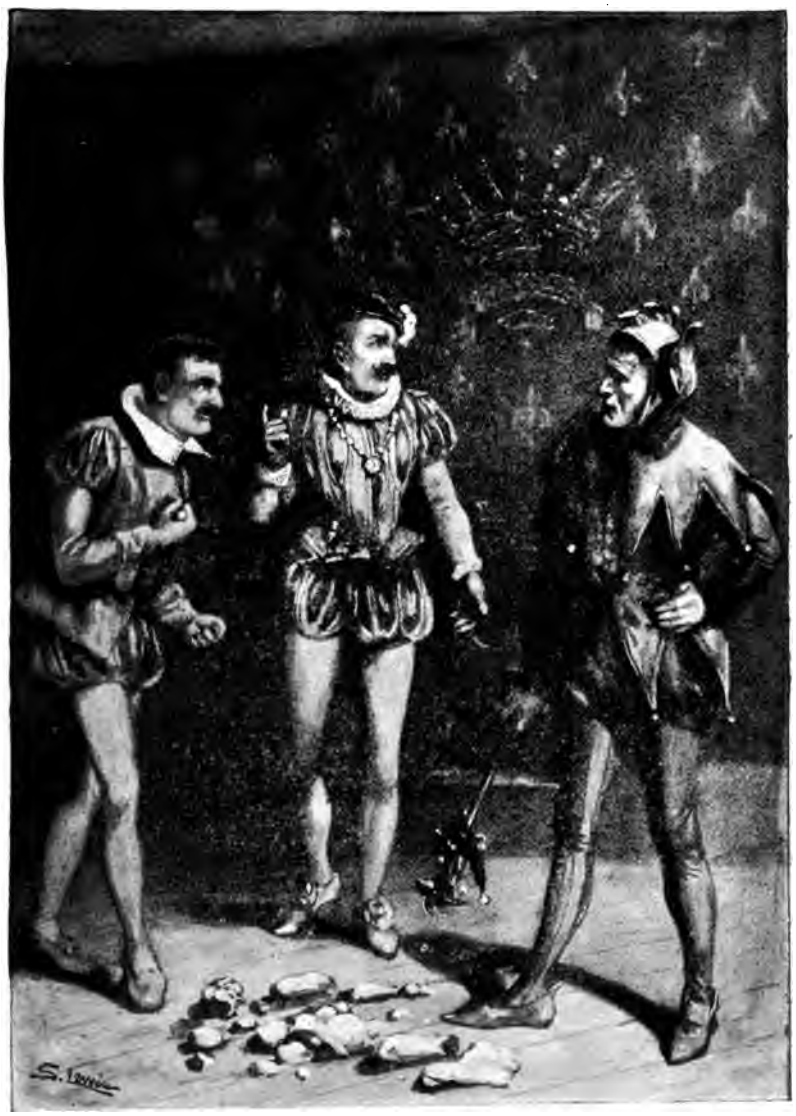
sell the secret of his art until I had brought him to the presence of the King. Then he would willingly instruct me. So, finding that I could not prevail upon him to



I struck it with full force, and sent it with a crash to the ground.

eized a can of water. According to my vont, I observed the poor man's poverty-tricken means of toilet and all that lay ipon the stand. But nothing would per-uade the Italian to show me how to mould he clay. I promised him two gold pieces, out he refused, and said that he would not instruct me, and abandoning for the present my hopes of becoming a sculptor, I agreed to conduct him to the King on the morrow, on the condition that afterwards he would impart to me some measure of his skill. With that arrangement I had to content myself.

On the morrow, when I saw the King, I said—

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"Cousin, an ambassador from our beloved Italy craves audience with you."

"Speak not to me of that accursed land of liars," replied the King, white with anger. "An ambassador here! What means this new move?"

"'Tis but a poor sculptor who would show you his wares. I have seen them, and they possess some merit. There is a nymph bathing, which would, I think, please you."

"The art of Italy is better than its politics. I will see this fellow and his bathing nymph. Bid him enter."

"Cousin, I would have you receive the ambassador in state. It is well to impress foreigners with our dignity. See—you shall sit upon this throne, and I, as your jester, will sit at your feet and hear your wisdom."

"What new foolery is this?" replied the King. "Well, you shall have your whim. We will receive the ambassador in state."

The Italian entered, bearing two veiled figures, and beneath the folds of the covering I recognised the fair form of the nymph. The artist looked haggard and anxious. Poor man! Perhaps his fame and fortune depended upon the result of this interview, and upon the caprice of the King. No wonder he was afraid!

"Signore, we hear that you have some works of art to show us," said the King. "You are an Italian, and I love not your nation; but art knows no politics."

"May it please your Majesty to glance at these poor works of mine, and deign to honour a struggling artist, though he be an Italian." This he said with a scorn which he tried in vain to disguise.

"You have a nymph, I hear, who has quite captivated our sentimental cousin here. You would hardly credit it, but he has a wonderful eye for female beauty. Come, let us see her charms."

The sculptor wore gloves lest he should soil the beautiful marble of the figure. He uncovered the nymph, and advanced to present her to the King.

His Majesty gazed upon the image, was lost in admiration. Indeed, the w manship was wonderful, and the fig but for its cold marble limbs, see endowed with life. The monarch stret forth his hand to take the sculpture, w with a sharp, well-directed blow with bauble, I struck it with full force, and it with a crash to the ground. The be ful arms lay broken on the floor; one was utterly smashed, and the face for marred.

"Ventre St. Gris!" shouted the Kin a towering passion. "What is this you have done? Are you mad, or dru I swear that I will have you whippec this. The beautiful nymph! Alas! she should be broken." The im maker was white with rage and speecl with suppressed fury.

"Do you see what you have d madman?" again shouted the K "What ails you? I'll have you ex and whipped from here to Chartres, if can give no reason for your mad folly."

Waiting for his fury to pass, I sai length very quietly—

"Will not the Signore pick up the pi of his handiwork?"

The Italian stooped and gathere the fragments of his nymph, threate heavy damages for his great loss.

"Nay, Signore," I continued; "first off your gloves."

The man turned paler than before, seemed as if he were about to fall.

"What means this mummery?" the King.

"Only this, cousin," I replied: ' well that fools should be caught in trap they lay for others."

"Surely you have gone stark mad," the King.

"Nay, Sire, I am not mad," I repl "order this wretch to pick up the f ments of his nymph with his ungl hand. See! he dare not. The nymp like many a maiden, fair to look upon, deadly to touch. She is poisoned."

"Poisoned!" exclaimed the King.

"Yes, cousin; you had been a King now if I had not broken yon im This villain is an assassin! Bro

artist, will you not remove your glove? If you do not instantly take hold of the poor nymph's broken body, your body shall be broken into as many fragments as you see there."

The doomed wretch placed his hand in his bosom, and a dagger flashed forth as he stepped forward to strike me; but the guard whom I had in the meantime summoned seized his wrist, and wrested from him the murderous steel. I pointed calmly to the ground, and bade him gather the pieces. He obeyed, with his eyes starting out of his head with fright.

"There, grasp her firmly, man," I said. "I warrant you have had a maiden in your arms before."

Silence reigned for a minute, as the Italian held the image in his hand. Then a bitter cry burst from his lips.

"Mercy, mercy!" he gasped as he sank on his knees. Then his head fell forward, and he lay dead.

"Cousin, you have saved my life," said the King with deep emotion. "But for you, I should have been as this poor wretch. How did you discover this dastardly design?"

"Fools have notions, Sire," I replied. "When I first saw this image-maker, I misliked his looks and suspected his honesty. So I visited his chamber at the sign of the Green Dragon. By craft I found out that he was no maker of images, and that these pieces were none of his handiwork. I knew something of the skill of the Italians in poisons, and some white dust that I found in his lodging pleased me not. Moreover, I obtained a few grains of this same dust, which proved too strong for my own friend Jacko, the monkey, who may thus be said to have died for his King. And so, putting two and two together, I guessed yon wretch's tricks, and there he lies! Cousin, 'tis well you have a fool for a guardian, or you would be foolish enough now. And so I sing—

'Long live the King,'

and not forgetting Cousin Jacques."

I had no cause to lament over the ingratitude of my royal master, who never forgot that I had thus saved his life.

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PICTURESQUE LONDON: THE SPIRES OF THE LAW COURTS IN SNOW.

VIEWED FROM 108, STRAND.

Drawn by A. Hugh Fisher.

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THE SEVEN EDWARDS OF ENGLAND.

IN the fifteenth century Brother John Capgrave, who styles himself "the least of Doctors and the meanest of the poor Brethren of Saint Augustin," wrote a learned and exhaustive work on the illustrious Henrys. The illustrious Edwards have not yet found a chronicler. Yet several of our Kings who bore that title figure largely in the pages of history, and no name could win the heart of his subjects more effectually than that which our new Sovereign has so wisely chosen, Edward VII. He has called himself by the name of his great ancestor, the first Edward, who was a monarch worthy of our race, the creator of Parliaments, the definer of jurisdiction, the Justinian of the English law, and the founder of the foreign policy of England. Edward I. helped to create what has been blessed through more than six centuries: the seventh Edward will hold fast the traditions of his great ancestor, consolidate his mighty Empire, and maintain the honour of England and of his illustrious House. But Edward I. was not the first English King who bore that name. Englishmen are not usually very learned in history, and their gaze does not often extend much further than the gash made by the sword of William the Conqueror across the roll of our Kings. The English nation, however, owes very much of its greatness, stability, and prosperity to the Saxon Kings and heroes who flourished long before the advent of the Norman adventurers and hungry followers of William.

Photo. by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

EDWARD VII., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, EMPEROR OF INDIA.

Ascended Throne January 22, 1901.

Before the Conqueror came three Edwards ruled. Strange, almost mythical, characters they seem to us modern folk; but they helped greatly in the making of England, and are worthy of our honour. The first of the Saxon Edwards, called "the Unconquered," or "the Elder," ruled over a small and much harassed portion of England: our last Edward rules over an Empire as wide as the world and as boundless as the seas. The contrast is great, and creates reflections. Exactly a thousand years ago Edward the Elder, son of the Great Alfred, began to reign over a kingdom bounded by the Mercian counties on the banks of the Thames and Severn. By great military skill he extended his rule over the Danes of East Anglia, and by degrees all the tribes from Northumbria to the Channel were forced to own his sway. The Kings of the Scots and the Strathclyde Britons chose him for *their "lord and father," and the* Princes of Wales paid him a yearly tribute. For the first time, an English King ruled over a united England. Edward the Elder holds a high place in the list of our illustrious Edwards.

KING EDWARD I.
Crowned 1272.

Edward surnamed "the Martyr" ruled only three years (975-78), when his promising career was cut short by the ambition of his cruel stepmother, Elfrida, who sought the sceptre for her own son. The gates of Corfe Castle tell the story of the murder, and how the young King was stabbed as he was drinking a cup of mead on horseback after hunting in the neighbouring forest. His youth and innocence procured for him in after years the name of "the Martyr."

Round the last King of the old English stock, Edward the Confessor, a halo of tenderness spread in after time, when the Saxons were crushed beneath the heels of foreigners and the people mourned their lost freedom and sighed for the "good laws of Edward the Confessor." Pious, kind, compassionate he was, the father of the poor and the protector of the weak. Peace flourished in his days. Dane and Saxon forgot their animosities, and were herded into the same fold by this very gentle shepherd. In spite of his virtues he was but the shadow of a King. Shadow-like was his thin form, his delicate complexion, his transparent, womanly hands; and almost as a shadow he glides over the political stage, and leaves the task of government to sterner hands. The great "miracle-worker" found rest in the noble minster which he had founded, where a goodly shrine marked his memory.

More than two centuries elapse before another Edward reigns, whose praises are still sung, though six hundred years have passed away. A noble King was this first Edward, every inch an Englishman,

wilful, stubborn, proud, like his race, but withal affectionate, conscientious, generous, honest, temperate, religious. His motto was "Keep Troth," and nobly did he observe its teaching. See him weeping at his father's death. See his crosses standing to this day, memorials of his affection for his wife, which he erected at every place where her body rested. "I loved her tenderly in her life-time," he said; "I do not cease to love her now she is dead." See, too, how he loved his people, trusted them, believed in them. He gave to them a Parliament, and safe-guarded their interests by sound statutes and wise laws. If he did wrong, he was not

KING EDWARD II.
Crowned 1307.

ashamed to confess it, and few can forget that strange scene in Westminster Hall, when the King met his subjects face to face, and with a violent burst of bitter weeping frankly admitted his error. His policy was wise. He aimed at the formation of a United Kingdom of Great Britain, bringing Wales and Scotland under the sway of England. Death prevented the full realisation of his ideals; but by the vigour of his conquests and the conciliation and gentleness towards the conquered, he almost achieved his aims, and left behind him a deathless fame. Few better Kings have ruled in England than the first Edward.

KING EDWARD III.
Crowned 1327.

Far different was his luckless son, Edward II., who was not altogether worthless, nor so base as some historians paint him. True, he was indolent, easy-going, fond of pleasure. He hated the trouble of governing proud and factious nobles, who chafed at his authority; and he willingly left the cares of office to others. Thus he became a creature of favourites, whom he loaded with honours,

KING EDWARD IV.
Deposed Henry VI. 1461.

and then abandoned to the rage of insulted Barons. The poor King was also cursed with the greatest misfortune that can befall a man—a faithless wife, who turned traitor to her lord; and deserted by all, the miserable monarch ended his wretched life by a cruel death in Berkeley Castle.

Again another Edward rules, the third of that name, a mighty prince, and worthy of his name and race. Gleemen tell of his prowess in the field, his feats of arms and consummate generalship. As an unknown knight he would enter the lists at a tournament, astonish the spectators by his knightly skill, and win the loud plaudits of the multitude when they discovered that the unknown knight was their own King. Moreover, he was learned and accomplished, could converse in English, French, German, and Latin, and make elegant speeches with gravity and dignity. His amazing victories of Creçy and Poictiers dazzled the eyes of all nations, who placed him in the first rank of conquerors. But his ambition overleaped itself, and disasters clouded the evening of his life. All the subdued provinces of France slipped from his grasp, and Calais only remained. The disappointed King celebrates his jubilee, and then passes away into obscurity, the prey of his mistress, Alice Perrers, who steals the rings from his finger and leaves him to die uncared for and alone. Truly an ignominious end of a once glorious reign!

Nearly a century elapses before another Edward ascends the throne. The House of York has triumphed, and the Red Rose of Lancaster lies stained and torn on the field of Mortimer's Cross. Edward IV. was every inch a King, taller by a head than any man in the kingdom. He told Philip de Comines that he had been engaged in nine battles, in eight of which he had fought on foot. He was the ablest and most pitiless of warriors. Ruthless, cruel, subtle, crafty, he was a King to be feared, though his winning manners and handsome appearance and gay carelessness made him immensely popular. He abandoned himself to revelling with the City dames of London, to idle dalliance, and appeared to spend his days in jesting and frivolity. But all the time he was secretly and silently gaining power for himself, diminishing the control of Parliament, increasing his own wealth,

and laying the foundations of absolute monarchy. However, his luxury and indulgence enervated his constitution, and consigned him to an early grave. The fourth Edward was a monarch to be feared, rather than loved. Many a grey-haired noble did he hurry to the block, and it was he who introduced the use of the rack as a gentle means of persuading witnesses in courts of justice to reveal useful evidence. As the patron of Caxton he stands out in a brighter light, and for this we owe him some regard.

We would gladly erase from our national annals the sad story of the murder of the young King Edward V., who

KING EDWARD V.

Ascended Throne 1483 (Murdered in Tower Same Year).

came to the throne at the age of twelve years. Indeed, some scribes have attempted to whitewash the character of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and to relegate the story of the murder of the young Princes in the Tower to the region of historic myths and legends. But the evidence against the Duke is too strong, and defies the ingenuity of his advocates. There can be no doubt that in the White Tower of our London fortress the young King Edward and his brother were smothered by two wretches, Forest and Dighton, by command of Sir James Tyrrel, Richard's Master of the Horse. Happily, the days are past when such infamy was possible.

KING EDWARD VI.

Ascended Throne 1547; Died 1553.

The hand of the assassin now sometimes murders Kings, but it is the hand of the crazy anarchist, not of a royal conspirator.

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Of Edward VI., who lived not till his passions could develop themselves, or his faculties acquire maturity, history can say but little. He lived in days of religious strife and unrest, and the echoes of the tumult are still heard in the land. He was but nine years old when he ascended the throne, and his reign only lasted six troubled years. He was equal, perhaps superior, to most boys of his age. He was industrious and painstaking, but scarcely deserved the panegyrics which his admirers heaped upon him. The character given of him by Barbaro, the Venetian Ambassador, is perhaps nearest to the truth: "He is of good disposition, and fills the country with the best expectations, because he is handsome, graceful, of proper size, shows an inclination to generosity, and begins to wish to understand what is going on; and in the exercise of the mind, and the study of languages, appears to excel his companions." Death soon brought his brief career to a close, and left England to the tender mercies of his fanatical and cruel sister, when the fires of Smithfield shed a lurid glow over her melancholy reign.

And now, after the lapse of three and a half centuries, another Edward rules, and bears the one royal name that constantly reappears, to assert its unchanging hold on the affections of the English people. A thousand years ago an Edward ruled over a harassed section of our island; to-day our Edward reigns over a mighty Empire, upon which the sun never sets. Long may he live to guide and govern the affairs of this vast realm, and may he ever enjoy the affectionate regard and loyal homage of his subjects.

P. H. D.

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TOWNS MADE BY BOOKS.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

Photographs by Frith and Co.

WHEN Charles Kingsley wrote "Westward Ho!" he had little idea that he was, besides writing a novel, actually laying the foundations of a future town that would be of no small importance before half a century had passed from the time that the novel was given to the public. But such, nevertheless, was the fact. Kingsley wrote "Westward Ho!" at the pretty little Devonshire town of Bideford, which was then dropping more and more into oblivion. Its trade had gone; its ships no longer "ruled the Spanish Main." But Kingsley resided at Bideford for many years, and its influence came over him, so that he wrote a story of those far-off days when Bideford was quite another place; when the daring deeds of Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins resounded through its streets, and Spanish captured treasure was part of its daily existence.

English people at once took Amyas Leigh and the other heroes of "Westward Ho!" to their hearts, and there began a rush of tourists to visit the little Devonshire town where these worthies hailed from, whose streets and houses had become quite familiar to all readers from the lifelike descriptions in the book. Bideford took on a new lease of glory, and began to extend and prosper. It did not turn these new invaders back, as its old inhabitants had done those of the sixteenth century. It welcomed them, and it began to raise another town for their accommodation, which, in honour of the novel that had caused all this, was named "Westward Ho."

Westward Ho to-day is a flourishing spot. In 1863 it was simply fields and cliffs; to-day it is a big cluster of lovely houses, fine hotels, beautiful gardens, and colleges, which have recently gained no small renown from the fact that there has sprung from Westward Ho another novelist, whose fame has far outrivalled Kingsley's, and who has become the spirit of British Imperialism. Rudyard Kipling is no mean offspring for Bideford to have the honour of claiming as her own.

Fifty years ago, again, a town at the seaside in Norfolk, or rather a village, went quietly on its sleepy way undisturbed by visions of coming wealth or greatness. Had anyone told it that, ere long, it would be the favourite resort of Empresses and Princesses in search of rest, bracing air, and pleasure, the village would have believed such babblers to be totally mad. But in the fullness of time an observant gentleman "discovered" the place, and found there such beauty, such revival of health, such charm in every way, that, when he got back to his busy London, he determined not to be selfish, or to keep all the knowledge of this spot to himself, but to make it known to others, tired and worn-out with brainwork as he had been. So he chose his titles from the charms of the village, and he wrote articles and books about "Poppyland" and "The Garden of Sleep," until folks became so interested that they went down themselves to see Cromer. Then Cromer heard them mutter (like Cæsar, but altering the last phrase), "I came, I saw, I *was* conquered!"

Cromer became a "boom." Everybody talked of going to Cromer—if he was anybody, so to speak. At last the renown of this pretty Norfolk seaside town—for

by then the place had grown into a good-sized town—penetrated even into the centre of far-off Austria, and the friends of the Empress of that land recommended her to visit Cromer in search of health and quiet. She did so, and was delighted with the result. So was Cromer.

For when royalty begins to approve a place of this sort, the followers, and would-be followers, of royalty are never far behind. Thousands of well-to-do folks in our own land suddenly discovered that Cromer was just the spot they had been seeking for years, and Cromer blushingly acknowledged its claims to such honour! Houses, shops, hotels sprang up with alacrity on what had hitherto been considered waste land; and golf-links and tennis-courts became the playground of statesmen and loungers.

Then, later still, our own Princesses, who lived not many miles from Cromer, also found out its beauty, and patronised it, and Cromer blushed yet more, and raised its charges for lodgings and *board still higher.* It has prospered right along, and will further prosper. For it is a lovely spot, this "Garden of Sleep," this "Poppyland," and the man or woman, jaded and wearied out, whom Cromer will not revive must be wellnigh past reviving at all.

However great the debt that Cromer owes to Clement Scott, or Westward Ho to Charles Kingsley, there can be no doubt that an equally great debt is due from Lynmouth and Lynton to Robert D. Blackmore. It would be mere quibbling to say that nobody had heard of Lynton before a certain novel with the title of "Lorna Doone" burst upon a delighted world of readers about 1870; but it is no exaggeration to say that not one person out of a thousand outside Devonshire itself really knew anything about Lynmouth and Lynton.

But "Lorna Doone" altered all this. "Girt Jan Ridd" very soon exercised his personality (and a terrible one it was) upon thousands of English and other readers, and these wanted to see for themselves the scenes and spots that had suddenly become

WESTWARD HO: A TOWN OF KINGSLEY'S CREATION.

as familiar to them as many of their own neighbouring streets. Tourists came along in shoals; the London and South-Western and the Great Western lines saw their

"Yes," said he, "historic, Sir, if you like! Warwick is historic; and Stratford is historic—if you call Shakspere history; and Kenilworth is historic, if you like

CROMER: A TOWN "MADE" BY CLEMENT SCOTT'S WRITINGS.

opportunities for doing good business, and seized them. Hotels and private residences were needed for the reception of these tourists; hence arose the Lynton and its neighbour that we know to-day.

Lynton and Lynmouth are so much of the superior order of seaside resorts that their houses are not crowded together as are those we know so well at Blackpool and Yarmouth. Hence the district is one of villas and hotels, with spacious gardens; and thus it hardly presents the appearance of towns such as we are so familiar with. But the germs of important towns are there, and Lynton and Lynmouth, important as they are to-day, will grow. And whatever they are, and whatever they become, they owe all, almost their very existence, to "Lorna Doone."

I was some time ago travelling in Warwickshire, and was talking with a native of the county to think so. But I contend, Sir, that nobody would have troubled my pretty village of Kenilworth much, had they only heard of it in history! What has made folks come from far and near to see us, Sir, is Scott's novel. It is that which has made Kenilworth become, from being a very poor little village, as I remember it in my youth, an important place in Warwick, a town that attracts as many people as, if not more than, the county town itself!"

And as I descended with him at Kenilworth Station I felt that he was right. Not English history, but Scott's novel, has made Kenilworth, as we understand the term "made." Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester lived hundreds of years ago—they were dead and almost forgotten: the stones of Kenilworth Castle had fallen and were in ruins; three-quarters of England knew nothing about such a spot as Kenilworth, in Warwickshire!

But a magician arrived in our own century. With a touch of his wonderful wand he brought Amy Robsart and Lord Leicester, Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers, back to life. Kenilworth, under his power, was rebuilt again and held its revels. And Britons and Americans have gone in crowds since then to see the wonder. So sweet Kenilworth village has grown into a prosperous little town, and to-day is as fair a place as is to be found

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"Bedford? Why that is the place where the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written by the famous John Bunyan!"

It is the "Pilgrim's Progress" that has made Bedford what it is. Were it not for the large number of strangers who visit it, Bedford would be a small, insignificant country town, without much to interest the average traveller. But this world-wide book of Bunyan's has brought profit and trade in its train to Bedford, and so

LYNMOUTH: WHICH OWES REPUTATION TO BLACKMORE'S "LORNA DOONE."

in the limits of the four countries that go to make our islands.

Bedford is a pretty spot, and many visitors pay it well-deserved attentions during the summer months. Americans are very fond of spending a day or two there. But what does the average man conjure up as soon as the name of Bedford strikes his ear, and he begins to think about the place? Does he ponder on its straw-hat business? Does he remember that it gives a title to a famous aristocratic house? Does he feel the glamour of lovely scenery come o'er *him? No, his first* thoughts are: the town on the Ouse has flourished and extended its borders exceedingly of late years. It has risen to be a place of importance in the land, and can now boast of having some twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The people of Bedford know well enough to what they owe their prosperity in these days, and they have tried to repay their debt to the travelling tinker in such wise as they can. They have erected a fine statue of him right in the midst of the town; they have photographs of his birthplace, and of their gaol in which he suffered, as well as of himself, in all their shop-windows. Yes, Bedford

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KENILWORTH: A PLACE "MADE" BY SCOTT'S NOVEL.

BEDFORD: INSEPARABLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

has become famous from a book, and it is proud of the fact.

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"It hasn't been like the same place, Sir," said an old fisherman at Peel, in the Isle of Man, to me, "since folks began to come here so much! Before, we used to have nothing but our herring-fishing to depend on; now we get a wonderful lot o' visitors, and our town is quite changed-like. Instead o' being a fishing town, with red-tiled houses, as you may have known it some years back [I had!], it is now becoming almost a second Douglas, we have so many improvements."

PEEL, ISLE OF MAN: THE TOWN THAT "THE MANXMAN" IS MAKING.

The old fisherman had "hit it." What was the cause of all this alteration during the last ten years from the dear old Peel I knew so well in the early 'eighties? I saw the reason for the change in some shop-windows. The reason has been two books called "The Deemster" and "The Manxman." These two novels, written by a Manxman (one Hall Caine, whom you may have heard of), have been the means of making thousands upon thousands of men and women go to the place where Dan Mylrea, Ewan Christian, the saintly Bishop, Philip, and Kate all lived. These visitors went to see for themselves the cliffs where the famous fight took place; to look upon the herring-fleet that has become famous from its connection with the lives of characters in these books. Peel has had more visitors in one summer since 1890 than it used to get in five before that time, and it has had to make provision for the invaders. Hence it has grown in size and wealth, as its old salt said, and it has a most promising future before it. There is no telling what it may yet become, for it is, after all, the nearest to Ireland of all Manx towns. It is the home of mystery, of antiquity, of superstition, of old-world customs and manners. It has the bluest sweep of sea and sky to be found away from the Mediterranean. It has old fishers' houses, pretty villas, charming nooks and corners — all that makes a delightful holiday-spot. Its well-wishers and lovers (among them the present writer not least) only hope that the great prosperity it has entered upon, in consequence of the books mentioned, will not make it any the less

delightful than what it has been to them all for so many years. The Londoner knows it not; well, he does not know one of the most charming spots in the British Isles, that is all.

The ordinary Wykehamist would certainly take exception to the statement that his beloved town of Winchester had been "made by a book," and he would have good reasons on his side. For Winchester has been one of our very most celebrated ancient towns during the long course of English history. Her annals, her cathedral, her great school, would each alone suffice to have made Winchester famous for all time. But there has been a greater attraction for drawing visitors to Winchester during the past ten years than any of these, however. I recollect asking a gentleman, by no means a literary man, only a few weeks ago, on his mentioning to me quite casually that he had spent a day or two in Winchester—

"What place, now, did you first visit on arriving there?"

"Ah, well!" said he, "I went to see the cathedral almost as soon as I had landed. But, do you know, that was not curiously enough, the first thing *I* was interested in at Winchester."

"Indeed, what was?" I inquired.

"Why," he replied, "as I walked up the High Street and saw the Castle I suddenly stopped, and it struck me I had seen all this somewhere before! And, also, I seemed to have seen it with a young gentleman and a young woman beside me. And then it came into my mind that I had seen a black flag floating from the Castle at that time. I could not make it out for a moment; it was like a dream. Then I smiled as its meaning came upon me. It was the finale of that grand Wessex book 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' that was in my mind!"

This is what has renewed the fame of the ancient capital of Wessex in our own days. The cyclist, the pedestrian on holiday bent, the traveller of every kind as, he passes along Winchester's High Street, does not think of what that Castle saw four hundred years ago—he thinks of Thomas Hardy, and of that wonderfully lifelike creation of his, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"! Thomas Hardy has become to Wessex what Shakspere is to Warwickshire.

WINCHESTER, WHICH "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" HAS REJUVENATED.

its price, its chronicler, its fame-bringer. How many of us have often wanted to go down into that district since we read "Far from the Madding Crowd" and the yet more famous "Tess," in order to gaze for ourselves upon scenes which yet somehow seem to be familiar to us, as they did to this gentleman traveller whom I just spoke of?

One more example of "Towns made by Books." Ilfracombe was merely a little fishing-village when Charles Kingsley, after visiting it, gave it a tremendous advertisement by speaking in his next work of "its quiet nature and its quiet luxury; its rich fairy-land and its seawalks; its downs and combes; its kind people, and, if possible, its kinder climate," etc. When the famous teacher and writer went on to declare that it "combined the soft warmth of South Devon with the bracing freshness of the Welsh mountains," folks began to think that they had better go to this Devonshire village, and see for themselves what it really was like.

They went, and Ilfracombe's fortune and fame were made at one and the same time. It is to-day a magnificent town; certainly the finest and most popular of Western watering-places. Where, in Kingsley's days, there was only a small fishing-village, one now beholds splendid shops, fine streets, lovely gardens, thousands of inhabitants, and as many annual visitors. Ilfracombe natives may well look round them — those who are fifty years old, let alone more—and wonder if they are living in the same spot as they knew in their youth. The change may well appear to them like one in the "Arabian Nights" series. But it is a veritable fact, as the whole of North Devon knows, and Charles Kingsley's words in his books are responsible for it. That is equally well known and allowed.

ILFRACOMBE: ANOTHER TOWN "MADE" BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Such are some of the best-known examples in our land of "Towns made by Books." We might speak of others—not exactly towns yet, but in the process of making; of "Thrums," of Haworth, etc. But these *will* come in their due time. Those just described *have* come.

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THE BLACK CHANTER.

By NIMMO CHRISTIE.

A PROUD man is a piper; wanting his pipes, you can tell him by his swing any day. With his oxter full of wind and his cheeks at the stretch, his kilt goes saucily from side to side like a widow's tails at her second wedding. Your war-man cocks his bonnet over his eye and sports a high feather; but the piper, with his ribbons and cairngorms, and the fierce twisted hair on his lip, outbrags him. And right it is it should be so, for the man of the pipes is worth seven men of claymore and targe. Poor would be their work were it not for his breath, that puts iron into their hearts and strength in their arms. The steel hedge and the leaden shower are sore things to face without the skirl of the pibroch in the ear, and the thought, far ben, of the heroes who have won fame to the same tune on bygone fields—as our broken clan kens to its bitter cost this day. O Glenkilvie! Dear green place! Once so thrang and loud with hardy men and lint-headed bairns, now the wild grey whaup and the red fox alone inhabit you!

It was in the gloaming Glenkilvie's piper was holding for the Chief's house.

"Here comes Lachlan with all his feathers on. It's surely time the old

O Glenkilvie! now the whaup and the fox alone inhabit you!

fellow was giving himself a lower head." Bawby was fresh-cheeked and light-footed, and had little fancy for greybeards.

"Age will lay its hand on you, too, some day, my dear," answered her mother. "Keep the kind word on your tongue. But I see little the matter with Lachlan. What a leg is on him! How he foots the grass, as if he were the Chief and not his piper! Where is the youth like him? Men were men once!"

Bawby made no reply, but, in her mind, she wondered how her mother could think of matching the worn coxcomb, in his unseemly brightness, with stalwart young Donald or Colin.

"Where will you be stepping with your pipes?" inquired the mother at Lachlan swaggering by.

"Up to the Chief's. He's back from the South, at last. I have but a pinch of time to spare." Lachlan, with the pipes over his shoulder, was ever an important man with weight of business.

"Hoot-toot, Lachlan! You can surely cross a word with a neighbour. You'll be to play to the Chief and his friend, I suppose—he has a friend with him, they say?"

"Maybe aye, and maybe no. I maun be moving."

"I thought you would have sent the laddie on this ploy. It's hardly fit for a man who has come through what you've come through to spend his wind on the after-dinner pleasurin' of a ne'er-do-weel. You're owre good for the business, Lachlan. You should stick to the war-blast and the big Black Chanter."

"Your tongue's owre souple, Helen woman; the Chief's the Chief. As for the laddie, he has only been at the work the matter of three years—no piper is a piper under seven. He's on the march to the Kirkton—ten mile there and back—oxtering 'Glenkilvie Limmers' all the way and that without a halt. A clever youth, but not born to it. God kens if he'll have the genius to finger the Black Chanter when I'm away."

"Pity you have no son, Lachlan. But Janet——"

"*Say no blame of* Janet," interrupted the piper. "But it's pity, all the same. Seven of us, fathers and eldest sons, have given victory to Glenkilvie with the Black Chanter. I had thought the laddie, my young sister's son, would have carried it on. But it fears me he wants the genius. Good enough for fairs and bridals, oh, yes; but the Black Chanter's beyond him. Well, well, I'm able for a score of years yet: my finger is true as ever it was. Something may happen before the end. Good e'en to you, kimmers."

And, with his jaunty air and his high conceit of himself, Lachlan passed on

"Did you hear," was Bawby's word to her mother, "that the Chief had brought a bonny new piper with him? I had a glint of him—a handsome fellow."

"For our Lachlan to put art into, I'll take my word," answered Helen. "Glenkilvie for piping!"

When the old piper set foot inside the Chief's room, the Chief and his friend were swapping merry stories over their wine.

"Ah, Lachlan, friend!" said the Chief, "not much change in you, only a trifle stiffer and greyer. Let us have one of your old lilts. I have told Mr. Macdonald of your great skill, and he would prove for himself what you can do."

"Where got you your learning?" asked Macdonald, the Chief's friend. "In Skye, from the Macrimmons perhaps?"

Lachlan made a sour face, and replied, with a breath of scorn in his voice, "Glenkilvie piping was kent from sea to sea or ever Skye piping was heard of. I learnt from my father; he learnt from his; and he, again——"

Macdonald struck in with a hearty laugh: "And so on, back to Noah's flood! And yet never heard I of your wondrous Glenkilvie piping. I am eager for the taste of it. Play up, man!"

"Aye, aye! for Glenkilvie's honour, and to quiet this jester," added the Chief, echoing the laugh and busy with the claret.

The talk had put Lachlan little in the mood for good piping. It is ill for an angry man to blow life into a merry tune, and a battle-peal suits not with the dinner-table. The spring "Brogues upon the

Green," though the notes were free and loud enough, came not from the piper's heart, and never touched the heart of either the Chief or Macdonald. To say truth, they were minding the bottle more than the pibroch.

"Neat enough, Chief, but I might have heard as good without coming a hundred dreams to so many of the Glen bairns, but that will bring them never again. It had a mournful weft in it, and moved slow, so that suppleness of finger was not needed. Even Macdonald felt the grace of it.

"A good Baloo—a good Baloo!" he said. "But you're a wee stiff in the wind, man, and your fingers are not what

Lachlan flung himself from the room.

miles to Glenkilvie," was Macdonald's remark. "Has your piper nothing better to show?"

"You used to have a Baloo wondrous sweet and drowsy," said the Chief to Lachlan; "it would suit with my exceeding sleepiness. Let us have it, old fellow."

It was in Lachlan's mind to swing out of the room. But Macdonald's red, jeering face was before him, and stung him to his task. Once more shouldering his pipes, he put breath into the air that brought

they might be. Had you studied at Skye, with the Macrimmons, for a year or two, you would have been a piper to hear."

"Come, Macdonald!" interposed the Chief; "you bear too hardly on Lachlan. He is a good fellow, and has known his day—have you not, Lachlan? But an easy time will be yours now, old fellow. I've got a clever youth to save your elbow. He has been to Skye, and will teach you some of the Macrimmon fingering Mr. Macdonald speaks of. We'll have

him in now, and you can test him." The Chief jingled a knife on the side of his glass.

Lachlan did not take it in at once; it was so unlooked for, so astounding! Then he grasped it. "Teach *me!*" he repeated in angry wonder; "teach *me*, Glenkilvie's piper, and player of the Black Chanter before he was born! It is not in him nor in man living! You'll beg hard, Chief, ere I pipe to you or to your funny friend again. Kilvie piping has been Glenkilvie's backbone since Ossian's day. He is a poor Kilvie man—Chief or no Chief—who hearkens a Skye fumbler when his own clan's piper is to the fore. For me, I listen to no man's note but my own."

With that, Lachlan, in a snorting storm, flung himself from the room.

II.

For all his swelling words, Lachlan had to lend his ear to the new hand. Every morning for a good hour the Skye lad was strutting the grass before the Chief's door, putting life into the day with his pibroch. And a fair-faced, swank fellow he was, but wanting the width and wind of the old race of Glen pipers.

"He has the swing of it," was Lachlan's say, "if the pith was in him. Pretty! pretty! for ladies to shake their feet to, but hardly for a man to drink courage from."

"Yes," one might answer him—a lass, likely; "but the laddie's young and growing."

Quick Lachlan's retort would leap, "Let him bide, then, till he kens his trade. But"—and a sneer would go with it—"he kens everything on earth already; and who kens everything never learns aught."

One day, a man willing to vex the old piper said, "Maybe the lad can play war-tunes with the best of them. He has never had his chance. Bide till the Black Chanter is under his oxter and the clan on the march."

"Man," replied Lachlan, his face brightening, "I'm weary for the day!"

Little time had his weariness to grow upon him. One cold spring morning the order was, "On with the war-gear and go." The cause? The old cause; the cause that has kept Glenkilvie poor and empty for a hundred years and more; the cause that on a bygone day had made fatherless the men that now took the road, and had made their fathers fatherless before them. But not a foot held back; not a woman pressed gudeman or sweetheart to make a broken bone a reason for playing an ingle-side part. It was for the old cause, the cause that was Glenkilvie's religion and is mine till the end—to desert it was a crime, to give life for it high, eternal honour.

Amongst the readiest to go, you may be sure, was Lachlan with his Black Chanter. Without the big, rough pipes fashioned on a long yesterday by a wizard hand, eyes had hardly been so bright or partings so cheerful. For it was known that, while they sounded their wild battle-notes, courage should never be wanting to Glenkilvie hearts. And where is the man, old or young, can be quite sure of himself when he faces the red flashes from the white cloud and sees his comrade drop down at his feet? It is comfort to know that a power other than and stronger than your own keeps you a steadfast and true fighter. Every Glenkilvie man had that much comfort when the Black Chanter was with him.

The hour came when the battle-tune was wanted. Never had occasion more called for it. A weary, sleepless night, a cold grey morning, wet arrows of rain smiting knee and face, and a handful of meal—these things are poor fare to raise a dauntless spirit on. Yet a dauntless spirit had not been wanting had the old peal brought the old thoughts of dead heroes. But to rush on the crowded steel through the death-storm without it!

"Up with it, in God's name, Lachlan!" cried the Chief. "Up with it, good lad! We need the Black Chanter's braggart voice. Then hey for Glenkilvie and the Cause!"

Lachlan's dour brow never relaxed. The big pipes were under his arm, but no move made he to get them in order. His

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"Play, man!" shouted the Chief.

eye looked downwards, and his foot beat the heather.

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The Chief took up the tale again: "You've never failed us yet, old fellow; you won't fail us to-day—and such a day? Come, scream it out, 'Steel Blades of Glenkilvie'!"

For a moment it seemed as if the piper would yield. There were stirrings in him. His face changed, and he laid a hand on a pipe. But again the dour look took him. "It seems," said he bitterly, "my fingering is not what it should be. Perhaps the lad from Skye will try what the Macrimmon touch can do."

Time for further parley there was none. Some of the clans were at the enemy's throat already. With a curse, the Chief bade the Skye man take the Black Chanter from Lachlan, and gave the order to advance on the foe.

What an advance! Not one single, steady, swinging step, but a hundred different steps—every man as it suited him. And the blame of it, whose was it? Was it the Skye man's, who had laid finger on the Black Chanter never before, and had small knowledge of Glenkilvie's war-peal? Was it prideful Lachlan's, who had stayed his hand when it was so sorely needed? Or was it the Chief's, with his little respect for old friends and his great regard for new ones and the claret-cup? Settle it as you choose. The end, anyway, was evil. Wet, hungry, and without their accustomed note, or with but poor, broken scraps of it, the Glenkilvie lads scattered before the hot bullets of the redcoats that met them half across the muir.

Lachlan was early hit in the leg. Unable to go forward, he leant against a big boulder and watched the evil fate of his clan. His bonnet was off, and the wind and rain were among his grey hairs. In his eyes was gloom, but never a tear.

Back came the Chief rushing, sword in hand, wild with anguish. "Shame, shame on you, Lachlan!" he cried. "On you rests the dirdum of this! But it is not too late. You can save us yet. The old measure; speak it, man, speak it!"

The Skye lad was passing hastily homewards with white, dazed face, the big pipes trailing in the trampled mud. "Hey, you," called the Chief; "damn you! Pass over these pipes. You have not the wind to scatter the dust from a flower-leaf. To hell with you and Macrimmon!"

With never a word, Lachlan took back the Black Chanter and set the wind-pipe to his lips. His cheeks were wet as his gaze travelled over the damp, dark muir, and marked the straggling, returning men of his broken, dishonoured clan—some running, sword and pistol cast behind them; others crawling along slowly and with torn limbs. It was a sorry sight, and worth a dim eye.

"Play, man!" shouted the Chief; "or, by the heavens above us, it's in my heart to let you have my dirk!"

Without so much as looking an answer, Lachlan, with his strong lungs, filled the bag with wind. Then rose upon the air, not the brisk, quickening strain with the war-heart in it of "Steel Blades of Glenkilvie," but the dragging wail of the "Death-tune"—the tune to which the warriors and the wise men are buried.

And to that tune were buried, never more to rise again, the glory and the strength and the honour of Glenkilvie and its clan.

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THE INDIAN DHOBI.

By M. A. RUTHERFURD.

WHACK, whack, gurgle, splash!—the flying twist of wet linen describes a circle like a magnified puggree round a black head, and falls on the jagged glistening rocks with as rhythmical a swing as a conductor's bâton. Splash, whack, splash, whack!—both sound and movement fascinating in their dexterous monotony.

There is such bewildering vigour, too, in this battle of blows. For a brief space one wonders which is the thrasher and which the thrashed, in the unequal contest between soft linen and hard rough stone. The one seems endowed with the massed energies of the Fates, the other with the passive, inexhaustible, everlasting patience of the Ages. But the passive forces of the Cosmos yield first; Nature has ruled it so. All too soon a piteous, shredding shriek rings out to heaven. It is the death-song of the fair white linen, and proclaims its doom. Then as its last note fades on the listening air, the presiding genius calls "time."

A brown bent back is straightened. Two thin dark legs, water-covered, and shiny like the rocks beside them, move a step or two nearer the edge of the muddy pool. From a heterogeneous pile of garments waiting their turn like sacrificial victims, a fresh one is selected. The stricken one just vanquished swells the heap of slain, and with a long breath of impartial justice the god of battle resumes his sway.

And yet in one aspect—his official one, so to speak, and the one most familiar to Anglo-Indians and all visitors to the great purple *East—the Indian* dhobi is the meekest of men. With a mildness truly amazing to those who know his brother craftsmen of other lands, he will submit without a murmur to indignities, reproaches, and fines. For a modest and comprehensive emolument of from fifteen to twenty-five shillings per month he will wash, iron, and starch (providing his own materials) for a family where babies are the most prominent members, and in which muslin dresses and white shirts, not to mention such trifling items as tennis-flannels, white uniforms, and mosquito-curtains, form component parts. "Oh, that dhobi!" says his mistress in tones which all too thinly veil the unspeakable; "Plenty bad dhobiman," echoes his mistress's ayah; "Fine the brute!" says his master, constituting himself a court of appeal on hearsay evidence; while the dhobi smiles his gentle, deprecatory smile, and, with joined palms, protests that the Presence is his father and mother.

This attitude of mind is, however, strictly limited to the Sahib's compound, or when facing an infuriated "Mem," who, like another Rachel, weeps for her children's things, and refuses to be pacified because they are not. At the village washing-tank, when ankle-deep in the thick muddy brown liquid which he miscalls water, and in the inviolable privacy of his confrères' society, another and a deeper side of the dhobi's character reveals itself. All unsuspected by the shallow, frivolous foreigner who employs and disdains him, an occult psychological mystery occurs. An Eastern Jekyll disappears; an Eastern Hyde takes his

place. The troubled waters in which he stands act as a non-conductor of the effete and complex civilisation from whose trammels he would escape. Secure in his element, he exacts a tardy, but terrible vengeance on the dainty nain-sook underwear, the frills and the furbelows, the lace-trimmed petticoats, and the severer masculine garments of those who are at once his tyrants and his victims.

Let us take one more glance at this strange phenomenal washerman before leaving him.

As the great Hindu Festival of the Dusserah approaches, yet another development in his complex nature can be observed. In a prominent position in the compound, laid out with pitiless accuracy of outline and exposure of detail, are his mistress's stockings, his master's Sahibs rarely makes this mistake. Also his irons and ironing-board and other implements of his trade are included. Around them are wreaths of vile-smelling yellow marigolds and sweet-scented, but faded jasmine; in front a tûlsi plant and a butti—a saucer with a drain of oil and a floating wick. Before the group the dhobi solemnly and decorously does pooja. He salaams to it with reverence. These objects of his craft are the only gods — or, perhaps, the only gifts of the gods — he knows of which can, or will, provide him with the slight sustenance he requires to fill his uncomplaining stomach. Thus, in simple, childlike gratitude does he thank them once a year, at the same time keeping during the ceremony a sharp look-out as to his mistress's whereabouts. For to the mild Hindu the Dusserah Festival is

INDIAN DHOBIS AT WORK.

highest collars, the baby's most tucked frocks. Occasionally it happens that the garments chosen for this honour are of a more cryptic nature, though a dhobi experienced in the ways of the white Memwhat Boxing Day is to the Briton, or the *Jour de l'An* to the Gaul—a season of presents and tips. Perhaps also the ayah may have been squared to draw the lady's attention to his pious proceedings, so

deep, so very deep, are the ways of the Indian dhobi!

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And yet what a potential power for good lies in him and his class! More than a threat of advancing Russian armies, more than a possible invasion of Mongol or Tartar hordes, would his absence or "strike" render the position of Britain in India untenable; for what Englishman could live in that sultry clime without his dhobi?

AN INDIAN DHOBI AND HIS DONKEY.

Inseparably allied to the dhobi is his donkey. He is the only creature in the vast peninsula that shares his master's importance and his virtues, though happily not his vices, and, unlike him, has no periodically recurring alternations in his asinine character, but is good throughout. A dhobi's "moke" knows neither bit nor bridle, neither headstall nor pack-saddle, but with invincible patience bears his burdens as Nature has made him. His poor nostrils are the only part of his anatomy that have not been left as created. With Oriental callousness to the infliction of pain, they have been cruelly slit up and curved inwards, whether with the object of adornment or utility no European can say. A native, if asked, will answer that the elongation of the nostrils improves the donkey's wind; but as the operation is inflicted on no other animal, and as speed is the last thing ever exacted by a dhobi from his four-footed slave, this explanation will scarcely hold water. Perhaps if, like Balaam's ass, the long-suffering animal could speak, the secret, together with others, might come to light! But that is as it may be. Meanwhile the deponent is mute, and sayeth not.

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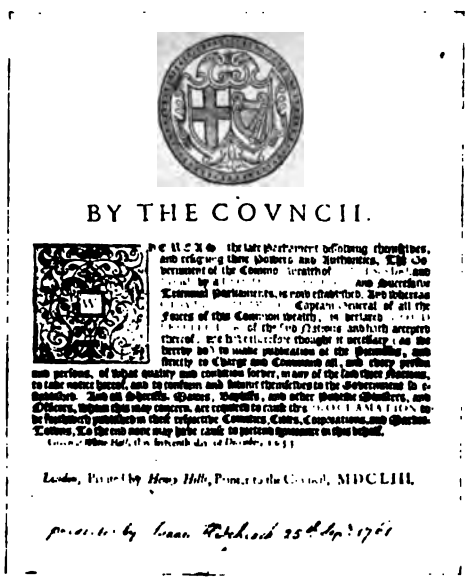
PROCLAMATIONS AND BROADSIDES.

THERE is no more interesting chapter in the great Gospel of Grab than that entitled, somewhat euphemistically, "Collectors and Collecting." It is the final proof of Darwin's theory of the Descent of Man, for it links the pagan



BY THE COVNCIL.

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THE PROCLAMATION OF OLIVER.

and (unfortunately) immoral chimpanzee, in his arboreal haunts, with the banker of Lombard Street and the frowsy *chiffonier* of Montmartre. Look at the matter scientifically. The human race is cursed with the craze for collecting, whether it be early editions of minor poets, postage-stamps with all their mysteries of rose-pink and sage-green, the cigar-stumps of The Great (this is peculiarly Transatlantic), penny toys, personal press-cuttings, scalps, jewels, gold, theatre-programmes, or tall *hats*. We all collect something, just as *the chimpanzee hoards bright* pebbles and coloured straws. And we shall go on collecting until the King of Chiffoniers on his white horse comes and collects us, sweeps us into his rag-bag, and ultimately sticks us into a box in his museum, labelled significantly: "Here lies Richard Roe, writer of very poor magazine articles, and collector of 'editorial regrets.'"

All this is very pretty moralising, but does not seem to have much to do with the title of this article. Yet it leads up to one statement we desire to make—that there are but two kinds of collector who should be tolerated in polite society: the first because he is a necessary evil, and therefore not so black as he is painted—the tax-collector; the second, the collector of historical, scientific, or statistical data. All others, being more or less insane, should be consigned to Bedlam.

We need not here consider the tax-collector. His efforts to enliven the dull daily round are sufficiently appreciated. But the collector of historical data has not been properly recognised, nor have his services been reasonably acknowledged. Macaulay, to name but one historian, would never have been able to complete his History of England were it not for the collector of broadsides, Royal Proclamations, etc., from which he drew authentic information concerning the events of long ago.

Of "Proclamations and Broadsides" we wish to say something; and though definitions are odious, and a very confession of ignorance, it may be well at the outset to define a broadside. Originally, a broadside was merely a sheet of paper printed on one side only, so that it might be pasted on a wall or conspicuous place for public perusal; but the term has become extended

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CHARLES,
Prince of *Wales*, &c.

Regent of the Kingdoms of *Scotland*, *England*, *France* and *Ireland*, and the Dominions thereunto belonging.

WHEREAS We have seen a certain Scandalous and malicious Paper, published in the Style and Form of a Proclamation, bearing Date the 18th Instant, wherein under Pretence of bringing Us to Justice, like Our Royal Ancestor King *Charles* the I. of blessed Memory, there is a Reward, of Thirty Thousand Pounds Sterling, promised to those who shall deliver Us into the Hands of Our Enemies: We could not but be moved with a just Indignation at so insolent an Attempt. And that from Our Nature and Principles We abhor and detest a Practice so unusual among Christian Princes, We cannot but out of a just Regard to the Dignity of our Person, promise the like Reward of Thirty Thousand Pounds *Sterling*, to him or them who shall seize and secure, till Our further Orders, the Person of the Elector of *Hanover*, whether landed, or attempting to land, in any Part of His Majesty's Dominions. Should any fatal Accident happen from hence, let the Blame lye entirely at the Door of those who fall for the infamous Example.

CHARLES, P. R.

Given in Our Camp at *Kirkwhitrig*, *August* the 21st 1745.

By His Highness's Command,

JO. MURRAY.

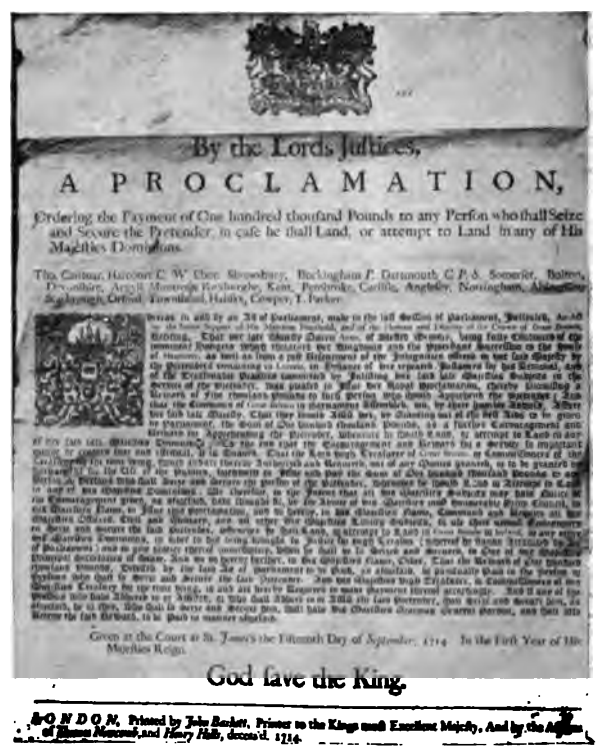
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S "TU QUOQUE."

to include all manner of pamphlets, posters, loose sheets of songs, pictures, "dying speeches," etc. Indeed, originally, a broadside was a placard of any sort whatsoever. The French preserve the intention in their "affiche."

The most ancient broadside known or recorded was not printed but written, and had for its author no less a poet than the golden Virgil. He wrote a flowery compliment to his Augustus, and affixed it to the walls of the imperial Palace. One Bathyllus claimed it for his own, but Virgil exposed the charlatan very neatly by writing some extra verses from which he omitted certain words and half-lines. Bathyllus could not supply the "missing words."

Later broadsides were those displayed on a statue near the Ursini Palace in Rome, and known as pasquinades, or pasquils, names derived from the caustic shoemaker, Pasquin, who kept shop in a hutch below the Palace eaves. These pasquils were chiefly attacks on the reigning Pontiffs, who certainly gave cause for scoff and jeer.

Under the heading of broadsides may also be gathered the written challenges to disputation affixed to the doors of colleges and churches by wandering scholars. The old Universities of Europe were not like our modern seats of learning — isolated bodies with separate regulations. They had a free interchange, a kind of Masonic community, by which a person holding a position or degree in one of them was free of all the others, and held his rank, whatever it might be. But before being admitted to the rights of a scholar and a brother, he had to justify his claims by disputing. The subject generally chosen was a world-moving theme, such as the colour of angels' feathers, how many devils could sit on a pin-point, and so on. This practice of disputation fell into disrepute through the Rockefeller tactics of the Admirable Crichton, who — vain thing that he was!—beplastered the church and college doors of Europe with his



By the Lords Justices,

A PROCLAMATION,

Ordering the Payment of One hundred thousand Pounds to any Person who shall Seize and Secure the Pretender, in case he shall Land, or attempt to Land in any of His Majesties Dominions.

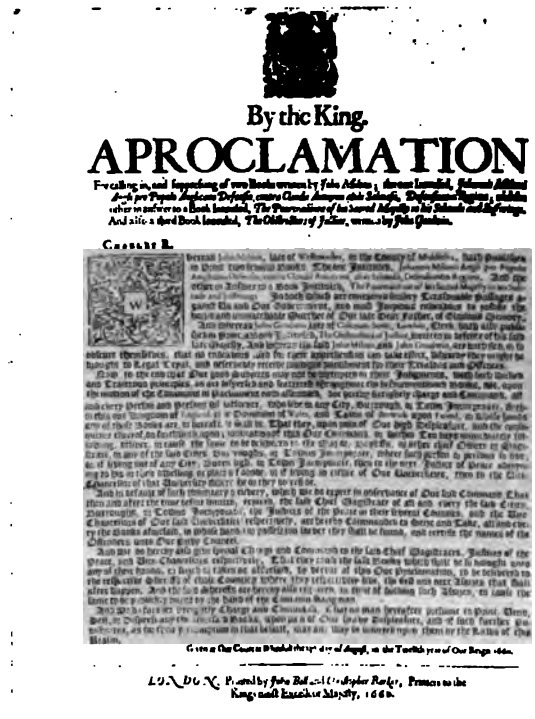
Given at the Court at St. James's the Fifteenth Day of *September*, 1714. In the First Year of His Majesties Reign.

God save the King.

LONDON, Printed by John Baskett, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty. And by the Assigns of Thomas Newcomb, and Henry Hills, deceas'd. 1714.

A PRICE ON PRINCE CHARLIE'S HEAD.

challenges "to arguify." A wit wrote below one of his whoops: "And those who wish to see him may go to the Falcon



By the King.

APROCLAMATION

CHARLES II. v. JOHN MILTON.

Inn, where he will be exhibited alive." (Inns, in those days, were the show-places for bears from the Pyrenees, magic-workers, and other lions.) Martin Luther was one of the last to perpetuate the custom, by pasting his theses against indulgences on the doors of Wittenberg Cathedral on All Saints' Day. An interesting survival at the present day is the granting of the degree of Doctor of Medicine by the Scots Universities to writers of theses approved by the Senati Academici.

Coming down to the less simple times when printing came into daily use, we find the term "broadside" extended to include proclamations (royal or civic), grants of indulgences and other ecclesiastical privileges, ballads and satires in verse, historical matter in prose, engravings and woodcut illustrations, always provided that they are printed on one side of the paper. Of these there are three well-known collections: that in the British Museum, that of the Society of Antiquaries, and that in the Chetham Library, Manchester. The oldest printed broadside is in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries. It is an "Indulgence granted by Our Holy Father Leo that nowe is to all such as shall contribute money towards the ransom of Sir John Pyllet, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre of Christ, who, coming from Jerusalem, was taken prisoner by the Mauris and Infidels, cruel ennemys unto Cristes feithe, and, by them, through their great torments and threateninges of dethe, was compelled either to leve his feithe or to pay unto them many millions of ducats of gold; the said knight having bound himself to certain Venetian merchants, who had advanced for his deliverance the summe of 2000 ducats for his said ransom." This broadside, which was in the Royal Library at Windsor, was presented to the society by Prince Albert. It may be referred to the year 1513, the year of the election of Pope Leo X., "Our Holy Father that nowe is."

The collection in the Chetham Library, presented by the late Mr. J. O. Halliwell, is very rich in Royal Proclamations concerning all manner of trivialities. No. 576, for instance, relates to the "Restraint of Killing, Dressing, and Eating of Flesh in Lent, or on Fish Dayes appointed by the Law to be observed." Another, dated from Whitehall, Aug. 3, 1661, is for "the Well-Ordering the Making of White Starch within this Realm, and for Restraint of the Importation thereof from foreign Parts." It would seem, also, that about this time, and for a long period afterwards, there was a tax on fireplaces! A Royal Proclamation, dated June 9, 1662, from

Hampton Court, concerns "the Act for the Revenue on Fire-hearths and Stoves." The tax was levied as late as 1684, for we have in the Chetham collection a "Receipt from the Lady Archer for duty on fire-hearths at Theydon Garnon."

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Possession of the French King." So the Merrie Monarch was even more of a "Protector" than was Sour Oliver. A fairer kind of protection is exhibited in the proclamation "against all Jesuits and Priests, except Mr. John Huddleston, who

THE CORONATION OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

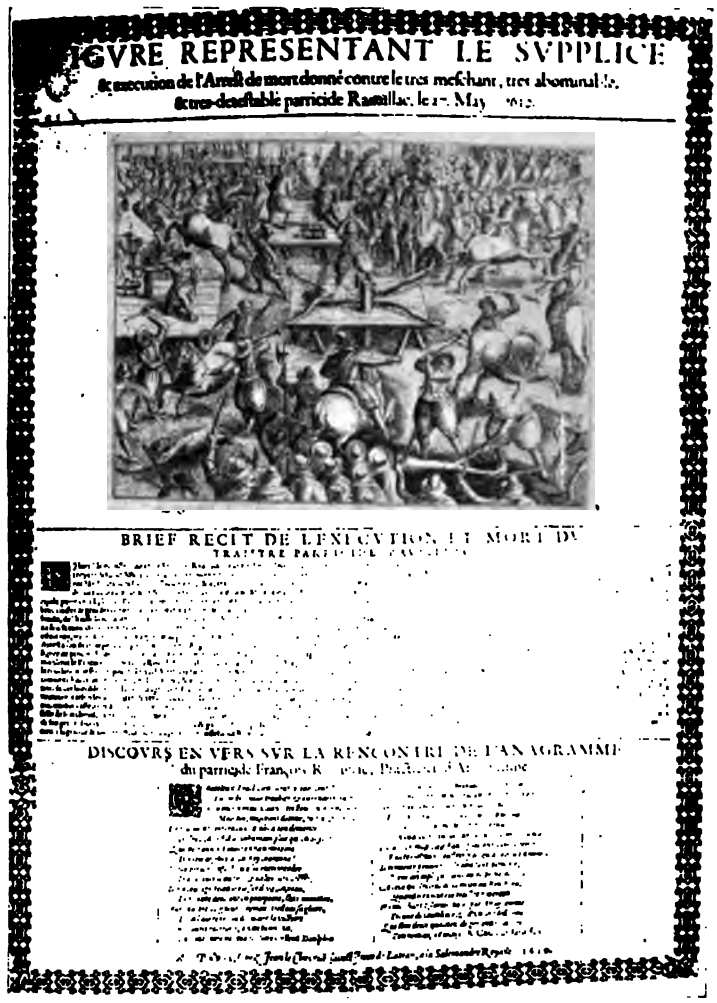
That the cry of England for the English, or Britain for the British, is no new one, witness the proclamation of Nov. 10, 1666, "Prohibiting the Importation of all sorts of Manufactures and commodities whatsoever, of the Growth, Production, or Manufacture of France, *and of all Places* in the

did eminently serve us in our escape from Worcester."

The price of coal—it was really sea-coal then—must have been high in 1644, since substitutes were sought. "Artificial Fire, or Coale for Rich and Poore. This being the offer of an excellent new Invention.

by Mr. Richard Gosling, Ingineer (late deceased), but now thought fit to put in practice. Read. Practice. Judge. A method of artificial coals by a compound of clay, small sea-coal, sawdust, and chopped straw made into bricks or fire-balls." Here we have the precursor of the present well-known fire-blocks. As an afterthought, the executor of "Mr. Gosling, Ingineer late deceased," adds: "Greenwich Heath or Hounslow Heath turf is very good fewell"; and so forestalls the companies now supplying peat in London.

Trade Unionism is a product of Victoria's century, but picketing (or a good imitation of it) was not unknown in Charles th Second's time; for here we have "Th Case of the Free Shipwrights of Englan stating the injustice and oppression su tained by the Shipwrights of all Englan by the injurious exclusion of all that cra from exercising their craft at Newcastl



FRANCE'S REVENGE ON RAVAILLAC.

. . . with figures of Newcastle me violently obstructing shipwrights fro other parts proceeding in search o employment."

Certain pills are said to be worth a guinea a box, and certain others are specially designed for the "ruddification" of the Pale; but what a woful lack of

imagination there is in these recommendations when compared with "Grana Angelica, or the true Scotts Pills, left to posterity by Dr. Patrick Anderson, of Edinburgh, Physician to His Majesty K. Ch. I., and constantly used as his ordinary Physick by K. Ch. II. Are faithfully prepared by I[sabella] INGLISH

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third George's day, prophecy, that aggravated form of whooping-cough, did not begin its ravages with the great Baxter. We remember that in the credulous days of our youth the *Christian Herald* had a violent eruption of predictions, and that, with quaking heart, we stood under the stars one winter night waiting for the archangelic

MARTIRII
SVPPLITII E MORTE
DE CATOLICI INGLESI
PER LA RELIGIONE CHRISTIANA.

HOW ENGLISH PROTESTANTS TREATED ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

from *Edinburgh*, Now living at the Unicorn, over against the Watch-House, near the May-Pole in the Strand, London By Her Majesties authority." Who could resist this? When royalty dead royalty, it is true, for this sheet is of Anne's time consumes benefic boluses, who so bold as deny their virtues?

If we are to trust our broadsides of the fanfare that was to herald the Millennium, Armageddon, the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty, and what not. Now, in our less imaginative present, we thrill to learn that the Prophet Baxter was not the first in the field. "A Prophecy, from the 13th chapter of Revelations, alluding to Buonaparte: showing the letters of his name corresponding with the Ancient

Alphabet, to make up the Number of the Beast, 666." In finding this broadside, and publishing the fact, we pay off somewhat of the grudge we owe the Prophet

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THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Baxter because his "vaticinations" did not "come off," and we—were left lamenting in the throes of juvenile croup.

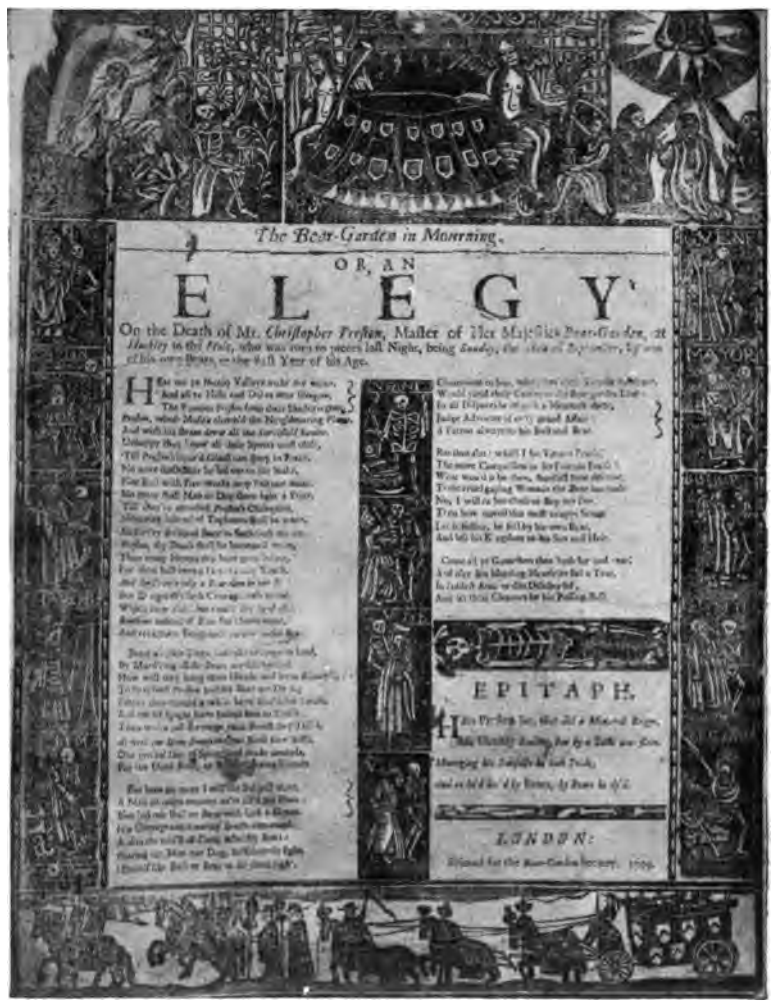
Prophecy is a hobby: so is the collecting of broadsides. It does not need a Petronius to decide which is the more elegant. "Give me Wraggles," said the wife of that gentleman's bosom when, for the first time, she saw the classic beauty of the Apollo Belvidere. For a hobby give us broadsides. They are more sufficing, they are more reliable. Many have found the truth of this, not only in the collecting, but in the publication of them. Old Jimmy Catnach, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, made more than a respectable living out of his "Last Dying Speeches and Confessions," "Dreadful Murders," "Songs—three yards a penny," "Gallowses," "Mysterious Suicides," and so on. Catnach made £300 by his "Trial of Queen Caroline," and a like sum by his "Trial of Thurtell and Hunt for the murder of Mr. Weare." "Murder sheets" were generally written so as to be applicable generally: thus a Buxton tragedy could, by a mere "batter of type," be made to serve for Brixton. These convertible *histoires* came to be known as "cocks" [*cf.* "cooks"] or "catch-pennies."

But if publishers made much, collectors have had to spend much. Ten guineas is quite an ordinary price for a tiny slip of whitey-brown paper; and as much as thirty guineas has been given for a small sheet relating to Sweet Nell of Old Drury, or, as her broadside title goes, "The Notorious Madame Gwinn." Fifteen guineas was frequently paid for some rare specimen by the late Colonel Grant, from whose collection, the work of nearly twelve years, we are permitted to reproduce in facsimile a few quaint sheets. Colonel Grant's collection is now in the possession of Mr. Tregaskis, the erudite bibliopole of High Holborn, whose courtesy we have to acknowledge.

One of the most interesting broadsides here shown is the proclamation by Bonnie Prince Charlie, which must rank as the

most delicious of princely *tu quoques*. "The Elector of Hanover, *whether landed, or attempting to land*, in any Part of His Majesty's Dominions," is humour truer far than the proverbial Coleridgian ignorance of Connie Gilchrist. Next in historic interest comes the Royal Proclamation calling in and suppressing those books written by "John Milton, late of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex," in which occur "Certain Treasonable Passages against Us and Our Government, and most Impious Endeavours to justifie the horrid and unmatchable Murther of Our late Dear Father, of Glorious Memory." Master Milton, it would seem, had fled, or so obscured himself that he could not be brought to Legal Tryal and deservedly receive condigne punishment; wherefore Majesty "takes it out" in boycott more effective than any in our day.

"The Court of England; or, The Preparation for the Happy Coronation of King William and Queen Mary," is valuable chiefly, to our mind, for the light it throws on the persistence of English prejudice ("English" being used in its strictly limited sense). Here we have a doggerel dialogue between English Man, Taffy, Sawny, Teague, and Myn Herr, in which English Man is alone permitted to use intelligible speech. Sawny, in particular, is made to speak a tongue that never was on sea or land, a tongue that was most certainly not known in the Scotland of that day any more than the crystallised "Hech, mon!" of *Punch* is known beyond the Tweed to-day. The pictorial decorations of this sheet are ingenious, especially striking being the somewhat Dutch angel which trumpets joy to the left of the King. In the "Figure Representant Le Supplice et execution de l'Arrest de mort donné



THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE'S "MASTER OF THE BEAR-GARDEN."

contre le très-meschant, très-abominable, et très-detestable parricide Ravaillac," we get some notion of the meaning of the phrase "refinement of cruelty." The Chinese are supposed to have a monopoly of this sort of amusement, but the French of Henri the Fourth's day left little undone that imagination could suggest. Ravaillac, poor madman, seer of visions and hearer of voices, had the misfortune to find the gallant Henri Quatre in the way of his knife (a broken file, by the way), and so became the mouse of the legal cat. A

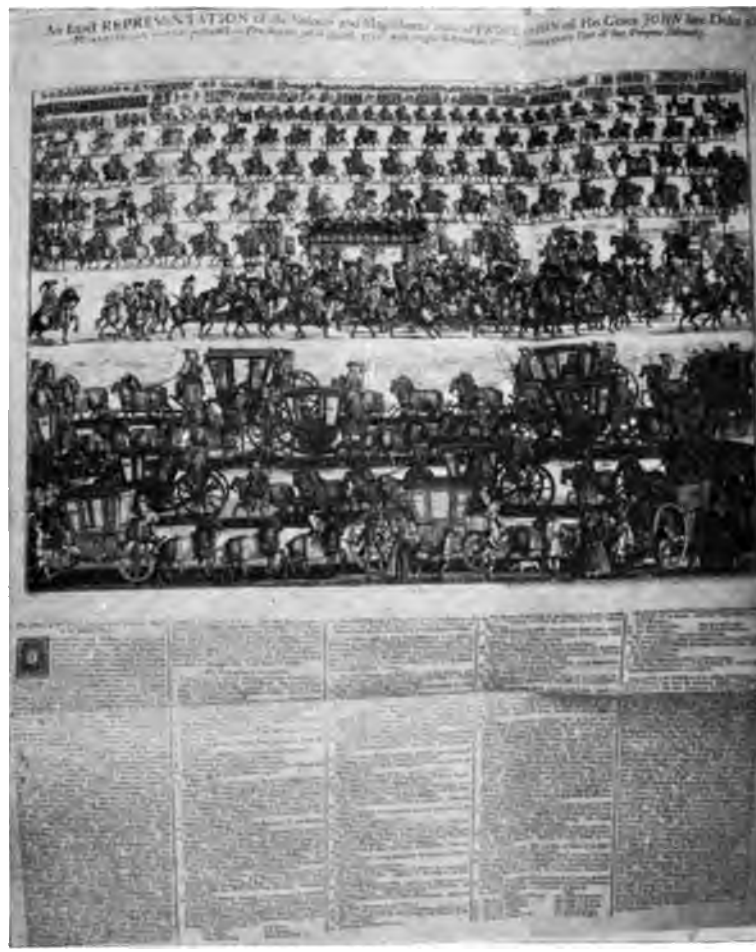
HOW "KINGS" LIVED UP TO THEIR NAME.

glance at the drawing will show the end of him, but the whole process of extinguishing deserves recital. After having been tortured gently for two or three days, he was brought out of the Conciergerie, and placed, "naked in his shirt," in a tumbrell or dung-cart, with a "Torch of two pound weight in one hand, and the knife wherewith he killed the King, chained to the other hand, so openly to be seene, that the least child there present might behold it." Taken to Notre Dame, he did penance, and thence he was carried to La Grève. "*In his first coming on the scaffold, he crossed himself directly* over the breast, a signe that he did live and die an obstinate Papist." [We quote from an English tract.] He was bound upon a St. Andrew's cross of iron and wood, and then "the hand with the knife and half that arm was put into an artificiall furnace of fire and brimstone." After one or two horrors too painful to record, "with tonges and pincers they cut colloppes of flesh from him, and burned them before his face, and into the wounds they poured scalding Oyle, Rosen, Pitch, and Brimstone together." Thereafter came the tearing to pieces by horses, shown in the wood-cut; and a terrible business it was, one of the horses falling through exhaustion, and a cavalier from the edified audience replacing it with his own mount. It may be noted also that Ravaillac's father and mother were banished and outlawed, and his relations were forbidden to bear the name of Ravaillac, "as a name unworthy of our countrye."

That the early English Protestants were not behind the executioners of Ravaillac in ingenuity may be gathered from the broadside showing the cruelties inflicted on English Catholic martyrs. The

customary grain of salt should not be forgotten here, for the broadside is issued from Bologna, a not unprejudiced quarter.

The remaining broadsides here reproduced explain themselves. Historical interest centres in "London Verbrandt," and our peculiarly British graveyard humour scintillates in the "Elegy on the Death of who wrote and sold versified accounts of local *causes célèbres*. He did not sell the sheets themselves, as he was careful to inform the purchaser, for he had regard to a certain Act of Parliament. He sold you a straw, and presented you with a copy of the libel, as it generally was, for "your kindness to the poor blind."



FUNERAL OF THE GREAT MARLBOROUGH.

Mr. Christopher Preston, Master of Her Majesties Bear-Garden, at Hockley in the Hole."

The broadsides of Victoria's reign have been chiefly Royal Proclamations, although in remote parts of these islands the humorous, the poetical, and the scurrilous broadside is not unknown. Not more than ten years ago there lived in Aberdeen a *proper old knave known as* "Blin' Bob,"

The very latest broadsides are King Edward the Seventh's Proclamations, three of which were to be seen at the steps leading to the Duke of York's statue—one enjoining all officers of State to continue in the execution of their duties, one enjoining a day of mourning for Queen Victoria, and one forbidding the use after a certain date of the doubloon in the Island of Jamaica.

W. A. M.

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WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lady Queen *Victoria*, of Blessed and Glorious Memory, by whose Decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of *Great Britain* and *Ireland* is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince *Albert Edward*; We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of Her late Majesty's Privy Council, with Numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of *London*, do now hereby, with one Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, publish and proclaim, That the High and Mighty Prince, *Albert Edward*, is now, by the Death of our late Sovereign of Happy Memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord *Edward* the Seventh by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of *India*: To whom we do acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection; beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince *Edward* the Seventh with long and happy Years to reign over us.

Given at the Court at *St. James's*, this Twenty-third day of *January*, in the Year of our Lord One thousand nine hundred and one.

GEORGE
ARTHUR
GEORGE
CHRISTIAN, Pr. Schleswig-Holstein

F Cantuar
Halsbury, C.
Devonshire
Salisbury
Norfolk, E. M.
Portland
Pembroke and Montgomery
Clarendon
Charles T. Ritchie
J. Chamberlain
Northumberland
Cadogan
Fife
M. E. Hicks-Beach
Ashbourne
St John Brodrick
Knutsford
Balfour of Burleigh
George Hamilton
Lansdowne
Walter H. Long
Spencer
Argyll
Rosebery
Alverstone
A Akers-Douglas
Chesterfield
Cork and Orrery
A. L. Smith
Kintore

Ridley
H. Campbell-Bannerman
G. Shaw-Lefevre
Fred. Milner
John E. Gorst
A. Graham Murray
C. Robert Spencer
Ripon
Goschen
H. H. Asquith
Morris and Killanin
John Rigby
Pirbright
W. Hart Dyke
Richard Temple
Selborne
Arthur James Balfour
John H Kennaway
W. E. H. Lecky.
Robert Montagu
Roland Vaughan Williams
Robert Romer
A. H. D. Acland
W. V Harcourt
F. H. Jeune
Leonard H. Courtney
H. Drummond Wolff
James Stirling
Charles W. Dilke
Stalbridge
M. E Grant Duff
R. Couch
John Morley
Rathmore
William Ellison-Macartney
Hobhouse

Rowton
Herbert Maxwell
Charles Stuart-Wortley
Evelyn Ashley
James Bryce
Henry H. Fowler
R Henn Collins
Colville of Culross
Willelm. Ebor
C Seale-Hayne
James Lowther
Edmond R Wodehouse
Ford North
Horace Rumbold
Hertford
T. F Halsey
Carrington, Joint Hered. Lord Great Chamberlain
Jesse Collings
Brampton
Yarborough
S Ponsonby-Fane
A. W. FitzRoy
J. H Harrison
E. S Hope
W R Waiker
Charles Dalrymple Ray
Frank Green, Lord Mayor
David Evans, Alderman
W. P Treloar, Alderman
J. Whittaker Ellis, Alderman
Henry E. Knight, Alderman
Reginald Hanson, Alderman
Joseph Savory, Alderman
Walter Wilkin, Alderman
Joseph Renals, Alderman

H. D Davies, Alderman
Alfred J. Newton, late Lord Mayor
John C. Bell, Alderman
H. George Smallman, Alderman
G. Prior Goldney, City Remembrancer
Joseph G Dimsdale
Marcus Samuel
J. T Ritchie
G Wyatt Truscott, Alderman
Saml. Green
Forrest Fulton, Recorder
G. Faudel-Phillips, Alderman City of London
John Pound, Alderman City of London
John Knill, Alderman
T. Vezey Strong, Alderman
Thos Boor Crosby, Alderman
W. Vaughan Morgan, Alderman and Sheriff
Joseph Lawrence, Sheriff
W J R. Cotton, Chamberlain
John B Monckton Town Clerk
F A Bosanquet, Common Serjeant
Homewood Crawford, City Solicitor
Thos Vaughan-Roderick, Secondary of London
E. A. Baylis, Comptroller
J. D Langton, Under Sheriff
Thos. H. Gardiner Under Sheriff
William H. Weldon

God save the King.

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GIUSEPPE VERDI.

SOME ANECDOTES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

By Dr. **MARIO BORSA.**

TO give my last impression first—it was at La Scala, the celebrated opera-house of Milan, on the 5th of February, eight years ago, that I last saw the Maestro. It was my privilege as dramatic critic of *La Perseveranza*, the oldest Italian newspaper, to be present at a rehearsal of "Falstaff," and I shall never forget how impressive the simple figure of the great composer seemed to me. The dark jacket, the drooping collar, the loosely tied scarf and low felt hat are more vivid in my memory than they appeared in the dim light of the theatre, empty save for the presence of the performers and officials. He stood on the stage with his hands in his pockets, now directing the artists, now the orchestra, and now and again taking suggestions from his friend Arrigo Boïto, the author of the libretto. He was singularly calm and self-possessed, and showed not a trace of the nervousness one might have expected to note in him before his great work had received the verdict of the public. Such nervousness as was displayed I noticed in the performers themselves. But at the end of the rehearsal the whole orchestra recognised that the Maestro was justified of his tranquillity, for they rose *en masse*, waving their violins above their heads and shouting enthusiastically, "Bravo! Viva Verdi!" When the cheering had died away, he turned to them with a quiet smile and a shake of his head, saying, 'Well, let us hope the audience will be of your opinion on Monday night."

Photo. by Rossi, Milan.

THE LATE GIUSEPPE VERDI.

His hope was realised. For February 9 witnessed one of the greatest triumphs the Italian theatre has seen. It is probable that few Italians were affected, so far as outward seeming showed, by that triumph as little as Verdi himself, who, while yet all the world was ringing with his praise, quietly retired to his country-seat near Busseto to undertake his much-loved task of superintending the management of his gardens. This seat will doubtless be the goal of many pilgrimages and be regarded

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as a national shrine, for here Verdi lived through the best years of his life, and here his best work was done.

I remember it very well—the villa, comfortable and quiet, hidden among gigantic trees, planted by the Maestro in his youth, and showing many signs of wealth and artistic taste, the design being Verdi's own. At first it consisted of only five or six rooms, but it grew in size with the growth of his fortune. It was richly but unpretentiously furnished; there were pictures by Morelli and Michetti, old prints, statues, a rich library with rare editions and curious albums, collections of objects of art, and a kitchen so picturesque and so elaborately furnished with all the implements of Pantagruelic alchemy that it is almost the chief wonder of the place. This is the Villa di Sant' Agata, situated not far from the homestead of Roncole, Verdi's birthplace, where at present an old woman sells wine to passing peasants.

Photo. by Pilotti, Milan.
SIGNORA VERDI.

As showing Verdi's affection for Sant' Agata, I may mention here that in his will he charges the old man to whom the gardens are left always to cultivate them as they have hitherto been cultivated, and adds long instructions as to the particular flowers to be grown in particular parts of the grounds. No doubt his fondness for his home was kept alive and increased by his memory of the work he had done there. For it was here that he composed in only thirteen days "La Traviata," and

VERDI'S BIRTHPLACE AT RONCOLE.

after that "Aida," "Otello," "Falstaff," and all his best operas. Living here apart from the world in his loved retirement,

Photo. by Pilotti, Milan.

SIGNOR BOÏTO, THE LIBRETTIST OF VERDI'S CHIEF OPERAS.

Verdi was yet keenly alive to all that was happening in musical circles. It is said freely that he came directly under the influence of Wagner. That is not entirely true, because even when he altered and enlarged his technique, he yet preserved his own individuality, only suiting his work to the more highly educated tastes of his audiences. Even in the smallest details of his work Verdi was always Verdi, and if he has passed through different styles, it was not because he was imitative, but because he had that large comprehension of art which distinguished the Italians of the Rennaissance, and which is always a characteristic of Italian genius.

But it is less my purpose to criticise his art than to give some illustrations of his life and character, which are probably little known outside Italy. To begin with, he was a man of most retiring disposition, who loathed above all things the vanity of self-advertisement. To illustrate this, I remember hearing how at the production of "Il Trovatore" in Paris he was literally besieged by importunate interviewers, so much so that the waiters of the hotel where he was staying were powerless to protect his privacy from the besieging crowd It happened one day that as he was passing an Employment Bureau, his attention was arrested by a clamorous woman of forty, who was quarrelling on the doorstep with the proprietor of the Bureau. She was expressing her indignant surprise that she could find no employment, although she was so strong that she could keep all Paris at bay if it came against her. Verdi looked at her, and saw that she was almost a monstrosity, tall, muscular, with broad, flattened nose, and a moustache and beard of no slight growth. It was just such a person who might be a real terror to the intrusive interviewer that he wanted, and he engaged her on the spot. His hopes were not disappointed, for the interviewers found in his new guardian an insurmountable obstacle to his presence. It was then that Willy, a popular poet, composed the following epigram—

"Que nul n'entre chez moi," dit l'auteur du "Trovère";
Et pour faire observer sa consigne sévère,
Il choisit pour sa bonne un monstre aux traits hideux.
Morale: La bonne a Verdi en vaut deux.

I recall with pleasure an instance of the simplicity of his behaviour. When I was

Photo. by Guigoni, Milan.

SIGNOR GIACOSA, THE DRAMATIST.

a boy, I heard so much about Verdi that I became consumed with curiosity to see him, and at last my chance came. Being one day in the streets of Milan, I was startled to hear my companion exclaim: "Look, there 's Verdi!" In an instant I had left my friend and crossed the road to follow the old gentleman he had pointed out to me. It was indeed Verdi, as a glance at his face told me, for I was familiar with his portrait, and I followed him with the utmost curiosity. He stopped at nearly every shop-window, taking just such an interest in their wonders as one might expect a country squire to show. Finally he stopped at a greengrocer's, and it was evident that he intended to make a purchase. I speculated as to which of the greengrocer's rarest fruits he would buy; but while I was yet guessing, the Maestro had completed his purchase—a handful of salad—and pulling out a large red handkerchief such as peasants wear, he wrapped the salad up in it and made his way home.

Honest as he was in everything else, his appearance was yet deceptive. It belied his years and his great strength. He was always spoken of as an old man while he was yet scarce elderly. One day as he was walking out with his wife, Giuseppina, née Strepponi, a group of ladies whom they passed were so struck by the beauty of Verdi's appearance that one of them exclaimed, "What a beautiful old man!" His wife, overhearing the remark, and being rather enraged by the implied insult than pleased by the uttered compliment, turned fiercely and retorted: "Old, old! It 's always the same tale—old! He 's younger than any of you!"

As to the stories about his remarkable hats, I could fill a volume with them. Many of them, no doubt, are untrue, and to *Le Gaulois* belongs the credit of having invented yet another the day after his death. Here, however, is a true one: At the first performance of "Falstaff" the applause was so great that Verdi had to appear before the curtain at the end of each act, and one of the singers, Giocomelli, held his hat for him on each occasion *that he went forward to acknowledge* the applause. Noticing that it was a new hat, Giocomelli begged the gift of the old one as a souvenir of that night's success. His request was granted, but the hat was so much too large for the singer that it fell over his ears, and his friends insisted that he must have bought it from a pedlar. Hearing this, Verdi wrote on a long strip of paper some of the *motivi* of "Falstaff" and sent it to Signora Giocomelli, begging her to insert it inside the lining. This was done, and Giocomelli could now keep the hat above his ears; while if any doubted who was the donor, he could confute them by disclosing what the lining concealed.

Verdi had a sufficient sense of humour, which was strikingly displayed on the occasion of his meeting an obscure musician, and a Marquis to boot, at an out-of-the-way café in the suburbs of Milan. The Marquis got into conversation with him, and pulling out the score of an opera he had written, said—

"Do you know anything about music?"

"Well, yes; a little," answered Verdi modestly.

"Then will you look through this opera, which is considered by good judges a masterpiece?"

Verdi began to look through the score, and presently in honest disgust said—

"I 'm sorry to say it, but you have written notes, not music."

"You know nothing about it!" cried the infuriated Marquis. "You are an ass in music, and if you don't like what I say, here 's my card."

"I 'm sorry," said Verdi meekly, "that I have not my card with me; but when I get home I will at once send it to you."

On his way home he bought a toy donkey at a toyshop, and taking off the head, he gummed his card on to it, writing underneath: "The head of Giuseppe Verdi," and then sent it to the outraged musician. Within half an hour he received a visit from the now crestfallen Marquis, who tendered his humble apologies; but he failed so to pacify the great composer as to prevent him from repeating the tale to his friends.

The popularity of Verdi among his countrymen was immense. Under the hated Austrian sway his operas were regarded as the expression of national aspirations and patriotism, and his songs were in the mouth of every peasant. It is our pride to know that his popularity did not cease there, and I well remember the profound impression made on me when Fridtjof Nansen told me in conversation that when in lat. 86 N. on his way to win to the Pole, he played the music of "Il Trovatore" on his harmonium in the cabin of the *Fram*. Verdi's music, indeed, is heard everywhere, and the Italian who walks the London streets is sure to hear some souvenir of the great Maestro, if he will but listen to those humble citizens of this great city, the Italian organ-grinders.

Photo. by Tempestini, Spezia.

VERDI AND THE GREAT TENOR, TAMAGNO.

By the cultivated he was held in the highest regard, because they saw in him

the greatest living representative of the Italian family, with all the best characteristics of his race. His work reminded them of their glorious past, and inspired them with hope for the future. It is for this reason that his praise has been told so highly by the novelist Fogazzaro in the Senate, by Carducci and d'Annunzio in noble poems, and by the dramatist Giacosa at La Scala, where a selection of

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relatives and a few close personal friends kept watch, among them Giacosa and Boïto, the former of whom communicated to the Press an account of the Maestro's last moments.

The funeral ceremony was most impressive, for it was in keeping with that distinguishing characteristic of the dead—simplicity. He had expressed in his will that he wished to pass to his last resting-

Photo. by Guigoni, Milan.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF VERDI.

music from the composer's greatest works was played.

But the best proof of his popularity was given while he lay on his death-bed at his hotel in Milan, when for five days the police had to keep a cordon of soldiers round the hotel to ward off the anxious crowd of inquirers who came to know how the great Verdi fared. There were daily and often hourly bulletins issued, and the proprietor of the hotel set apart a room for the journalists to telegraph to the waiting world the news of the progress of the malady. At the bedside only his

place without pomp or ceremonial. He wished that there should be but the simplest hearse, no flowers, no decorations, no bands, no long religious ceremony, no speeches, and no official representatives. And his wishes were respected in every detail. But the crowd, vast and sympathetic, that in the misty dawn gathered in the streets of Milan to see him pass, in the simple hearse in which paupers are borne to their graves, to the Monumental Cemetery, was a rarer and a greater tribute to his memory than funeral pomp or speech could ever give.

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GEORGE IV. WEARING THE ROBES OF THE GARTER.

See "Royalty and the Garter."

The English Illustrated Magazine.

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ROYALTY AND THE GARTER.

To the honour of God Omnipotent, and in memorial of the blessed martyr Saint George, tye about thy Leg, for thy Renown, this Most Noble Garter, wear it as a symbol of the most illustrious Order, never to be forgotten or laid aside, that thereby thou mayest be admonished to be courageous, and have undertaken a just war, into which thou only shalt be engaged, thou mayest stand firm, valiantly fight, courageously and successfully conquer.

STATUTES OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

THE recent gracious appointment of Queen Alexandra, "fairest of her daughters," to be Lady of the Garter has aroused a new interest in the Order; and we find certain feverish newspaper-writers rushing (like Carlyle's chicken with its grain of corn) to announce that she is the first lady called to so high a place. In a certain sense they are right, but generally they are wrong. Queen Alexandra is the first Lady of the Garter appointed *by decree*; but long ago "the Queen, the wives of the early Companions, and a few other illustrious Females were, in fact, members of the Institution. They wore robes similar to those of the Knights, placed the ennobled Garter on their arm, were present at the great Festivals, were described sometimes as Dames de la Fraternité de Saint George, and are even expressly said to have been 'received into the Order.' Among the articles delivered out of the wardrobe of Henry V. [1413] were 'la Liverée de Seint George, faits et deliverez as diverses Chivaliers et Dames de la Fraternité de Seint George tenuz mesme l'an.'" So that our scribes have spoken out of their ignorance and not by the book.

To know even a little about anything one must go to the beginning of things. And in the case of the Order of the Garter one has more than usual difficulty in finding the beginning: it is "wropt in mistry." Jeames's birth is lucid beside it. The truth is buried deep "amid the measureless grossness and the slag" of heraldry, and the heralds seem, in their efforts to dig it up, to have but buried it the deeper. Still, they cannot quite hide the fact that Edward III. was the founder of the Order.

Whether he desired to revive the glories of the Round Table, or to justify his claim to the throne of France, or to commemorate the victory of the Black Prince at Crecy, or to bruit abroad his devotion to his Queen (some say another lady), certain it is that somewhere about the nineteenth year of his reign the Most Noble Order of the Garter was founded—a company of twenty-six knights of worth, the King being Head or Sovereign and Fountain of Honour. Froissart gives precise dates, but the heralds look askance at the delightful old romancer.

Edward announced that the Order was founded in honour of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. George of Cappadocia, and St. Edward the Confessor. The Knights Companion were bound by the rules to wear the Garter, with its dubious motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" at all times if caught shirking this duty, a knight was penalised in "the dire mulctation" of six and eightpence—the statute still holds; to repair to Windsor each St. George's Eve, and there, in company with his brethren, make offerings of money and prayers in the Chapel; on St. George's Day hold high festival with his brethren; and thereafter, for certain days, encounter all worthy comers in the lists for the honour of his Order and its patron saint.

The original members of this knightly club were the King, the Black Prince, twenty-two English Earls, Barons, and "plain sirs," and two noble Frenchmen, the Captal de Buche and Sir Sanchete Dabrichecourt. As to-day, there was then a Salisbury on the roster; and then, as now, there was at least one Lady of the Garter, the Countess of Bedford, daughter of the Sovereign, and wife of Ingelram

EDWARD III., THE FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

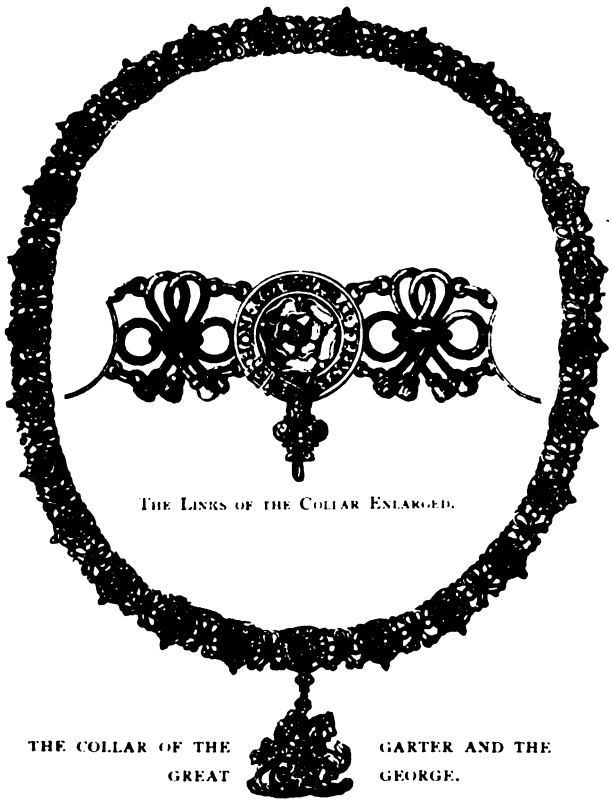
de Coucy, K.G. In the accounts of the Great Wardrobe for 1376 we find that she was given 'a long gown and a hood of cloth of sanguine in grain, 'de secta militum de Garterio,' against the feast."

Attached to the Order is what may be called its Household: the Prelate, who is always the Bishop of Winchester; the Chancellor, who was the Bishop of Salisbury until 1837, and since then the Bishop of Oxford in consequence of Berkshire (and, of course, Windsor) being then transferred to the latter diocese; the Registrar, who is always the Dean of Windsor and Garter King of Arms, who bears the chief brunt of the business, carrying the rod and sceptre at the feasts of St. George when the Sovereign is present, notifying the election of new knights, attending the solemnity of installation, and conveying to foreign potentates the Garter when it is so granted. There was also originally a needy band of ecclesiastical officials, canons, choristers, etc., who kept a very watchful eye on the moneys presented by the Knight Companions on St. George's Eve. There were also twenty-six poor knights, who still survive in the "Military Knights of Windsor."

Not content with this long retinue of followers, Edward III. and succeeding Sovereigns set themselves to give work to the tailors and men milliners of the realm by decreeing various sumptuous habits to be worn by the fellowship. Edward III. and his merrie men wore a "woollen mantle of blue" (the colour of France—the significance is obvious), which strengthened to purple in Elizabeth's time, and, finally, about the twelfth year of Charles I. evolved into the resplendent colour and habit now in use. This is "a mantle of purple velvet, lined with white ducape silk, having on the left shoulder the badge of the Order, a silver escutcheon charged with a red cross, the arms of St. George, and encircled with the Garter and Motto, richly embroidered. The right side of the mantle is tied up with a white ribband streamer, and it is closed at the neck with a cordon made of silk of the colour of the mantle and gold in equal parts, and a tassel of the same." In all chapters it is worn over the uniform, regimentals, or Court dress.

Queen Victoria wore a mantle three yards in length (the knights wear mantles slightly shorter than that of the Sovereign),

with a badge of gold enamel. Further, she wore cordon, hood, and collar over the surcoat or kirtle of crimson velvet,



THE LINKS OF THE COLLAR ENLARGED.

THE COLLAR OF THE GREAT GARTER AND THE GEORGE.

made with hanging sleeves, and a close body turned back and open in front, showing the petticoat of white satin and gold or silver. The dress was lined with white satin.

But gorgeousness does not stop with the mantle. Luxury and barbaric art shine in the surcoat, the hood, the under-habit, and the cap. To-day the surcoat is quietness itself when compared with that of old days, for then it was thickly powdered with gold and jewelled garters. Edward III. had no fewer than a hundred and eight small garters, of rich and wonderful embroidery, powdered profusely over his surcoat. The hood, of the same materials as the mantle, was originally what the name implies—a covering for the head; now it is a mere ornament, its place being taken by the cap or hat of black velvet, established by that prosy old pedant, James I. of England and VI. of Scotland. This funereal structure—James had a fancy that loved to play among the tombs—with its high crown and narrow brim, is decorated with twelve white ostrich feathers and a heron's aigrette clasped with a diamond buckle (see Illustration of George II.). The under-habit is a thing of beauty, thick with silver pillow-lace and silver buttons. The cuffs are trimmed with deep open lace set in puffs; large bows hang from them and fall over gloves of white kid, also trimmed with rich open lace. To these habits and adornments are added long white silk hose and white kid shoes with red heels and large silver and silk rosettes. The garter of the right leg is of white silk riband, that of the left is *the* Garter, presently to be described. The sword is straight with a cross-guard hilt, is all gilt, and is carried in a scabbard of crimson velvet.

But all these fine proofs of the masculine love for finery and frippery pale into insignificance before the splendour of the insignia. The first of these, in order of creation as in meaning, is, of course, the Garter. At the present day it is an

THE GARTER EXPRESSED IN DIAMONDS.

inch-broad band of blue velvet, heavily encrusted with gold, and bearing the motto in letters of solid gold. Charles I. wore a garter that blazed with

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THE GREAT SEAL OF THE ORDER.

THE GARTER ON THE SOVEREIGN'S ARMS.

diamonds, and did not shrink from flaunting it on the scaffold. But we are plainer people now, and no longer load the band with jewels.

The collar—like all collars of Orders, a badge of servitude — is a magnificent gaud of gold, and weighs full thirty ounces troy. It is made in twenty-six pieces, corresponding with the number of the members of the Order, and each piece is in the form of "a garter enamelled blue, with the motto in gold, and in the

PROCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER KNIGHT COMPANIONS ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

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CHARLES I. WEARING THE MANTLE OF THE GARTER.

centre of each garter a rose, enamelled red, seeded gold and leaved green." The twenty-six garters are joined together by as many knots of gold. At the middle of

JAMES II. WEARING THE ROBES OF THE GARTER.

the collar, and pendent from one of the garters, is the badge or George—a figure of the saint, armed, "sitting on horseback and with a spear encountering a dragon, which lies on its back under the feet of the horse." The Lesser George is a similar but smaller figure within a garter, all of gold, and is worn hanging by a broad, deep blue ribbon tied on the left shoulder and passing down to the left *hip*. The Star, with its brilliant red cross, was founded by Charles I., and is intended to be worn when the knight is not in his robes, yet desires to indicate his rank.

Knight Companions are supposed to be elected, but elections have been uncommon for two or three centuries, the choice of the Sovereign being generally accepted by the brethren. One of the most notable contests was that in 1426, when Sir John Fastolf (our burly friend of the buck-basket) stood against Sir John Radclyffe, and gained his stall in St. George's Chapel by the casting-vote of the Duke of Bedford, who presided in the young King Henry's absence. Sir John was then forty-seven, and had done great military service in France. Monstrelet says that he was afterwards degraded and expelled the Order for cowardice at the battle of Patay; but there is no corroboration of this, although in the First Part of "Henry VI.," Act IV., Scene i, we find Talbot saying to Falstaff that he had sworn—

> When I did meet thee next
> To tear the Garter from thy craven's leg;
> Which I have done, because unworthily
> Thou wast installèd in that high degree.

The register of the Order shows no evidence of the fact that he was not as brave as he was portly.

In electing a new member regard is had to three points: first, merit; secondly, birth—the candidate must be a gentleman

of three "paternal descents bearing coat armour"; some also holding that maternal descent should be proved as well, or at least that the mother "must be a freed-woman"; and, thirdly, estate to support the dignity. When the election is complete, and the installation ceremonies are over with their solemnities and forms, the knight takes his stall, over which are hung his sword, helmet, and other warlike accoutrements, there to remain until he "moves up one" when a vacancy occurs, or until his death. In this latter case his armour is carefully removed, and a brass plate, with his style and record, is affixed to the back of the stall, thus forming a permanent and enduring register. Formal installation is now in great measure dispensed with, letters patent being granted instead. It is to be hoped that King Edward will revive the ancient ceremonies, and so preserve one of the most brilliant of our rapidly lessening pageants.

Knight Companions are popularly supposed to have many privileges, but whatever these may have been once, they are now mere empty shadows. One which still remains on the statutes, although we know of no recent instance in which it has been claimed, is the right to have masses said for one's soul by one's surviving brethren. Each knight was bound to pay for the saying of a thousand masses when the Sovereign died; for a foreign King, eight hundred; for a Prince of Wales, five hundred; for a Duke, six hundred; for an Earl, three hundred; for a Baron, two hundred; and for a common Knight Bachelor, one hundred. A Duke's soul, it would seem, was a more precious thing than that of a Prince of Wales.

The early records of the Order exist mainly in the Wardrobe accounts, which tell of the issuing of robes and garters to the knights and their ladies. Every year, at the Feast of St. George, the King presented all his faithful knights with new robes and garters, and such great ladies as he chose to honour, with robes only.

GEORGE II. WEARING THE ROBES OF THE GARTER.

Garters were sometimes given to the ladies, but their delivery was not annual. Richard II., gallant King, thus honoured his mother, the Queen of Spain, the Duchess of Britanny, the Lady de Courtenay, the two daughters of the Duchess of York junior, and other five. Henry V. was more conservative, for we find mention of two ladies only in the register of his time—the four-times-wedded Countess of Arundel and the fair Katherine of France. But Henry VI. resumed the

GEORGE III. WEARING THE ROBES OF THE GARTER.

Duke of Lancaster, the Countess of Oxford, the Countess of Cambridge, the Queen Anne (of Luxembourg), the Queen Isobel, the Countess of Salisbury, and twenty-four ladies of name and repute. Henry IV. so favoured Joan, Queen of England, the Queen of Denmark (Philippa of Lancaster), the Duchess of Holland, *the Lady Blanch* (his daughter), the gallant custom more liberally: he honoured the Countess of Warwick (married first to Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester, and secondly to Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick—"Dick" was her favourite name), the Duchess of Gloucester and Bedford, Margaret of England (Anjou), and a number of others, including the Countess of Suffolk, whose effigy on her

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tomb in Ewelme Church shows the Garter on the left arm. This last is sure evidence. Edward IV. had but five Ladies of the Garter, his Queen, Elizabeth Widvile; his eldest, second, and fifth daughters, Elizabeth, Cecily, and Mary; and his eldest sister, the Duchess of Suffolk. In Henry the Eighth's time the list holds but one name, that of the Countess of Richmond; and thereafter we hear no more of Ladies of the Garter. Ashmole states that the figure of the Countess of Tankerville upon her tomb was decorated with a Garter around the left arm, but he does not say where the tomb is to be found. In the church of Stanton Harcourt, however, we see the decoration so placed on the effigy of Margaret Byron, wife of Sir Robert Harcourt, K.G.

WILLIAM IV. IN GARTER COSTUME.

Henry VIII. beguile the moments he could spare from marrying and head-chopping with remodelling the statutes of the Order, and as he made them they are practically now. For Edward VI. he reserved a stall before his birth; yet, curiously enough, Edward was never made Prince of Wales, nor elected into the Garter. He was nominated and voted for, but Henry did not give him the badge, some think because Edward was

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK IN THE ROBES OF THE GARTER (DATE ABOUT 1771).

so young; yet that could not have weighed with the Sovereign, for himself had it when he was but three.

Edward VI. held his first chapter at the Tower, and immediately degraded the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey. These nobles, however, were restored to their dignity when Mary came to power. Elizabeth, the—

> Virgin Queen, attir'd in white,
> Leading with her a sort of goodly knights,
> With Garters and with collars of Saint George,

used the honour very skilfully. She dangled it continually before her statesmen, and again and again put off elections for the purpose of keeping her greedy courtiers in hopeful suspense, and so faithful to her.

A very amusing incident occurred at the proclamation of James I. When the Lords of Council, with their heralds, arrived at Lud Gate to enter the City, they found the way barred by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Fearful lest England was to be made a mere appanage of Scotland, the Lord Mayor demanded to know by what style James was to be proclaimed. "As King of England," said the Lords of Council. "Um!" said the Lord Mayor. "What guarantee have we that ye will do as ye say?" "Our word," said the Lords. "We would rather hold your Collars and Georges." So my lords took off their precious insignia, gave them into custody of the City Fathers, entered and proclaimed the King in the way desired, and then received back their pledges.

PRINCE ALBERT WEARING THE COLLAR OF THE GARTER.

THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA WEARING THE GARTER ON THE LEFT ARM.

Queen Mary, wife of Dutch William, although equal Sovereign with her husband, was not a member of the Order and did not wear robes or insignia. Indeed, Anne was the first Queen who wore the full insignia. Elizabeth wore the robe and mantle only,

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KING EDWARD VII., AS PRINCE OF WALES, IN THE ROBES OF A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER

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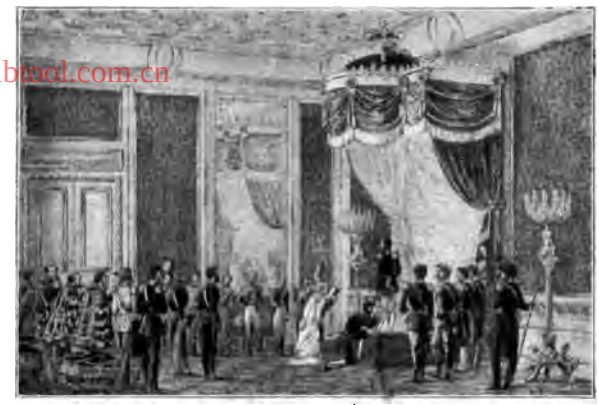

INVESTITURE OF THE KING OF DENMARK WITH THE GARTER AT COPENHAGEN, APRIL 25, 1865.

although Ashmole recorded that he saw a portrait of her in which she was wearing the Lesser George and ribbon.

An extraordinary investiture took place in the reign of the second George. Garter King and the Marquess of Granby were sent to the theatre of war to initiate into the Order Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick-Lauenburg, then commanding the Allied armies against the French. The Prince received them at his camp at Korsdorf. The investiture took place in an open tent, erected on the summit of a little hill between the positions of the opposing armies, and in full view of the combatants. The French Marshal agreed to an armistice for the day, ordered his troops to join in the feu-de-joie which greeted the buckling on of the Garter, and attended the subsequent banquet along with his staff, proposing the toast of the Prince's health. Truly, playing the great game, and in the real spirit of the Order.

George III. enlarged the scope of the fraternity so as to include all the members of the House of Hanover; George IV. still furthened widened its limits; and in the reign of the great Victoria many minor innovations were introduced, and the proud insignia were granted to nearly every ruler in Europe, so that now the register of the Order is a Book of Kings as well as a Roll of Honour.

THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA HOLDING A CHAPTER AT WINDSOR.

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THE PURPLE ROSE.

By WILLIAM PIGOTT,

Author of "In Royal Purple," etc.

SOME years ago I was called upon to pay a visit to Brussels upon a matter of business. The particular nature of the business is unimportant—I could not immediately say even what it was—but the events which wove themselves about that visit were such as I am unlikely either quickly or easily to forget. I had chosen to cross by the early morning boat from Dover, and when I arrived at Victoria the train was already moderately well filled. I remember this slight circumstance the more clearly from the fact that, after I had secured a seat in a crowded carriage and stepped again upon the platform, I noticed with some degree of envy that the adjoining first-class compartment was reserved and was, as yet, unoccupied. It occurred to me that the fortunate possessors, whoever they might be, were pushing their time a trifle fine, when I perceived a dapper little man, with well-groomed white hair, a small white moustache, and general appearance of spruceness and alacrity, come hurrying along the platform. He was followed by a porter with a bag; but he chiefly attracted attention by the fact that he carried in his hands a flower-pot of sufficient size and weight to incommode him very considerably. It was wrapped around with stiff brown paper, which came high enough entirely to conceal the plant. He was obviously concerned for its welfare, but it hampered his progress so greatly that the appearance of the stout porter with the comparatively light valise was a trifle incongruous, and it struck me that the burdens might very well have been reversed. The door of the engaged compartment was opened as he reached it. He took a seat in the far corner, keeping the pot upon his knees. The porter set the bag beside him, the door was shut and locked, and he was left with his plant, the solitary tenant of the compartment.

It was a trifling circumstance, but sufficient to engage my thoughts to some extent during the tedium of the railway journey. Who was the little man; what did his flower-pot contain; and how came he to require such excessive accommodation? Such were a few of the points which offered themselves as subjects for speculation. It was natural, therefore, that upon embarking at Dover I should look about me for the source of these reflections, and at length I discerned him in a corner of the deck. He had placed his plant beneath the shelter of the bulwark, and was seated beside it on a camp-stool, guarding it as a mother might guard a baby, with most conspicuous tenderness. His spruce exterior gave him in the distance a somewhat youthful appearance, but upon closer view I perceived that his skin was a good deal lined and shrivelled by the hand of time. The whole aspect of the man—his brisk air, his finical dress, and his prodigious flower-pot—aroused my interest; and in pacing the deck, I brought the end of the walk somewhat nearer his corner than was perhaps justified by politeness. He became aware in time of the attention I was bestowing upon him, and his little eyes returned my gaze with no very friendly expression. There was doubt in them, and even suspicion. He appeared to apprehend that I harboured some designs upon his precious charge, and the impression

conveyed was that of a terrier with a piece of meat, who will bite you if you touch it. Such evidence of a desire to avoid company rather served to stimulate my curiosity than to abate it. As I continued to pace the deck his irritation became manifestly each minute less easy to control, and at last he pounced upon me as I approached his corner.

"Pardon me, Sir, but may I ask if there is anything in my appearance which strikes you as peculiar?"

"On the contrary," I replied. "I must ask your forgiveness if I have appeared intrusive. The truth is, I am a little of an amateur horticulturist, and I was interested by your plant, which is evidently a valuable one."

His face cleared, and his irritation was gone on the instant. "No apology is needed, Sir. Be seated, I beg. Delighted to meet a fellow-worker. May I ask if you have given any attention to the rose?"

"No," I confessed; "I am afraid I must plead gross ignorance of that particular branch."

"That is a pity. It is the branch which has chiefly engaged me. In fact, I may say, of late it has been my only study. Pray, Sir, did you ever hear of a blue rose?"

I thought a moment. "No," said I, "I don't think I ever did."

"You certainly did not. It has been the ambition of rosarians since roses were known." He pointed to the plant. "That, Sir, is a blue rose."

He gave the information with a good deal of pomp, and I had some ado to be sufficiently impressed. "May I be permitted to see it?" I asked.

"My dear Sir! on board this boat—I really cannot!" He was clearly struggling between his pride in the plant and anxiety for its welfare. "Well, a peep, perhaps, a single peep to a fellow-worker. Will you be good enough to hold open your coat and to stand there where the gusts are coming?" I obeyed him, and he proceeded to unfasten the strands about the paper with the utmost tenderness. When this protection had been removed, a small rose-bush was disclosed, heavy with foliage, bearing a single bloom. Its colour was certainly exceedingly remarkable. Pale yellow at the base of the petals, it changed almost imperceptively to delicate lilac, and that, again, to a full, rich purple at the outer edges.

I uttered an exclamation of surprise. "It is the most extraordinary flower I ever beheld," I said.

He quickly replaced the paper. "If you were asked to make a guess at its value," said he, "what sum should you name?"

"I am quite incompetent to judge. No doubt so unusual a plant would be worth some pounds."

"An elastic estimate."

"Say ten," said I.

"I am taking it abroad," said he, "because in England I cannot get a bid of five hundred pounds. That is my figure, Sir."

"It's an immense sum," said I.

"A trifle, Sir; the absurdest trifle! It has cost me twenty years of study to acquire that flower. Did it ever occur to you to think how a new rose is raised?"

"Not particularly. Possibly you graft one upon another."

"Pooh, Sir! I trust you will forgive me, but I say again, Sir, Pooh!"

I laughed. "Will you enlighten me?" said I.

"There are three means," said he: "by raising it from ordinary seed, by sporting, and by hybridisation. The two first are the result of chance, and reflect no credit upon the raisers; the third is a complex and delicate operation. Any child can graft a bud; but it requires a trained eye, an artist's fingers, the knowledge of a skilled botanist, and, above all, the patience of a Job, to hybridise successfully. That rose, Sir, was raised by hybridisation."

"It is a great achievement," said I.

"I admit with all modesty," said he, "it is an achievement of some importance. When the existence of this rose becomes known, it will make such a stir as has not been felt since the days of the tulip craze."

"You are taking it to France?"

"To Brussels first: to the distinguished nurseryman, Mr. Louis van Houtte."

"I hope he may meet your wishes in the matter of price," said I. "For my part, I confess, though the sum you have named seems scarcely excessive when considered in the light of the from each of those in the following summer, and a year or two later he will have some thousands of plants to distribute at a pound apiece—and cheap, Sir, cheap!"

"Supposing you cannot get the price you ask?"

"I *shall* get it—not a doubt of it."

He carried a flower-pot, wrapped around with stiff brown paper.

trouble to yourself, I cannot understand how a purchaser can reap sufficient advantage to compensate him for the outlay."

"Permit me to say, Sir, without offence, that your ignorance is very extreme." He offered me an open case of cigars, possibly as some set-off for the remark with which it was accompanied. Having lighted one himself, he pointed to the rose. "The possessor of that plant will be able to bud a dozen briars from it this summer, a dozen

"You would not rebate?"

"Not one farthing. Rather than that, I would carry it home again and distribute it myself. My dear Sir," he went on, "the mere cost of taking it over is considerable. I was obliged to engage a reserved compartment at Victoria to insure it sufficient air, and it may be necessary to do so at Calais. I have chosen my time for moving it in order to show it at perfection, and it is of the utmost

consequence to bring it to its destination with the bloom unimpaired."

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We continued to converse during the remainder of the crossing, and I found him an entertaining talker and a man of varied experience. It was therefore with some regret that I parted from him upon reaching Calais. He refused to leave the boat while there was a chance of being jostled in the crowd, so I left him at his post and waved him adieu from the quay.

It appeared, however, that I had not seen the last of my little acquaintance and his remarkable flower. Upon arrival at Brussels, as I was entering the 'bus of the Hôtel du Monde, I was surprised to see him seated within it, the large flower-pot again upon his knees. He was no longer alone, but was accompanied by a young lady of striking appearance. She had quantities of hair as black as jet and as smooth as satin, an olive skin, and very dark and lustrous eyes, which I found she was able to use with considerable effect. For some reason, which I was at a loss to divine, it was evident that my reappearance was not particularly relished by the rosarian. He watched my entrance into the 'bus with the same distrustful look with which he had originally regarded me.

"And so we meet again," I said, smiling.

"Yes, Sir," he snapped, "we meet again. And since it seems we are to spend some days under the same roof, it might be well if we knew one another. My name is Philbrick—Major Philbrick."

"You distinguish me," said I. "Mine is Grahame; I am a solicitor."

"Not of Mortimer and Grahame, of Lincoln's Inn Fields?"

"The same."

His face brightened at once. "I know the firm well. Permit me to introduce you to my daughter. Virginia, my dear, Mr. Grahame. Mr. Grahame knows nothing about roses, but I'll undertake to say he's a sound lawyer."

She gave me her hand, with a friendly smile.

"I am highly privileged, Miss Philbrick," said I.

"I knew you would say that," she replied. "Say it again when you've known me a week—if you can."

At the back of the Hôtel du Monde is a square patch of garden, bordered upon two sides by a broad verandah. Thither, after the table-d'hôte, I went to enjoy the air and a cigarette. As I was passing among the assembled guests in search of a convenient seat, I met Miss Philbrick. She was dressed in pink and looked strikingly handsome, though there was possibly just room for the criticism that a gown of some simpler material, and one a trifle less *décolletée*, would have been better suited to a public hotel.

"So glad," she said. "My father refuses to leave his rose, and I was feeling lonely."

"Does he never leave it?" I asked.

"Only to sleep." She laughed, and I saw a row of white teeth. "He fancies, I think, that all the world wants a blue rose, and that all the world is prepared to steal one at sight."

We seated ourselves in two basket-chairs, and I took out my cigarettes. "May I have leave to smoke?" I asked.

"Certainly, if you'll pass me the case."

I did so, and she lighted a cigarette. Then she crossed one leg over the other and leaned back in her chair, her head resting upon the wicker back, blowing little clouds of smoke up to the roof of the portico.

Presently she looked round at me. "This is what I call jolly," she said. It was impossible not to be struck by the beauty of her eyes, and yet the impression was present that there was something artificial in her manner of using them.

"Very," said I. "Shall you be staying long in Brussels, Miss Philbrick?"

"Oh, until the rose is sold — if it ever is."

"You are not hopeful?"

"Do you know what he asks for it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Would *you* give as much as that for a rose?"

"I'm not a rosarian, Miss Philbrick."

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She lighted a cigarette.

"Neither am I," she said, "but I've got the regular allowance of common-sense. However, I'm tired of this endless subject," she added. "Let us talk of something else. Or, better still—is that an English paper?"

"Yes, I brought it with me."

"Half, please."

I handed it her, and it did not take me long to discover that her half was the rich one, for I could find nothing to entertain me in the portion I retained. After a few moments I laid it down and looked at her. To my surprise she had dropped the sheet, and was lying back in her chair, white to the lips.

"Good heavens, Miss Philbrick," I cried in alarm, "are you ill?"

"It is my heart," she said. "It often comes on like this. Brandy, please."

I hurried away, and returned presently with a glass in my hand. She was already recovering, and the stimulant completed the work. A minute or two later she rose from her seat.

"I think I will go to my room," she said. "I'm quite fit again, but it's just as well to be careful. Mr. Grahame," she added, taking my hand, "you are the kind of man I like."

Such a remark from an attractive woman is not unpleasant at forty-six. "It is very kind of you to say so," I replied.

"You would not betray a trust?"

"I hope not. Am I likely to be tempted?"

"One never knows," said she. "Perhaps sooner than you think."

With that somewhat curious remark she took her way back into the hotel, and I was left to ruminate upon its meaning.

On the following morning, after breakfasting, I thought my position called me to make some inquiry concerning the health of the fair sufferer. Accordingly, I ascended the stairs to the Major's sitting-room upon the first floor. No one answered my knock, and after a slight hesitation I opened the door and looked in. To my surprise the room was empty. Further than that—and it was this circumstance which chiefly excited my wonder—the rose remained. It stood in the centre of the table, its single bloom still in the perfection of its beauty. The pot was no longer surrounded with paper as heretofore, but was swathed about with some silken material which harmonised admirably with the surroundings.

I was entirely at a loss to account for this sudden neglect of an object which had hitherto received such fastidious care, but matter even more perplexing was at hand. The doors of the two bed-rooms were open, and I observed their appearance with amazement. Beyond the usual hotel furnishings they were empty. There were no trunks, no nicknacks, no litter of clothes, no evidence of any kind that the rooms were in use. The apparent explanation was that the visitors had left; but I could not immediately bring myself to accept it. That they had gone in any case would be surprising; that they had gone without the rose would be completely incomprehensible.

I descended to the office and spoke to the manager. "Major Philbrick and his daughter," I asked, "have they left the hotel?"

"Yes, M'sieu'."

"But they only came yesterday."

"Yes, M'sieu'; they came yesterday, they left to-day. Monsieur is surprised?"

"I am extremely surprised," I answered. "I fully understood they intended to stay some days. Did Major Philbrick leave no message about his plant?"

"What plant, M'sieu'?"

"The one which stands in the centre of the table of the room he occupied."

"No," said the manager; "I did not know there was such a plant."

I was completely mystified. "I cannot understand it in the least," I said, after a pause. "The plant is one upon which I know Major Philbrick places a high value. Possibly, in the circumstances, you will permit me to take charge of it?"

The manager evidently regarded the whole matter as absurdly trivial. "Monsieur is a friend of the gentleman?"

"Just so."

"Certainly, M'sieu'."

I went upstairs again and removed the rose to my own room. It appeared to be

dry, so I placed it upon the ledge of the window and poured a jug of water over its roots. Beyond that I had no suspicion how to proceed with it. I was far too little of an expert to be entrusted with so valuable a horticultural specimen, and, to tell the truth, its possession caused me no little perplexity. I felt that I held it in a sense as the bailee of mankind, and that if it died I was doing them an irreparable injury. It occurred to me, moreover, that I had not been altogether honest in taking it into my own hands without giving the manager some more particular indication of its value; but upon this score I was relieved later in the day in a somewhat singular manner.

It chanced that in default of anything more invigorating to read I had taken up the paper which Miss Philbrick had shared with me on the previous evening. I was surprised to perceive some words scrawled upon one of the margins. These were executed in printed characters, very thin and distorted, but freely decipherable. There were six words, in two lines, as I place them here—

RE-POT THE ROSE
AND REMEMBER ME.

My first inclination was to attribute this quaint direction to the facetious humour of Miss Philbrick; but upon fuller thoughts, I was forced to admit that the circumstances in which it was written seriously detracted from the probability of that view. It was a detail, however, of comparative unimportance. The main point set at rest by the message was that I—a mere casual acquaintance—was intended, for some inexplicable reason, to be in possession of this extraordinary flower.

My professional engagements detained me at Brussels rather over a week. During that time it was necessarily inconvenient to attend to Miss Philbrick's injunction to re-pot the plant, and I was not sufficiently satisfied of the urgency for that proceeding to take any exceptional steps to carry it out. I was content, therefore, to water its roots each day or two, to keep it sheltered and in a clear atmosphere, and to leave the rest to a more seasonable occasion. I daily expected the Major to return, or at least to send me some message; but the time passed without this hope being fulfilled, and at the end of my visit I was still in undisputed possession of the rose. I was far from inclined, upon the return journey, to take the troublesome precautions of my predecessor for its welfare; so, entering upon a new régime at the earliest moment, I merely removed the bloom, to make it less conspicuous, and had it placed upon the roof of my cab.

I installed it, upon arrival, in my conservatory, and there, in the course of a few days, it was destined again to arouse my perplexity. The flower chosen by the Major to exhibit appeared to have been considerably in advance of any of its fellows, but a new bud was now gradually approaching maturity, and I watched it swelling with interest. When I came downstairs upon the third morning after my return, I found that it had opened in the early hours. To my amazement, however, the wonderful blue hue was entirely absent; there was no sign of the lilac or of the deeper purple edging the petals; it was all a clear golden-yellow. There are not many roses I could have named at sight—possibly not more than two or three. In the flower before me I had no difficulty in the world in recognising a Maréchal Niel.

I stared at it for some moments, completely mystified and bewildered. I could hardly credit the evidence of my eyes. I was merely conscious of the impression that I ought to have seen a blue rose and that I was viewing a yellow one. Gradually, however, my mind became accessible to the rather patent fact that in some way or other I had been made the victim of a hoax. It aroused in me at first some feeling of indignation, but subsequent reflection made it clear that, so far from having cause of complaint, I was still the rose to the good, whether blue or yellow. In addition to that, there remained the singular counsel of Miss Philbrick, as yet untested. I was not so untutored as to suppose that the simple operation of re-potting could effect a

radical change in the colour of the flower, but I conceived that it might possibly reveal some means of recovering the lost hue; and, at the worst, should it prove to be a further hoax, there was no one to witness my indignity.

I procured during the day a second flower-pot of even more ample dimensions than the first, and partly filled it, upon my return, with soil selected and mixed with the most fastidious care. Then I overturned the rose, and after infinite pains, succeeded in shaking it from the pot. I held it in my fingers, and the loose earth fell away. In the midst of it I caught a glimpse of a small, bright pebble, which became separated and rolled a few feet upon the tiled floor. I had the curiosity to pick it up for a second glance. The next moment I had dropped the rose and was hurriedly polishing the stone with my handkerchief. Then I stood up and held it to the light. My first impression had been correct. Without doubt, it was a large diamond of great beauty.

When my astonishment at this discovery had in some way subsided, I returned to the rose-bush, and carefully sifted every atom of soil. One by one I picked out from the roots five other similar stones, all of equal lustre and of equal purity. I hastily re-potted the plant and carried the diamonds indoors. Placing them upon the desk of my study, I sat down before it to examine them in detail. It happened that I had entered into the subject of precious stones with rather more than the average minuteness, and I was therefore able to arrive at a fair estimate of their value. I subjected them to every convenient test, and was finally satisfied that I had made a very remarkable find. Five of the stones were unusually good ones, and one was of superlative quality. Undoubtedly, they were collectively worth some thousands of pounds.

A more extraordinary circumstance than the discovery of these diamonds could hardly be conceived, and certainly it was one for which I was entirely unprepared; and yet, now that it had happened, there *was that* about it which impressed me as in some way vaguely familiar. It is a small psychological experience to which everyone is occasionally subject. I had often had the feeling before, and had rarely been able to trace it to its source; but in the present instance, instead of immediately evaporating, it gathered conviction, and I was assured that it was due to some positive actuality. I searched my brain during the day without recovering the lost impression; but on the following morning, while I was dressing, it suddenly returned to me. It had its origin in a paragraph in the newspaper upon which Miss Philbrick had scribbled her remarkable message. That eccentric communication had induced me to keep the sheet, and I had no difficulty in turning it up. The passage, which was headed "Jewel Robbery in the West End," was as follows—

"Mrs. Edward Hibbert, the well-known society lady, was yesterday made the victim of an extraordinary theft of jewellery. It seems that when Mrs. Hibbert retired for the night she discovered that her jewel-case had been broken open and that her famous diamond pendant was missing. The pendant is composed of six large stones, valued by experts at a thousand pounds each. Mrs. Hibbert's maid, a girl of two-and-twenty, has disappeared, and suspicion points to her as the probable culprit. We understand she has been traced to Brussels, and her arrest is hourly expected."

Startling and degrading to my self-esteem as was the inference to be drawn from this paragraph, I could not do otherwise than draw it. When all the surrounding circumstances were taken into view, there appeared no escape from the conclusion that my rose-grower and his daughter were nothing more reputable than a pair of thieves who had succeeded in imposing upon my credulity. I was very disinclined to accept this supposition, but I found it impossible to exclude it without exceptional recourse to the responsibility of coincidence. It was chiefly, of course, a matter of concern, from my point of view, from the fact that the

miscreants had obviously contrived to saddle me with their booty. Little perspicuity was required to see that its possession left me in an exceedingly delicate position.

This was especially the case, since the diamonds had lain two or three weeks in the flower-pot unknown to me. In order to ascertain the precise position of affairs, I turned over the newspaper file of the interim for any further references to the subject of the robbery. Whatever small flicker of hope remained with me upon the question of the identity of the thieves was dispelled by a paragraph which appeared six days after the original announcement. It was as follows—

"Louisa Martindale (alias Philbrick), the lady's-maid who is charged with stealing Mrs. Hibbert's diamonds, and who has recently been extradited from Brussels, was yesterday brought up at Bow Street. A male prisoner giving the name of Major Philbrick, charged with being accessory to the crime, was placed beside her in the dock. Both prisoners were stylishly dressed, and appeared quite unaffected by the proceedings. It transpired, during the course of the hearing, that, in spite of the most careful search, no trace of the missing diamonds had as yet been discovered. In these circumstances, only formal evidence was offered against the accused, and they were remanded for a week to enable the police further to prosecute their inquiries."

A week later was the following—

"The two prisoners charged with the robbery of Mrs. Hibbert's diamonds were placed in the dock for the second time yesterday at Bow Street. No further evidence was preferred against them by the police, and they were again remanded, pending the result of investigations."

So the matter apparently rested; and it cannot be said that the perusal of these

I stared at it for some moments, completely mystified.

two paragraphs tended in any way to restore my peace of mind. The authorities had failed as yet to make out their case, and it was clearly in my power to supply the deficiency in the evidence. I was constrained as well by public duty as by private honour to communicate the information I possessed, and yet I was not able instantly to decide to do so. It appeared possible now to trace the design of the second portion of Miss Philbrick's message on the newspaper, "Remember me." I recalled also the remarks with which she had closed our slight conversation on the hotel verandah, and the look in her eyes when she uttered them. At no time, even before I was made practically aware of its baseness, was I attracted by her character; but her personal beauty and some flattering fascination of manner had left its effect upon me. I could not tranquilly contemplate that this butterfly creature (as she remained in my memory) should become acquainted with the rigour of convict life by action of mine.

If I was to move in the matter at all it was, of course, imperative that I should do so at once; and when I returned home after wasting a day in the vain endeavour to come to a conclusion, I recognised that the difficulty of the task was very largely augmented. I slept little during the night, and came down in the morning with a scanty appetite. My vacillation was at an end, however. After breakfasting, I took out the diamonds and placed them in a plain wooden box. This I addressed to Mrs. Hibbert and despatched through the post. I had been worsted in the struggle with conscience, but at least I was free of an exceedingly disquieting possession.

A few days later I found a further reference to the subject of the robbery in the columns of the daily press. It was worded as follows—

"When the prisoners charged in connection with the robbery of Mrs. Hibbert's diamonds were again placed in the dock yesterday, the case took an unexpected turn. It was announced, amid some sensation, that the diamonds had been *returned to their owner from* an anonymous source. The police had endeavoured to discover the identity of the sender, but without success. Mr. Bull, for the Treasury, intimated that the evidence at his disposal was not sufficient to warrant the expectation that a jury would convict, and he therefore proposed to withdraw from the prosecution. The prisoners were accordingly discharged."

I naturally entertained the belief that this would end, so far as I was concerned, the incidents connected with the purple rose. It was a view of which I was speedily to be disabused. On the following Saturday afternoon I had remained somewhat later at the office than was my habit. My partner and the majority of the clerks had already left, and I was seated alone, endeavouring to settle some troublesome details, when the door was opened and, to my amazement, Miss Philbrick appeared in the aperture. Her temporary incarceration had left no observable effect either in her looks or demeanour.

"Miss Philbrick!" I exclaimed. "I wonder you dare!"

"Oh!" She uttered the monosyllable in a tone of indifference. "And why, pray?" She glanced airily round the room. "Comfortable sort of nest you've got here."

"After the exposure of your character," I continued, "I wonder you have the effrontery to come near me."

"You amuse me. I thought a lawyer would have known that an acquittal is complete absolution. And there 's another kind of crime you may have heard of, called suppression of evidence."

"Miss Philbrick!"

"Don't look at me like that. I 'm not going to do you any harm, but when you are rude I am obliged to let you see how we stand."

"Why are you here?"

"I want to know why you sent back——"

"Sh-h-h!"

She shrugged her shoulders and walked serenely past me to the window. I opened the door and looked into the outer office. The office-boy was in solitary occupation,

swinging a bunch of keys in his hand and looking far from happy. "You may go," I said to him; "I will close the office." He handed me the keys with a beaming countenance and instantly took his departure.

I returned to the inner room and closed the door. Miss Philbrick had seated herself in an armchair. "You didn't ask me to sit down," she said; "but I knew you were A 1 in politeness, so I assumed it."

"So I perceive," said I.

She took out a cigarette-case. "You don't object to smoking?"

"I never permit it in the office."

She lighted a cigarette and threw the match into the fireplace. "Oh! well, you'll make an exception of me, because you're that sort of accommodating old boy."

"Really, Miss Philbrick," I exclaimed, nettled, "I cannot help noticing that your manner has very sadly deteriorated since we met at Brussels!"

"Oh! I was on my best behaviour then; and, besides, we hadn't a secret understanding. 'A fellow feeling——' What is it?"

"The quotation is not particularly apt. And now, if you please, to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"I want to know why you sent back the diamonds. Does it strike you it was no sort of shock to me when I heard *that* little piece of news in court?"

I could hardly restrain my indignation. "You expected me to *keep* them?" I cried.

"Of course. For what other reason do you expect I gave them you? And you said you could keep faith with me."

"I have already wounded my conscience to do so."

"It must be a tender one. How have you managed it?"

"I have refrained from offering evidence against you."

"What!" she exclaimed. "Give the whole show away in court! Oh," she added incredulously, "you could never have sunk to that!"

"We need not discuss the subject. Is that all you have to say?"

She made no indication of moving. "Yes," she said; "unless you have any curiosity?"

There were some points in connection with recent events which I was sufficiently human to desire to have cleared up. Accordingly, I resumed my seat. "I am not without it," I said. "Let me hear the story."

She crossed one leg upon the other and blew some whiffs of smoke into the air. "I suppose you 'd heard of Mrs. Hibbert's pendant before this little affair?" she said.

"Never," I answered.

"Well, it wasn't in your line of business exactly. As for us, we knew how she got it, and when and what it was worth, and where she kept it. We found out, into the bargain, that she didn't give herself any particular trouble about the care of it, and after a time we thought we might as well have it."

"You were in her employ?" said I.

"Oh dear, no! I 'm not proud," she added; "but I don't exactly fancy being taken for a lady's-maid."

"I derived my information from the Press."

"The Press was all right. I took the place with an eye to the diamonds."

"How was that possible?"

"Forged references and the proper manner. It wasn't difficult. Maids are not over and above plentiful nowadays."

"And you stole the pendant?"

"We 'll say I acquired it. That part of the programme was simplicity itself. But before I performed the trifling operation we had to decide how we were going to dispose of it, and that was a far more delicate matter. Of course, it was plain that I should have to get rid of it at once, like a red-hot coal, and make tracks, and my father——"

"Is he really your father?"

"Well, it 's a wise child——"

"I see," said I.

"My mother didn't run any too diametrical straight, if you know what I mean."

"I understand perfectly well. Pray continue."

"Well, don't get grumpy about it. Where was I?"

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"You were explaining the difficulty of disposing of the stones."

"Oh, yes. I was going to say that my father wouldn't have a much freer hand than I should. He had kept in the background so far as the pendant was concerned, but he was known to the police, and was pretty sure to be searched if he was leaving England after any big affair. We wanted to have the stones cut in Amsterdam, but the difficulty was to get them there. My father, as it happened, made a hobby of rose-growing, and after thinking a good long time over the matter, it struck him it would be a good idea to hide them in a rose-pot. That wasn't quite enough, though. He would have to keep a close eye on it, only handle it himself, and otherwise treat it with the most particular kind of care; and an ordinary rose worth from a shilling to half-a-crown wouldn't bear very much of that kind of thing. One of the regular new varieties would have given him excuse enough with a grower, but what was wanted was something which would have an obviously uncommon appearance to the closest cockney that might happen to look at it. It was bound to be a rose and not any other kind of flower, so that he could hit back with plenty of technical terms if he were questioned. Taking all those things into consideration, he made up his mind to discover the long-sought blue rose. There wasn't time exactly to do it by the regular methods, so he had one made. It was a work of art that might have deceived the judges at a show. The stem was fitted up with foliage like a Maréchal Niel, and they fixed it on to a plant of that in such a tricky way that you could have scarcely seen the join with a microscope. Any buds on the plant that were likely to open in the next week or two were nipped off, and then the thing was complete."

"Good-bye, my Joseph," she cried.

"But it would be scentless," said I.

"So are all the newest and finest kinds. You can cultivate the scent out of anything. What does a Maman Cochet smell of?—Caterpillars."

"You arranged all this before the robbery?"

"Well, rather. There was no time afterwards. I just dropped my father the pendant, and cleared out of England at once. He followed the next day with the diamonds, or, rather, with the rose, travelling by Dover to give a decent appearance of visiting the French nurseryman, and you saw us meet at Brussels. The whole affair, so far, had gone with a rush, and it was only when you split that paper with me that I got a hint that anything was wrong. You saw the paragraph, perhaps?"

"Yes," I said, "I saw it."

"I'm a trifle unsteady about the heart," she proceeded, "and it gave me a considerable kind of shock; but I pulled

round while you were away, and since it was evident that things were getting pretty warm, I thought it would be a good idea to have a back-door open. So I wrote you that message on the margin of the paper. If we managed to get clear, after all, it would only puzzle you and do no harm. On the other hand, if things came to the worst, as they have done, it would help us to tide them over; and if you had been anything of a spark, you would have had the diamonds in one of these drawers at this moment." She threw the end of her cigarette into the fireplace. "That would have meant a fine old razzle for you and me, you know."

"It is unnecessary to refer to that subject," said I. "Is that all?"

"There is very little more. I went back to my room, and of course we made ready to get away the first thing in the morning. But they were too early for us, and came before we were out of bed. We had the best of them in a way, for all that, and it was the funniest thing in the world to see them turning out our trunks and ransacking everything we possessed, while all the time the rose was standing innocently in the middle of the table. They thought it belonged to the hotel, and hardly gave it a glance. In the end, as you know, they had to give up the search, and we left the hotel like a pleasure-party. They haven't found out to this hour where the diamonds were hidden, and unless you tell them I don't think they ever will."

She rose from her seat with a rustle of silken skirts. "Now you have heard the whole story," she said. "And what do you think of it?"

I, too, rose, and stood facing her. "I think you are a clever woman, Miss Philbrick," I answered; "and I trust that this lesson will induce you to put your talents to a better use."

"What, a sermon to ring down the curtain! Well, I 'm glad you didn't begin with it." She held out a soft white palm. "At least, you will shake hands before I go?"

I thought it was unnecessary to refuse her this courtesy, and gave her my hand. She held it a few moments, and I saw a sudden mischievous light break into her face. She put her head upon one side, glancing into my eyes with an expression of the frankest coquetry. "No nearer?" she said. "You may if you like."

Her teeth were gleaming and her eyes dancing; her whole appearance was of bewildering allurement. I took a step towards her. Then, suddenly recovering myself, I drew sharply back again and pointed to the door. "Go!" I commanded.

She broke into a ringing peal of laughter and sprang gaily across the room. "Good-bye, my Joseph," she cried; then kissed her hand to me and was gone.

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UNDER THE OAKS.

By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS.

MATTHEW PARIS, the chronicler, when writing his life of the twelfth Abbot of St. Albans, took occasion to describe the woods that stretched on either side of the Roman Watling Street, between old London and the venerable Hertfordshire Abbey. By the words of the chronicle and by paragraphs from many another pen we learn that from the brow of Highgate Hill to the rising ground where suffered the proto-martyr of Britain grew one vast, gloomy, almost impenetrable forest. There, in the dark days of early Britain, the wandering Trinobantes passed a perilous and predatory existence; there, as Dr. Guest surmises, the Catuvellauni lived and fought and died; there, some centuries later, the pilgrim journeying from London to worship at the shrine of Albanus was in perpetual peril of wild boars and bulls; and if he eluded those dangers it was often only to fall into the hands of fierce outlaws who infested "the great forest of Middlesex." Dangerous indeed must have been the journey of those Saxon worthies who, in the year 833, came from the north to attend the Witenagemote, on the spot now covered by St. Paul's Cathedral.

Time and chance, as the wise man assures us, happeneth to all things. Time and chance, working together under their common name, civilisation, have wrought great changes upon the face of those twenty miles of undulating, pleasant country that stretch from London to St. Albans. Those changes were wrought in part a thousand years ago; for there is ample evidence to prove that a large *number of* the towns and villages scattered over such portions of Middlesex and Hertfordshire as lie within twenty miles north-west from London were local habitations with a name in the days of Edward the Confessor. But even at the beginning of the twentieth century there are thousands of acres of exquisite woodland scenery within fifteen miles from Charing Cross. For mighty London, like the great octopus with which De Quincey compared it, has drawn together so many industries within its tentacular circumference of sixty miles that few other communities in the home counties have increased with anything like proportionate rapidity. Thank heaven there are yet over a million acres of woodland in England, of which a fair share still beautifies the counties of Hertford and Middlesex! From the summit of Hampstead Hill—443 ft. above the level of the Thames, and 36 ft. higher than the cross of St. Paul's—you may look north-west over an undulating country, dotted freely with birch and pine and elm, through which at sunset shines the broad reservoir of the Brent, spread out like a sheet of gold. Or you may walk from Edgware or Hendon or Barnet towards London, and as the eye of Michael Angelo could discern an angel in a block of marble, so you may discover on every hand scenes worthy to be photographed.

A glance at the map of Middlesex will show you that the south-eastern extremity of Hertfordshire is extended like an isthmus, protruding for some miles into Middlesex, by which county it is almost entirely surrounded, the width of that neck of Hertfordshire immediately west of High

Barnet being less than two miles. The Great Northern Railway enters this protruding tract of land at Colney Hatch, and after New Barnet is passed, the Hadley Woods are seen on either hand before the line again enters Middlesex. Into the quiet precincts of those woods we went recently in the grey of the morning, feeling, with Emerson, that to such as stand at the outskirts of the forest at sunrise the world is to-day as fresh and fair as it appeared to primæval man.

UNDER THE OAKS.

Long veils of morning mist lay upon the meadows as we wended our way into the woods. Looking westward over the lower meadow-land, we saw here and there a tree wreathed round with shifting vapour, showing like an island above a sea of fog or an oasis in the desert. We strolled down long avenues of oak and elm until the day was an hour older, pausing with our faces to the east in the more open spaces to watch the pageant of golden streamers ascending the heavens, outriders to the chariot of the sun. Then, wishing to secure a photograph of the sunlight streaming through the branches and touching the lichen-covered trunks to beauty, we sought diligently until we found a spot worthy of our amateur skill, and after some exercise of patience, rendered necessary by a passing cloud, we accomplished our purpose.

"We look before and after," wrote Shelley. Some habitually do so; others do

not. Others, again, limit their forecasts and their retrospects to things which savour solely of mankind. Many learned persons, when at Westminster Abbey or the Forum, at Alexandria or Pompeii, derive spiritual and intellectual profit from their meditations upon the vicissitudes of earth; but the unsullied landscape speaks to them of nothing. And yet there is certainly no tinkles and purls as it threads its way among the herbage.

But to such as approve Pope's dictum that the proper study of mankind is man, the historical is the most potent phase of retrospect. To us, standing silently to admire the dimensions of some colossal patriarchs of the wood, it seemed easy to realise, however dimly, the veneration of

THE QUIET PRECINCTS OF THE WOODS.

silent valley or mountain-slope without a history of intense interest. The story of every life, as Dr. Johnson thought, would make good biography if ably written. Similarly, every acre in England is rich in comedy or tragedy when known with sufficient accuracy. For only a small part of terrestrial life is human, and the geologist, and the botanist too, have something to say in the shelter of every stretch of forest; they can "point a moral or adorn a tale" beside each tiny streamlet that the ancients for the oak. Small wonder that some of the earliest temples in this world were groves of oak-trees. Consider the possible age of these trees, and their wonderful strength and stability in a world of weak and unstable things. Many of the older oaks of England may have sheltered the Saxon—such, at least, is the opinion of Mr. Pierpoint Johnson, who should speak with authority on this matter. De Candolle estimates the maximum age of the oak at 1500 years; Pliny seems

to consider that some are possibly coeval with the earth! At Greenstead, in Essex, there stood until a few years ago a

THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE FOREST AT SUNRISE.

church built of squared oak-trunks; it is said to have been erected in the tenth century, and, like the oaken shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, affords splendid proof of the durability of the dead timber. But an oak still standing, still putting forth leaves in its season as in the days of the Saxon! Perchance some swineherd thrall, stolid as Gurth or light-hearted as Wamba, has stretched himself beside his fire of branches in some glade in that great forest of Middlesex, and, grasping his stout stake, has slumbered till daybreak woke the throstle to matins. More surely, however, we may assume that the sire of some oak in this neighbourhood was standing on that fourteenth day of April, 1471, when the scattered Lancastrians fled hither and thither through these woods from the pursuit of the victorious Yorkists.

Our age is unquestionably prosaic. Are the fairies gone indeed, or do they troop into these woods at times to "creep into acorn-cups and hide them there," as did the elves in the woods near Athens at the approach of Oberon? Is this no fit seclusion in which to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or to weave a chaplet of blossoms for the adorning of the Queen of May? There are still some among us who have not bowed their knee to the Baal of incredulity. We cherish, we venerate the illusions of poesy—of superstition, if you will. Every myth is real enough at times. As the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear that hears it, so the reality of fables is commensurate with the imagination of the reader. We may still see the naiad standing silently by the reeds that fringe the rivulet, her finger on her lip; grey-haired Saturn lying in the shadow of the illimitable forest, rousing himself from his

THE SUNLIGHT TOUCHED THE LICHENED TRUNKS.

lethargy at the large utterance of the beautiful and majestic Thea: the dryad haunting her particular oak, as in the days of Hesiod; or the Roman rustics assembling in December at the Festival of the Faunalia. As we were enjoying the quiet beauty of the scene, a troop of children, merry as those that danced around the altar on that bright morning in the forest of Latmos, as told in the "Endymion" of Keats, came tripping down the pathway through the woods. Presently they spread hither and thither in search of acorns, till every copse echoed their voices; then, reappearing in the open, sun-steeped glade before us, they heaped their mellow spoils upon the ground, forming the while a group worthy of Gainsborough. Other lands, other industries; yet there are striking affinities in the avocations of mankind. Watching those children as they sought for acorns, we were reminded of those peasants who, along those forty miles of pinetum by the Adriatic, gather in incredible quantities those heavy pine-cones which are so great a source of revenue to Ravenna. Acorn-picking is an old, old industry in England. In days of dearth the peasantry frequently ate little save boiled acorns. These "good old days" are long since gone; but cottage-folk living in the villages and hamlets adjacent to such royal forests as yet remain still urge their right of "pannage"—or did quite recently—and drive their hogs to feed beneath the oaks. We learn from Domesday Book that the forests of Saxon England were valued according to the number of swine that could feed upon their acorns; some forests are named that provided food for one hog only.

WHEN THE LEAVES WERE STILL TENDER.

The so-called British oak (*Quercus robur*), like the Anglo-Saxon, flourishes in many climes. It stands sentinel upon

THE HAUNT OF THE WREN.

many points of vantage along the European shores of the Atlantic; it stretches its broad arms athwart the slopes of the Ural; it forms vast forests in the valley of the Don and the Dnieper. Northward, it grows around the Lindesnæs, in Norway; southward, it is plentiful in the Morea and in Sicily. Verschoyle noticed it among the beeches in the forestine solitudes of Lachaga and Navalla, near Roncésvalles; Montefiore Brice saw it shouldering larch and fir at Longwood upon far St. Helena; it is lord of the larger forests in Germany and Russia. Many phenomenal measurements of oak-trees are recorded from time to time, some of them doubtless mythical; but the oak is known to attain such colossal dimensions that exaggeration is wholly unpardonable. It is well known that the "Great Oak of Gloucestershire" attained to a girth of 47½ ft.; the oak at Cowthorpe, in Yorkshire, measures 38½ ft. in girth at the same distance from the ground. Before the trunk can be utilised as large timber-oak, the tree must usually attain its century. An oak grown in a garden in Sussex was considered of rapid growth because it measured 12 ft. in girth when seventy years old. The most valuable bark is peeled from mere striplings of about thirty years; and its astringent properties have been known since the days of Dioscorides.

Sometimes, under the oaks, you may see children searching diligently for "oak-apples" — they fasten them into their jackets or frocks on "King Charles's Day." The story of how those oak-apples came to be what they are is worth a momentary consideration. When the leaves were still tender with the tenderness of early summer, a small, bright-brown hymenopterous insect, called a cynips, ten of which placed end to end would measure but one inch, approached the oak-tree for a very definite purpose. Alighting at the base of a leaf, she thrust her ovipositor deep in the integument of the twig, and within the puncture thus made she deposited one, or perhaps

THE MOSS WALK.

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THE POND AT COCKFOSTERS.

several eggs. After the egg had traversed the ovipositor it was followed by a drop of virus of such irritating qualities that the vegetable tissue around the egg became abnormally developed, or hypertrophied. In the midst of this excrescence the egg of the cynips became in due course a larva, and as such it lived almost motionless through the winter. In the spring it underwent a very remarkable metamorphosis, and became a chrysalis. Later on, probably in the autumn, the chrysalis cast aside its swaddling-clothes, emerging thence as an imago—a perfect cynips. Cherishing strong aspirations for a larger life, it promptly set its strong mandibles to work and bored a radial tunnel from the centre to the circumference of the gall, or "apple," in which it had hitherto lived and moved and had its being, and the primary functions performed by the oak-apple in the economy of nature were ended. We have learned much since the days of Pliny, who thought it probable that the oak-apple grew in a night. The titmice know instinctively

THE LOVERS' WALK.

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what we have gathered by long observation, for, ere they have lived two autumns, they may be seen splitting open the oak-apple to get at the grub within.

Almighty God, as Bacon puts it, "first planted a garden," and, whenever opportunity has permitted, mankind has followed the divine example. Perhaps nowhere is Priapus more assiduously worshipped than in that belt of respectable villadom which encloses the more immediate suburbs of London; unless, indeed, it be in the outer circle of detached residences by which those miles of villadom are, in turn, enclosed. The gardens we passed as, leaving the woods in that quiet hour known as blind man's holiday, we set our faces towards town, were mostly laid out with excellent taste. Some bore every evidence of being tended with loving care. Within a few hundred yards of a railway-station where the traffic is continuous we found ourselves in an avenue of trees, called the "Moss Walk," so dark and quiet that as we loitered leisurely within its umbrage we saw no living thing except a thrush, who glanced at us furtively with those wonderful eyes of his, and heard no sound save the hardly audible rustling of a dormouse in a heap of decayed leaves, and the rollicking evensong of an impertinent wren, who turned tail only when we were almost within reach of his perch near the summer-house. Emerging presently from these sombre shades, we had a cross-country walk to the pond at "Cockfosters," a pond well known to such as frequent the lovers' walk between there and the spot where King Death met and destroyed Warwick the Kingmaker. Our day under the oaks was over. "'Tis pleasant to have a companion upon your way," says Sterne, "if only to remark how your shadows lengthen as the sun declines." But our paths lay now in opposite directions, as so often chances in the journey of life. "You this way, we that."

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MR. MUMBY'S MANAGING CLERK.

By E. C. HEATH HOSKEN.

Author of "Broken Threads," "Peter the Guide," etc.

MR. RICHARD MUMBY could not by any stretch of the imagination be called an excitable man. There was not an ounce of sentiment, superstition, or similar weakness in the whole of his eminently respectable constitution. He was a matter-of-fact man, who believed only in what he could see, feel, taste, hear, or smell, and sometimes he had doubts even then.

He was a lawyer in a very good practice and comfortable offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields; he was also a member of Parliament, a County Councillor, and a married man. He had three children too—a son in his teens at Harrow, and two daughters, who were at school in Germany and very pretty. His wife was a charming woman, and not too clever; and his banking account was in a most satisfactory state.

So it will easily be understood that Mr. Richard Mumby was not annoyed with either family or business troubles.

At the ripe age of five-and-forty he was a healthy, prosperous, well-to-do professional man, perfectly sane, and with an unimpaired digestion. Mr. Mumby was, in fact, well satisfied with the world in general, and himself in particular.

It was a bleak March day with an east wind searching out the weak points in some of us. The days were beginning perceptibly to lengthen. It was about half-past five. Mr. Mumby had signed the last letters, had put on his overcoat and glossy silk hat, and was about to light a cigar to warm his nose on his way home to Chelsea, when Simpson, his managing clerk, entered his room hurriedly, without knocking, and said in agitated tones—

"Can I speak to you for a moment, Sir?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Mumby carelessly. "I am just going. What is it, Simpson?"

"It 's—it's most important, Sir," said Simpson, and Mr. Mumby perceived that his managing clerk was unusually excited, that his anæmic complexion was even paler than usual. He removed his unlighted cigar and regarded Mr. Simpson gravely.

"What is it, Simpson?" he asked again.

"The fact is, Sir, the fact is that I—*I—am—mad!*"

Mr. Mumby started.

"Mad?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean? Is this a species of joke?"

"No, Sir," said Mr. Simpson earnestly. "I am mad—perfectly mad, Sir! I—I have lost my reason, that 's what it is, Sir!" And Mr. Simpson laughed in a most distressing manner.

Mr. Mumby came a step nearer to his managing clerk and scanned his face. Then he sniffed audibly. Perhaps he thought that Mr. Simpson had been drinking too many healths that afternoon. But Mr. Simpson was a teetotaler and a most steady and respectable man of fifty, with a wife and family living at Brixton.

"Simpson," said Mr. Mumby sternly, "explain yourself! What does this most extraordinary manner mean?"

Simpson sank into his employer's recently vacated chair, and appeared to be battling for possession of himself. The muscles of his face worked painfully; there was a look of abject terror in his pale blue eyes.

"No, no, Sir, there can't be any mistake," he stammered hysterically. "I—I've been and gone and lost my reason, and I—oh, I felt that I must tell you, Sir, before it was too late. There is still time, Sir; I—I am still just—responsible; but I—I feel myself going, Sir. It's—it's awful!"

"Don't talk such nonsense, man," said Mr. Mumby angrily. "You're drunk!"

"Drunk?" moaned Mr. Simpson inarticulately. "Drunk?" And there was a world of reproach in his tones. "I would to Heaven, Sir, I was drunk. But I'm not. I can't explain; but—I—yes, Sir, I am — mad — *mad!*"

"Simpson," said Mr. Mumby sternly, "explain yourself!"

Mr. Mumby began to feel strangely nervous. It was not so much the behaviour of his managing clerk that caused this curious feeling that had commenced to oppress him, though that was enough to justify many things; it was something else, something he could not quite understand.

He strode across the room and swung open the green baize door, and shouted, "Smith—Smith, I want you at once!"

A rosy-cheeked office-boy scrambled from a stool and ran into the ante-room from the clerk's office.

"What's the matter with Mr. Simpson?" shouted Mr. Mumby.

"Mr. Simpson, Sir?" stammered the office-boy, confused by the vehemence of his employer's manner.

"Yes, Simpson. Is he ill?"

"Dunno, Sir. He's—I believe he's in his room, Sir, with a gentleman."

"He's nothing of the sort," snapped Mr. Mumby; "he's here in my room telling me he's mad."

The youth looked frightened. He did not quite grasp the situation.

"Who's in the office?" asked Mr. Mumby.

"No one, Sir, at present, 'cept me and Mr. Simpson."

"Humph! Well, go and get on with your work. You say there was a gentleman with Mr. Simpson?"

"Yes, Sir; I showed him in a few minutes ago. I haven't never heard him go out."

"All right," snapped Mr. Mumby. "Never mind." And Smith went back to press-copying his letters with a dazed sort of feeling. Something was wrong he knew, for he had never seen his employer in such a state before. But copying letters is an engrossing occupation, and he soon forgot all about the episode.

Mr. Mumby, however, turned back as if to go into his room, when a sound between a groan and a sob told him that Simpson was evidently suffering. He swung round again and walked across the ante-room, through another baize swing-door into a sort of hall, and thence to a door leading from the other side, upon which was painted "Mr. Simpson." He opened this door noisily, and I think he swore as he swung it aside, as if the door annoyed him. Then he strode into the room.

"Anyone here?" he shouted.

Sitting at the roll-top writing-table was—*Simpson!*

Now it has been remarked at the very commencement of this story that Mr. Richard Mumby was a matter-of-fact man and a man little given to letting his feelings run away with him; but when he saw his managing clerk sitting where he ought to be, writing diligently, his cheeks blanched, a thrill of fear seemed to electrify every fibre in his being, and he reeled backwards and clutched at the first thing that came in his way, which was the tin deed-box of the Fergusson Trust.

"Merciful Heaven!" he jerked out from his white lips; and there he stood, white-faced, with teeth chattering and knees trembling beneath his weight, staring at Simpson like a madman.

Mr. Simpson rose to his feet, and laid down his pen deliberately.

"Did you want me, Sir?" he asked deferentially.

Mr. Mumby tried to speak. His bloodless lips moved, but no sound came. He simply stared speechlessly, with wild eyes.

And Mr. Simpson naturally looked very puzzled, and in another moment he looked alarmed, which was also natural, because Mr. Mumby was not given to sudden seizures of any sort, and Mr. Mumby's complexion in its normal state was red and healthy, not pale as chalk, livid and ghastly; neither was Mr. Mumby given to clutching at deed-boxes as if for dear life.

"You are not well, Sir!" cried Mr. Simpson in alarm. "Let me get you something, Sir," and he made as if to come towards Mr. Mumby; but that gentleman sent up such a shrill, discordant, and unnatural cry that Simpson stopped short, rooted to the spot with amazement.

"Don't—don't come near me!" gasped the solicitor incoherently. "Good Heaven! Am I mad, Simpson?"

"Mad, Sir?" exclaimed Simpson sympathetically. "*You* mad, Sir? You are not well. Let me get you something."

"But y—y—you are in my room, *Simpson!*" *panted* Mr. Mumby. "I—why I left you there an instant ago. I—I—oh, Lord, what is the matter? I think I've lost my reason! You are in my room, Simpson!"

"In your room, Sir?" exclaimed Mr. Simpson. "I have been here for the last hour. I am just drafting that affidavit in 'Cox v. Morton.'"

The dry, crisp, matter-of-fact tones of the clerk's voice seemed somehow to act as a cold douche on Mr. Mumby, and with a giant effort he controlled himself, pulled himself together, for he was, as it were, all in pieces. Then he laughed feebly. "I am very foolish. Of course, of course—most absurd—very foolish. I don't think I am well, Simpson." And he laughed again in that curious, hysterical way that frightened Simpson even more than Mr. Mumby's first actions.

"I'll send for a doctor, Sir," said the managing clerk. "Dr. Lucas is bound to be in."

Mr. Mumby raised a shaking hand. "No, no," he stammered. "Wait a moment, Simpson. I shall be all right in a moment." Then he sat down and smiled inanely at Simpson and tried to swallow a great lump in his throat and keep his teeth from chattering. "No, no, Simpson, don't trouble; I—I shall be all r—r—r—right in a moment."

Mr. Simpson regarded his employer with undisguised suspicion. His behaviour was certainly most strange, and Mr. Simpson, being a very observant man, endeavoured to trace some sign of alcoholic excess. Yet he knew that Mr. Mumby made an invariable practice of never touching wine or spirits during business hours. This made it all the more inexplicable.

He touched a bell on his writing-table, saying as he did so: "I really think, Sir, Smith had better go round for Dr. Lucas."

And Mr. Mumby said nothing. He had not the heart to say anything. He dumbly assented.

But Smith did not come. Mr. Simpson walked to the door and frowned.

"King and Lloyd are out, Sir, and Merling has gone to Pillings with those Pleadings, and Jones is at Mr. Joram's

chambers in 'Lincoln v. Manningtree.' But I certainly thought Smith was here, Sir."

"I—I have just seen him," said Mr. Mumby. "I called him when I was—talking to you in my room, and——"

Simpson resisted an inclination to smile, and stroked his sallow lips and said—

"Ah, I see. Perhaps he's with me, Sir, in your room. I'll just go and bring him."

"Don't leave me," pleaded Mr. Mumby childishly; but Mr. Simpson was already stalking across the hall.

"Poor chap!" he muttered to himself, "he's as mad as a hatter. What on earth is to be done?"

"Smith!" he shouted, "Smith!"

"Yessir," cried a shrill voice from the clerks' office.

"Didn't you hear the bell?"

"Bell? No, Sir, never heard no bell."

"Well, never mind that now. Run round as hard as you can and bring Dr. Lucas here at once. Mr. Mumby is ill."

Smith stared stupidly at the speaker.

"Off you go, and don't stand there and stare at me as if I were a zoological freak." And, without more ado, Smith seized his cap and dashed out of the office.

"They're all well bloomin'-well off their chumps," he soliloquised. "First the boss comes and tells me Simpson is mad, and in his room, and then old Simpson comes and sends me for a doctor, and says the boss is ill. My pore brain!" And then he commenced to whistle a waltz from "The Belle of New York," beloved of office-boys, as he walked jauntily out of the Fields into Holborn.

And Mr. Simpson, before returning to his own office and his unfortunate employer, thought he had better have a look into Mr. Mumby's room and see that everything was right there.

He therefore pushed aside the green baize door and stalked boldly into the room.

Then he stopped short and caught his breath, and his heart gave a great bound, then seemed to stop altogether.

Mr. Mumby was standing by the fireplace, his overcoat on, his silk hat on his head, lighting a cigar!

He looked up in surprise.

"I didn't hear you knock, Simpson," he said frigidly. "Do you want me?"

Simpson moved a step forward, his hands outstretched like a man groping his way in the dark. Then he staggered and gave a little cry—

"*You—you here?*"

Then a dizzy feeling overcame him, and with a muffled groan he fell heavily to the floor and—swooned.

Now all this is actually what took place; but by the time you have reached this point, you may not be quite sure where you are and what has happened. This is quite natural.

Certainly neither Mr. Mumby nor Mr. Simpson knew what had happened for some time afterwards, and then they only found it out by grim searching of the memory-cells of their respective brains, piece by piece, out of the fog and confusion of that curious event.

But there is more.

Smith, the office-boy, found Dr. Lucas in his chambers.

"Mr. Mumby's compliments, Sir, and will you come round and see him? He's ill."

Dr. Lucas was discussing golf with a prosperous Q.C.

"Mumby?" exclaimed the prosperous Q.C. "What—Mumby of Lincoln's Inn Fields?"

"Yessir."

"What's the matter?"

"Dunno, Sir, 'cept Mr. Simpson sent me. I—well, *I* thinks he's wrong in his head, that's what *I* think."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the silk, who regarded Mr. Richard Mumby as one of his best clients.

"Wrong in his head?" exclaimed Dr. Lucas. "Absurd!"

And he came round at once, and the prosperous Q.C. insisted on accompanying him. Smith followed at a respectful distance, still whistling his favourite "Belle of New York" in a minor key. On the whole, he was not particularly

interested in these proceedings. He wanted half-past six to come, for he was going to meet a friend of his, have something to eat at a British Tea Table, and go to the gallery of the Gaiety.

"Anybody with him?" asked Dr. Lucas as they were going up the stairs.

"Only Mr. Simpson, Sir; the other clerks are out."

Mr. Mumby's offices were on the first floor; but there was a half-way landing, and it was just as they were here that a tall, dark man carrying a black bag ran quickly past them.

"Who's that?" asked the Q.C. curiously. "He's just come out of your office."

"Yes," answered Smith. "He was with Mr. Simpson."

"What's his name?" asked the Q.C. curiously. "I think I know his face."

"Poole was the name he give, Sir; but I have never seen him before."

"Humph! Well, here we are," said Dr. Lucas.

Smith admitted them and himself.

"Where is Mr. Simpson?" asked the doctor.

"He's in his room, Sir, with Mr. Mumby. This way, Sir."

"All right. Just tell him I am here. You"—he turned to the Q.C.—"perhaps you'll wait here a moment."

Smith tapped lightly on Mr. Simpson's door and entered.

Mr. Simpson was sitting at his table writing, and every now and then referring to a bulky volume of Law Reports.

"The doctor, Sir," said Smith.

Mr. Simpson looked up. "The doctor? What doctor?"

Smith stared as if he could not believe the evidence of his senses. "Why, the doctor. Dr. Lucas, Sir, for Mr. Mumby."

"Doctor — for — Mr. Mumby?" exclaimed Simpson blankly. Then he sprang to his feet. "What the dickens are you talking about, boy?" Then he caught sight of Dr. Lucas, and controlled himself. "I beg your pardon, doctor; I—I'm afraid there's been a mistake. *How do you do, Sir?* What can I do for *you?*"

"I? Well, I thought you sent for me," stammered Dr. Lucas, feeling that someone was making a fool of him. "I understood that Mr. Mumby was taken ill."

"*I* sent for you!" exclaimed Simpson. "I never sent for you."

Dr. Lucas stared blankly and a little foolishly at the managing clerk. "But what about Mr. Mumby? He—you mean to say he is quite well?" he said.

"Quite well, Sir, so far as I am aware."

Dr. Lucas swung round and glared at the office-boy.

"Is this a joke, you young scoundrel?" he cried. "You've made a mistake. This isn't the First of April."

Poor Smith's rubicund face was a picture of righteous indignation.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I'm blowed! I'm blowed if I ain't blowed!"

"Smith, you forget yourself," said Simpson; "please explain yourself, Sir. What have you done?"

Smith's jaw fell. The whole thing was too monstrous to consider. He was speechless.

"Explain yourself, young man," snapped Dr. Lucas.

Smith flushed. "I ain't a-goin' to explain anything," he cried defiantly. "I'm a-goin' to see the boss." And he turned to leave the room.

"He's gone," said Simpson. "Left five minutes ago. I wonder you didn't meet him."

Smith's face fell. "Gone?" he stammered. "Gone?" And then he began to look puzzled instead of indignant. "But—but you told me he was ill! You sent me round for Dr. Lucas. You know you did!"

"I don't think you know what you are talking about, Smith. Leave the room!" Mr. Simpson frowned.

Dr. Lucas began to laugh. The humour of the situation was beginning to make itself apparent. But Mr. Simpson was very grave. He was a little absent-minded too. It seemed as if he were not quite himself, as if somewhere, somehow, he had been to sleep without knowing it. There was a reminiscent unreality about everything.

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A tall, dark man ran quickly past them.

"I must really apologise for this unseemly and ill-timed joke, Sir," he said. "For myself, I can only plead that I am utterly ignorant of any knowledge of it. I must look into it, Sir. And yet Smith has never given any trouble before."

"Oh, that's all right—that's all right!" exclaimed Dr. Lucas pleasantly. "Of course, needless to say, I am delighted, relieved, to find that there is nothing the matter with Mr. Mumby. Mr. Carne," he shouted, "it's a fiasco—a joke! There's nothing the matter. I fancy that youngster has been doing it for a wager."

The Q.C. came into the room with a puzzled look on his face.

"How do, Simpson? You look queer—ill, by gad! Perhaps you wanted Dr. Lucas for yourself—eh?"

"I'm all right, Sir. I—well, I'm only worried about this stupid mistake."

The Q.C. regarded Simpson keenly. "You've had a fall, I see. Hurt yourself?"

Mr. Simpson looked puzzled, glanced at his dusty coat, and started. Then he rose to his feet and swept his long thin hands across his eyes.

"By Jove, Sir, I—I believe I've been asleep. I—I believe I've been dreaming. I feel that queer. And yet I can't remember. I dreamt that I—I——"

"What did you dream?"

"I? Let me see. I was speaking to that man Poole. Yes, Poole was the name—a tall, dark man who said he wanted to sell me a special sort of letter-file or something of the sort, and then—I don't remember—I can't!" He stopped, and took out a handkerchief and commenced to mop his brow. "It's most strange, Sir," he continued dully. "It's a feeling as if—as if you've been out of yourself for a spell, as if you've been someone else, if you can understand what I mean, though I'm not quite certain if I know what I mean myself, Sir."

"Ever felt like that, Carne?" asked Dr. Lucas, smiling. But the Q.C. was listening with judicial gravity.

"Go on, Simpson; I am very interested."

Mr. Simpson took a long-drawn breath. "It seemed," he said, "as if Mr. Mumby came in here—mad, off his head, Sir. Yes, I seem to remember better now. It is clearer. Oh, it was a sort of nightmare! Can't you understand, Sir—everything tumbling about, falling over precipices—pandemonium——"

"My dear Mr. Simpson," exclaimed Dr. Lucas, "I think I was right to come round, after all. You are certainly not yourself. You want something to pick you up, you know."

"But what about this Mr. Poole?" said the Q.C.

At that moment Smith rushed excitedly into the room.

"Quick," he shouted, "something awful's happened!"

Simpson caught the youngster's sleeve.

"What is it?" he asked hoarsely.

"The strong room's been left open," cried Smith. "The keys is in the locks and—and——"

"Good Heavens!" gasped Mr. Simpson. "The Pennington purchase-money!"

"It's gone," said Smith shrilly. "Gone!"

"Good Lord!" gasped Mr. Simpson.

The Q.C. slapped his leg and gave vent to a most undignified expression.

Dr. Lucas was too confused to understand coherently what followed; but Mr. Carne did.

"Simpson," he said, "that man you call Poole isn't Poole at all. He's Coronas—Israel Coronas!"

Mr. Simpson went white as paper. "You—you mean that——"

"That he's Coronas. He was let out of prison last week. He's committed one big robbery already under somewhat similar circumstances. This is the second."

"But it's—it's forty thousand pounds!" gasped Mr. Simpson.

"In notes," ejaculated the office-boy.

"But I——"

"You've been mesmerised, Simpson! So has Mr. Mumby. That's his dodge. He's one of the most dangerous pests alive. We met him just now."

The Q.C. said no more. He turned, dashed out of the office and down the staircase.

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Simpson caught the youngster's sleeve.

He nearly knocked a police inspector head over heels at the bottom.

"I suppose you haven't met a tall, dark man who left here five minutes ago?" panted the Q.C.; "a man with a black brief-bag?"

The inspector smiled knowingly.

"I have, Sir," he said, adjusting his disordered attire.

"You have? And you know who he is?"

"I do, Sir, and also where he is now."

"You mean that——"

"We 've been watching him to-day and we 've got him."

"Coronas!"

"The same, Sir."

"Where is he?"

"Gone off in a cab with a constable to Bow Street, Sir. I was just calling on Mr. Mumby, Sir, to tell him we 've recovered forty thousand in notes, and to get his evidence."

The prosperous Q.C. did not exactly perform a war-dance, but he certainly looked as if a very small provocation would cause him to do so.

Now the rest needs little telling, and is very interesting.

Mr. Simpson was not at all well for several days, and he has never wholly recovered his nerve. He has never been the cool, dependable man he was before.

And Mr. Mumby? Dr. Lucas and Mr. Carne, Q.C., arrived at his house in Chelsea half an hour after Mr. Mumby, and Mr. Mumby was in his room dressing for dinner.

He had a splitting headache, and he could not at all understand it, for headaches were as rare as gout to Mr. Mumby. It had come on quite suddenly.

A servant knocked at his door. "Dr. Lucas, Sir, and Mr. Carne, to see you on important business."

"Tell them I am dressing; but, if they don't mind, I 'll see them here at once. Show them up." And Mr. Mumby put on a dressing-gown.

A minute afterwards Mr. Carne entered the room, stopped, and stared hard at Mr. Mumby from his little keen grey eyes.

Then Dr. Lucas came in and smiled affably, but also scanned the solicitor's face with quite unnecessary interest before he held out his hand.

"What 's up?" asked Mr. Mumby.

"You aren't well," said the Q.C.

"I have the deuce of a headache," said Mr. Mumby a little nervously.

"Ha! Well, don't get excited."

"Excited? I am not likely to."

"Well, then, have you any remembrance of what happened this afternoon just before you left your office?"

Mr. Mumby started and changed colour.

"Now what makes you ask that?" he said, a little huskily and with evident embarrassment.

"Because I 'm interested in it—and so are you, if you only knew it."

Mr. Mumby sat down and pressed his fingers to his brows.

"Do you know, Carne," he said, "I have for this last hour been experiencing a most curious sensation—most curious. A sort of feeling as of suddenly remembering an ugly dream, a topsy-turvy sort of nightmare, and yet——"

"What was your dream about?"

"Can't tell you for my life. It 's—well, it 's a sort of pandemonium. Seems to me I have been to sleep, and yet—ugh! It 's horrid!"

"Just so, but try and remember."

"Well, it 's as if I were in my room at the office when Simpson came in—you know Simpson, my manager—and told me he was mad. And then I—well, I went into his room, leaving him in mine, and found him in his own quite right, and—oh, it 's too absurd! It 's a delirium—fancy, of course."

"It 's no fancy at all, my dear Mumby. You 've simply been mesmerised by one of the biggest scoundrels alive."

"Mesmerised?"

"And what 's more, you 've been robbed of forty thousand pounds from your safe."

Mr. Mumby leapt to his feet.

"Is this a joke?" he cried.

"Hush! I told you to keep cool, Mumby. The money 's recovered, and they 've collared Coronas."

"Coronas? What of Coronas?"

"He did it—you and poor old Simpson. I can see through the whole thing. It's line for line the same as the Sutherland-Morton Diamonds."

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And Mr. Carne briefly and lucidly explained what had taken place in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Dr. Lucas and the Q.C. dined with Mr. Mumby at Chelsea that night, and afterwards went together to Scotland Yard.

When Mr. Mumby got back to Chelsea he found Mr. Simpson waiting to see him. And together they went over the whole thing; but it was weeks before, after much mental searching and analysis, they managed to arrive at a definite series of impressions, a note of which, made by the Q.C., forms the ground-work of this story.

The assumption is that Coronas, having left Mr. Simpson's office, went to Mr. Mumby's room and hypnotised Mr. Mumby to see in him Simpson, and subsequently act as he did. So, as a matter of fact, Mr. Mumby had a lapse of irresponsibility until he found himself in his own room lighting his cigar again.

With Mr. Simpson the hypnotic influence commenced as soon as he entered Mr. Mumby's room, and imagined he saw in Coronas Mr. Mumby himself.

Both men unconscious, the office-boy out of the way, the clerks out, the thief found matters easy.

Before he left, he caused Simpson to return to his writing-table and Mr. Mumby to his room, where they continued what they were doing as if nothing had happened.

This is a theory, nothing more, for Coronas vouchsafed no information.

Both Mr. Mumby and his managing clerk are curiously altered men, and Mr. Mumby is very nervous.

The only person who is still puzzled, and who indignantly resents the events of that afternoon, is Smith. He took it very much to heart, and gave notice, and went on the stage, where, I believe, he is doing uncommonly well.

Coronas went to prison for ten years, which was as well for him as for society. He is still there; but if ever he escapes I shall not be surprised.

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THE SORROWS OF LAILAPS.

By E. O. B.

THE reader of this Diary, which, as I am aware, is written in a somewhat incoherent fashion, will perhaps be glad of the following prefatory remarks. My name is Lailaps. From words let fall at various times by the Man with whom I am most intimately associated, I gather that the name contains a complimentary allusion to my imposing manner of entering a room, "Lailaps" meaning in one of their jargons what "Whirlwind" means in another. I have also heard that the name was borne by a remote ancestor in prehistoric times.

I am a wire-haired fox-terrier of irreproachable breed. Though I could not myself point to my father and mother, I am given to understand that there are those who can. For an estimate of my character, whether from the canine standpoint or from the human, I shall leave the reader to his own intelligence; merely premising that, in the unalterable conviction both of myself and of the wisest of my kind, a dead dog is infinitely to be preferred to a live man.

The selections here set down deal only with the first six months of my existence. The record of my infancy, needless to say, has been supplied from memory; and contains the most striking illustrations that could be afforded of the well-known proverb: "Blessed is the dog that has no history."

Oct. 30. Born. Rather cold. Milk. Sleep.

Nov. 1. Milk. Sleep.

Nov. 2. Milk. Sleep.

Nov. 3. Ditto. Ditto. Realise that I share the attentions of my mother with other dogs.

Nov. 5. Milk. Other dogs a continual source of annoyance, though occasionally amusing. Sleep.

Nov. 10. Ditto. Ditto. Much bored by importunate caresses of a woman.

Nov. 16. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Tail severely damaged with chopper. Believe intentionally.

Nov. 21. Woman becoming intolerable. Is continually picking me up and addressing meaningless remarks. Shall not stand this much longer. Tail better, but still painful.

Nov. 25. Have given woman piece of my mind. Called me Diddums—thing I will not stand. Seems to think no difference between me and man-cubs. Bit. Called me Wouldums, but replaced immediately. Tail much better.

Nov. 29. Firmness evidently had good effect. Woman greatly improved in conduct. Tail quite recovered.

Dec. 3. Made first acquaintance with Man. Gross familiarity. Pulled ears. Examined teeth with fingers. Retorted by examining fingers with teeth. Man said, "Little devil!" (have since gathered that this is expression of disapproval). Willing to overlook want of ceremony, licked Man's hand. Man apparently pleased.

Dec. 6. Woman again troublesome. Agreeable relief when Man appeared. Gave Woman money, and carried me away with him. Raised no objection, though wounded at cool assumption. After all, Man not demonstrative, so preferable to odious Woman. Rejoiced to find have left stable for good. Man's house great improvement. Has two distinct rooms; refers to them as "Sitter" and "Bedder."

Had remains of mutton-chop for dinner. Man trod on left forefoot. Protested. Man apologetic. Said "Poor old chap!" Flatter myself, not so old—right side of one still. Man evidently good intentions, but offends from want of thought.

Dec. 7. Scrap of kidney for breakfast. Also bone. Two good chairs in sitting-room, one green, one red. Hard to say which best, but think red. Sat in it till eleven. Then went out. Man came too. On return had bone.

Dec. 8. Prefer green chair on whole. So does Man. Proposed to share with him. Man said, "Out you get!" Displeased, but said nothing, and took red chair. Yet fear this is bad precedent. Must be firm in future.

Dec. 10. Am convinced that green chair is best. But continually liable to intrusion on part of Man. Seems singularly callous to all protest on this point. Had whole chop for dinner. Excellent, especially undercut.

Dec. 13. Met St. Bernard to-day, with Woman. Appeared friendly. Spoke to him. Woman said, "Come here, Juggernaut." Have reason to believe that this was what Man calls "swearing." Went; evidently no spirit, though my superior in point of bulk. Decided to try effect of bluff. Snarled. St. Bernard ran. Pursued him to end of road, Woman shrieking, Man whistling. Then returned to receive Man's congratulations. To my surprise and disgust, brutal assault.

Gross familiarity

Dec. 20. Went out with Man. Saw wild beast in ditch. Not large, but appeared ferocious. Avoided it. Man said, "Rats!" Pricked up ears, but thought best not actually to interfere. Man obviously disappointed.

Dec. 24. Painful incident. Owing to continued difficulty about green chair, determined to bring matter to crisis. Found chair occupied, as usual, by Man. Proposed share. Man refused. Renewed proposal. Man obstinate. Jumped in

behind. Thrown out by Man. Jumped in again. Man took strap and committed dastardly assault. Spent rest of day under sofa.

Dec. 29. Irish terrier in front garden. Remembering successful rout of St. Bernard, resolved to try bluff again. Growled. Other dog growled. Snarled. Other dog began savage attack. Man intervened. Severely wounded on left shoulder and side. Butter. Licked it off. More butter. Licked *it* off. Came to conclusion that wounds have their advantages.

Jan. 7. Have finally adopted red chair. Also cushioned corner of sofa. Both these safe from intrusion.

Jan. 11. To-day abandoned red chair in favour of sofa-cushion. Convinced that latter contains interesting material. Must endeavour to ascertain its nature.

Jan. 12. Began investigation of sofa-cushion. Most interesting results. Succeeded in effecting an opening at one end by removing tassel and cord. Fluffy substance, apparently inanimate, though at first thought otherwise. Had already covered sofa with this, and was prosecuting search with increased curiosity, when man, seated in green chair, looked round. Evidently displeased. Knowing Man not to be trusted when in this condition, retired under sofa. Pulled out by left hind-leg. Brutal treatment (strap). Again retired under sofa, where remained for some hours.

Jan. 26. Down early. Found chop on breakfast-table. Ate half. Then interrupted by entrance of Man. Another dastardly assault. Much depressed and somewhat ill. Felt green chair would be comfort, but turned out. Shall leave if this continues.

Jan. 27. Still unwell. Ate grass. Usual consequences. Feeling much better.

Feb. 6. Walked with Man. Met another wild beast, but smaller and less savage. Man said, "Mice!" Thought I would. Did. Gamey flavour, but prefer chop. Man said, "Good dog!" Half thought of offering him some, but remembered persistent refusal to share green chair.

Feb. 17. Much troubled by Man's growing familiarity. To-day called me "Laps." Looked pointedly the other way. Man called "Laps" again. Sniffed. Man felt he had gone too far. Said "Lailaps" with emphasis, doubtless intended to be apologetic. Accepted this as sufficient acknowledgment of error.

Feb. 22. Curiosity has for some time been directed towards arrangement of curtains at sides of windows. Anxious for investigation of this point; but remembering unpleasant interruptions on former occasion, decided to wait for favourable opportunity, when Man absent. Shortly before dinner, Man went upstairs. Opportunity had come. Fastened teeth firmly in bottom of curtain, and, by super-canine effort, succeeded in detaching it from fastenings above. Unfortunately, flower-pot broken in fall. Felt consequences might be serious on Man's return. Left room and retired to front garden. Man presently appeared at door with stick, and called. Declined to come. Endeavoured to make clear should not enter house until hostilities suspended. Man, after waiting some minutes, spoke again, in altered voice—evidently relenting. Decided to come in as dinner-time. Gross treachery.

Feb. 28. Chop, but no undercut. Why this? Suspect Man.

March 3. Man went away this morning. Green chair in consequence, but dull.

March 6. Man still away. Intolerably dull. Unpardonable neglect. Should like to make formal protest. But how?

March 13. Man still away. Begin to fear desertion.

March 15. Man returned this afternoon. After monotony of previous days, glad to see him, in spite of undeniable faults; but shall miss green chair.

March 24. Man went out. Proposed to accompany him. Man declined. Consoled myself with leg of mutton left on table. Still occupied with it when Man returned. Brutality (strap).

April 13. Paid first visit to railway-station. Man came too, but seemed to have been there before. Have inquiring

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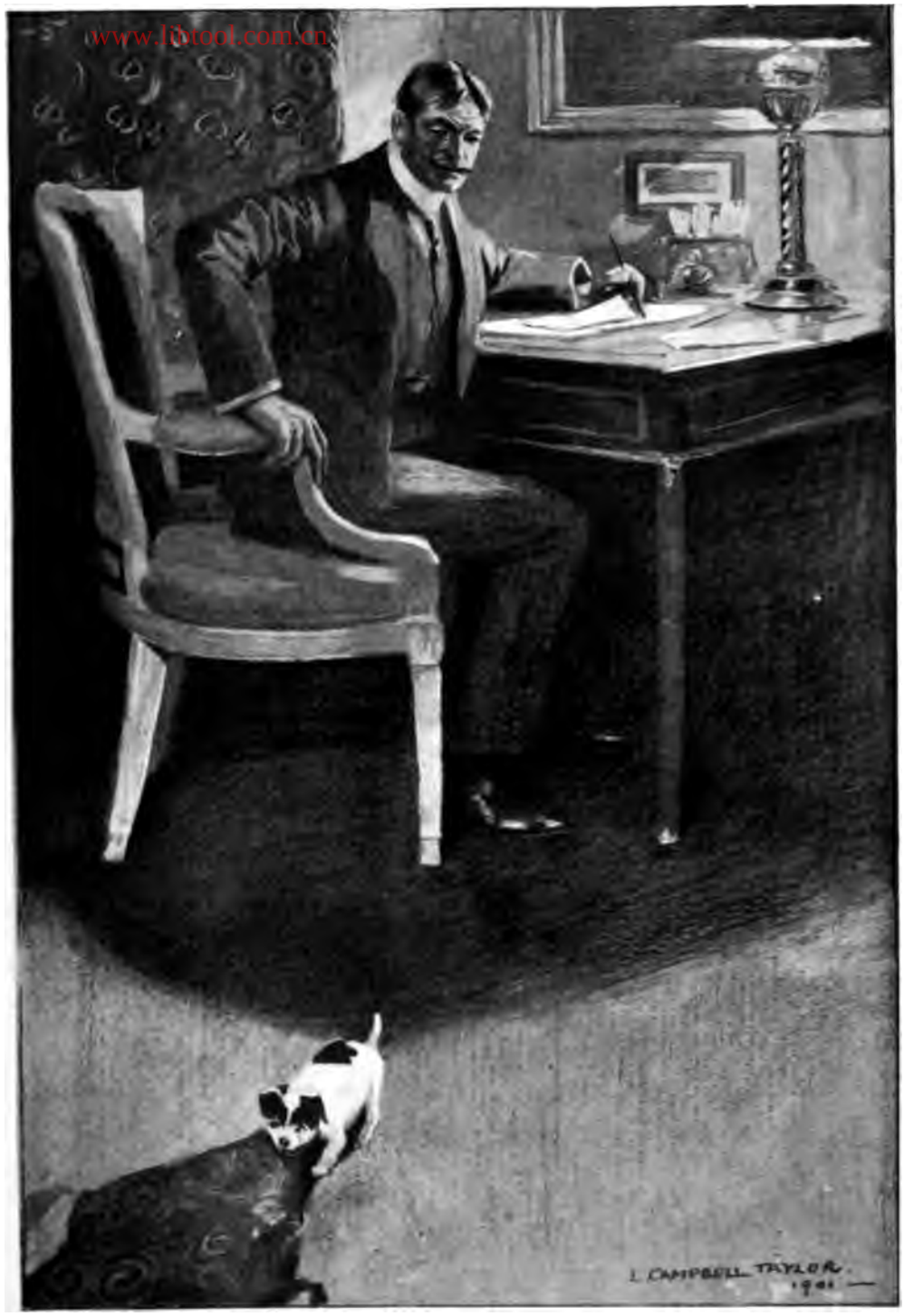

I was prosecuting search with increased curiosity.

mind, so went on to line and examined train. Man evidently in fussy mood. Called "Lailaps." Ignored him. Man became excited. Shouted "Porter" to Man on other side, clearly a hireling. Continued my examination of train. Hireling approached, apparently with intention of assaulting me. Snarled. Hireling retired. Man more and more excited. Shouted several times, and whistled. Determined to show my independence, so coolly went on with inspection. Became interested in box of yellow stuff attached to wheel. Thought possibly butter, though of inferior quality. Was sniffing at it when louder whistle, and train began to move. Could not make up my mind. Looked like butter, yet unaccountable smell. Had heard of "Margarine," said to be a paltry substitute. Could this be it? Determined not to leave train till satisfied. Still engrossed in this problem when step behind, and next moment seized by Man. Annoyed at being disturbed at critical moment, but, remembering former assaults, thought best humour him. Man threatened for moment to become demonstrative, reminding me of intolerable Woman. Growled, which had the desired effect. Think not butter, but should have liked to be certain. Had share of green chair—first time for months. Why?

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THE DARING OF THE CURSE.

By K. L. MONTGOMERY.

IN the year of grace 1665, the Court of Charles II. swept down for its Maying to the red-brick masses of Hampton Court. There for a short space lords and ladies aped rural ways, bringing city follies into sylvan haunts. And when the western casements shot back arrows to the sun, and the kine lowed their way dairy-wards through daisied meadows, then candles sparkled within the Palace, and the panelled rooms grew suddenly alive with lights and laughter and love-making, as brilliant and little-lasting as the yellow candleshine.

The sunbeams were fading already out of the low-ceiled ante-room, where a knot of ladies grouped themselves upon the window daïs. Heedless of the rosy beauty of the apple-bloom without, they were lending eager ears to the tale told by an elderly dame in their midst, whose soft Scottish tones seemed to harmonise with the gloaming.

"I dinna juist ken the ins an' oots o't," the speaker was saying, "but the sicht of the Laird o' Craigie this morning waukened my memory. An' the story gaes that the slighted wife laid her curse on the jewels, that as often as they shone on a wife of the house, misfortune suld overshadow her with its pinions, an' for the beauty that they lent their wearer, she suld pay in tears o' bluid. An' men say the stones hae keepit their beauty an' their doom!"

One of the ladies rose lightly to her feet.

"Fie on you, Lady Nesbit," she laughed, "thus to fright us with your Highland legends. For me, I would not give a shoe-latchet for such old-world fancies; and hear me, O Fate!" she cried in her light, mocking tones, "if the lands of the Lord of Craigie are as broad and his favour with his Majesty as high as all folks say, then will I, portionless Arbell Lacy, rule in his castle—aye, and wear the jewels, *and dare the curse!*"

The level rays faded in the west and twilight gathered over the chamber.

Folks said it was December courting May when the Lord of Craigie won his suit. Not that he was not handsome or courtly, nor of lineage to match even with proud Arbell Lacy. Other ladies of the Court there were who would have deemed it honour to be sought in marriage by the old Scotch Lord, and assuredly if it had been offered elsewhere his suit would have been met as kindly as it was by the beautiful girl he had chosen. For Arbell Lacy was beautiful exceedingly, with beauty inherited from a foreign mother, and a subtle charm of manner that stood her well in the place of wealth. But a gulf of years divided wooer and wooed.

Even his Majesty, 'twas said, on a chance meeting, thought fit to address a jesting remonstrance to the lady on the score of her betrothal.

"My Lord has sixty snows on his venerable pate, and you, fair mistress, number scarce nineteen summers. Of a truth, fitter his grandchild than his bride."

"Nay, Sire, who makes count of Cupidon's years?" retorted Arbell. "Doubtless, your Majesty is acquaint with the old saw, 'Where Youth drives with the bridle, Age leads by the hand.'"

"Oddsfish!" said the King. "I find you, like the rest of your sex, never without an answer. But I would fain know, Mistress Arbell, what think you about your

stepdaughter to be, who, as I hear, has the advantage of you by a good five years?"

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"Your Majesty shows yourself over-intimate with ladies' age," the Maid-of-Honour replied demurely. "I cannot yet lay bare my inmost thoughts of Lady Marjorie Craigie; but an your Grace will inquire of me in another two months, I will endeavour to frame an answer."

It was nearer three months than two ere the flag welcoming Lord Craigie and his bride floated from his castle battlements. The deep blue sky of August vaulted itself over the old grim pile, which, men said, a former Craigie had held a twelvemonth and a day against the Southron forces. Seventy feet below the castle platform a mountain torrent leapt, its white waters flashing through the pines like the garments of some fleeting dryad. And looking down on it in the sunshine stood two figures, a man and a woman.

The Lords of Craigie had ever married for beauty, and the Lady Marjorie was a worthy daughter of the house. A girl stately as the pine-trees, with hair where the sunlight lingered, and eyes whose colour no two could determine, but which were deep and soft and true, little wonder that her companion tarried beside her, though the horns, thrilling up the valley, announced the nearing of the wedding-train.

"Gin ye mean to ride doon to meet them, my Lord, ye 'll no do it by bidin' wi' me," quoth Marjorie at length, a suspicion of mischief in her tones. "I see what I tak' to be my Lady's litter this moment through the trees."

"You 're taking state on you already for my Lady, Madge," retorted the young man; "'tis ever 'my Lord' and 'your Lordship' with you now, in the stead of plain Walter, your old playfellow."

Marjorie laughed, shaking her head.

"Ye 've grown a great man the noo, Walter," she said. "Plain Waltie Galbraith is gane, and the Earl of Kincardine steps in his shoon, wi' braid lands an' pockets fu' o' guid red gowd, an'"—hesitating—"mony a lass waitin' on him at the English Court."

"Ah, Madge, you flout me! The red *gold is not* worth a glint of your eyes, and all that the broad lands are good for is to bring me thoughts of the mistress they might have one day."

"I 'll rub up my manners a wee, to bid her welcome, the braw English dame," Marjorie returned, archly unconscious. "But noo, Walter, awa' wi' ye, for in good sooth the hale clangamfrey 'll be here in the twink o' an e'e."

Thus bidden, Lord Kincardine sprang on the grey horse and began to descend the mountain-path. And before him, invisible to mortal sight, flitted the cruel fate that was to wreak ruin on the House of Craigie.

Marjorie may have seen my Lady's litter, but my Lady was not therein. At a turn in the road Lord Kincardine's Wallace curvetted at the apparition of a bay palfrey; while his master's eye rested on a beautiful woman sitting erect in her saddle, and smiling at his obvious confusion. A couple of paces behind came Craigie himself, and the ensuing introductions were gone through with gay friendliness, and a glance or two from almond-shaped dark eyes, intoxicating as a witch's draught. For Arbell Lacy had learnt in France to use men's hearts as playthings for the passing of an idle moment, and so it was that the first sight Marjorie Craigie had of her father's bride was with her lover at the stranger's stirrups, an unwonted look of admiration on his handsome face.

The meeting between the two young women was very much more ceremonious than Lord Kincardine's had been. Lady Nesbit even, very dragon of propriety, could have found no fault in either's bearing; for she would not have remarked, and the bystanders did not, the steady glance with which each acknowledged the existence of an enemy.

It was a thing of little moment to triumphant Arbell, but Marjorie's heart sank lower for the death of a hope.

Aye, and as time sped onward, fear took the place of the vanished hope. Not a man in the clan but shared the chieftain's bewitchment for the Southron stranger, with her countless fascinations to charm away Highland prejudice and win Highland hearts. Before the pine-trees about the castle bent under that winter's snows,

Marjorie had learnt to recognise the truth that the clansmen would fight, if needs be, for her, but they would die willingly for the Lady Arbell.

If this witchery had but stopped at those who wore the Craigie badge! But, alas! 'twas not so. All the long winter Marjorie stood aside, watching the woman she hated playing with the man she loved, seeing the heart once all her own gradually stolen away. At first pride came to help her; but pain grew stronger than pride, and one spring morning, when the last snow wreath had vanished, and the larches were putting on tassels of rosy green, Marjorie stood once again with Kincardine on the castle platform, and, for the first and last time, let him see the treasure of her love.

"Eh, Walter," she cried, "I hae said never a word a' these wearifu' months, nor suld I noo, if I didna ken ye were biggin' a brig o' tow, o'er which ye'll never win! The witch-wife has ye in her toils, lad, but she recks little o' your luve or o' your wae. Gin ye luved anither lassie," she faltered, "wi' a hert i' her breist, I wad bite my tongue oot ere I said ae word, an' 'tis na for my ain sel' I speak the noo. Gae ye your ways, an' quickly, awa frae her; her chains will loose frae aff ye, an ye'll be your ain man ance mair."

"I see what I take to be my Lady's litter this moment through the trees."

Young Kincardine bit his lip, and gazed with sad admiration at the girl he even now held dear.

"Marjorie," he said, "I cannot! I can never win free. Sooner will that torrent ascend those cliffs than I break loose from

Arbell. If she plunged a dagger in my heart I yet should crawl to die at her feet!"

"God help you then, Walter!" Marjorie answered, and turned away, never again to call back her lover by word or sign.

As she entered the great hall she met Lady Arbell's *malin* glance. "Sainte Vierge!" she cried, "what a lovers' meeting! Full half an hour has passed while you gazed at the waters, and at the last he fled with not so much as a kissing your hand! Out of you, Madge! At the English Court our suitors practised a far different way of wooing."

Hitherto Marjorie had been conscious but of despair, but now a wild longing stirred in her even to strangle the dainty, dark-eyed creature nestling among silken cushions. Arbell went on mischievously—

"But you Scots are wondrous cold—'tis ice, not blood in your veins. In love or war *c'est égal*; like those savages one hears of, your first care is to preserve your dignity."

"'Twas soothly a wonder then, Madam, ye adventured yerself amang these savages," Marjorie retorted; "your light purse maun simply hae ootweighed your fears."

"Pardon, *ma mie*; we Lacys have no fears," drawled the other in indolent amusement. "It scarce becomes a Scot, methinks, to talk on such a theme."

"Wherefore?" demanded her step-daughter, with flashing eyes.

"Nay," returned Arbell carelessly, "at least, Scots have learnt to fear the edge of English swords. Was it not for dread of that they delivered their King, our Blessed Martyr, to his foes? Would any but a nation of lily-livered cowards have done the like?"

Marjorie started up: "It sorts ye weel to talk o' cowards," she cried. "Ye hae nae fears maybe in sellin' yerself to the highest bidder, an' facin' the lauch o' yer frien's, for the gowd i' an auld man's coffers, but I will shew ye ae thing which for as bauld as ye are ye darena do! Ye darena gae yer lane tae the western turret; an' dare ye face the wraith o' a deid woman, an' tak the jewels frae her keepin', which she has boun' wi' an awfu' curse? I wad fine like to see ye dare that, *Lady Arbell!*"

Arbell rose, white with anger.

"You shall see what a Lacy dares!" she panted, hastening from the hall to pace her own chamber with short, uneven steps.

And Marjorie's vindictive Highland blood leapt at the success of her heedless speech.

Up to the present the Lady of Craigie had thought but little of the old Scotch-woman's tale. There were other jewels in the Craigie treasures, and the hitherto penniless lass had been too content with her newly won wealth and dignity to concern herself with what might be an old wife's fable, after all. But now Marjorie's taunt woke her fiery spirit, and all that sunny afternoon, as she walked her room, or restlessly gazed from her casement, her brains seethed with fierce thoughts and unholy desires. And when the sky was flooded with daffodil light, which cast a peculiar radiance on Arbell's dress and hair and face, the girl clasped her hands and knelt before a picture of the Virgin Mother and her Holy Babe.

"Sweetest Mary," she whispered, "grant me but revenge! Or an thou give it not, let me take it: so I obtain it, I care not what price I pay."

Then she turned impatiently from the still faces limned on the golden background: "It boots little praying to the Saints for that I crave," she muttered; "the fiend were liker to serve my turn!"

The call to the evening meal interrupted her, and glancing fearfully behind her, Arbell hastened from the chamber, the echo of her own words ringing in her ears.

Arbell lay long wakeful in her bed that night, watching the moonbeams straying on the faded tapestry. But at long last she seemed to sleep, and as she slept she seemed to dream. It seemed to the girl that there was yet another presence in the room beside that of sleeping Craigie; she heard naught, she saw naught, and yet it was as though her soul were in the grasp of another soul, as though a will stronger than hers were laid upon her to obey. She seemed to rise and follow an unseen guide upstairs and through galleries striking chill to her naked feet, into a part of the castle hitherto strange to her.

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Arbell, decked in her rarest, gazed in the mirror's depths.

All around was very still; once and again summer lightning played across Arbell's nightgear, or a dark-winged thing floated past the window on the breeze. But to her the air was full of life; words written in fire seemed to dart across her brain, distinct as though whispered in her ear: "*Once more is the Curse ripe to work; the stones again cast glamour over wife of Craigie; the house trembles to the fall; the wrongs of the stranger-woman shall be avenged by the stranger-woman's woe!*"

And to Arbell's fancy a figure stood at her side, misty draperies of a foreign fashion veiling all save a face, the fairness of which could not be known for the sorrow therein.

"*Bethink thee while there is yet time*"—to Arbell's sharpened sense thus came the mournful pleading; "*spare my rash word. My pride and passion bred the wrong—set a seal on thine! A curse once spoken works its doom.*"

But mocking laughter filled the chamber, hopelessness drowned the pleading in the spirit-woman's eyes; before the powers of evil the light form vanished, and a horror of great darkness fell on Arbell.

Her revenge was given her, the price thereof a soul.

That night an heir was born to the House of Craigie.

The pride of motherhood was Arbell's to the full. Baby hands wellnigh sufficed to close the rift between herself and her stepdaughter: as the two beautiful women knelt beside the cradle, bitter for a space was turned to sweet, and for the baby's sake his mother and sister were fain to live in peace. With the dawn of softening, the pale windflowers of hope sprang up in Marjorie's breast.

But dust gathered on Arbell's scented rosary, and a silken scarf was flung over the picture of the Holy Child. A weight as of lead lay on her soul: her lips might not frame themselves to prayer.

Mighty preparations for the christening feast were toward in the castle. From far and wide the guests flocked; and Arbell, decked in her rarest, gazed in the mirror's depths. A pang shook her spirit; recent motherhood had paled the cheek's soft crimson, faint lines at the temple drew an unwelcome tracery. Arbell, turning feverishly to the carven awmbry for some ribbon with its trick of colour, lighted on a casket hitherto unseen. The girl fell back a pace, and knew it for what it was.

Then along the gallery came a sweep of garments. Marjorie entered, radiant in white and gold. Never before had Arbell seen her in such guise; her beauty could scarce be matched at Whitehall's self. A fierce fire of desire leaped in her rival's veins.

Marjorie, standing straight and tall in her bravery, marked nothing of the unfriendly glance. A tender smile curved the red lips as she bent to the window; it deepened as the clang of iron on stone cleft the silence. Flushing rosier than sunset cloudlets, she stepped lightly towards the hall.

For the space of an Ave the casket held Arbell's gaze; then, as though pressed by unseen hands, the lid sprang back; with a half-strangled cry, the girl fell on her knees in a long-unwonted attitude. For, as it were on a bed of molten fire, jewels of unearthly beauty lay before her; long rays of quivering light shot forth to her dazzled sight. The glitter and the changeful glory of them may well have been the glitter and the glory of the serpent, as he ambushed in the Garden of the Lord.

Slowly the baleful beauty worked the spell. Arbell knelt fascinated, till a malignant gleam dawned in her eyes; her hands drew the jewels to her. They kissed her milky neck and rounded arms, they nestled in the dark night of her hair, they heaved on the stormy heaving of her bosom. But as their beauty saluted the mirror on the wall, its age-old fastenings weakened; with a startling crash the bright crystal lay in shards at Arbell's feet!

Fast and furious grew the merriment of the night. For the beauty that enveloped Arbell, no one had seemed to note the gems. Once only had that beauty waned—when she stood with her child near the Holy Font. As the Sacred Sign was made, light and life had fallen from her, colour and glory had faded from the stones. But when she passed from the incense-laden chapel she shone the loveliest woman mortal eyes had seen.

Now from the feasting-tables a great cry pealed: all faces turned to the lord of the castle. An unbidden guest had mingled with the revel: Death held his bitter wine to Craigie's lips. With a shriek that reached the stars, Marjorie leapt to her feet, pointing to where Arbell sate by Kincardine, his curls sweeping her shoulder, their dalliance frozen on them by the horror of the moment.

"'The curse has worked!" the orphaned daughter cried. "The beginning of the end has come!"

Dead Craigie slept with his fathers, and the clan swore loyalty to their baby lord. Men talked of a flitting southwards for mother and child, but naught came of it; Highland air and Highland breeding were deemed meeter for the upbringing of a Highland chieftain. But whether, as old wives whispered, dying eyes had "overlooked" the babe, or, in sooth, the mother's breast was so stirred by passion as to harm the tender life, certain it was that as summer faded from the land, the baby drooped and faded too.

Sœur Angélique might forget the wrongs and wounds of Marjorie Craigie.

With every fibre of being, Arbell strove with fate. Madly she spurned the creeping fear; with the strength of despair she clave to her child. No prayer was hers; at times words so fell and blasphemous broke from her lips that the shrinking priest was fain to cross himself and flee.

November laid siege to Craigie Castle. The hoar-frost lay white without on the heather, but within, the massive walls breathed the icy wind of death. Arbell strained her child to her bosom, checking her feverish movements, compelling her parched lips to soothing lullabies. Her eyes noted nothing in all the chamber save her baby and the Angel of Death.

Suddenly Arbell rose, wellnigh casting the child to Marjorie. Snatching a casket from the awmbry, she sped down the massy stair. As her figure flashed upon the castle platform, a stumble brought her to her knees. The casket burst open in her hold; the stones within gleamed in their evil splendour.

For a pulse-beat Arbell wavered, then mother-love prevailed. Alas! on the slope leading to the Land of Woe, scant turning back may be.

Lifting the casket high above her head, she was about to hurl it into the torrent, when, from the castle at her back, a wailing cry broke forth. Louder it swelled, and louder; the air quivered with the clamour; the death-knell for the little white soul passed even then into the fields of Paradise.

With her child it was as though Arbell buried her woman-nature. Her gracious words and ways were of the past; Marjorie she flouted so openly that even Kincardine shrank. But the spell of her beauty was on him—that beauty which had glowed ever more richly since her night of widowhood. Shrink as he might, he was her bounden slave.

Marjorie, moving ghost-like through the castle, but tarried for the spring to bring a death-in-life, her self-chosen doom. The passionate Highland woman would draw to a cloister overseas, where the throbbing of a crushed heart might be stifled by the music of the Mass, and Sœur Angélique might forget the wrongs and wounds of Marjorie Craigie.

Truly it needed not a wisewoman to foretell that the healing that lay for her

overseas would but be found under the daisies and the whispering grasses.

Arbell refused to carry mourning for her child. She discarded even the tokens of widowhood, flashing into startling gaiety. "By the secrets of Albert!" she cried to all remonstrances, "'twere scarce seemly to weep as widow when in a space I shall prank as bride!"

With the dawning year drew on the bridal. No relations of the widow were

Horse and man were battling for life.

bidden—the world held no kin to Arbell. But she bade Kincardine be of cheer. "For," she said—and her laugh was a thing of dread—"many good friends of mine will hie them from north and south and east and west, lords of the country whither I shall fare one day!"

A great tempest raged over the mountains. On the wedding-day it mounted to its height; but the bride, tiring herself, only smiled thereat.

"Said I not a goodly company would come?" said she. "Ye lack ears if ye miss the trampling of their train!"

It needed not the tirewoman's skill to deck her mistress that night. The cloth of silver she had chosen, the Queen of Night was no whit fairer than Arbell. But when, with a reckless hand, she flung the fatal gems about her, her loveliness streamed forth tenfold. *She had taken to herself the beauty of Hell.*

And now but the bridegroom was lacking at her side. In the teeth of the tempest Arbell chose to stand on the castle stair, one polished arm raised above her head, grasping a torch, over which the wind continually triumphed. Heedless of the icy blast, her dark gaze piercing the night, she stood and waited there.

At last, through the howling of the storm, a horseman could be heard. From out the mirk into the circle of the castle lights, Kincardine rode, pale, storm-spent. But as the bride, descending, trod the terrace, a fearful gust dashed the torch from her hand to the feet of the frightened horse.

The hoofs grated on the stonework, the rider reeled to his saddle-bow. For one moment a struggling smote Arbell's ear—horse and man battling for but life, a relentless movement to the solid edge, then a dim mass looming over to the seething torrent below.

Straightway the storm fell, and a great stillness lay upon the mountains.

Then Arbell, with a laugh that might have chilled the Saints of Heaven through their calm, flung wide her white arms towards her doom, and leapt out into the night.

In the morrow's sunshine they drew her from the still pool below the torrent, and laid her beside her lover on the heather. But a horror seized on her bearers as they saw, in the stead of jewels on neck and breast and hair, weird marks seared the tender skin; and in later times it was darkly whispered that the Prince of Evil himself had claimed the woman who had cast her lot into his kingdom for her love and for her hate.

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"LORDS OF THE ISLES."

BRITONS WHO ARE PRACTICALLY MONARCHS.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

THOUGH many people may not know it is so, yet it is a fact that, taking the word "king" as being the symbol of sovereignty over a region which is entirely one's own — absolute, unquestioned sovereignty—there are some dozen Britons in various parts of our large Empire who may fairly claim that title. These men, of whom we shall shortly speak, not only possess special landed property of more or less extent, but that landed property is so situated that the owners are able to gaze round complacently, like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, and say truthfully with him, "I am monarch of all I survey!"

Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Most of these minor "Kings" rule over islands that acknowledge the dominant power, above all, of his Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. But, having owned that power in words, the islands may then be said to acknowledge absolute submission in all other things to the fortunate man who chances to hold the title of "Lord of the Isle." A capital example of this is seen in him who actually bears as one of his many titles that very one, "Lord of the Isles." Over many islands in the Hebrides, even such large ones as Mull and Islay, the Duke of Argyll, as head of the Campbells, bears unquestioned sway. As landed property, they belong to him; all the inhabitants are directly or indirectly his tenants. They have to acknowledge him as their lord, even did they not wish to do so. But, as a matter of fact, most of them are descended from the old Highlanders who have for centuries been under the rule of the MacCullum More, and they know no real Sovereign but the head of the Campbells. There are more than one would think possible of dwellers in the distant isles there who know practically nothing about King Edward, and have scarcely heard his name, let alone regard him as their Sovereign! To them *the* all-powerful man, whose rule they regard with awe, and whose person with due respect, is John Douglas Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Lord of the Isles.

Did he, or his "fiery-cross" messenger of modern date, say this or that must be, it must be, so far as the inhabitants are concerned; did he order them to oppose this or that, to fight for or against such a thing, they would troop to do his bidding as readily as their

ancestors did two hundred years back at the word of the chief Campbell of that date. The name of the Duke of Argyll is held in almost sacred, and certainly superstitious, reverence and awe by them, as well as in real love. Their fortunes, their money, and in most cases their very lives, are cheerfully at his disposal. May he not rightly be called their monarch?

As notable a figure in his way, and even more so as an actual Sovereign, is Sir Charles Anthony Brooke, who is supreme head of that region of the Island of Borneo, in the East Indies, known as Sarawak. His father, Sir James Brooke, went out there at the commencement of last century, or rather in its first quarter, and found a decaying Malay State infested by pirates and robbers of the worst type of Eastern despots. James Brooke, simple gentleman as he then was, set about clearing this lot out of Sarawak, and did the job so thoroughly and efficiently, by means of great bravery and indomitable will-power, that he was asked by the grateful Malays to become their actual ruler, and he consented.

Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
SIR CHARLES BROOKE.

He reformed the Government, put the finances into a prosperous state, took the reins of management into his own hands, and made Sarawak altogether a different place. He then formed a treaty of friendship with his Mother Country of Great Britain, and being assured of no molestation by the English Government, he took the title of Rajah, and was made a Knight. He ruled wisely and well, and was succeeded at his death by his son, the present Rajah, who has followed in his father's steps very closely, and has made an excellent Sovereign. Sir Charles Brooke served in the British Navy when a youth, and in 1885, having been Rajah of Sarawak since 1868, he was made a G.C.M.G. by our late Queen. He has a London residence, where he often stays, and his monarchy in the far-off East Indian island is a proof of what Englishmen can do in bringing the most awkward places into the line of Empire, if not troubled too much by a British Government bound hand and foot by red tape.

A "monarch" who reigns over a small "kingdom" not far from the English coast is a private gentleman. Mr. W. L. Cary is his name, and it may safely be said that few folk will even have heard that name, let alone have any idea where the lordship comes in. But, as most voyagers across the Irish Sea know well, there is a rugged island south of the Isle of Man known by the name of the Calf of Man, and this whole island is owned by Mr. Cary. He inherited it from his father, the late Colonel Cary, who died last year, and to him the few dwellers on the Calf of Man are both tenants and subjects, since they have to acknowledge all his rights over them and the whole island. Mr. Cary is at present in America, and last year an attempt was made to sell the Calf of Man by auction, but the reserve price was not reached.

The island kingdom ruled by this gentleman is about five miles in circumference, and contains some 616 acres of ground. Its chief value is as a rabbit warren and a home for sea-birds. Fishermen find much spoil and sport on its coast, and so a few of them live there, especially in the summer season. The rocks are steep and rugged, however, and the island is too much exposed and its soil too stony to prove very tempting as a dwelling-place to the average Briton of to-day. More than one hermit has found peace and rest within its bounds in days

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Photo. by Frith and Co., Reigate.

THE CALF OF MAN, OWNED BY MR. W. L. CARY.

gone by, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find any better spot for such within easy reach of England's shores.

The young Marquis of Bute is practically monarch of the island that gives him his title. He may be said to own all Bute,

Photo. by Frith and Co., Reigate.

MOUNT STUART, ROTHESAY, THE ISLAND HOME OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

which lies off Scotland's coast near the Firth of Clyde's entrance. And he has a lovely domain, too, for there are surely few spots, even in Bonnie Scotland, that can excel beautiful Bute. Who does not know the charms of Rothesay, the delights of the wooded glens and heathery hills for miles round it?

And what tourist in Bute can go a mile without being reminded in many ways that one John Crichton-Stuart, Marquis of Bute, is *the* person to whom all inhabitants look up as to the one that has full power over them and their property, which is in some way held from, or subject to, him? Mount Stuart, the princely island home of the Butes, is to the ordinary dweller there what Windsor Castle is to the average Englishman—the noble residence of his lord and master. And well does that lord and master reign. Bute may be reasonably proud of the much-beloved father. He is not yet twenty-one years old, having been born in June 1881; but the inhabitants of Bute have already taken him to their hearts, so to speak, and have acknowledged his sovereignty in something more than mere landlordship. Between him and them close bonds exist that one cannot doubt will be much strengthened as the years pass by.

Mr. George Clunies Ross is one of the most interesting Britons who have, by sheer force of character and energy, made themselves a position of monarchy, and his career is second in romance only to that of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak. George Clunies Ross, a daring Scotchman, went out when a young man to Sumatra, and settled down on the Cocos and Christmas Isles, off the Sumatran coast. Here he became gradually acknowledged by the dusky inhabitants as the cleverest and bravest man in their midst, and he was

Photo. by Wilson, Aberdeen.

ARRAN, THE ISLAND OWNED BY LADY MARY HAMILTON.

benevolent and noble Crichton-Stuarts, and of what they have done for its welfare.

The present Marquis, it will be remembered, only came into his "monarchy" last year, on the sudden death of his

made (*nem. con.*) their leader and chief in all matters of rule and government.

Mr. Ross accepted the post, and became thenceforth known as the King of the islands. He is helped in the actual

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governing of them by his brothers. All the Rosses have won native hearts, and made their rule more secure, by marrying dusky brides. These ladies are as fine specimens of the Cocos women as are their husbands of Scotland's splendid men, which is saying much.

Photo. by Wilson, Aberdeen.

BRODICK CASTLE, ARRAN, THE HOME OF LADY MARY HAMILTON.

Mr. Ross has had some awkward tasks in his kingdom. For one thing, he found that the men were severe masters, and ruled the women, often, indeed, beating them if the latter did not do what was wanted. Now he laughingly declares that the women hold the upper hand, and sometimes—beat the men! What can be done by an energetic Highlander as a King may be gathered from the fact that the Cocos and Christmas Islands have no public-houses, no money, no poor, no police, and no prisons. They are truly the "Isles of the Blessed."

Another Scottish monarch comes before us. It is a singular thing how Scotland is to the fore in this article, and yet not so very singular when we recollect Caledonia's capacity for always "coming to the top." All Arran, that charming island in the Firth of Clyde that one invariably associates with Bute, may, except a few farms, be set down as being under the sway of the princely house of Hamilton. In the late Duke's time he was the monarch of Arran; but when he died, the title and estates were separated to a great extent, and the daughter of the Duke, Lady Mary Hamilton, came into the latter, while the title passed to the next male relative.

Lady Mary Hamilton is yet a girl, some sixteen years of age, but there can be no doubt of her being the "Lady of the Isle." However much one is compelled to recognise the Bute sway in the island of that name, or the Campbell lordship in Mull, one is equally ever reminded of the fact, when in Arran, that one is journeying in the "land of Hamilton." When Lady Mary Hamilton comes of age she will be one of the very richest women in the world, and, possibly, actually the richest in these our own islands.

Arran is a noble inheritance, a splendid little kingdom to be monarch over. It has an area of 104,000 acres, and is twenty

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miles long by eleven wide, with a circumference of about sixty miles. And think what it means for a girl not yet seventeen years old to sit on her "throne" at Brodick Castle, in Arran, and to gaze over the miles and miles of lovely country round, all of which willingly and lawfully owns her sway as mistress!

Lundy Isle, in the Bristol Channel, also affords a private gentleman the opportunity of posing as a monarch. This spot, which contains 1153 acres, and is about three miles long, with an average breadth of about half to three-quarters of a mile, was purchased by the Heaven family in 1834, and now is presided over by Mr. Heaven, their descendant, who lives in a mansion in Millcombe Glen, on his island kingdom.

Lundy is a dozen miles from Devonshire, and the sail round it covers about nine miles. It has one small village, in addition to an odd house here and there scattered over it. Chiefly it is noted for its cattle and sheep runs, and for its fishing and seals. The latter frequent Lundy in fair numbers. The island can boast of a church, dedicated to St. Helen, and also of one or two lighthouses.

Mr. Heaven's kingdom is a quiet and peaceable one. His chief duties are to manage the hosts of invaders who troop over from the neighbouring shores of Devon, Somerset, and Wales, on pleasure and curiosity bent, under the much-meaning name of tourists. In olden days the family ruling the island had other tasks that needed much energy and ability to perform satisfactorily; for the island was a notorious place for smugglers, situated as it is just in the right spot for that kind of business. But the middle-aged ruler of Lundy to-day has fallen on more prosaic times: his invaders are of a different class. His subjects are few, their wants small; but he rules well, and his tenants are happy.

Yet one more monarch from the "land o' cakes." Off the coast of Argyllshire is the wild Island of Colonsay, not unknown in Scottish story and history. The "McNeills of Colonsay" have long been famous, and are not least so to-day. The present "Lord of the Isle" is Sir John Carstairs McNeill, V.C., the gallant soldier who has been appointed to the personal staff of King Edward VII.

Sir John is well known. His bravery has been proved again and again. It has been said that a man who knows well how to obey is the man who will know best how to rule. This being so, the proverb is abundantly justified in Sir John McNeill. For his rule in Colonsay is about as popular as such rule can be. Everybody you meet has a good word for him and for his sister, the celebrated Dowager-Duchess of Argyll. She, as Miss Ina McNeill, was supposed to be one of the most beautiful women Scotland has produced this last half-century; and Colonsay folk will tell you that she was ever as good as she was beautiful. They are "prood" of her, and of her having won the heart of the great MacCullum More. But they are still prouder that their own lord, Sir John, has added his name to "Britain's Roll of Glory" by winning the famous Victoria Cross.

Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

SIR J. C. McNEILL, V.C.

His retainers like him to dwell amongst them, at his castle in the old island home. They have known him from youth up; he and they are personal friends. Yet they never presume. He is monarch of Colonsay, and they love to tell you so. To them there is only one man worth mentioning in comparison with King Edward as a ruler, and that man is Sir John Carstairs McNeill.

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AS A TYPE OF OUR CHIVALRY.

By HERBERT C. MACILWAINE.

WHEN, of a certain Friday evening, a careless rumour was set agoing in the bachelors' quarters at Tarragunna cattle-station that by the next evening's coach a new barmaid was to be brought to the Post Office Hotel, over at the township, the four clean-run, healthy-looking young Britons who heard the news suddenly abandoned their pre-supper horseplay and assumed a studied air of world-weariness.

They asked languidly for confirmation of the report, and yawned over it in the manner of men whose appetite for news is all but starved into atrophy for lack of it through long residence in the back-blocks. Two of them discovered that they had business in outlying portions of the run for the following day; one was for staying in on the Saturday to do his home letters; and the ears of the fourth were made to tingle uncomfortably because, when he said that his saddle was in sore need of overhauling by the town saddler, he was accused by all the others of transparent baseness.

As a natural sequence of such protestations, at coach-time on the Saturday all four were to be found leaning in becoming attitudes against the same number of verandah-posts in front of the Post Office Hotel.

All of them were trim and shaven, and on the waist and hat of each there glowed sash and puggaree of unaccustomed splendour. Each man's stock-whip was looped with studied carelessness on shoulder or in hand, to signify that its owner, though at present in a state of picturesque repose, needed only the slightest of provocation to induce him to exhibit a fierce and reckless daring. Each one, moreover, as he looked upon his neighbour to right or left, showed himself to be possessed of that pitying scorn which is felt in its completeness only by the full-blooded youth who has convicted another of the practice of his own artless deceptions; but with one accord their eyes and foreheads cleared and took on an expression of limpid, engaging curiosity as the coach came labouring and plunging round the corner in the choking dust behind four spent horses, and drew up in front of the hotel.

Vincent, who had the body and limbs of a fighting-man, and a head that seemed to cry aloud for helmet or forage-cap to cover it, carried the position in front of the coach-step by smart and sudden tactics, and kept it; the other three jostled sternly but unobtrusively behind him for second place.

There were only two inside passengers in the coach. The man on the front seat—a person with a freckled, wizened face, inflamed eyes, and soiled and prominent teeth showing many miniature caves and crags among them—was shouting the climax of a tale, the propriety of which, even in a country famed for its anecdotes, it would not be just to classify as doubtful, to a girl who sat opposite him. She said "Go on!" at the conclusion of the tale, and flicked a diminutive lace pocket-handkerchief at him, in a manner denoting that she meant her words unequivocally. The male passenger climbed to the ground, laughing round hideously at his companion, and, stepping back on Vincent's toes, offered the girl his hand. She took it, and, after looking

at everything in sight, apparently, except the four graceful and be-sashed young men, she let herself down with a tender little gasp, and making a liberal show of ankles, into the arms of her fellow-passenger, whom she suffered to conduct her to the hotel door, where the heavy-jawed landlord was waiting to receive her.

The seasoned, domestic coach-driver, having rid himself of his coach and horses, came up to the four Englishmen, mopping his head.

"Any of you coves ever seen them stingin' trees what grows in the northern scrubs?"

The new chums gathered round him, glad of any temporary refuge from their humiliation. Sam Dadd, the driver, was famous for his aphorisms. The four young men all profusely confessed their ignorance of the vegetables in question.

"No?" Sam continued mildly. "Well, they're Hell, that's all. Nettles is only feather-dusters by the side of 'em. See?" He cast his moist handkerchief reflectively into the crown of his hat and carefully inspected the brim of the enormous felt before putting it on. Then he made for the bar.

"What," Vincent asked irritably, "have these stinging trees got to do with the Dog Act, Sam?"

The driver looked round sternly at the group. "Uh? If I brings one up in the coach one day, and plants it round here somewhere, and some of you ones goes rampin' mad through rubbin' of your hides agin it, well then, don't go and say I didn't tell you the nature of the animal. See?" And the bar swallowed him.

"Sam's more cryptic than usual," said Sturgis, who, having failed for the Indian Civil, was regarded as the authority on matters of learning.

The new chums, suddenly reunited by a common loathing of the male coach-passenger, went slowly in straggling file round to the rear of the hotel. There they held an informal indignation meeting in the stables.

"To think of that unmitigated bounder," Vincent said, swinging his whip-handle *between his knees as he sat* on the crib, "taking advantage of an innocent girl like that and telling her beastly stories! This country's simply intolerable."

"And did you see," said Spicer, the one whose services had been lost to the medical profession through the obstinacy of examiners, "how she had to gammon to *like* the creature, just to save herself from worse insult?"

The rest murmured approval, and Sturgis said decisively: "The animal shows one how far a man may get in this world from having the faintest glimmer of a notion of what it is to be a gentleman."

"The b—beast," Whitton said; and gulped. The others watched him respectfully, and knew by his stammer and by the moisture on his prominent eyeballs that he would treat of this matter in his letters home in a way to do credit to them all. He it was who had on the night before vowed his spare hours on this Saturday to his belated correspondence.

By the time that the four new chums left the stables they had debated themselves into the state of mind of so many knight-errants craving employment at the rescue of beleaguered virgins; which showed that, whatever un-British things they had learned at the Antipodes, they had neither gained upon their contemporaries at home in dexterity at misreading feminine character, nor failed to profit by the example of their elders in the practice of humbug as devout as it is transparent.

They re-entered the hotel by the rear, Vincent once more, as if by accident, in the lead. The "parlour"—a desolate place filled with exasperating furniture and ornaments, and reserved for customers of distinction—was closed, and inside it the male coach-passenger was telling the barmaid another story. The men outside trooped off silently, wearing an injured air, to the bar.

In half an hour Vincent emerged, closely followed by the others; all of them were thoughtful-looking and slightly flushed. Sounds of revelry were still issuing from the parlour.

"Let's go and rag old Bimmy about the new girl," Whitton, the letter-writer,

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suggested. "I saw him watch her as she arrived."

The four men silently welcomed the suggestion as highly seasonable by wheeling into line and facing across the roadway towards the white-walled, tin-roofed "Tarragunna Cosmopolitan Store"; a breeze of joyous laughter in duet seemed to hurry them on their way.

When they arrived, the storekeeper was slowly laying down a bar of yellow soap before a firm-built, olive-skinned matron. The new chums took their places, two on the long counter and two on a pile of sugar-mats, and waited seriously and silently.

"I said raisins, not soap, Mr. Bimrose," the lady said sternly, and rapped the counter.

The storekeeper was looking with two pale, heavy-lidded eyes out of the door over her shoulder towards the parlour-windows opposite, and the customer followed his look. When she turned back to him and said "Oh!" Mr. Bimrose sank behind the counter and busied himself at the raisin-box. When he emerged, his countenance, pasty and freckled before, was vivid crimson to the roots of his erect sandy hair and the tips of his prominent ears. The customer pounced on her packet of raisins and left the store abruptly.

When the four Englishmen left the town it was night. They rode the two miles that lay between the township and the station somewhat dejectedly. Vincent, in the lead throughout the journey, held his lips tight and his eyes fixed upon the little cluster of yellow lights that picked out the homestead windows from the waste of darkness; Whitton, in the rear, alternately gazed profoundly upward into the star-crowded heaven, and with his chin upon his chest, breathed heavily through his nose; the other two rode limply, swore considerably at their horses, quarrelled over the correct Christian name of a London variety actress, and relapsed finally from mutual charges of irritability into sulky silence.

The man whom they had ragged, having put out the lamps in his store, sat long upon the doorstep *and watched* the lights in the hotel die one by one behind the curtained windows till the whole house-front was dark. Then he laid his head upon his folded arms, that rested on his knees, and fell asleep.

This man possessed, deep-hidden somewhere in a clumsy body and a cloudy mind, a tender spirit which the manly new chums had left crushed and sore within him. Joshua Bimrose—an idealist born to drudge in a country grocery—was of that melancholy order of human compounds over whose youth the angels and some women weep, and upon whom boys contrive to inflict their most telling tortures. A term of school-life of the requisite severity might have either killed Joshua or have drummed into him the gospel of expediency as it is practically expounded by the English schoolboy, who fits himself and his contemporaries for life beyond the school-gates by an effectual bludgeoning and strangling of unremunerative sentiment wheresoever it shows itself. But Joshua's idealism, wanting this wholesome extinction or restraint, flourished unchecked behind the counter of the village grocery till, when he reached the age of young manhood, he thrilled with a passionate adoration of impossible grace and purity in woman, and of impracticable rectitude in man, that would not have misbecome a Lohengrin.

But then the secret and hidden Joshua and the parcel-tying Joshua visible to man were as cruelly mismatched as Beauty and the Beast. Joshua the grocer was civil, quiet, steadily competent, and marked for success in the trade which Joshua the idealist loathed with all his heart. The standard of chivalrous behaviour set up by the hidden Joshua was travestied in its interpretation by the heavy-handed outer Joshua in a lubberly, uneasy manner that left him a social impossibility to any but his born equals, to whom, again, the inner Joshua was hopelessly alien. While the invisible Joshua fearlessly transacted imaginary love-scenes with the leading ladies of the parish, the visible one was incurably shy, silly, and unperceiving, and ready to be fooled by any vulgar minx to the verge of

moral and financial indiscretion—but not beyond it; the fleshly Joshua, Puritan and commercial man, saw to that.

As regarded the relations between his inner and his outer self, the man was something in the position of a king who has locked himself in and lost the key, and who can only issue unheeded commands through the keyhole to a parcel of clowns who have usurped his kingdom, and made it their business to render it ridiculous to the world.

Like all idealists, and most other people, Joshua held peculiarly wrong-headed notions about the Colonies. He believed that class distinctions were non-existent there, and that a man by taking ship thither can leave his undesirable qualities behind him; also that life's almighty little worries are killed in the free air of the bush like micro-organisms in boiling water.

When he wakened, cramped in body and bruised in heart, from the sleep on his doorstep, and groped his way to his lonely bed, he observed, with that fell clearness of perception that comes occasionally in the dead of night to all of us, that he was just the same double-yoked, self-loathing Joshua—sound and successful in business, a social clodpole, a creature for ever libelling his better instincts—that had burst his bonds in mid-Somerset to re-rivet them firmer than ever in Central Queensland.

Bimrose was wrong there: he was not quite the same, else how should the inner Joshua, in his character of Sir Galahad, have suddenly driven the fleshly one to rise up from perching in his night-shirt on the edge of his bed in the dark, and to stalk up and down the room, smiting the hot weather-board walls again and again as he repeated "I am no gentleman. Maybe not; but they shall not among them all injure her innocence or hurt one hair of her head!"

It was a poor, muddled rendering of the knightly stirrings that were agitating the spiritual Bimrose, and the lean-shanked figure, hurting its toes as it stumbled *against boots* and furniture, was supremely *ridiculous. Nevertheless,* for dull-bodied, slow-thinking Joshua Bimrose to be outwardly moved to anything beyond a passive, fishy stare by his inward monitor, signified that the times ahead were full of wild uncertainty for Tarragunna township.

II.

A little, single, sunken rock, when the tide suits, will trip up a lazy, peaceful-looking sea-swell, and thrash it suddenly into hungry, spouting breakers ready to swallow a dozen men and spit them out the next minute like so many drowned rats.

There is no finer parable than that in the world of mother Nature's deadly fickleness in general, or, in particular, of the influence of woman—woman of a certain sort. Given the conditions ripe, and a female to suit them, and she may do anything in the way of destruction in any normal, apparently dull, community, from the mere laying in waste of a suburban villa to figurative immoral skittle-playing, with crowns and coronets for ninepins; and she will do it all as consciously, and take as much thought over it and for the morrow, as is taken by the submerged rock when it lashes the placid-seeming sea above it into drowning a dozen men and ruining a dozen women's lives.

The new barmaid at Tarragunna filled the part of the sunken rock to the limit of her powers, which were considerable.

She was so bright, so winsome and gay, so pretty with her china-milkmaid's skin and delicious short, close-curling hair, that the fame of her went out afar; and men gathered in from the four quarters of the compass and paid the price—across the bar of the Post Office Hotel—of enjoying her extremely familiar conversation.

It was a heavy toll that she levied across the zinc-covered counter, as the saturnine landlord of the hotel found cause to observe when he wiped his pen on his hair after making up his accounts at the end of the new barmaid's first month of office. He gave his abdominal chuckle as he contemplated the remarkable

increase in the number of drinks consumed on the premises and of bottles taken away for consumption elsewhere. It would have needed a bigger page and a subtler method of computation than the addition of money columns to have made tally of the other effects wrought by the barmaid during that time upon the lives of the adult male population of Tarragunna and its surrounding country.

On the fifth Sunday after her arrival the four Station new chums, squeezed

"Mr. Sturgis," she said, looking at the erudite one with a full-orbed languor of admiration, "wouldn't be so ungentlemanly." Then she withdrew to the further end of the bar, and sulked there deliciously for several seconds.

The sulk was succeeded by a shrinking pose, signifying maidenly bashfulness ineffectually struggling to quell a longing to give some tender manifestation of the whole-souled admiration that was consuming her. From where she stood now

"Mr. Vincent, how dare you!" she said.

close together and standing on their toes, leant over the bar. Each man held his glass with one hand and left the other free to snatch at the barmaid in case she came within his reach. She eluded the clutchings or permitted them with that delighted shudder of protest which gives the surest encouragement to such advances.

"Mr. Vincent, how *dare* you!" she said, with a lovely pout of her ripe lips, as she freed her wrist from him. "Look," and she showed Spicer where the pattern of the curb-chain bracelet—the gift of sentimental Whitton, by the way — had been pressed upon her round white arm.

Mr. Bimrose was visible in his doorway across the street.

Passion apparently triumphed; she waved him a kiss with the hand that had gone shyly to her lips, and then skipped back to the new chums, her eyes brimful of what stood with her for guileless mischief.

"It's old Dough-face," she giggled, and seemed to promote each youth to be the special crony of her confidences.

"He's going it," she continued, bubbling over with laughter; "going it that way. Oh, Lor! I told you how he carried on las' week. Well, that was a

fool to yes'day. Kee-he-he! When I went out with him las' night——"

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The new chums with one accord smothered a growl.

"——Well? And—B-r-r-r-oo to the lot of you. I did, then—on the new lady's saddle and the lovely horse he gave me. So there! He don't spend all his money in drink, doesn't Mr. Bimrose. He likes to give pleasure to others, *he* does!" She had drawn herself back against the bottle-rack, and spoke with a lofty, injured emphasis.

Then she flung herself impetuously and coaxingly down again upon the counter.

"You four old lovely gooses. It's a gentleman I want, and none of your counter-skippers. I want a squatter"—she got a volley of eye-shots home on all four hearts with that word—"or a soldier, or a medical gentleman, or a scholar, or a—a—some well-bred handsome fellow."

When she had thus finished them individually, Vincent was stroking the flossy curls, Spicer was caressing the mark left by the bracelet, Sturgis was fondling the other hand; while Whitton's prominent eyes were fixed upon the white skin of her neck, which his big brown fingers were permitted for the moment to pinch gently.

"To see old Ginger over there," she continued, "get off his horse and sprawl out before me on his knees like a sackful of suet dumplings, and lay 'is 'and and 'is 'eart and 'is worldly goods at me horse's feet. Oh my! Oh——!" She slapped her knees, bent double with the excruciating recollection.

There is no need further to describe the scene, except to note that, for the ensuing half-hour, though the barmaid piped, only three of the new chums danced entirely to her liking. Vincent suddenly drew back midway in the silly revels, and fixed her with a still yet fiery stare that, while it flattered far beyond the antics of the others, also scared her, though agreeably, with its steady ferocity.

It was, perhaps, the discomposing look of Vincent that drove the girl finally to bait the four men into mounting their horses and starting on a race down the length of the town. The prize for the winner was to be a kiss from her, given when nobody was looking. Vincent drew back at first from this wild competition, but smiled oddly, and finally joined in after she had privately hissed a suspicion of cowardice at him.

At a flutter of her handkerchief, the four young fellows—whose expensive moral training should have taught them better—went thundering down the main street of the raw, heat-sodden town. The girl eyed approvingly the scalding dust that coiled up in their wake and hid them, and the appearance of several delighted townsmen who ran out to applaud the show; then she tripped off daintily to lock herself in her bed-room.

Vincent, having seen the others well upon their way, flung himself back upon his horse, sawing furiously at its mouth, returned quietly to the hotel, and dismounted. The barmaid had stopped before the parlour door to trim herself a little. Before she could cry out a hand was on her mouth, she was swung into the parlour, the door was shut, and with his back to it there stood Vincent, transfigured by a contained fury of passion.

He pinned her arms to her sides, and told her, leaving no room for misunderstanding, that, body and soul, she was to be his, and no other man's; that she was to swear it now or be broken on his knee like a dead twig.

The woman was born to trade blithely in men's folly, to their cost and her own advantage. This was her first experience of the devil that sleeps so lightly at the base of those trim soldier-Saxon skulls, and she was not prepared to deal with it. She turned away her head and whimpered, scared at this last disreputable triumph on which she had driven blindfold. She was aware that one more look at this man meant owning him her master and making the first promise she would ever keep. He shook her so that her teeth chattered in her head, and bid her promise, or die where she stood.

You may call it a wanton's vagary, or give the impulse a nobler name, but as her eyes swung towards him to render her

submission, they swept across the window: she saw Joshua Bimrose at his door, standing like a runner strung for a start, and she screamed.

That scream brought Vincent half to himself by confronting the old Berserk devil in him with the law of later times. He was still holding the barmaid by both arms when the door behind him was burst open and a blow on the left ear sent him staggering free of her. As he turned to fight, he faced the large pale eyes and flabby face of Joshua Bimrose, who held the barmaid sobbing in his arms. At the same instant the jingling tramp of the new chums' horses broke upon his ears, and Vincent was his own man again. Hit that thing? Be found by his chums brawling in a pot-house with a cad—and such a cad—over such a slut as this? No, never.

He pinned her arms to her sides.

The new chums dismounted, arguing furiously. They had all won; but their dispute died down suddenly when, in answer to Vincent's call, they came to the parlour door. Vincent was once more the pink of gentlemanly bearing. Joshua, oblivious of all other things, was stroking the curly head on his shoulder and murmuring comfortingly in the barmaid's ear.

"Mr. Bimrose and I," Vincent said with frigid politeness, "have a little matter of business together that you gentlemen must help us to settle up, if you will be kind enough. We will meet you in the store, Mr. Bimrose, when you are quite ready." He went out with stately gravity, and drew the others after him with a look, unseen by the preoccupied Joshua, that promised sport of the very finest description.

An hour later, Joshua had closed the store, and was sorting and tearing up among his private papers. He was bathed in cold sweat, and now and then he clasped his face in both hands and moaned. For the honour of the woman he loved—the barmaid—he was to meet Vincent next morning, at daybreak, a mile from the township, to fight with pistols. Vincent's scheme for getting out of an ugly situation had worked beautifully; the preliminaries of the duel had been arranged with tragic solemnity. Joshua was born with the cowardice that goes along with soft muscles and slow blood; the heart in him laboured at its beating now, and cold fear was in his marrow.

III.

It is neither creditable nor comforting, but it is true, that men of the Joshua Bimrose pattern — and it is the commonest of types — have a heavy price to pay for any indulgence in the delirious joy of acting on their highest impulses. They are the living emblems of the unpalatable

truth that action and principle—notably in the imaginative—are as a general thing best apart.

The forces of the world that dog the steps of indiscretion were at work that evening, in and about Tarragunna, to visit Joshua with the penalty of his folly in that crowded moment when, for the first and last time, his dull body had done to the letter the full commands of his imperious spirit. For the barmaid across at the hotel was ogling her mirror and giggling over the rescue of her destructive charms, and wondering how long it would be before the now hopelessly enslaved storekeeper would bring her a certain necklet which she had indicated as desirable. And up at the station the four new chums were gleefully employed upon the emptying of two revolver-cartridges and the replacing of their leaden bullets by two others, made of blotting-paper wads, moulded and blackleaded to represent the more deadly article.

Meanwhile, Joshua's dread of what lay before him mounted and mounted, till by starry midnight, when there was no pretext left him for further occupation, he sat once more on the lonely doorstep, in a waking nightmare of frozen fear. It was pure, ignoble cravenness, a sheer consuming sickness of terror, without pride in his cause if without regret for his action. He was afraid for his life; the other powers of his mind were swallowed up in that. And yet not wholly: even stronger than terror there stood unshaken the resolve that he would go out and die in the woman's cause, for that he would be shot at daybreak his coward's conscience assured him.

If the cold, collected courage of the brain is nobler than bravery of the blind, blood-driven order, then such steadfastness as Joshua's to die in the field, that could withstand such fear as his, is of the finest courage in the world.

As he sat at midnight, racked with intolerable dread, and groaning weakly now and then, some presence near seemed gradually to work upon him soothingly, so that at first he stopped his moaning and *finally lifted his head.* He saw a woman's figure drawn black against the starshiny darkness of the street, and held out both arms to it, speaking the barmaid's name. The figure stepped back hastily and squared its elbows. .

"I'm none of your trollops, Mr. Bimrose," it said sternly.

"Mrs. Dwyer?"

"Ay. Then you're not cured of her yet, spite of all her tricks? Oh, I've watched you through it all, though since the day you offered me soap for raisins, and you watching for her over my shoulder, I haven't darkened your door."

"I think it will be over—to-morrow." Joshua laid his head wearily against the doorpost.

The Widow Dwyer had charged her lungs for a fresh onslaught, but she eased her breast silently on second thoughts and put her face close to the storekeeper's. "What is it?" she asked. "There's some mischief afoot. Why was it they ran you into the parlour? Come!"

Joshua shook his head.

"See." She sat down on the doorstep close beside him. "You're a fool!" She laid a strong arm across his shoulders.

Bimrose, with his chin in his hands, stared out into the darkness. She railed at him, more and more plain-spokenly, for his folly; but with each epithet she hugged him a little closer, till at last, with both arms about him, she sobbed quite unrestrainedly on his neck. But Joshua was dumb, and never moved. Not even when he heard the widow, still sobbing, close the bed-room window in her cottage next door.

The Widow Dwyer was a warm, sable-eyed, brown-skinned beauty, bred in the green heart of one of those Somersetshire valleys where the old yeoman stock, made kindly by the lingering strain of the Celt, is as yet unimproved by mechanics and the culture of the Board school. She was born a manager, and needed only one lesson—when she rebelled against a step-mother and emigrated to Queensland—to teach her all the wisdom that she wanted to guide her safely in the world. She got the lesson by marrying the wrong man, Jim Dwyer. He was the smartest

horseman in the district, and the sunniest companion—except at home. He was bone-idle, and cut out to play the local Rip van Winkle, if his wife, a perfect housewife, had not washed and ironed him and kept him spotless, though she could not always keep him sober. He was brought home one day with a broken neck, and except two lovely little girls, she had little left to remind her pleasantly of him. She made her washtubs yield them open and set him free. Then the widow sat down to mend them and to wait.

To sit there unresponsive in the widow's warm embrace had filled poor Joshua's cup of bitterness to the very brim. For somehow, at the wholesome woman's touch his old world had fallen into ruins about his ears. Dimly he saw his folly. But he would go—he would go—to the field of honour, and be shot

They crowded back and to the end of the room.

food and shelter for the three, and set out to look for the right Number Two by the light of the lesson read her by the wrong Number One. When Joshua Bimrose came, she laid her nets for him, gently but firmly, and before the eyes of all men. She heard the tang of her beloved home-speech, saw the thriving store, the manageable outer man, and—alone in Tarragunna—the kindly inner one. The nets were closing gently round the tractable Joshua when the barmaid arrived to cut amid the wreckage of his life. He had to set his chin hard in his hands and grip his jaws firmly while the widow cried over him. But he held on.

He held on till the hotel roof across the way showed black against a silvering in the solemn east and the cocks flung out their greeting to the dawn. Then a horseman stood before him in the growing light.

It was Sturgis, his second; and Joshua rose up and followed him, his feet

overlapping strangely now and then as he planted them carefully in the dew-moistened dust of the street.

The farce of the blotting-paper bullets would never have been played out had not the chief actor been so lost in his part that he saw nothing of the palpable humbug that underlay the new chums' stately punctilio, and heard nothing of the explosions of laughter that took place when the emotional Whitton retired at frequent intervals behind a friendly tree-bole. Joshua had no strength left in him to give heed to other things beside the strangling of the fear that, if he had loosed his grip of it for one instant, would have flung him on his knees and made him cry himself a coward and ask for mercy.

So, outwardly passive as a log, his brain toiling senselessly to stiffen his boneless legs and spineless back, he heard, as we hear things pass in dreams, voices immeasurably tiny and infinitely remote, and felt hands upon him—hands that for all he knew might have been reached from the moon—placing him in position and putting something in his hand. That Vincent stood before him, side-on, with hand on hip, the pattern of a soldier, and also holding a pistol; that the sun was up and the earth about him in a blaze of morning glory—all this Joshua saw as clean-cut as a cameo, but isolated and distant as though he stood in a tunnel and saw, far, far off, how the black mouth of it framed this sunny spot and the steady figure in its centre. Then a voice called from the bounds of space: "Are you ready? One—two—three—fire!" And he fired, and saw the flame leap out of the small bright ring of Vincent's pistol-muzzle. He wondered, feeling very cosy, why there was no sound to those pistol-shots, and then——

"He's dead," Spicer, the medical expert proclaimed, as he stood up with a foot on each side of Bimrose, who had wilted down pitiably in his tracks. "Dead! Oh! God Almighty," he added softly, "we're all murd—Glct——" He clutched at his heaving throat.

The verdict was not questioned. The two seconds drew back, glaring at the thing on the ground. There was a sluggish trickle of blood on its forehead. The three clung together and talked insanely in whispers into each other's face. Vincent stood with the pistol fallen to his side.

The barmaid, clad in a soiled dressing-gown, and with her fringe in curling-pins, was dusting in the bar half an hour later, and started as the four new chums tramped suddenly in. She read horror in the face of each as she handed them glasses and the brandy-bottle. Vincent's was the only steady hand; Whitton's teeth chattered on the glass as he gulped at the raw spirit.

The barmaid's blue eyes looked horrible beneath the cruel knot of the eyebrows, the little round, vacant forehead, and the undressed hair. "Is it," she said, looking slowly from man to man—"It *is*—murder—you four have been up to."

She darted to the end of the bar, and looked at Bimrose's open, empty doorway, and darted back.

"What"—her voice rang like steel—"*what* is it? Where is Bimrose? Ha! Blood." Her eyes clung to Spicer's fingers; he shook them from him furiously, upsetting his glass.

She held to the bottle-rack behind her, with both arms outspread. "Is he dead?" she whispered, following with a dreadful intenseness Spicer's hysterical efforts to wipe off the blood.

"Yes, he is dead. I killed him," said Vincent steadily.

"Then you," she said slowly, "and I—all of us—are——" She stopped. The cruel eyes seemed to leap in their sockets, and she thrust out both arms towards the door, holding the hands palm outward and the fingers spread. "Look," she said thickly.

As the four men looked, they crowded backward to the end of the counter and pressed against the wall, clawing at one another for hindmost place, but staring all the while at the doorway.

Joshua Bimrose was there, looking with a corpse-like stare from the barmaid to the

young men and back again. The second time his eyes were turned upon the girl she fell fainting beneath the counter. A bottle of soda-water was exploded by her fall, and for a moment the fizz of the escaping-gas sounded alone.

Then the Widow Dwyer stepped firmly into the picture and took Joshua under an arm. The crowded new chums began to unpack themselves and to breathe again.

"Pick her up," the widow ordered, nodding towards the invisible barmaid. "Oh" — tenderly shaking the feeble Joshua—"he'll be none the worse. I found him where you young gentlemen left him when you'd done with him. And I think"—she summed up squarely—"that all of you, one way or another, have had a lesson that'll do you for your lives!" She marched the docile Joshua away.

If the young Englishman, unintellectual but sound-cored, when he slips the short and stiff home tethers, is apt to go wide and join that "Lost Legion" whose roster is unkept, he is yet in the earlier stages of his defection, readily reclaimable beneath the standard of a sufficient respectability.

Mrs. Bimrose was little older than the late Widow Dwyer when, without going unnecessarily deep into its subtleties, she realised this healing truth, and saw her forecast of the moral effects of the recent unfortunate events work itself out substantially in practice. Sam Dadd, the aphorist, blandly drove the barmaid west in search of fresh and greener pastures. Mr. Bimrose, under sound and unobtrusive domestic management, became, from being the butt of the youth of Tarragunna, a buttress of the town's good name. And while the four new chums remained in that neighbourhood there was not one of them but would have taken the field on short notice to vindicate the honour of the house of Bimrose — and that without making inquiry, either, as to whether or no it was intended to load up the weapons to be used with projectiles of desiccated blotting-paper.

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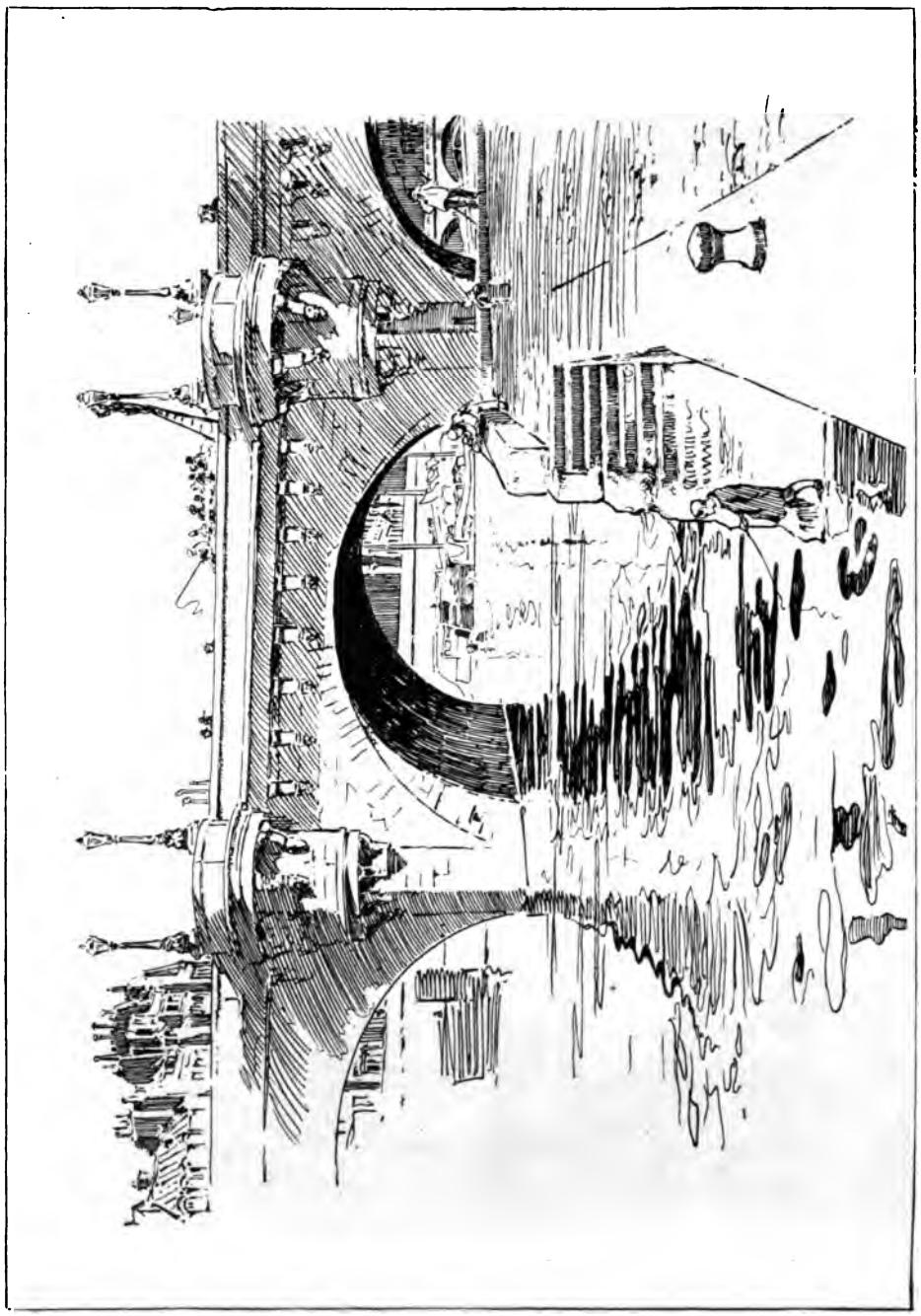

PICTURESQUE PARIS: THE PONT NEUF.

Drawn by A. Hugh Fisher.

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IN CHARLES DICKENS'S COUNTRY.

By WALTER DEXTER.

TO Stratford-on-Avon, Abbotsford, Grasmere, and Newstead thousands of pilgrims wend their way every year to pay homage to the homes of Shakspere, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. But Rochester claims but a tithe of the devotees of Charles Dickens. Yet Rochester is more to Dickens than Stratford-on-Avon is to Shakspere. In Rochester Dickens laid the scenes of many incidents in his books. Near Rochester he passed a part of his childhood; at Gad's Hill, two miles from Rochester, he lived the best part of his manhood; and at Gad's Hill he died. Dickens Land is too often forgotten, especially by the novelist's own countrymen, though foreigners and Americans are more zealous in the respect which they pay to the country of the great writer.

To the uninitiated, Rochester is perhaps too often coupled with the mouth of the Thames and the shipbuilding yards at Chatham. The natural inference is that Rochester savours of dirt and mists and fogs and unwholesome odours, which render it a place to be avoided save under compulsion. This will perhaps account for the lack of visitors to Rochester and the surrounding district. A day in Rochester, even under the worst of skies, will soon disillusionise the former absentee, but we cannot imagine that the traveller who visits the city for the first time on a bright summer's day could be otherwise than charmed with it and its neighbourhood.

ROCHESTER CASTLE, FROM THE BRIDGE.

The river Medway, softly flowing by the city's side, the grey old fortress on its bank, with the Cathedral-spires peeping above it, the quaint old High Street and its many associations with Dickens and his works, will all tend to make the visitor's short stay one of never-to-be-forgotten pleasure.

Rochester is only thirty miles from London, and we may regard it as the

centre, the capital, of Dickens's country. To cycle from London to Rochester and the whole round of Charles Dickens's country in a day is well within the powers of a cyclist in good trim, the total distance being a little over seventy miles. But the prudent cyclist will allow himself two days in order to lessen the toil of a pleasure. However, neither the cyclist nor the pedestrian will claim our exclusive attention, but we will take up our head-quarters at the Bull Hotel, as Mr. Pickwick and his three friends did before us.

THE BULL HOTEL, ROCHESTER.

Of Rochester, what better description can we have than Mr. Jingle's, as he sighted the Castle: "Ah! fine place—glorious pile—frowning walls—tottering arches — dark nooks — crumbling staircases—old Cathedral, too—earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors — confessionals like money-takers' boxes at the theatres—queer customers these monks—fine place—old legends, too—strange stories: capital." And the stranger continued to soliloquise until they reached the Bull Inn, in the High Street.

"Do you remain here, Sir?" inquired Mr. Nathaniel Winkle.

"Here?—not I—but you'd better—good house—nice beds—Wright's, next house, dear—very dear—half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—charge your more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room—rum fellows—very."

The landlord knows the value of Mr. Jingle's recommendation, and has imprinted on either side of the hotel entrance—

GOOD HOUSE. NICE BEDS.
VIDE "PICKWICK."

The old Bull Inn, where we are now staying, is not much changed since Mr. Pickwick's days. It is true the name has been

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EASTGATE HOUSE, ROCHESTER (FRONT VIEW).

altered to the Victoria and Bull Hotel, in honour of the fact that her late Majesty, when Princess Victoria, slept there one night on her return to London, being unable to proceed any farther, because the bridge over the Medway had been damaged by a recent storm. Although the name has been slightly modified, the house is just as it always was. The fine oak staircase leads up to the ball-room where Mr. Jingle masqueraded in Mr. Winkle's dress-suit with such unexpected results. The hotel is proud also of the possession of some of the furniture which was purchased at the sale at Gad's Hill, after Dickens's death.

Chatham adjoins Rochester, but does not contain any relics of Dickens other than the recreation-grounds called "Chatham Lines," where the great review in "Pickwick" took place, and the meadow near Fort Pitt, the scene of the memorable duel between Mr. Winkle and Dr. Slammer, which duel, it is perhaps needless to point out, did not "come off." The house where the Dickens family lived when Charles was between five and ten years of age is now pulled down, and the old marine store where David Copperfield sold his "little weskit" to the drunken old man who, with his "goroo, goroo, goroo," bid him "go for fourpence," is also now no more. Returning from Chatham to Rochester,

EASTGATE HOUSE, ROCHESTER (SIDE VIEW).

we find on our right Eastgate House, which figures in "Edwin Drood" as the Nuns' House. Dickens describes it as follows: "In the midst of Cloisterham [Rochester] stands the Nuns' House, a venerable brick edifice whose appellation is doubtless derived from the legends of its conventual uses. On the trim gate enclosing its old courtyard is a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend, 'Seminary for Young Ladies, Miss Twinkleton.' The house-front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shiny and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye."

Eastgate House forms one of the most picturesque bits of the High Street, one side of the old building being half hidden from the roadway by overgrown trees, which grace the walls on either side of the gate. The whole scene of "Edwin Drood" is laid in Rochester. "Cloisterham," Dickens called it, explaining—

"For sufficient reasons, which this narrative will itself unfold as it advances, a fictitious name must be bestowed on the old Cathedral town. Let it stand in these pages as Cloisterham. It was once possibly known to the Druids by another name, and certainly to the Romans by another, and to the Saxons by another, and to the Normans by another; and a name more or less in the course of many centuries can be of little moment to its dusty chronicles. An ancient city, Cloisterham, and no meet place for anyone with hankerings after the noisy world. A monotonous, silent city . . . the streets of Cloisterham city are little more than one narrow street by which you get into it and get out of it; the rest being mostly disappointing yards with pumps in them and no thoroughfare."

"Over against the Nuns' House," we are told, are premises of Mr. Sapsea,

THE HOUSE OF MR. SAPSEA, HIGH STREET, ROCHESTER.

the "purest jackass in Cloisterham—Mr. Thomas Sapsea, auctioneer." There, opposite Eastgate House, is still the old house of "the jackass," now transformed into a shop.

It is a pleasant stroll to the precincts of the Cathedral, and in these few yards are to be found some of the quaintest and rarest bits of the old city's architecture. Not far from the Nuns' House, and on the same side, is the House of "The Six Poor Travellers," which formed the basis for a short story, entitled "The Seven Poor Travellers," which appeared in *Household Words* for Christmas 1854. It is a peculiar and yet striking-looking building, with the following inscription over the doorway—

RICHARD WATTS, ESQ.,
by his will dated 22 Aug., 1579,
founded this Charity
for Six Poor Travellers,
who, not being Rogues or Proctors,
may receive gratis for one night
Lodging, Entertainment,
and Fourpence each.

Dickens gives a terse and excellent description of it. "I found it," he says, "to be a clean white house of a staid and venerable air, with the quaint old door (an arched door), choice little long, low

WATTS'S CHARITY, ROCHESTER ("THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS").

lattice-windows, and a roof of three gables."

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Crossing the road, we soon reach the Cathedral, so often mentioned in "Edwin Drood." The chief Dickens interest in the edifice is a brass to his memory placed on the wall of the south-west transept, beneath the quaint monument to Richard Watts. The inscription is as follows—

"Charles Dickens. Born at Portsmouth seventh of February, 1812. Died at Gadshill Place, by Rochester, ninth of June, 1870. Buried in Westminster Abbey. To connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and his latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighbourhood, which extended all over his life, this tablet, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter, is placed by his executors."

"He would himself have preferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester Castle wall," says Forster in the concluding chapter of his "Life of Charles *Dickens*," "*or in the little churches of* Cobham or Shorne; but all these were found to be closed; and the desire of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester to lay him in their Cathedral had been entertained, when the Dean of Westminster's request made it a grateful duty to accept that offer."

And so Rochester lost him, and Charles Dickens was laid near the monuments of Chaucer, Shakspere, and Dryden, "the three immortals who did most to create and settle the language to which Charles Dickens has given another undying name."

SATIS HOUSE, FROM BOLEY HILL.

Behind the Cathedral, on Boley Hill, stands Satis House, one time the residence of Rochester's great philanthropist, Sir Richard Watts, to whom we have already referred in connection with "The Seven Poor Travellers." Satis House figures in "Great Expectations" as the residence of Miss Havisham, "an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large, dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion." Here, again, in "Great Expectations," Rochester is not referred to under its real name, but

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COOLING CHURCH.

is the "market town," and in the
reet of the market town lived the
of Pip's fortune, Mr. Pumblechook.
ne makes his
uaintance with
ouse, little Pip
s greatly at its
name, and on
old that *Satis*
the Greek, or
or Hebrew, or
three," for
wonders still
for although
louse sounded
yet Enough
e sounded
still. The real
of the name is
be as follows:
Elizabeth was
ntertained at
ouse by Sir
Watts, who,
r departure,
sed for the
ccommodation
been able to
The Queen

replied by the one Latin word *Satis* (enough), and Watts so christened his house.

On leaving Rochester by its bridge we glance back to take a last glimpse of the city, and to view the scene thus described in "Pickwick": "On the left lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of seaweed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind, and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away and telling us proudly of

COOLING CASTLE.

its own might and strength, as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry."

On the other side of the bridge across the Medway we find ourselves in Strood, where a road to the right leads us through Frindsbury and Hoo to the marshes and to Cooling. Cooling Churchyard figures in the opening chapters of "Great Expectations," where we are introduced to little Pip critically examining the inscriptions on the tombstones, especially the one inscribed, "Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above," the lettering of which led him to infer that his mother was freckled and sickly. It was here, in this very churchyard, that the convict Magwich appeared to Pip and demanded food. Across the fields to the left are the "meshes," but the hulks from which the convict escaped are no longer there. Cooling Castle is near at hand, and it is strange that Dickens did not introduce so striking a ruin into any of his novels. *Perhaps*, however, he meant to do so *some day*.

CURIOUS CARVING OVER THE PORCH OF CHALK CHURCH.

Cooling and its surroundings had a peculiar fascination for Dickens. Forster, his biographer, writes: "About the whole of this Cooling Churchyard, indeed, and the neighbouring Castle ruins, there was a weird strangeness that made it one of his attractive walks in the late year or winter, when from Higham he could get to it across country over the stubble-fields."

From Cooling we have a pleasant walk through Cliffe to Chalk Church, on the main road. At Chalk village, some little distance from the church, Dickens spent his honeymoon. This was another haunt of the novelist. He would "walk through the marshes to Gravesend, return by Chalk Church, and stop always to have greeting with a comical old monk who, for some incomprehensible reason, sits carved in stone, cross-legged, with a jovial pot, under the porch of that sacred edifice."

This curious carving, though now much the worse for wear owing to its exposed condition, will well repay a visit to Chalk. A photograph of it is given herewith.

Dickens solemnly informed us, through the medium of "Mr. F.'s aunt" ("Little Dorrit") that "there are milestones on the Dover Road," and one near by registers twenty-four miles from London. Rochester is about five miles distant, but ere we reach it we must pass through Gad's Hill, by no means the least of the points of interest in Dickens Land. Gad's Hill Place is situated on high ground to the right of the main road and almost opposite the Sir John Falstaff Inn. Dickens was born at Portsea, but some of his earliest years were spent at Chatham, where his father was employed in the Dockyard. He had always the liveliest recollections

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GAD'S HILL PLACE, FROM THE MAIN ROAD.

of this house, even in his very young days. Forster repeats a pretty story, which is worth retelling here—

Very often we had travelled past it together many years before it became his home, and never without some allusion to what he told me when first I saw it in his company, that amid the recollections connected with his childhood, it held always a prominent place; for upon first seeing it as he came from Chatham with his father, and looking up at it with much admiration, he had been promised that he might himself live in it, or in some such house, when he came to be a man, if he would only work hard enough, which for a long time was his ambition. The story is a pleasant one, and receives authentication at the opening of one of his essays on travelling abroad, when, as he passes along the road to Canterbury, there crosses it a vision of his former self—

"So smooth was the high old road, and so fresh were the horses and so fast went I that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"'Halloa,' said I to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there?' says I.

THE SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, OPPOSITE GAD'S HILL PLACE.

"'I go to school,' says he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says: 'This is Gadshill we are coming

to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away.'

"'You know something about Falstaff, eh?' said I.

"'All about him,' said the very queer small boy. 'I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill and look at the house there, if you please.'

"'You admire that house?' said I.

"'Bless you, Sir,' said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me. *If you were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.* Though that's impossible!' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of the window with all his might.

"I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house *happens to be my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

That "queer small boy" was, indeed, Dickens himself, and the above little tale goes to prove the pride he felt for the old place. Dickens purchased it in 1857 for £1790, and he lived at Gad's Hill, on and off, until his death, which took place there on June 9, 1870.

From Gad's Hill Place it is a pleasant stroll of three miles through Shorne Woods to Cobham. It was just up the

SHORNE WOODS, NEAR ROCHESTER.

village street that Mr. Pickwick discovered that monument of great antiquity which was for so long the pride and boast of his friends, and the envy of every antiquarian in this or any other country—a stone bearing the inscription—

+
BILST
UM
PSHI
S. M.
ARK.

But Cobham village is chiefly noted for the Leather Bottle Inn, now called "Dickens's Old Pickwick Leather Bottle," doubtless by a landlord with an eye to

the main chance. The signboard to the inn represents Mr. Pickwick in his

THE OLD LEATHER BOTTLE, COBHAM ("PICKWICK.")

well-known attitude of declamation. It was to this inn that the Pickwickians hastened in pursuit of the love-sick Tracy Tupman. We will have Dickens's description of the place: "And really," added Mr. Pickwick, after half an hour's walking had brought them to the village, "really this is one of the prettiest and most desirable places of residence I ever met with." In this opinion, both Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass expressed their concurrence, and having been directed to the Leather Bottle, a clean and commodious village ale-house, the three travellers entered and at once inquired for a gentleman *of the name of Tupman*.

They were thereupon shown into "a long, low-roofed room furnished with a large number of high-backed leather cushioned chairs of fantastic shapes, and embellished with a great variety of old portraits, and roughly coloured prints of some antiquity."

We enter this long, low-roofed room, the very room patronised by the immortal Pickwick and his friends, and find that many of the old portraits and roughly coloured prints have now given place to a splendid collection of pictures illustrating the principal characters portrayed by the great novelist. And we cannot, perhaps, do better than to leave the reader here, surrounded as he is by the creations of the Master's fertile brain.

THE OLD LEATHER BOTTLE, COBHAM SIDE VIEW.

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YOUNG ORPHEUS

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers,
Ever spring; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Shakspeare

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THE KING'S TITLE:

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

MR. WILLIAM REDMOND startled the House of Commons not long ago by roundly asserting that King Edward VII. had no right to use the title, "Defender of the Faith." Most of his hearers, no doubt, ear-marked this statement as one of Mr. Redmond's playful little touches, bellicose and full of fury, but signifying nothing. Whether Mr. Redmond was right or wrong is a question that it may be found extremely interesting to investigate, which the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinns has done in his recent excellent work entitled "Six Hundred Years," to which we are indebted for many of the following facts.

HENRY VIII.

The title as it stands now does not proceed from the "fount of all honour"—

a ruling Sovereign—but was conferred or confirmed by an Act of Parliament, entitled, "An Acte for the Ratification of the Kynges Maiesties Style" (Cap. iii. 35, Henry VIII.). The original title was bestowed on Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X. in a special Bull.

hairs with the deftest apologists. His early training by Bishop Fisher left its mark on the religious side of his character: so that when Martin Luther attacked the Seven Sacraments, it was not astonishing to find Henry replying to the Monk of Wittenberg with a somewhat

MARTIN LUTHER.

The common notion of Bluff King Hal is that he was a hot-tempered, domineering, subtle brute, with a highly cultivated taste in wives and a gluttonous thirst for chopping off heads. Such a man, one would think, would be the least worthy of such a grandiloquent title as *Fidei Defensor*. But Henry was not merely a chopper-off of heads: he could chop logic with the best of the *doctors, and he could* split theological ponderous pamphlet, the "Assertio Septem Sacramentorum."

The King completed his work on Aug. 25, 1521; he had it printed by the great typographer Pynson; and one special copy, beautifully copied, bound with cloth of gold, and subscribed by the King's own hand, was destined for Leo. X. The wily Wolsey saw here a chance of magnifying his Rex, if not of securing advantages for himself. He wrote to Dr. John Clerk,

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then Ambassador at Rome, directing him to present the gorgeous volume to the Pope in private, and if his Holiness expressed approval, to request permission to present it publicly in full Consistory, and thus obtain for it the Papal sanction.

Clerk obeyed orders, and called his book from me and read the said verses three times very promptly, to my great marvel, and commended them singularly." It would be monstrous for one King to find fault with another King's verses. These verses were identified by Dr. Kinns after much laborious search, in

POPE LEO X.

Holiness's particular attention to the verses in which Henry offered homage and dedication—

> Anglorum rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit
> Hoc opus, et Fidei testem et Amicitiæ.

And, says Clerk, "because the King's Grace had written the said verses with a very small pen, and because I knew the Pope to be of very dull sight, I would have read them to his Holiness; but he took the

which he had Dr. Richard Garnett's assistance.

Henry's pamphlet, his "aureus libellus" as Cardinal Campeggio called it, is curious only to the theological inquirer; to the laity it is interesting only as being a King's work, so that we need not delay over the substance of it. But it was counted a great work then, and Leo commended it *supra sidera*. Encouraged

by his criticism, Clerk "pushed" energetically for a presentation in public Consistory. But Leo, as sleek an opportunist as ever held St. Peter's Keys, declined the request, for the reason that "if a public Consistory were summoned, besides the clergy a great crowd of laymen would be present; and whereas Lutheranism has been silenced for a time and the minds of men are quieted, this act would put them in remembrance and renew the old sore." Clerk urged that, if any such there were, the gravity of the act and the potency of Henry's arguments would make them see the error of their ways. But the Pope was adamant. He held the reins of European government, and he could not afford to offend this or that King at the expense of t'other.

However, on Oct. 2, 1521, Clerk was summoned to the Hall of Consistory, where, kneeling on a stool, he first kissed the Pope's foot, then (by special grace) the Pope's cheeks, and finally, still on bended knees, delivered a ponderous oration, which must have lasted for a good hour; and in which fulsome laudation of "my most Serene and Invincible Prince, Henry VIII., King of England and France, and most affectionate son of your Holiness and of the sacred Roman Church," alternated amusingly with denunciation of Martin Luther, "this horrid and furious monster."

Leo, in accepting the product of kingly leisure hours, replied in perfunctory style when compared with Clerk's eruptive enthusiasm; but he contrived ingeniously to materialise the shadow of a coming event in the last sentence of his speech: "We, to our power, by God's assistance, shall not be wanting in the performance of anything that may lead to the honour and dignity of His Majesty and his kingdom's glory." A few days afterwards—to be precise, "the Fifth of the Ides of October, in the year of our Lord's Incarnation 1521, and in the ninth year of our Papacy"—Leo promulgated a Bull in which, after inveighing against "wicked glosses," "malicious lies," "perfidiousness of schismatics," and so on, he announces that—

> We, the true successor of St. Peter, whom Christ before His ascension left as Vicar upon Earth unto whom He committed the care of His flock, presiding in this Holy See, from whence all dignity and titles have their source, having with our brethren materially deliberated on these things, and with one consent unanimously decreed to bestow on your Majesty this title, viz., FIDEI DEFENSOR, and we have by this title honoured you, we likewise command all Christians that they name your Majesty by this title, and in their writings to your Majesty, that immediately after the word King they add Fidei Defensor.

After assuring Henry that he "could not have invented a more congruous name nor more worthy your Majesty than this worthy and most excellent title," Leo goes on to make deliverance that—

> It shall not be lawful for any person whatsoever to infringe, or by any rash presumption to act contrary to this letter of our subscribing and command. But if any one shall presume to make such attempt, let him know that he shall therefore incur the indignation of Almighty God and of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul.

Established in his new title by Papal grace, Henry plumed himself on his special goodness and high standing before Heaven. One would have expected that being "sae gifted," he would have been able to withstand temptation; but, alas! a new star swam into his ken, and in the smiles of Anne Boleyn he forgot the constancy and hundred excellences of his Catherine. He demanded to be divorced from her. With the exception of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, his old tutor, nearly all the Bishops took sides with the King, and Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave their decision "that the marriage between the King and Catherine was null

and invalid, having been contracted and consummated in defiance of the Divine prohibition, and therefore without force or effect from the very beginning."

Catherine appealed to the Court of Rome, and, after long negotiation, Pope Clement VII. held a Consistory to decide on her status. Out of twenty-two Cardinals present nineteen gave their vote for Catherine's view of the question. Whereupon Clement issued sentence that the marriage was sound, that the proceedings against her were unjust, and that Henry must take her back as his legitimate wife on pain of excommunication and forfeiture of the allegiance of his subjects. To ensure compliance with his orders Clement arranged that within four months of the promulgation of this decree, the Emperor should invade England and depose the recalcitrant Defender of the Faith.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Henry snapped his fingers at the Holy Father. He knew that he had his subjects behind him. For, in the early part of the year (it was 1534) Parliament had fashioned a scheme for the appointment of Bishops without reference to the Holy See; and followed up this iconoclastic measure by passing other Acts for the abolition of all imposts (Peter's Pence,

procurations, dispensations, licenses, and all manner of religious extortions) levied by the See of Rome, and for the complete abrogation of the Papal authority in England. Parliament had its eye on the money-bags, and determined that the Pope should not be benefited by revenues which belonged of right to the kingdom.

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A Commission was appointed to receive the oaths of allegiance in terms of the new Act. This oath was looked upon by the nation generally as a declaration of freedom, and it was heartily subscribed to. But Sir Thomas More, the Utopian, and Bishop Fisher, when called upon to take the oath, refused to do so. Unfortunately

POPE PAUL III.

Then came further defiance of Romish authority. By an Act which became law on the very day that Clement's judgment on the marriage question arrived in England, Henry was declared "Supreme Head of the Church," a special clause making it high treason to attempt by words or writing to deprive him of the dignity, style, or name of his royal estate. they had been entangled, probably unintentionally, in the Nun of Kent conspiracy; they had been treated leniently; yet now when called upon to proclaim their loyalty they declined.

The preamble of the oath stated that the troubles of England, the oceans of blood that had been shed, and many other afflictions, originated in the usurped power

of the Popes, that the King was the Head of the Anglican Church, and that the Bishop of Rome possessed no authority out of his own diocese. "I cannot subscribe to that form," said More, "without exposing my soul to everlasting

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eighty years of age, and More, his former Chancellor, was a well loved friend for many years (thus History, that "greatest of liars," as Charles II. used to say). Their execution was deferred from time to time.

Then the new Pope, Paul III., gave a

BISHOP FISHER.

damnation. I am ready to give my adhesion to the Act of Succession, which is a political Act, but without the preamble." Fisher took the same stand. Henry sent them to the Tower He desired to save them both from the block, for the Bishop, his old tutor, was now deadly stab to Henry's dignity: he created a batch of Cardinals, and among them included the attainted traitor, Fisher. This was an insult Henry's choleric pride could not brook. "Since they place Fisher among the Cardinals in Rome, in England he shall be accounted among the

dead. Paul may, if he likes, send him the hat, but when the hat arrives there shall be no head on which to place it." A month later the gentle Bishop died on the scaffold, and in another month More followed him to the Utopia of the grave.

The news of the death of these two great men sent a thrill of horror through Europe, and when the rumour came to Rome, terrible was the wrath of the Vicar of God. Paul III. drew up the famous Bull of Interdict and deposition. As a matter of fact, it was not launched until three years later, the delay being granted out of deference to Francis of France. Henry, with all his aiders and abettors, was pronounced accurséd, and cut off from the body of Christ to perish. When he died, his body was ordered to be left unburied, while his soul, shrivelled with curses, should plunge into hell, and there burn for ever. The entire nation, secular or ecclesiastic, was commanded to repudiate Henry as their Sovereign. Neither to him nor to any of his adherents must any true son of the Church speak or give food. And, as Henry had commanded the clergy to preach against the Pope, so Paul commanded the *tu quoque* of bell, book, and candle. Of course, the Bull also rescinded the proud title of Defender of the Faith, of which he had rendered himself unworthy — "ac præfati Tituli prærogativâ et honore se indignum reddendo."

But with a solid kingdom behind him, a nation that could tolerate how many flagrances of morals and tastes, what cared Henry for Paul, although he had ten thousand bells and as many books and candles? To show his contempt still more emphatically, he had an Act passed to confirm him not only in the style of King of England, France, and Ireland, but also in the title of Defender of the Faith, with the added dignity of "the Churche of England, and also of Irelande, in earthe supreme head." In this blaze of self-created glory Henry lived the rest of his days, and died, not lamented over-much by a people whom he had certainly educated into a measure of love of religious liberty.

Whether it was his love of freedom that led him to oppose the Papacy, or whether his deeds were the mere expression of a haughty and tyrannical nature, is not a question to be settled here. Nor need we attempt to designate the Church of which he made himself supreme head, or the Faith of which he constituted himself Defender. These questions are outside the scope of a brief sketch, which aims only at recounting little-known but ever-interesting facts.

Those whom Mr. Redmond's assertion, or this condensed epitome of events, may have set a-thinking may be recommended to consult "Six Hundred Years," already mentioned, an able, exhaustive, and scholarly work by the Rev. Samuel Kinns, Ph.D., F.R.A.S., the learned antiquary, late Vicar of Holy Trinity, Minories. It is curious to note that Dr. John Clerk, the Ambassador to Rome, who presented Henry's "Assertio" to Leo X., had the Abbey of Holy Trinity, Minories, Dr. Kinns' Church, as an appanage to his see of Bath and Wells. For the pictures which illustrate this article we are also indebted to Dr. Kinns, and they are copied by his permission from his above-mentioned work. (*Cassell and Co.*)

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"Is he dead?"

See "The Unwelcome Guest," page 202.

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THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

By CHRISTIAN LYS.

SNOW an inch thick lay over Highmoor, and a full moon gave to the scene the enchantment of fairyland. The snow was untrodden save on the straight road which crossed the moor; there were ruts of recent coach-wheels there and the prints of horses' hoofs. Down in the hollow, lights glimmered between the gaunt pine-trunks, and the hum of voices and the sound of clattering buckets in the stable-yard came distinctly through the clear air. They were very busy at the Flying Horseman to-night.

In the bar-parlour a dozen troopers were drinking deep libations, and cracking jests coarser in texture than they were refined of wit. They made merry with the wench who served them, and she blushed to find her charms so popular, little heeding the manner of the praise, and forgetful for the nonce of the yokel in the village yonder who had sworn to stand at the altar with her come Michaelmas.

There was much hurrying up and down the broad low stairs of the inn, an appetising smell pervaded the long passages, and there was bustle in the great kitchen, where the landlady in person superintended before the big fire, from which came spluttering and fizzling the prelude to a supper fit for a monarch. For Sir George Chesford lay at the Flying Horseman to-night, and mine host had gone to the cellars for his oldest and best.

In a private room upstairs, the chief one in the inn, sat three men. It was evident at once that the man in the large chair before the fire was Sir George. His grey hair gave him distinction, and his companions paid him deference. One had enough airs and graces in his dress and manner for a woman, and was quite conscious of his own immense importance. Lord Strelthmain was a leader of fashion in the Metropolis, and in his heart felt that he was conferring no little favour upon Sir George by becoming his son-in-law, which favour he considered was hardly equalised by the facts that Sir George was rich and that his daughter was an acknowledged beauty. The other man wore his Majesty's uniform. He was the officer in command of the troopers drinking below, and had accepted Sir George's invitation to join him at supper.

"An oath given to such a man might prove a hard one to keep," the officer was saying.

"Faith, Sir George, you may have to try the fellow some day. You may condemn him to the highest gibbet ever cut from a tree, and then he may remind you of your oath. You would either have to break your oath or offend his Majesty. For my part, the choice would be easy enough."

"You would break your oath, my Lord?" asked the officer.

"Sir, I would break any oath to please his Majesty."

"And if I know aught of his Majesty, you would have little thanks for the perjury," said Sir George. "I am in no such straits, as you suppose. It was a bargain, but with reservations."

"How came you in the fellow's power, Sir George?" asked the officer.

"Most easily; but my good wit and—yes, and my daughter's presence, saved me from violence. It was a month ago,

within a day or so, that my daughter and I were crossing the moor. The horses were tired, and it was dark before we reached the cross-roads—you know the cross-roads? Suddenly the coach stopped, and a horseman stood at the window with a pistol presented at my head. My fellows made no attempt at resistance, and but for their fright, I should have been inclined to say they were in league with the scoundrel."

"It is more than possible," said Lord Strelthmain. "Servants are a plague; everyone of them thieves, with a sort of license for their thieving."

"I choose mine carefully, my Lord. They are honest enough; but zounds! they are mighty nervous fellows."

"Honest cowards! I had rather have less honesty and more pluck," drawled his Lordship. He had but a poor opinion of Sir George as a man.

"As the highwayman has," suggested the officer.

"Well, gentlemen, as I was relating, there was the pistol at my head," said Sir George, somewhat annoyed at the interruption, "and behind the pistol no less a person than this scourge of Highmoor—King of Highmoor they call him. Gad! I have ever had an eye for grace, be it in man or woman, and I tell you the fellow made a pretty figure in the falling twilight, rider and horse as motionless as though of one mould."

"And his face, Sir George?" asked the officer. The story interested him exceedingly.

"Concealed by a mask, as it always is. There is a legend in this neighbourhood that no one, not even his friends, know the King of Highmoor by sight, though I fancy his figure would betray him to me."

"You were much impressed, it seems, Sir George," said Lord Strelthmain contemptuously; "I trust your daughter was not so easily caught by his grace and bearing, or I may have cause for jealousy."

"Indeed, she had much good to say of him afterwards," was the answer.

It was not the answer the beau had angled for. He had expected Sir George *to laugh at* the idea that there could be *any need for him to be jealous.*

"I drew back into the corner of my coach for a moment, crushing my daughter's gown, I fear. The attack was so sudden that my wits left me for a space. I think, Sir," he added, turning to the officer, "even a brave man may confess to a momentary shrinking when he first realises the danger before him."

"Most certainly."

Sir George bowed.

"Without moving the pistol from my head, the scoundrel said: 'You have a chest of some value with you; I must trouble you to deliver it to me.' 'And, gentlemen, he was right. Under the seat was a chest with some deeds and valuables of which I am possessed, and which I was carrying home with me to enable me to make some provisions with my lawyer concerning my daughter's wedding."

"An awkward situation," said the officer.

"Most annoying. I had no weapon of any sort in the coach, and, besides, I had my daughter. To attack an armed man under such circumstances would have been folly, to say nothing of the discourtesy to Josephine."

Lord Strelthmain laughed. He had not a high opinion of Sir George's courage.

"A most proper sentiment, Sir George, but hardly a very good defence to the deed-box, I fear."

"On the contrary, I carried my deeds home with me, as you shall hear. I told the story to my Lord Densham only the other night, and he swore roundly it was but a tale, and vowed I had as good a turn for the telling of tales as the wittiest scribbler in a Fleet Street tavern. Faith! I am padding the tale out strangely now, it seems. Well, gentlemen, as I looked at the barrel of that pistol my wits came back to me. 'It is true,' I said, 'I have a box of deeds with me; yet since I have them for the sole purpose of transferring their value to my daughter as a marriage-gift, you will be robbing her, and not me. The country-side tells courteous tales of you. Is it gallant, think you, to rob the prettiest woman in London of her marriage portion?' The scoundrel laughed; but it was a pleasant laugh, for all that he was a scoundrel."

"You were struck by the grace of his figure; charmed by his laugh; and I 'll be sworn, Sir George, if you had seen his face you would have been wanting him for a son-in-law."

"I am not jesting, my Lord; it was a pleasant laugh. I have heard many less pleasant at St. James's. Well, Sir, he laughed," Sir George continued, addressing himself to the officer. "'To be married, is she?' he said, 'and the prettiest woman in London to boot? Ah! but you are her father, and therefore a bad judge. The veriest hag might lie back in this old coach of yours and proclaim herself a goddess.' Which was true, for it was a roomy coach, though not an old one, as the villain said. I was thinking of some answer when my daughter spoke. I was angry for a moment, thinking that she

"Mistress, I would not rob so fair a lady."

would mar the good effect of my ready wit, but it proved otherwise. 'Indeed, Sir, my father speaks truly in that he says I am to be married,' she said. 'In that he calls me the prettiest woman in London, he lets his pride o'erstep his veracity; though for that matter I have been often toasted as such by the gallants in town.' The vanity in her would peep out, and I have no blame for it, for I hold it a good thing that a woman should know if she is fair. The villain bowed low to her. 'Mistress,' he said, 'if your face but equals your voice in beauty, I shall ever consider your father an honest and truthful gentleman. Will you step from your coach that I may judge?' I swore roundly, to myself of course, at the fellow's impudence; but my daughter did his bidding before I could prevent her. Gad! gentlemen; he leapt from his horse and handed her out most gallantly."

"These fellows rob gentlemen so often, Sir George, and steal their manners as well as their purses, it seems," said Lord Strelthmain.

Sir George did not notice the sneer.

"My daughter made him a courtesy, and then stood awaiting his verdict. For the space of a minute he looked at her, and then he handed her into the coach again.

"'Mistress, your father spoke truly,' he said; 'I would not rob so fair a lady. You are free to continue your journey, Sir George'—he knew my name, you see. 'A guinea to drink your daughter's health, and a promise.'

"'A promise?'

"'Ay, a promise. I let you go as a favour to-night; promise me, in return, to grant a favour when I shall ask it.'

"'Sir, I appreciate your courtesy,' I said, 'but such an oath——'

"'—Might be difficult to keep. You think I shall ask my life of you some day, and that would not be an easy request to grant. No, Sir George, if I do not ask you to pay the debt before I come to be tried for my life, I will never ask it. Is it a bargain?'

"'It is, Sir.'

"'Then the guinea for the health.'"

"I gladly paid the guinea, gentlemen, and before I had recovered from my astonishment, he had disappeared in the gathering darkness, and the echo of his horse's hoofs grew fainter every moment."

The entrance of the landlord, heralding the supper, prevented any discussion upon the story. Here was matter more important to consider than an adventure with a highwayman, and Sir George drew his chair to the table with a sigh of relief.

"And the wine, landlord?" he said.

"You will find it of the best, Sir George."

"From the bin in the far corner of your cellar?"

"Yes, Sir George! I had forgotten that I had told you the place of its keeping."

"Told me, you rogue! You did more; you took me down to see it once, I recollect. I nearly broke my shins over your rubbish there, and then, egad, you charged me double as much for the wine as you would have charged any other gentleman, I warrant."

"I protest, Sir George."

"Then do it downstairs, my good fellow," said Lord Strelthmain. "I am hungry, Sir George, and I cannot bear a talkative servant. He interferes with my digestion."

The officer laughed, and Sir George signed to the landlord to go; anything for peace now that the supper was served.

For some time only the logs crackling on the hearth and the click of the cutlery broke the silence. Such a supper was a serious matter.

"A toast, Sir George," said Lord Strelthmain, leaning back in his chair: "To Mistress Josephine, the prettiest maid in the three kingdoms."

"To that toast I say amen."

The officer sprang to his feet, his hand upon the hilt of his sword. Sir George shrank back in his chair much as he had shrunk back into the corner of his coach a month ago, and Lord Strelthmain remained motionless, the glass half raised to his lips. The heavy curtains across the window had been drawn apart, and a masked man with a pistol in his hand stood in the opening.

"Your pardon, gentlemen, for this intrusion. You and I, Sir George, have met before. You, Sir," he said, turning to the officer, "are anxious to make my acquaintance, and desirous to run me to earth at the first opportunity. You, my Lord, do not recognise me. I am usually called King of Highmoor."

The officer made a step towards the door, and was immediately covered by the pistol.

"Stop! I am not on business bent to-night, but I must protect myself. I am an unbidden guest, yet perchance for once I may prove a welcome one. Sir George can, if he will, say a good word for me; and I have a claim against Sir George. He is in my debt for a favour."

"That is true."

"I have come to-night to claim it."

"'Sdeath, this is too much," said Lord Strelthmain, springing to his feet. "Three gentlemen are surely sufficient to still the tongue of one impudent scoundrel."

A masked man stood in the opening.

"Utter one sound above your ordinary tone, my Lord, and I guarantee your heir shall inherit your estate."

Lord Strelthmain sat down again. He was no coward, but it is foolish policy arguing with an armed man.

The officer, standing half-way between the table and the door, was amused at the discomfiture of Lord Strelthmain, but was inclined to risk his own life in doing his duty and calling his troopers.

"Sir George, will you go bail for me for a few moments, while I explain the reason of my coming?" said the highwayman. "Believe me, you will never regret it."

"For Lord Strelthmain and myself I might answer," said Sir George; "but this other gentleman is a servant of his Majesty, and I cannot presume to speak for him."

"Sir, will you grant me a few moments' grace?" he asked, turning to the officer. "I have stopped my last coach, I assure you; I have taken my last guinea. I give you my word of honour that, to-night's business over, I will hand you my weapons, and, unarmed, await the coming of your troopers. I have lived for to-night; afterwards, I am at your disposal."

"You have surely a better knowledge of your duty, Sir, than to grant such an impudent request," said Lord Strelthmain.

"I take no instructions, my Lord, from you."

"I have some power in the quarters where you look for your promotion, and I shall make it my business to see that those in authority are not deceived in you."

"My character, I think, will bear even so severe a test as your Lordship's

disapproval. I have decided to hear the explanation before calling my men."

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"Trusting to this fellow's word of honour! His Majesty enlists strange gentlemen to do his service in these days, it seems."

The officer made no reply as he returned to his seat at the table.

Sir George looked at his companions, hesitated a moment, and then turned to the highwayman—

"You will take wine, Sir?"

"One glass, Sir George, if it pleases you."

Lord Strelthmain knocked his glass half full of wine on to the floor.

"I refuse to drink in such company," he said, rising.

"Sit down, my Lord; you must be of our company, if you do refuse to drink with us." And the highwayman played ominously with his pistol.

"I value my life too highly to give it in such a cause," he said, sitting down again.

"Lord Strelthmain was proposing a toast when I entered," the highwayman went on. "Let me drink it too. 'To Mistress Josephine, the prettiest maid in the three kingdoms. May she be preserved to marry an honest gentleman.'"

"She has been, Sir. I carry him home with me now to make her better acquaintance," said Sir George.

"And which of these two gentlemen is the honest man?"

"The term might possibly apply to both of us," laughed the officer.

"Possibly," answered the highwayman; "but when three gentlemen meet to sup it is seldom that all three are honest. There is ill-luck in the number three. Now, Sir George I know; you, Sir, wear his Majesty's uniform; but Lord Strelthmain——"

"Your good or bad opinion of me, my good fellow, will carry little weight, I warrant you," answered his Lordship. "Had you made the party consist of four instead of three the choosing of the rogue would not have been a difficult matter."

"A pretty wit, but not to the point, for the choosing would have been more difficult than you imagine. And this, Sir George, brings me to my business. You are in my debt for a favour."

"That is so."

"And I have confidence that my favour is granted before it is asked."

"And the favour?" He waited for the answer with some misgiving.

"That under no circumstances whatever will you allow your daughter to marry Lord Strelthmain."

"Sir, this is too——"

"It is the only favour I ask, Sir George."

"Upon my life, this is strange impudence!" said Lord Strelthmain. "I told you, Sir George, I might find cause for jealousy. Gad! it seems that there is cause! Your daughter has not, I judge, reserved all her favours for her future husband."

"My Lord, that is a speech I cannot allow to pass."

"It comes naturally from the lips of Lord Strelthmain, Sir George," said the highwayman. "You would not be surprised did you know him better. There is no fouler-mouthed *roué* from Temple Bar to St. James's, though he has the advantage over many others in being clever enough to pass for an honest gentleman."

"My character will hardly suffer from your opinion of it."

"Do you grant my favour, Sir George?"

"Sir, my daughter is pledged to Lord Strelthmain. I do not remember ever to have broken my word."

"Ah! debts are difficult to pay, but paid they must be if you would not go bankrupt. This is a debt of honour, and you would not go bankrupt in honour, Sir George. Still, I grant the favour I ask seems a difficult one. I had no thought of asking it when we met a month ago. I did not know then to whom your daughter was to be married. I had not then a knowledge of Lord Strelthmain's character. Truth to tell, I had a good opinion of his Lordship until a week ago. I thought I knew him thoroughly; I was mistaken. Do you chance to know that ring, my Lord?"

The highwayman passed a ring across

the table. Lord Strelthmain took it up and examined it carefully.

"No," he replied, after a pause; "I suppose you stole it."

"It was given to me by a woman, my Lord; a woman with whom I came face to face in Covent Garden a week since; a woman I had not seen for five years. She gave it to me to prove how great a scoundrel you were. I was loth to believe it, and wanted strong proof."

"What character could stand against the judgment of a thief and the accusation of a wench in Covent Garden?" sneered Lord Strelthmain.

"I knew the woman, Sir George," the highwayman continued; "I knew her when she was as fair of fame as your own daughter. Suddenly she disappeared and dropped from the knowledge of honest women, and I—well, by that ring I knew the man who had robbed me five years ago."

"You?" exclaimed Lord Strelthmain, starting from his chair. "Robbed you?"

"Yes, Sir George. Strange as it may seem, Lord Strelthmain and I were friends five years ago, and he robbed me of the woman I loved. She has lived to curse the hour she listened to that man's honeyed lies, and I to understand how perfect a work of the devil is a false friend. You and I were good friends once, Strelthmain; we meet again, and we are enemies to the death to-night."

The highwayman snatched off his mask as he spoke, and stood facing Lord Strelthmain.

"Harland!"

"Ah! You have not forgotten me, though you could not remember the ring."

"I remember," he answered slowly.

"Enemies to the death to-night," repeated the highwayman. "You understand? You were never deficient in courage: I will allow you that virtue."

Strelthmain did not move.

"What! has your courage turned to water? Must I raise it with a blow?"

"I rest here to-night," Strelthmain answered. "To-morrow morning——"

"To-night," said Harland. "Before to-morrow you might cheat me of my revenge. I have no faith either in your word or your honour. The moon is full. I know a likely spot not fifty yards from the inn door. I have the weapons ready. It is to-night, Strelthmain."

"It is most irregular," said Strelthmain, rising, "but if Sir George and this gentleman will bear us company, I am prepared to give you the lie. I have no wish to be led into an ambush of your fellow cutthroats. You have some strange acquaintances, Sir George."

Sir George did not like duelling, and protested strongly; the officer was irresolute; but the highwayman persuaded them both.

They went stealthily from the inn and crossed a meadow.

"It 's ill work for a man of my years," Sir George grumbled, gathering his cloak closer round him.

There was a level piece of ground at the bottom of the meadow protected by trees. The snow lay lightly there, and the full light of the moon fell upon the spot. For a while the party stood together and talked in whispers. Then two of them stood face to face, and two lines of silver light crossed each other. The ring of the rapiers cut the night air, musically enough, but with death in the note. They were both experienced fencers, had often tried each other's skill in friendly combat; but to-night hatred and fierce revenge held the weapons, and there was earnest meaning in the silver flashes that started forward and drew as quickly back, a heart the goal of each, a life in each one's keeping. There was a little cry of triumph from Lord Strelthmain, a moment's start of pain by his antagonist: a thin dark line ran round Harland's sword-arm, and at intervals something fell, piercing tiny holes in the snow.

"Cannot honour rest here?" whispered Sir George. "This, I swear, touches near to murder."

"I fear honour is not yet satisfied," returned the officer in a low tone.

The rapiers rang again. A belated hare scuttled through the hedge, frightened at the unfamiliar sound. He did not disturb

the two men, who watched each other's eyes intently, reading each thrust and parry there.

Suddenly a straight silver line shot out, and remained motionless a moment. There was a sob, and Lord Strelthmain staggered back and fell, his fingers clutching convulsively at the yielding snow.

Harland threw down his rapier, and tearing a strip of linen from his shirt, began to bind up his arm.

"I have avenged the woman who was to have been my wife," he said, turning to Sir George; "and I have saved your daughter from a scoundrel."

"Is he dead? Surely not dead!"

They bent over the fallen man, whose arms were thrown out wide, and whose eyes stared fixedly upwards as though amazed to see a star in the night sky overhead. There was a wound past the physician's skill in his breast, and a dark stain in the snow beside him.

"Now, Sir, I am at your service," said Harland to the officer. "Your troopers can come to me, or shall I go to them? I would pray good treatment for my horse. He stands tethered by the clump of trees in the meadow yonder, and is deserving of a kind master. He took to my work so kindly that I have sometimes had a fancy that in his life, as in mine, some great trouble must have come to put him out of love with all the world, and made him turn his talents to others' hurt even as I have turned mine."

"I have my duty to do;" said the officer; "but get you quickly to your horse; make him show good speed to-night. I will give you half an hour, for so long I am your friend. In half an hour I shall start. You will be my prisoner if I catch you; and I swear to you I shall do my best."

"That is gallantly spoken; but I have no longer a love of life. The work I had to do is accomplished."

"You are too good a man to swing at the cross-roads."

"Faith, another death were preferable, certainly."

"Then make good speed. You should have many a hole and cranny on Highmoor which my troopers will not discover."

"Many, I warrant. I will ride for my life once more, and I thank you for the chance. If I win, forget you have ever heard the name of Harland. Remember only that the King of Highmoor has ceased to exist. From to-night I'll get honest bread somehow, or starve for the want of it."

"It's ill work killing a man," said Sir George, "and I warrant will give us much trouble to explain; but you have, it seems, done my daughter a service, and I thank you. If you will let me hear of you, I——"

"No, Sir George, you have paid your debt. Good-night."

A few minutes later the highwayman was galloping across Highmoor for the last time, the light snow thrown up from his horse's hoofs like spray.

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THE FOUNDERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

IN Australia our cousins are now thoroughly enjoying themselves. For almost the first time in their history, they have been acclaimed as much the sharers in the glories and triumphs of Britain as is England herself. And our future King and Queen have gone to visit the Australians, the South Africans, the Canadians, and many other members of our great Empire, in order to show them all how much we are interested in them, and to tell them that, from henceforth, "Britain" means not only the little countries in these islands of the North Atlantic Ocean, but also includes the millions of people beyond the seas who are proud of being under the rule and sway of King Edward VII., and who rejoice in the common heritage of all Englishmen.

Who are the chief men that share the honour of having founded this mighty Empire? Who brought Australia, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, India, and the other lands we know so well, into the embrace of this great Sovereignty? Let us look at some of the principal actors in this wonderful process, and let us begin with Australia itself.

There can be little doubt that the Englishman who should have the credit of bringing the "Land of the Kangaroo" into prominence as a new possession of England was that intrepid Yorkshireman Captain James Cook. True, there had been many Europeans on the coasts of Australia before him, and some of the enterprising Dutch ones had christened the region New Holland. But Cook was the Englishman who hauled up the British flag and took possession of several parts of the Australian coast in the name of his master, the King of England. Cook was the man who first made a regular survey of the island-continent and called it Australia, "the Southern Land." Cook was the man who, on arriving back in this, his native country, pointed out to his Sovereign and fellow-countrymen what great opportunities there were for England in the newly annexed land.

That voyage, that flag-raising of 1770, gave Australia to the English, and the brave sailor from the little Yorkshire seaside village of Staithes must have the credit of having brought this present wonderful region under the folds of the Union Jack. Sydney has well recognised his claims. Her inhabitants have erected what is the finest statue on the Australian continent to Captain Cook, and have placed it in their finest park, as their memento to his worth. And, with Sydney, Yorkshire rejoices. She gave Australia to Britain through her gallant sailor-son: that is Yorkshire's contribution to the Empire of to-day.

Canada must come next. Who founded Canada? What Englishman can claim to have given that splendid Dominion to us? There is much to be said on behalf of the Cabots of Bristol, since they certainly first of Europeans discovered Newfoundland and Labrador. But they neither colonised the district nor brought it properly within the scope of English rule. Of Frenchmen, Jacques Cartier did the colonising process, in 1534, and he planted the flag of France on the St. Lawrence.

Who, then, proved Cartier's successful rival? Well, although Sir Walter Raleigh

never took the personally active part in Canada that he did in Virginia with regard to planting colonies, yet it must, I think, be confessed in fairness to him that it was his actions that led to English and Scotch settlers going out to America and settling in Canada, where conflicts soon began between them and the French.

famous battle of Quebec; but Wolfe cannot be looked upon as the founder of Canada. That honour certainly belongs to the intrepid Devonshire man who hailed from the pretty little West-country village of Hayes; who was one of Elizabeth's greatest friends and courtiers; whose name has become to-

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK,
The Yorkshire Man who gave us Australia.

Sir Walter Raleigh may thus fairly be regarded as the Englishman who gave us Canada. His expeditions to Virginia, under the auspices of the great Elizabeth, did not at first prove so successful as he had anticipated; yet eventually they triumphed. And from that triumph came the colonising of Canada. Wolfe, of course, supplemented the work by finally disposing of all French rivalry at the

day a household word for politeness and gallant bearing, as well as for true British pluck and bravery. Looked at from this point of view, it was Devonshire that added the gem of North American dominions to the British Crown, and that can look back with pride to-day upon what her old sons did for England in those far-off times. Three millions five hundred thousands of square miles of

land, with a present population of some six millions, is no mean gift even to a great Empire, is it?

What county can lay credit to the princely gift of India to the English people? Well, who holds the honour of being the founder of our Indian Empire, as we understand the term "founder"? Most schoolboys can tell you that India was won on the fields of Arcot and Plassey; that it was by the severe defeats there of French and natives that India passed into the possession of England; that 1757 was the year of conquest; that one Robert Clive was the man who "did the trick." Whatever *England* owns in India to-day had its genesis in Clive's wonderful military genius and statesmanship; that is absolutely beyond question. His was the genius that saw the crucial moment for depriving Dupleix and France of all the wide power they had so long possessed upon Indian soil; Clive's was the brilliant brain that conceived the means of doing the splendid thing that many had long only imagined.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,
The Devonian who gave us Canada.

By Robert Clive's marvellous work, there passed at one stroke, so to speak, under the British sway an area of more than 1,500,000 square miles; a population that to-day amounts to over three hundred millions; wealth beyond the dreams of

avarice! Some people have taken exception to the means and methods by which Clive brought India into line with English sovereignty. He was even made to appear at the bar of Parliament for his course of action, a procedure that eventually harried him to his death.

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with Yorkshire and Devon—the three counties that have given the Empire its most priceless possessions of to-day; the three counties that have made the British Empire a ninth wonder; that have brought tens of thousands of new soldiers and sailors to fight and sing "Rule, Britannia,"

LORD CLIVE,
The Shropshire Man who gave us India.

But great men always have had their traducers, their little carping critics. "As it was in the beginning," etc., may well be repeated of this phase of Empire-work, as of so many other things. Yet Clive's name and fame will be immortal; he will ever be remembered as the man who gave India over to Britain and British rule. And he came from Market Drayton, in Shropshire. Shropshire can join hands or any of our national songs; the three counties that, with their many "sailor-soldier" sons, from Cook, Raleigh, and Clive onwards, can repeat with truth, "We laid her foundations in the midst of the sea"!

And then there comes the latest of our great Empire-builders, the "Colossus of South Africa." A British Empire in the land of the giraffe and the hippopotamus

is no longer a dream; it is a reality. And it has become such in our own day; been brought about, to no small extent, by the skill and genius of one man. Whatever may have been his faults, his failings, his virtues, or his greatness, one thing stands out pre-eminent in South African history so far as England is concerned, and that is that the man who has really made South Africa is Cecil Rhodes. It is yet scarcely twenty years since this remarkable man, running his finger across the map of South Africa, is reported to have said enthusiastically: "All English—that is what I intend!" And, more wonderful to state, he has lived to see his dream come to pass.

Mr. Rhodes, should he live a few years longer — and we are glad to say he appears likely to live a long time yet—will see an enormous stretch of territory painted red on the map of Africa, two millions of square miles that owes its being British entirely to him, directly or indirectly. Surely that is a thing given to few men to see and know; surely it is a conquest that might have satisfied an Alexander!

Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL J. RHODES,
The Essex Man who gave us Rhodesia.

It is unnecessary here to tell how this has been done—in fact, all through this article I have avoided dealing with that point, except in mere allusions by way of needful explanation. I am simply concerned in showing who are the men that have done the work. And Cecil Rhodes holds no small place among them; he is a worthy compeer of Raleigh and Clive and Cook.

South Africa, looked at from the point of view we have taken before, is the gift of Essex to our great Empire. For Cecil Rhodes comes from the little country town of Bishop Stortford, in the north-west corner of England's flat county. He is a son of the parsonage, as so many famous men have been. Essex may well be proud of him, and proud of what her illustrious son has done for our Sovereigns of to-day. It is true that both Cape Colony and Natal were ours long before Cecil Rhodes was born. But those two colonies were then very small compared with what the British South African Empire of the next twenty years will be. And what even Cape Colony and Natal themselves are is in no small measure due to Cecil Rhodes.

Egypt and the Soudan always loom large on the horizon of modern Britons when they speak of their wide Empire of the twentieth century. Though nominally we only "supervise" Egypt, yet that supervision is well understood and comprehended by those who "run and read." Whatever power we once seemed to hold in Egypt and the Soudan appeared, during the dark days of 1884-86, entirely to have departed. Our very existence, let alone our influence, there seemed to be on the verge of extinction. Copt, French, and

Mahdist, when combined, appeared to have been too much for us.

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Then, just at the moment when he was required, as so often has happened in our

Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

LORD CROMER,

The Norfolk Man who gave us Egypt and the Soudan.

island's history, there came along the proper man to alter things, and to show what Britain could do. This time he hailed from Norfolk. His ancestral home was at the pretty seaside town of Cromer, and his name was a real good old Norfolk one—the well-known name of Baring. From the time that Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, took over the control of affairs in Egypt things began to look up. His wonderful financial and business genius, his great statesmanship and administrative ability, did for Egypt what Clive's military genius did for India—rescued it from the hands of Frenchmen and natives. The land of the Pharaohs began to prosper in a way that even its friends looked upon as almost miraculous; England's might and ascendancy had to be acknowledged, however much certain nations objected to this or disliked it; Baring made the Egyptian (with the help and guidance of Kitchener) become as good a soldier as before he had been a *bad one.* The outcome of his fifteen years of work was the battles of Atbara and Omdurman; the overthrow of the Mahdi's power; the total prosperity of Egypt in every way; the triumph of the British once more — and that most decisively.

What can repay the debt that England owes to this great Norfolk man? Truly we may enrol him among the men who have founded the Empire; for Egypt and the Soudan are no mean prize, no slight additions to our mighty realm.

The tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York reminds us also of the man who founded our present Malay rule, and who is yet living to see the fruits of his work. Look on the map at that large strip of our King's realms known as Further India. Think of the millions of Malays, Burmese, and others there. The man who gave us that "strip" sits in Victoria Street to-day as Agent-General for the Colony of Victoria in the Australian Federation. You know him by name, if not by sight—Sir Andrew Clarke. His experiences of Malays and their doings

Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ANDREW CLARKE,

The Hampshire Man who gave us Further India.

are equalled by no other living European among civilised nations. What he does not know about this people, who used to

be one whole race of pirates, is absolutely not worth knowing. He brought them all into peaceable ways; he showed them India." This he did for those very Malays themselves, rightly and wisely judging that they would fear more one

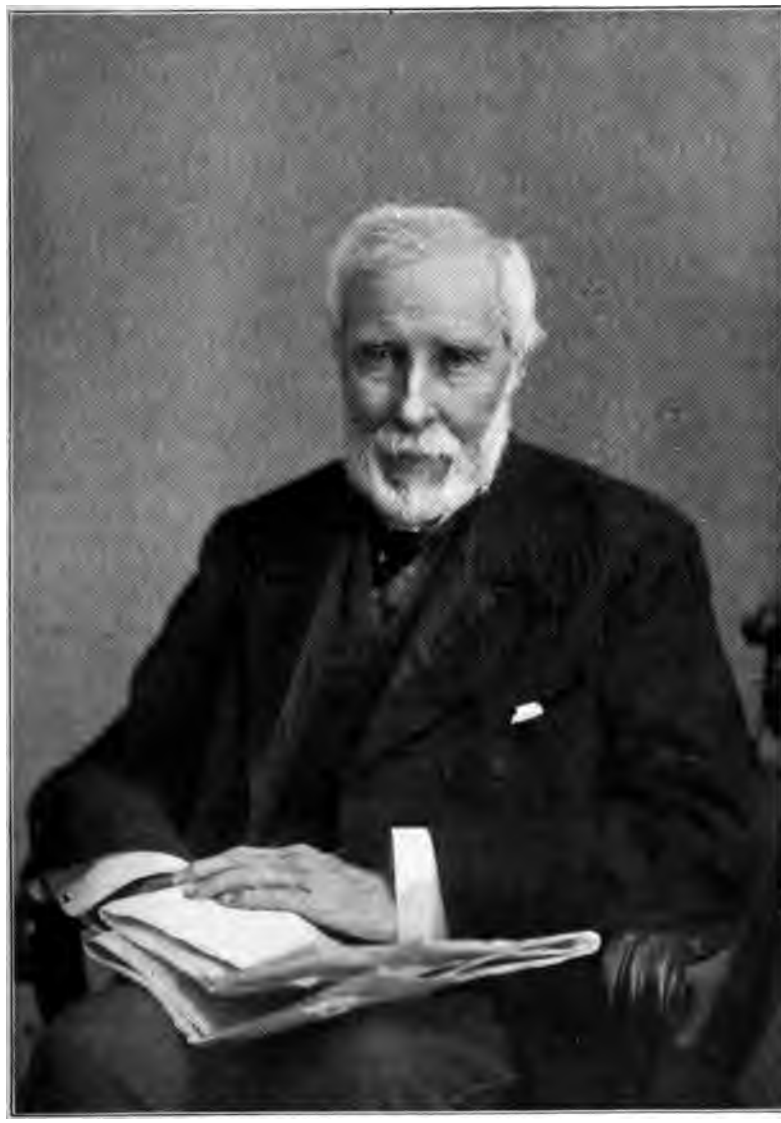

Photo. by Elliott and Fry

THE LATE SIR GEORGE GREY.
The Londoner who gave us New Zealand.

what this England of ours could do; they asked to be made a part of it!

Sir Andrew Clarke can boast of doing several other famous things in the Empire's business. It was he who first gave the late Queen the title of "Empress of whom they knew as "Kaisar-i-Hind" than as "Queen of England." Events have proved his wonderful foresight. Sir Andrew, too, did great things for Australia. Our cousins there have shown their appreciation of him by the position they

have now given him here in England. His name is a household word in Tasmania, which he ruled for years.

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And what county claims this maker of the Empire? Sir Andrew Clarke was born in Hampshire in 1824, and thus that famous county, which can boast of Portsmouth and Southampton worthies many and renowned, can also claim to have done its part in extending our Empire abroad.

Lastly, let us not forget that great Empire-builder whose sway stretched so far and wide some years ago, whose name was reverenced by New Zealand, Cape Colony, and many other distant regions. If we owe New Zealand to any one man, it is to him who won over the Maoris, who laid the foundations of British prosperity and rule in the "England of the South." I refer, of course, to the late Sir George Grey. He was a marvellous man. He had not the military genius of Clive; he had not the sailor-daring of Cook; he had not the business brain of a Baring; he had not the wide dreams of a Rhodes. But he showed how a great Englishman may have another side—a splendid love-compelling side. He made Maoris, Zulus, and Kaffirs love him just as much as his British friends did. He taught all these diverse races that English rule means prosperity, justice, and mutual help. He made them understand that "An Englishman's word is his bond"; that "When Britain says a thing, she means it!"

His kind old face, with its white hair—I think I can yet see it, as it used to be seen so often, not many years ago, in Victoria Street. Sir George Grey had a name to conjure with! Maori 'and Kaffir, so far apart and so different in everything, wept when they heard that their dear friend was dead. More than one noted historian has called him "Britain's greatest Pro-Consul," and the title is a just one.

He was born in Lisbon, this great Pro-Consul of the English race, but his parents belonged to London, so that the Metropolis can lay claim to having produced the one man who may be regarded, along with Queen Victoria, as having seen the rise of the British Empire of to-day from its state of suspended animation in 1837, and as having actually ruled a great part of it abroad while his Queen and Sovereign ruled it at home. Our late Queen ever had the highest regard and affection for her famous subject, the greatest of all her Pro-Consuls. He was to her the embodiment of her Colonial Empire, and she was to him the only Monarch he ever knew.

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THE IMPRESSIONABLE DENIS.

By WARD MUIR.

ALBERT MONTRESOR WAINLEIGH was extremely hard-up; with a hard-upness accentuated by his mode of living, and the fact that the idea of Work (with a capital W) never entered his head, although, indeed, there was plenty of room for it there. Which being the case, it may not seem surprising that he cast about him for a means of increasing his income without an undue expenditure of labour. Now Wainleigh, as it happened, was a person of irreproachable manners. He moved, moreover, in a circle of society where manners and wealth were considered the sole essentials of success. Thus the best scheme he could evolve for the gaining of money was the obviously simple one of finding a rich girl and persuading her to marry him. In this, it may be remarked, he was merely following the instincts of his breeding and environment.

Denis went on brushing his master's clothes.

Fortune smiled upon his quest by introducing him to Miss Muriel Payne, the daughter of Judge Payne, of Cincinnati. Besides being one of a large peal of belles of the season, she was possessed of the necessary millions of dollars and equivalent thousands of pounds. Albert, viewing her dispassionately, decided that not merely was she satisfactory from the utilitarian point of view, but he might even—with a little practice—get to like her personal characteristics as a permanent companion through life. This conclusion reached, he commenced the campaign, feeling quite virtuous in the honesty of his designs.

Miss Payne cannot, it seems, have been a person of very great penetration, for she immediately fell a victim to the polished blandishments of Albert Montresor. In ten days they addressed each other as "Muriel" and "Monty." The deed was done: they were engaged to be married.

The gleeful Wainleigh saw himself free once more from the painful shackles of debt.

"Denis," he said to his servant, "Denis, the luck's turned. I'll have lots of money again in a month or so. And you may be quite sure I'll not forget you when the time comes."

"Thank you, Sir," said Denis, and went on brushing his master's clothes. He was a man who never wasted words.

"Yes," continued the other, "I've intended all my life not to marry till I

could find a rich girl. Good looks were nothing to me. What I wanted was cash, Denis, and cash I'm going to get."

It will be seen that the young gentleman was extremely frank. As a matter of fact, there were only two persons in the world with whom he was frank—himself and his servant. This was because these were the people he knew best. Denis had been with him for years, shared his secrets and his difficulties, and—kept his own mouth shut. This invaluable quality, together with a delightful unscrupulousness, endeared him to his master as nothing else could have done. The two lived together in a curious unanimity which almost amounted to friendship. Wherefore Denis was a natural partaker in the joy of the successful fortune-hunt, as he would also share in its spoils.

Denis, who had felt the pinch of Wainleigh's poverty almost if not quite as much as that young gentleman himself, smiled as he went about his work. He was too well trained a servant to reveal any emotion in his master's presence, but as soon as he was alone he gave vent to his feelings by a chuckle of pleasure.

"Hooray!" he muttered, "we're nearly out of the wood now. No more arrears of wages; no more tinkerings at 'alf worn-out clothes; no more 'ash and small ale for dinner. There's a good time coming, that's sure. I can trust Mr. Wainleigh to do well by me in 'is day of fortune. 'E's a clever lad, 'e is. I suppose 'e's caught some ugly old maid and persuaded 'er 'e's in love. Well, well, serve 'er right, says I. I can't stand ugly women: they should keep themselves in the dark, I think, or go about doing good to the poor. That's what they're made for. But the pretty ones—there, they can do just what they like with me. I'm terrible weak with the girls—when they've got a nice 'eadpiece to them." He grinned to himself as he pondered his conquests in the past and the possible ones for the future. With money in his pocket he would be able to start on a few new "little affairs." He thought pleasantly of a charming young French maid who resided at a house opposite.

There was a ring at the bell. Denis went to the window and peeped out. A carriage, with two ladies in it, stood at the kerb.

He hurried to the door and, flinging it open, ran down the steps.

"You are Mr. Wainleigh's man, Denis, are you not?" asked the younger of the two ladies.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Denis obsequiously. He had already noted the fact that his questioner was young and pretty. Her big blue eyes looked straight into his from under a smart parasol, and his heart softened immediately.

"Mr. Wainleigh is not at home?"

"No, Ma'am. He went out a few minutes ago."

"I did not expect to see him, so I wrote this note. Please deliver it as soon as he comes in." She handed him a letter. Then, with a gracious smile, she gave the word to the coachman and drove off.

Denis gazed after the retreating carriage.

"Well," he said, "she's really choice, she is. If we had a few more visitors like that I'd enjoy the place a bit better."

He retreated into the house, and slowly closed the door. Then he placed the letter on the hall table and went off to his duties again.

Presently there was a sound of a latch-key in the lock, and Wainleigh entered the house.

"Hullo!" he cried, picking up the note, "what's this? A letter from Muriel!" He tore it open and scanned the contents. "Denis!" he shouted a moment later. "Denis! So you've had a visit from my girl, have you? And how do you like her?"

"Begging your pardon, Sir," said the man. "Did I understand you to say that the lady what called 'ere this afternoon was the one you was a-goin' to marry?"

"Yes, certainly. Why do you look so surprised?"

"Well, Sir, some'ow I 'd gathered, from what you told me, that she was—er—not young and—er—not very good-looking, and—er—and——"

"Ha, ha! I see. Miss Payne, therefore, came upon you as rather a surprise.

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"You are Mr. Wainleigh's man, are you not?" asked the younger of the two ladies.

She is certainly a pretty girl, and I can't say I 'm sorry; though, as a matter of fact, I 'd have taken her if she 'd been as ugly as sin. The dollars are the main item in my reckoning, you know. This letter, by-the-bye, is to say that she 's called out of town unexpectedly and wants to see me before she goes. Very affectionate of her, I 'm sure. I 'll just run round there now and bid her a fond farewell, and promise to write every day for the week she is to be away, and say how dull the time will be, and all that kind of thing. To tell you the truth, Denis, I 'm rather glad she 's going to give me a holiday. I 'm getting tired of this endless billing and cooing and playing propriety. When she is gone, I 'll have a little blow-out to celebrate the near approach of my loss of freedom." He laughed lightly and hurried off.

Denis shook his head solemnly. "'E 's a bad un, is master," he soliloquised. "That poor young thing doesn't know the life before 'er. 'E 'll make 'er miserable in six months, that 's what 'e 'll do; and in another six she 'll be into 'er grave. With that pretty face of 'ers too! It does seem a shame. Eh, I wish I 'd not seen 'er, I do. 'Er eyes will never let me rest now. They 'll keep on looking reproachfully at me because I didn't warn 'er of the kind of man she was deceived into marrying. I 'll 'ave no peace if I lend myself to the dirty job. Now if it 'ad been an ugly old maid with more money than sense or looks, I 'd 'ave—but there, it 's not." He sighed at his own contrariness in being so easily impressed by mere beauty. "It 's an old fool ye are, Denis," he muttered as he went back to his work; "but an old fool ye 'll be to the end, so I may as well make up my mind to recognise the fact."

Three days later Wainleigh was hurrying out in the evening to keep an engagement with a few choice spirits at a music-hall, when he stopped suddenly.

"By Jove!" he said, "I 've forgotten those letters. Well, it can't be helped. Denis must close them up and stamp them *and take them* to the post. The worst of *it is, the fellow 's sure* to read them before he shuts the envelopes. But, after all, th doesn't matter much. He knows most my little secrets already. Denis"—in louder voice—"you 'll find two letters o my desk. Post them for me, will you? haven't time to stop just at present."

"All right, Sir," said Denis.

The door slammed behind the retreatin form of Albert Montresor.

"Aye, aye," sighed Denis; "'e 's 'avi a fine time again now that the money 's i sight. Out every night, and not 'ome ti all hours of the morning. 'E 's going th pace; and it 's on tick, I reckon. I 'm re sorry to think of where the money 's to com from. The girl's eyes are still at me."

He mounted slowly to his master's roon On the writing-table he found the tw letters. Both were still open, thoug addressed. One was to "Miss Muri Payne," the other to "Mr. Josi Henstock."

"Oho!" cried Denis; "a billet-doux, it? I may as well 'ave a look, as 'e been so kind as to leave it convenient for me."

And—as Wainleigh had prophesied—h calmly drew the epistle from its envelope

"'Darling Muriel!" he read. "Ugh isn't it disgusting of 'im to talk like th when 'e doesn't care a bit for 'er, but on for 'er cash? 'The time hangs heavily o my hands while you are away'—O does it? Well, I shouldn't have thoug so, from the way 'e 's been going on sin she left town—'But you are always i my mind: your face haunts me.' Not much as it 'aunts *me*, though. I 've n got rid of the sight of it since that d when she came to the door in the carriag Oh, the brute! Signed 'Your lovin Monty,' too. It 's really too bad of 'im I feel ashamed, fair ashamed, to be par to such meanness." And Denis rolled h eyes in righteous indignation.

"What 's this, I wonder?" he went o picking up the other missive. "A no to 'Enstock, the tailor. In reply to dunning bill, I suppose. Yes; 'ere it i 'Ullo, what 's this? 'Dear Henstock,- Sorry to keep you waiting for your accoun In about a month's time I shall be ab to pay the money, as I am contracting

marriage with Miss Payne, daughter of the wealthy Judge Payne, of Cincinnati. Further comment (to a man of your penetration) is needless! Yours faithfully, Albert M. Wainleigh.' The blackguard! So 'e 'd give away the whole

"Hullo!" he cried, picking up the note, "what 's this?"

show to 'is tailor, would 'e? The cold-blooded wretch! But I 'll soon put a stopper on 'is little games. 'E asked me to post these letters: well, I 'll do it, to be sure. I never disobeys my master, and I 'll not start that game now. These letters shall go into the pillar-box right away. But not quite as 'e meant, perhaps." And the indignant Denis, with a grim smile, carefully placed the tailor's letter in Miss Payne's envelope and Miss Payne's in the tailor's. Then he sallied forth to catch the post, whistling a tune as gaily as though he had come into a fortune, and not, as was actually the case, indefinitely postponed the various little comforts and perquisites upon which he himself had been so anxiously counting.

* * * *

But the moral of this tale, the indignant reader will protest, is hard to seek. This the author is compelled to admit, especially as he feels it his duty to add a few words of sequel.

Miss Payne comes out best, for she promptly broke off the engagement, returning ring and tailor's letter in the same envelope. Simultaneously a mildly amused communication arrived from the sartorial artist, sending back the missive intended for Miss Payne. Wainleigh's language was choice, but it was himself that he cursed, not Denis, as he cannot conceive that the latter would have spoilt his own chance of prosperity for the sake of a practical joke. Indeed, his opinion of Denis has gone up, in that he sees — or thinks he sees—that that excellent servant closed the two envelopes without a previous inspection of their contents. He does not realise his retainer's respect for a pretty face.

In conclusion, it may be added that a few months later the wedding was announced between Albert Montresor Wainleigh and Ann Maria Johnstone, spinster. The lady was hugely wealthy, and Wainleigh is generally considered to be a lucky dog to have caught her. She is also old and ugly. Denis beamed upon the proceedings. "A clever lad is Mr. Wainleigh," he remarked when, a few days after the ceremony, he received a rise in his salary. "Aye, 'e 's a clever lad, 'e is."

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PINERO AND THE ITALIAN STAGE.

By MARIO BORSA.

ARTHUR W. PINERO is as well known in Italy as Dumas *fils*. There are many playgoers to whom the names of Lytton, Robertson, Gilbert, Sydney Grundy, and Henry Jones are unknown, but you will find none who is not familiar with the name of the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Indeed, the knowledge Italians have of the modern English drama is confined almost entirely to the works of this one dramatist. Two or three comedies by an author whose name, I understand, is never heard in England now, have been produced, but they were so abominably translated that they had no chance of success. A great many, of course, have read "Queen Mary," "Harold," "Becket," and "The Cup"; but, unfortunately, no one has seen a Tennysonian play on the Italian stage.

It may be a strange saying to English ears, but it is none the less a fact, that when the Italian playgoer speaks of the English drama, the allusion is either to the plays of Shakspere—represented by artists of international renown, but staged, I grieve to own, most inadequately, and with a truly wretched *mise-en-scène*—or to the work of Pinero. This is not wholly the fault of the Italian, who is, as a rule, a student of all foreign art and literature, but the blame must be borne in part by the English dramatists, who seldom publish their plays till they have lost the smack of novelty, and in part by English actors, who, avoiding the example of French and German actors, never tour in Italy.

I remember in the winter of 1896 the first performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at Manzoni's Theatre in *Milano. The house* was full, and before *the raising of the curtain* everyone was reading with curiosity the play-bill. "Pinero? Who is he? A Spaniard? An Italian who wants to pass for an Englishman?"—these were the questions whispered all over the house. As soon, however, as the play began, the interest and rapt attention of the audience grew till the close of the third act, when there was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm, to be renewed with fresh force when the curtain finally fell. Next day all the local Press spoke with but one voice, the voice of unstinted praise, and the critics made prompt inquiries in London for information regarding the new dramatist; and soon his life, his portrait, and his works were known throughout all Italy. The play ran for thirteen or fourteen nights on its first production, and this is always, *chez nous*, a sure and certain sign of success. Thenceforth it has remained in our repertorio as the *cavallo di battaglia* of all our leading actresses. For many years every prima donna would select as her benefit-play "La Dame aux Camélias," "Nora," or "Magda," but now her one desire is to appear and challenge comparison with her rivals in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

It may be interesting to state the reasons of such success. They are to be found not only in the drama itself but in the conditions under which it was produced.

The Italian theatre, after the splendid work of Goldoni, Alfieri, Cossa, and Nicolini at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, seemed to fall into decay. Although it is true that we have had good dramatists within the last fifty years—it is enough to mention Ferrari, Gallina, Giacosa, d'Annunzio, Verga, Praga, Bracco, and

Rovetta—their productions, excellent as they were in part, were not enough to cloy the strange and insatiable taste of the Italians, than whom it is no exaggeration to say that there is no people in the world

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have a theatre; the municipality may refuse to subsidise a school, but will not fail to invite, at its own risk, a first-class theatrical company to visit the town. This devotion to the drama has instilled into the people

Photo. by Ellis

MR. A. W. PINERO.

fonder of the *teatro di prosa*. Every province has its own theatres, its own dramatists, and plays in its own dialect, and these latter are generally of far more artistic and literary importance than any written in the national language. Moreover, a small town may not have a public library, but it will certainly refined taste and classic severity of judgment, so that a celebrated actress of our day recently declared that she felt more nervous when appearing on the stage of a small Italian town than when she had to face the public of Berlin, Moscow, or New York.

It can easily be understood how a public thus trained to the drama desires novelty and variety; and to meet the popular demand, the characteristic plays of every country are produced in Italy, so that of all theatres the Italian is the most

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as well as of the pretentious psychological analysis of the young French school; and what they longed for they found at last in Mr. Pinero's masterpiece. Here were a breath of true passion, men, women, ideas, feelings, incidents such

SIGNOR FLAVIO ANDO.

distinctly cosmopolitan. But in 1896, when "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was produced, Italians were looking for something new. They were tired of the hazy symbolism of the Scandinavian, of the ponderous preachiness of the Teuton, and of the disgusting trivialities of the *pochades*, as we meet in real life; here was rather an observer than a thinker; here was the exponent of that eternal humanism which does not belong to any particular age or clime, and not a mere interpreter of those occasional and ephemeral sentiments which now and again distract the world

after the manner of passing diseases. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was the desired antidote.

The merit of introducing the play to the Italian public belongs to a young writer, himself a dramatist of no mean pretensions, Signor Marco Praga, who translated the drama in association with an English lady. He is the son of a poet who, in his time, was considered the Italian de Musset, and he has thus inherited from his father his taste for literary pursuits. Although very young, he has written many successful plays, among them "La Moglie Ideale" for Eleonora Duse, and he is president of the dramatic branch of the society which has been established in Milan for the protection of copyrights.

VIRGINIA REITER,
The Paula Tanqueray of the Italian Stage.

Nevertheless, neither its intrinsic merits nor Praga's admirable translation would have sufficed to win for "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" the success it attained had it not been for the magnificent acting of Virginia Reiter. It is said that when "La Tosca" was first produced at the Porte Saint Martin, and the curtain had fallen, M. Berton came forward to make the customary announcement — "Ladies and Gentlemen, the play you have just seen is by——" But the audience did not let him finish, and interrupted with cries of "By Sarah, by Sarah!" The public of Manzoni's Theatre knew, it is true, beforehand who was the author of the play, but their plaudits seemed to indicate that they regarded the character of Paula as created as much by the superb art of Virginia Reiter as by the inventive skill of Mr. Pinero.

She, after Eleonora Duse, is the greatest of our actresses. She is handsome, and of a striking presence, with eyes and hair of a hue to suggest that she is a maid of Israel, but she is a Christian, nay, she was educated in a convent, and has always retained a firm grip of the faith in which she was brought up. She has acted everywhere in Italy, and Spanish and American audiences know her well. Besides "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," other plays by Pinero have been put on the Italian stage, notably "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and "The Schoolmistress," but in neither case with much success. "The Gay Lord Quex" has been undertaken by the Andò-Di Lorenzo Company, which is one of the best. Indeed, in such high repute is Flavio Andò, the head of the company, held that when Signora Duse was appearing at the Paris Renaissance in "La Dame aux Camélias," she sent for him to play Armand because she did not trust anybody else. With regard to Tina di Lorenzo, who undertakes the rôle of Sophie

Fullgarney, so admirably played at the Globe by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, she is the youngest, the prettiest, and the most charming of Italian actresses. Her sweet and flexible voice, her luminous and caressing eyes, and her lively intelligence have won the admiration of all Italians, and she was hailed by them from the first as a new star.

I could add many anecdotes of the actors and actresses who have contributed, and will doubtless continue to contribute, to the success of Mr. Pinero's plays in Italy, but what I could say would lack the element of novelty for those who are acquainted with the comic Italian world, since there is much sameness about the life of actors in Italy.

TINA DI LORENZO,
The Italian Sophie Fullgarney.

They form a society in society, a class among the other classes. They have their own language, their own system of life, their own habits, and even their own calendar, as their year (which they call *l'anno comico*) does not run from January the 1st to December the 31st, but from one Lent to another; for at that period the companies are divided into fresh combinations. They are born in the side-scenes, and breathe, while they are children, the dust of the stage. It is common in Italy for the son of a farmer to become an advocate or a physician, but the son of an artist will be nothing but an artist. For this reason the Italian actor boasts of a genealogical family tree as ancient as that of an English aristocrat. Signora Duse, for instance, is descended from a family which has been connected for three centuries with the theatre. They have no home, since established theatres do not exist, and the companies are obliged to pass from town to town, and to remain in each one only for a brief period of representation; thus they are always what are called in England travelling companies, and so they are looked upon as gipsies, and, as a fact, they have all the gipsy's superstitiousness. You may be sure that if an actress break a glass at dinner, she will act so badly in the evening as to ensure her being hissed. Generally they have what Voltaire calls *le diable au corps*—that is, they have enthusiasm for the stage which never leaves them; for, even if they win to wealth, they remain actors. There is a tale of a young actress, now deceased, who fled from her death-bed at the hospital to play Ophelia for the last time. With rare exceptions they are not highly cultured, but, as a rule, they are gifted with swift intuition. People say that their morality is not of the sternest, and many of my countrymen—to their shame be it spoken—follow the example of the Roman Senators, and close their doors against a young actress; which, after all, is a proof that neither gipsies nor actors have a monopoly of superstition. But in the theatre they are as an idol in the temple, and are worshipped by the faithful: their fame grows and spreads quicker than the renown of a statesman or poet, and accompanies them to their death, after which, alas! they fall into utter oblivion.

Their glory, indeed, reminds one of that fruit plucked by Chateaubriand on the shores of the lake—to find within its golden rind nothing but ashes.

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AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

"SO you're going up to Garnet Peak to lick your brother?" said the owner of the Paradise Hotel, speaking to a great fellow who had just arrived. "Excuse the question, Wally, but ain't this the second time you've come back to do the whipping of Ned?"

"Third time, Zach," corrected the traveller. "He has licked me twice since I started to grow. He used to lick me regular every time we fought. Darn him! I always said I'd be coming back some day to lick him good for all the thumpings he has give me, and I reckon I'm big enough now for to do the racket up to the handle. Him and me is the best of pards, and he's a bang-up feller; but I said I'd come and give him the licking, and I've got to keep my word."

"Yes, you've got to keep your word," assented Zach, and the others nodded gravely. Two or three citizens expressed a willingness to go along and see fair play, but their offers were emphatically scorned.

"Don't you let me catch no Jumbo man in Garnet for to see the show," concluded Wally, "or I'll throw him down the first old prospect-hole I see."

"Well, Rocklin," said one, "if that's the way you feel, why, of course—— I was going to learn you the giant's twist in wrestling; but I don't suppose your brother Ned is much at fighting nohow."

"Ain't he, though," replied the traveller. "You had ought to have seen him break me in two and stand the best half of me on to my head in the gully, the last time I come to give him the licking. But a good twist—a man's clean crazy if he would never take a friendly suggestion. How does your twist go, Lyman, anyway?"

Lyman now required a vast amount of persuasion before he proceeded to pull his belt up a hole, making ready for a practical illustration of his invention. He and Rocklin stood together in the space in front of the building, enclosed by an unpainted fence.

"Of course we're only foolin'," Lyman carefully instructed, "because I ain't the one to hurt a friend. Now, suppose we bin wrestling, and all of a sudden you grabs me here and here. Hold on—let me fix you right! There, don't be scared; I ain't nowhere near to being ready. Just leave your paws holding so. Now, I'm like this—you see? Of course you think I couldn't do nothing, but you see, just as soon as your arm commences grippin'—why, I throw my twist around your neck — and then you're suddenly——"

"Haw!" snorted Rocklin, as the other commenced a constriction on his throat; and dropping to his knee, he broke the combination, clutched his instructor about the body, whirled him about, and bowled him head over heels in the sand.

A variety of sounds arose from the onlookers. Clapping his hands to his legs, head, and ribs in a rapid search for fractures, Lyman arose. "You darn galoot," he growled. "You don't know nothing about being learned, you don't! I knowed you'd go and spoil the whole thing before a man could even git ready; and I won't have nothing to do

with learning you nothing about the twist, nor nothing!" Taking his hat, he started at once to limp toward the town.

"Hey, there, Lyman," called Rocklin; "say, on the square I thought you was ready. Hang it man, come back and have a drink."

"Better take that giant's twist out of the leg of your pants," suggested Zach.

"I don't want no drink," said Lyman; but he ceased to limp away, and presently joined the group to slake his thirst.

"If I had only been ready," he told them thirteen times, "you'd seen something worth the seeing." He evaded invitations to try it again skilfully.

"It's a good twist all right," said the generous Rocklin; "you tore my shirt, so I'll have to go upstairs and sew her up before it's time for lunch."

"He's a darn good boy," said Lyman, when the other was gone, "and he's tolerable stout, but he needs a heap of practice. We ought to fix it someway to see that he gits some practice before he goes on the stage this afternoon for Garnet."

To this all agreed. "Well," suggested one, "we might git Nulty's bear."

"What's the matter with Hogan's badger," said Zach. "He's good practice all by hisself."

"We'll git them both," said Lyman eagerly. "It'll be a surprise for Wally after lunch. And we'll tell the boys for to be on deck."

The plan completed at once, the trio proceeded to the business portion of Jumbo.

Rocklin, delayed by Zach, was at length duly invited to the front of the Paradise Hotel. There were Irish, German, and Yankee miners, teamsters and gamblers, Indians, Italians, French, a negro, a Chinese cook, and a Mexican cow-puncher, all assembled and waiting, and all surrounding a hulk of a dog, a badger in a box, a lame coyote, and a crude cub of a bear.

"Surprise!" bawled one of the miners, and then his utterance was drowned in a torrent of shouts and roars. Rocklin stared in wonder.

"What are you all giving me now?" he demanded. "Can't a peace-abiding citizen come to Jumbo Camp without all the monkeys and diggers and duffers and whole menagerie turning loose like a lot of crazy loons?"

"Haw!" ejaculated the owner of the bear, "he's scared of Pussy. He ain't hankerin' after practice."

"Shut up!" shouted Zach. "Boys, this is our old friend Wally Rocklin. He's needing practice for a coming tussle with a powerful comtagonist, and here we are offerin' all the fighting talent we've got in the camp for his practice onto this afternoon. Wally, them is it."

"Zach, you're a blasted liar!" shouted Wallace. "I ain't needing practice for a minute."

"Aw, he ain't going to fight no cantagonist," asserted a gambler. "He's running a bluff."

"You mind your greasy business," said the traveller.

"He dassen't practice," announced a voice.

"He dassen't tackle Pussy," said the owner of the bear.

"Ner the dog," yelled another.

"Ner the badger, Napoleon Bonypart."

By this the crowd had jostled up, till the foremost were only a few yards away. Through some inadvertence, the box containing the badger was stumbled upon by a clumsy lout, and its door burst open. Out came the senseless creature instantly, ready to fight with anything and everything in sight.

A yell of dismay from a teamster, who was clawed along the leg, begot a stampede, in which the men went dashing one against another, bowling this one down, that one over the pugnacious dog, and another within reach of the bear. In a second a mêlée was on, and all were endeavouring to flee from the wrath of the engaging creatures.

A dozen miners rushed in panic to the porch, where they swept against the form of Rocklin. He, unaware of the real

nature of the disturbance, buffeted them back with all his weight and strength. In the struggle he found himself mauled and dragged from the steps to the mass below.

Dog, bear, and badger were inextricably mixed with French, Italians, Germans, and Mexican cowboy. Snarls, yells, curses, and roars commingled in the din. Maddened by what he took to be a personal affront, Rocklin laid about him with swinging arms and fists.

A claw from the rear drew his attention to the bear. He punched the creature a violent blow in the pit of the stomach that doubled it up, and rolled it heavily away. He jerked the dog so hard by the leg that the beast described a brief parabola, clouted dully up against the skull of the negro, and then raced howling off down the road. He lifted the badger with a hoist of his boot, and saw it hurtle away end over end, to alight on the prostrate Chinese cook. Then he jumped on the box, tore it apart, and threw the pieces right and left at the vanishing forms of men and animals. The lame coyote had disappeared.

When he faced about he was quite alone save for the bear, which sat on its haunches and nursed its stomach, while it rocked clumsily back and forth. From the door, corners, windows, fence, and roof of the porch the scattered congregation viewed the solitary victor.

"You darn galoots," he panted; "I told you all I didn't want no practice!"

"Don't you let me catch no Jumbo man in Garnet for to see the show."

"Yep," said the voice of Zach from the roof, "I can see it wasn't practice you was needin' so much as chloroform, or something, to quiet down your nerves."

The owner of the bear cautiously approached and secured his beast. "Poor Pussy, poor Pussy!" he purred. "Darn your eyes, you Zach," he added in a savage mood; "if ever you come around for Pussy again I'll chaw you up for her regular feed, so help me Bob!"

"Yes, and drat your bones," said the owner of the badger, who was vainly scanning the hill for his pet. "If you don't git down and ketch Napoleon Bonypart, this Jumbo Camp won't be nowhere near big enough for you and me for a minit."

"I'd suggest, Mr. Rocklin," said Zach, "that the stage for Garnet Peak is due for to start in fifteen minutes, if you care to know."

"Yep, I care to know," said Wallace, dusting his trousers. "I'll thank you to give me that bundle behind the bar. You 're a lot of flabby galoots," he observed to the men; "and if ever I'm needing practice, I'll go to a camp where the men ain't built like centipedes for running."

II.

Over the sagebrush ridges and down through the barren cañons the stage went winding monotonously. The road was narrow, the scenery grey and dull. Rocklin rode on the box with the driver till he felt himself growing drowsy. As the sun disappeared he climbed down, propped himself in a corner of the coach, and went to sleep.

It was five more miles to Garnet Peak when they entered a dark gorge of the Pinto range and commenced a tedious ascent up the Morgan grade. The moon made all the scene like a sharp drawing in black and grey. From the edge of the road a stone was thrust now and again, to go smashing and rumbling to the cavern below.

As the horses plodded sturdily around the last of the curves, before the level of the summit should be won, a deep voice broke the stillness.

"Stop! Throw up your hands!"

The command seemed to issue from the mouth of a tomb of shadow. Two parallel lines of light flashed from the barrels of a gun. A human form moved, half in the darkness.

With a sudden jolt that heaved Rocklin forward in his seat, the coach ceased to grind the sand.

"Now, then, toss down the company's express," ordered the voice, "and don't you tackle no fooling. Do you hear?" The masked figure came nearer, with his weapon held in readiness for use.

The treasure-box came into sight without delay, and then crashed down in the brush. At that instant a form shot from the coach and hurled itself recklessly against the robber and his gun, dashing the weapon to the rocks, where it struck and exploded a barrel. The report rent the air, and the horses, plunging in fright, made a dash for the summit and disappeared with the stage.

Wrapped in a savage embrace, the two men battled in the throes of deadly combat. Clutching and heaving, they scuffled across the road, with arms tense with effort, their legs as rigid as pillars of steel.

The robber's fingers dug in the shoulder of his foe, while the wrist and arm worked underneath the chin. He suddenly gave Rocklin's head a backward jolt that nearly broke his neck. But Wallace screwed himself half-way around and pounded the sinewy arm with his hammer-like fist and fastened his grip on the neck so near his own, drawing himself close in to save his hold.

At this the robber fetched his head abruptly forward. His forehead collided with the temple of his foe; the clutch was loosened; they thumped together in fury with advantages even. Down the hill and across the rocks they struggled. The robber now attempted to break the other's back and to trip his feet. Failing in this,

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he wrenched himself aside, and throwing his arms about Rocklin's waist, tried with all his power to hoist him up and dash his head against a granite ledge.

Rocklin quickly got a powerful leverage across the other's loin. Thus they tugged in giant efforts. Pushing the robber sharply to the rear against the hill, Rocklin heaved him off his feet and crashed him heavily down on a rock.

A crunching of ribs and a growl of rage and pain aroused an added fury in the robber. In a spasm of movements he dragged his foe to the earth on his breast, and over and over they rolled. Sure of his victory now, and terrible in his calm, Rocklin dragged his antagonist's arm across and under the latter's back; and he heard the snap when the bone was cracked in the shoulder.

"Stop! Throw up your hands!"

Again the bellow of rage burst forth. The hand that was free dug a piece of granite from the sand and thumped it on Rocklin's ear. The latter trembled. By the greatest effort he kept his senses from reeling; he fastened his clutch on the robber's throat with a wavering strength. The robber rolled him suddenly over. They were poised for an instant on a rocky ledge, and then, kicking loose, the man in the mask gave the other a thrust that toppled him over the plunge. Down he rolled on a barren declivity and disappeared in an avalanche of earth and rocks.

When his eyes slowly opened Rocklin found the sun shining in his face. He lay on the earth blinking, grimly painted with patches of blood. With a stiffened arm he endeavoured to raise himself up. He was half buried by the slip of rock and gravel. He raised his head painfully, and dragged himself, as it seemed, from a shell of agony.

Where he lay the ground was level, a shelf-like place that broke the steep declivity in its plunge to the stream below. The babble of the water came faintly to his ears. He staggered erect, and floundered down again. His face was gashed, his clothing torn, his legs and body were cut and bruised.

When at length he was able to reach the stream he sat on a stone for an hour to rest. It was late afternoon when at last he came to the ranch of a German in the cañon.

For more than a week, as a convalescent, Rocklin limped about in the sunshine of Springmeyer's place.

"I've got to go to Garnet Peak," he announced every day; and at last, with many a clap on the back, he went.

The climb was steep, the afternoon sultry. He found himself willing to sit on the boulders often to gather his strength. "I don't know whether I can lick him now or not," he muttered; "but I reckon he wouldn't make me fight it out to-night."

He made his way about the ridge. It was now less than a mile to Garnet Peak, and the slope was pierced here and there by the tunnels of the miners. The sun had gone down when he approached one of the claims, and glanced about at old familiar features. When he came to the mine he stood on the dump, oddly saddened. The mine had caved.

Beneath a mass of hurled-in rock a barrow was crushed. The door-timber jutted through the débris like a steeple. "Poor old Ned," he muttered; "down on his luck, the same as ever." He turned away, walking the well-beaten trail toward the camp.

He knocked presently on the door of a cabin. There was no reply. Responding to his pressure, the door swung open on the darkness of the room.

"Ned," he said. "Ned Rocklin. . . . It's me—brother Wally." His eyes grew accustomed to the shadows. He avoided the stools, a table, and a box, making his way toward the bunk. Suddenly he halted; a pair of feverish eyes were gazing from the blankets. "Why, Ned," said he, "are you sick, old man? What's the matter?"

The man in the bunk closed his eyes. Rocklin hurried to light a candle, and to run for water. He mixed up a drink, and pressed it to the swollen lips.

"Ned," he murmured; "don't you know me, Ned?"

A feeble smile illumined the face on the pillow; the eyes came open in a wistful appeal. Slowly the man drew his hand from beneath the blankets, and gave a tremulous pressure to the rough, big hand of his brother.

"Are you sick, old man?" Wallace repeated anxiously. "Is it fever, Ned?"

The other shook his head slowly. "Smashed," he whispered.

"Smashed?—in the tunnel?—the cave in the tunnel?"

His brother closed his eyes as before.

"Oh, Ned, and you a-lying here alone, starving! Hasn't anybody helped you—nobody come?"

"Been—too much—by—myself," Ned whispered painfully.

"Yes, yes. I know you have—you always have; but what can I do? Whereabouts are you smashed?"

"In—side," said the sufferer.

Wallace groaned. "And to think of me coming all the way from Silver Creek for to give you a licking!" He failed to note the weary smile that flitted across his brother's face as he pulled off his coat to go to work.

A fire was soon blazing in the chimney. "Shall I go for a doctor? Is there anyone in camp?" Wallace inquired eagerly. "Have you got any liniment? What about a doctor?"

"Don't want—him—now," said the feeble voice. "I'm sleepy, Wall—I—haven't slept—for—more than—a week. Put—your hand—on my—head."

Wallace placed his hand as requested, and hummed an old-fashioned tune. He sat there for an hour, listening to the laboured breathing.

"Darn—hard—luck—for more—than—a—year," said the voice of Ned again, finally. Wallace removed his hand.

"You ought not try to talk," said he; "you haven't got the strength."

Ned merely turned his face a trifle to the wall. "Me and — Lucy — was — married," he slowly continued, "three—years—ago this—month."

"You and Lucy?" Wallace started to his feet.

"Yes, Wall. . . . We — loved — each other — a — heap. I went — home—and stayed—several—months. Left her—there on—the farm. Garnet—was too—rough—for a good—woman. I thought—I'd—make my—pile before—a year."

Wallace sat down. "Licked me again!" he muttered.

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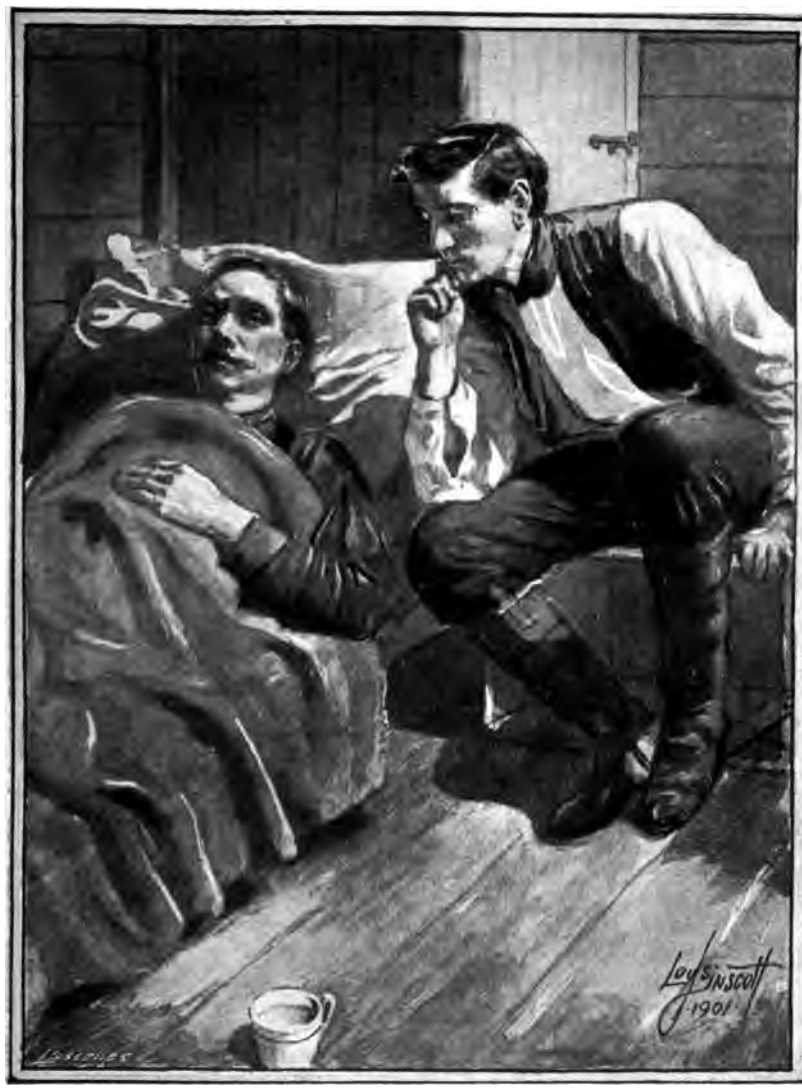
"She—wrote about—the boy," resumed Ned, in evident agony, "and—I sent—

"The lying thieves!" broke in Wallace.

"And so—it—went. Lucy—begged to—come. Boy—was—drooping—needed—Califor—ny air."



"I don't understand," said Wallace.

her—all I—had. But my—best—claim was—jumped, and—the company—took my—bullion—at the mill—for what—I'd borrowed. They—took a—thousand—for five—hundred—debt, and said—I—owed more."

"Well," said Wallace, "is she bringing him now?"

There was no reply. The wounded man had fallen asleep. The midnight passed, and Wallace sat beside the bunk. The fire was embers only, the candle was

shortening down to the neck of the bottle. Ned awoke, and resumed his broken story—

"When — her — letter — came, two — weeks ago—saying—the—boy was—going to — die — if he — didn't — git—away — from—there," he whispered, "I reckon—I—must have—lost my—sense."

"Poor little Lucy!" said Rocklin.

"Amen," replied his brother. "I—lost— my — sense. Shake — my— hand, Wally," he murmured. "You—don't—mind—looking—out—after Lucy and—the—boy?"

"Don't, Ned, don't go talking like that," pleaded Wallace. "I'm going to git you well."

"If—you'll—only— put your — hand—on my—head. . . Thank—you—Wally. . . . I must—have—lost—my—sense. But—I never—touched—the—box. I—left—it—by—the road, when—I—came—to—my—sense——"

"I don't understand," said Wallace.

A feeble smile flickered across the haggard face. "You — licked— me — Wally," Ned whispered faintly, "licked—me fair—at the—summit—the only—time I—ever—turned—robber."

"What, you!—oh, I didn't know it was you!" cried Wallace suddenly. "I wouldn't have fought if I had knowed. Ned—look up, old man—look up. Don't you remember the lickings you've given me? Ned—can't you speak? Don't—don't do that—I'll give you a thousand—I'll do anything if only you'll git up and lick me again. Ned——"

"Licked—me—fair and—square. God b-l-e-s-s — y-o-u," said the faltering whisper, and the faintest of smiles crept to and remained upon the motionless lips.

The candle sputtered, flared a second—and the light was gone for ever.

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THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S COUNTRY HOME.

By DARBY STAFFORD.

With Photographs by the Author.

TO speak of a residence which is situated in an outskirt of a huge town as a country home may appear on the face of it slightly anomalous—if not, indeed, "writ sarcastic"; for in the minds of those who are unfortunate enough to be other than Midlanders, Birmingham and "the Black Country" stand for one and the same thing.

Into the great and important physical, and other, distinctions between "the best-governed city in England" and the concourse of lesser towns that lie to the north and west of it, it would be hopeless to attempt to initiate any person who is not himself "*real Birmingham*"; but perhaps the reader who does not know the district will accept the assurance that even the northern side of the chief Midland city is less black than it is painted by the imagination of non-residents; and that Birmingham's southerly suburbs are fair and pleasant in the extreme. Certainly those who have been fortunate enough to gain admission to the gardens and grounds of the Colonial Secretary's home near Moseley will have no difficulty in discerning the appropriateness of the title of this article.

HIGHBURY: THE ENTRANCE AND LODGE.

From only one point outside the estate itself is the house clearly visible, and even that vantage-ground is being rapidly

covered by the builder. The thick shrubberies which skirt the park, and the high walls around the gardens, render it the pleasant and carefully kept grounds form such a thoroughly suitable setting.

But for the recent rapid growth of

A GLIMPSE OF HIGHBURY.

necessary to obtain permission to walk over the estate in order to gain an idea of its extent and beauty, and to admire fully the residence of which King's Heath—the only portion of the outside world discernible from the lower windows of Highbury—no suggestion of the nearness of a town would be found.

HIGHBURY: MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S R[illegible]

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A PEEP IN THE GROUNDS.

A SYLVAN PATH.

ON THE LAKE.

give an air of remoteness to the residence which is the subject of this sketch.

For easiness of access, convenience of appointment, and charm of immediate surroundings, Highbury is almost an ideal dwelling for a public man. Here may be ensured entire freedom from noisy interruption, and here, too, may be found the true recreation which lies in congenial occupation to one who loves his gardens, as it is well known Mr. Chamberlain does. The busiest statesman of his day, with an unusual burden of responsibility and anxiety on his shoulders, the first British Colonial Secretary of the twentieth century assuredly needs the repose and refreshment to be found in his country dwelling; and whatever may be the colour of the reader's politics, he will not begrudge the peaceful home surroundings of one of the most hard-worked and harassed men of modern times.

AN ARCH OF APPLE-TREES.

When the house was built, not so long ago, it was an almost purely country prospect that the outlook took in. Since then, as already intimated, the view on one side has somewhat changed. Mr. Chamberlain himself, in sportive mood, on a public festive occasion lately at King's Heath, quoted the elder Mr. Weller's words as applicable to the township visible from the windows of his residence, and *spoke of it as "swelling* wisibly." But all *other houses are sufficiently* far removed to

THE BOATHOUSE.

It is noteworthy that many of the leading statesmen of late have been men of simple tastes, to whom trees and flowers and the general freshness of the country

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A PLEASANT VISTA.

BY THE LAKE-SIDE.

have afforded grateful change and relief from din of tongues and strife of party. Hughenden, Hawarden, Hatfield — one thinks of these and many more; and to-day Highbury gives the like relief to its owner and constant improver.

THE CYCLAMEN-HOUSE.

The writer made no attempt to obtain permission to view the interior of Mr. Chamberlain's house, feeling that the sacredness of domestic life may well protect even a public man's habitation from the prying eyes of the merely curious; but the well-known readiness of the proprietor of Highbury to allow interested persons to view his grounds was taken advantage of with the feeling that the public may laudably cherish some curiosity concerning the general surroundings of one whose name is now so often on its lips. A few of the results of a kindly permitted photographic survey are here given to the reader.

Some, perhaps, may think that summer would have been the most appropriate season for securing pictures. But the estate is so profusely wooded that only when the foliage is off the trees is it possible to obtain unbroken views of the house and grounds. Even in winter the house is difficult to photograph owing to the nearness of trees. A wide-angle lens and careful selection of view-points were necessary for the securing of such pictures as are here given. The main disadvantage of the season chosen was found to lie in the absence of the summer luxuriance of some of the flower-growths—a disadvantage which was felt and commented upon regretfully by the head gardener, who, on the presentation of credentials,

THE ORCHID-HOUSE.

rendered the writer every aid in his search for suitable "bits."

The park is snug and pretty, and affords pasturage to a particularly fine herd of cattle, understood to be the special hobby of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Landscape gardening has had full exercise, and is still in progress. In conversation with some of the men engaged on the estate, it became evident that the owner is a much more active man than is generally known, and that his supposed aversion to walking exercise does not prevent diligent perambulation of his own estate, at least. As one of the gardeners put it: "The master is always going about, looking after things, when at home." There is a delightful little lake in the park, and the tameness of the wild ducks (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) is evidence that the waterfowl lead an almost entirely undisturbed existence. In the distance was seen a stork, solemnly balancing himself on one long leg, and suspiciously eyeing the man with the camera.

THE CONSERVATORIES, FROM THE FRONT.

The gardens themselves are extensive; how extensive may be partly gathered from the fact that some twenty-five gardeners are employed "under the glass and on the ground," as one of them said, in addition to a number of men of more general occupation about the estate. The lawns and shrubberies are full of delightful surprises — pretty hollows, secluded pools, picturesque groupings of shrubs and trees, wealth of foliage. One may wander in delight, and wonder what lovely thing will next be seen — for each winding path seems to lead to some fair spot more charming than the last.

All the world has heard of Mr. Chamberlain's famed orchid-houses; but it is not a group of orchid-houses only that the visitor finds. Mrs. Chamberlain is as fond of flowers as her illustrious husband is; and the latter is not a cultivator of orchids merely. Orchids there are, it is true — orchids beautiful, and some of them so rare and valuable that a considerate person hesitates about turning a lens in the direction of the precious blossoms, though the gardener hastens to assure the visitor that there is not much of a show at this

THE CONSERVATORIES, FROM THE BACK.

time of the year. Carnations are favourite flowers at Highbury, one learns. Indeed, thousands of blooms, the plants hanging in wire-baskets from the roof. The very

IN THE PRIMULA-HOUSE.

it would be difficult to say what flowers are not favourites, to judge by their variety and the care bestowed upon each kind. One conservatory, glowing with begonias, will ever linger in the writer's memory as "a thing of beauty": *every blossom of the same shade of the most delicate pink*—hundreds of "pink of perfection," and not the vestige of a pun intended.

Immediately opening out of the drawing-room is the large conservatory, sheltering tall palms and a bewilderingly beautiful collection of chrysanthemums and other flowers. Out of this blaze of light and brilliant colour one steps into a

A FOREST OF PRIMULAS.

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THE CONSERVATORY CORRIDOR.

THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR.

THE BROOK.

side are doors, leading into "houses," each sacred to its own particular flower: orchids, begonias, cyclamens, primulas, foliage-plants — a house for each, and more than one for some. Flowers and plants, bewildering in their variety—what particular "house" is there not?

These are conservatories pure and simple for the display of flowers in bloom. The forcing-houses and greenhouses are elsewhere; and, to anyone conversant with the niceties of high-class gardening, are of the greatest interest. But it would require a horticultural expert to write of them.

With the foregoing inadequate attempt to describe what so much delighted the writer during his brief survey of the Colonial Secretary's country home he is fain to be content, in the hope that the pictures, at least, will enable the reader to share his appreciation of the lovely spot where the best-known man in the world just now, and the busiest statesman of the day, finds retirement and rest, freed from the attacks of opponents and critics, and the perhaps even more distracting attentions of friends and followers.

IN THE GROUNDS.

IN THE ROSE-GARDEN.

question a long corridor, fringed and festooned with plants of many kinds, runs for a considerable distance. Along its deliciously cool grotto-like place, where ferns and mosses line the walls, and where the tinkling music of dripping water charms the ear — as the restful green of the lush growth delights the eye.

From this softly lit spot (so softly lit, alas! that a photograph is out of the

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IN THE BEGONIA-HOUSE.

A CORNER OF THE GREAT CONSERVATORY.

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The Cathedral Chimes

by A. St J. Adcock

The swallows wheel about the spire
They scatter downward scared and fleet.
And high and low, and lower and higher
Flash wavering past thro lane and street

While the high echoing belfry flings
A mellow chime into the air
And downward as on viewless wings
Its notes flit wavering here and there

They touch on roof and wall and earth
A sunny music clear and strong
They blend with all the toil and mirth
The sin and sorrow of the throng

And fluttering down by hall and mart
The roar of earthly life to leaven
Touch here and there a wintery heart
With thought of youth far off as heaven

NORWICH
Fred^k Adcock

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TRYING IT ON THE DOG.

By A. N. TAYLER.

STEPHEN MASSEY, my Australian cousin, is one of those big muscular men whom it is nice to have for a friend, and in whose company it is easy to pass in a crowd, people giving way before him as if he were a Prince. The determined expression on his face always seems to me like a notice, "This man is dangerous to quarrellers."

Stephen was sitting with me one day after lunch when he suddenly exclaimed, "What are you going to show me this afternoon?"

At the risk of incurring the giant's wrath I replied, "Before I attempt to show *you* at all, I must ask you to go upstairs, shave, and put on a stick-up collar. One does these things in England when one goes out on business or even pleasure, you know."

Stephen laughed. "In Australia," he said, "we take off our collars for work; and as for our hair—well, we just leave it to itself."

"You mean you leave it on yourself," I broke in. "You are a horrible sight just now with your unshaven chin."

It was perhaps rash of me, being a man of small stature and less strength, to make this rude, but none the less true, statement as to his contribution to the ugly things of this world; but I remembered he was my cousin, and I trusted he would remember it too, and not seek to coerce me into making pleasanter, albeit untrue, remarks. For I had suffered—yes, suffered deeply, and in silence. In common with other little men, I am not devoid of conceit, and when I take my walks abroad I imagine that the majority of the dwellers in this workaday world have little else to do but look at me; therefore I am scrupulous as to my personal appearance. Now my Antipodean cousin had been with me for a week, and being a man of great energy, he had insisted on walking over half London, though I had vainly tried to persuade him to take a hansom occasionally, arguing that if someone did not patronise these vehicles they would soon be things of the past. But Stephen was obdurate, hence my sufferings. I had walked with him from Piccadilly Circus to Hammersmith, from Hampstead to Waterloo, from Charing Cross to the Albert Docks, and on these excursions we had met many of my friends. Now Stephen's costume may have been comfortable, even picturesque, but it was not what one expects to meet in the small part of this great city which is occupied by Society. He wore a large squash hat, a turn-down collar with a red tie, a loose velvet jacket, rough baggy trousers, and heavy boots; while in his hands, which were never graced by gloves, he carried a knobbed stick. Naturally, therefore, when I happened to be walking with him, and met any friends, they had marvelled; and being gifted with quite unnecessary tongues, they had put their thoughts into speech. Some had asked me why I had brought my gamekeeper up to town; others suggested that I must have bought a mine, and this was one of the fixtures that I was forced to take over; while, again, it was given out that I proposed to start an exhibition at Earl's Court, and that Stephen was my leading man. One and all agreed that he wanted shaving, and some were even kind enough to give me the addresses of their barbers.

"Shaving is a nuisance," remarked Stephen to me, as he filled his pipe with remarkably potent tobacco. "Can't think why anyone ever suggested it. By the way, did I ever tell you the yarn of the man down Sydney way, who invented a depilatory sort of stuff that stopped your hair growing?"

"No," I replied.

"It was a great idea, and was intended to put a stop to the bother of shaving. I'll tell you all about it."

Stephen settled himself comfortably in an armchair, having first thrown the cushion on the floor; then, putting his heavily booted feet on my best sofa, he began—

"About four years ago a chap arrived in Sydney who seemed to have nothing to do; I don't know why he came, except, I suppose, nobody wanted him in England. Lazy, idle sort of fellow — few ideas; tried to play your heavy Piccadilly swell game. That sort of thing no go over there. Seems he was a bit of a scientist in his way, and whenever he wasn't playing billiards he was messing about with chemicals. I met him once, and found him rather a dull dog, but we had one subject in common — the nuisance of shaving. He told me that he nearly always cut himself, and that each morning when he shaved he 'skated upon the margin of Eternity,' whatever he meant by that. I remarked that I didn't care to risk my life so often; once in five or six days was quite enough for me. He looked horrified at this, but went on to say that it was his life's work to invent something to take the place of shaving. Much as I disliked the fellow, I couldn't help thinking that if he did this, he wouldn't be quite useless. He was one of your very dark customers—black hair, blue jowl, and all that, so I suppose he felt strongly on the subject. Wanted to get some stuff to save himself trouble, idle beggar; but I was interested in what he told me, and I hoped, for purely personal reasons, that he would succeed. After I had left him, though, knowing he was a lazy man, I was afraid he would *give up the notion* and merely grow a beard. Personally, I can't grow a complete one.

"Well, I didn't see him again for some months, and then I met him by chance in the club. Imagine my joy when I saw he was still clean-shaven. Awfully excited he was—said he'd discovered some liquid, a chemical concoction, which he thought would remove hair painlessly and take the place of razors. A little rubbed on the chin with a sponge would destroy the roots of the hair for ever without injury to the skin. Constant application for a week or so was all that was necessary. He was quite cocky about the invention, saying there would be no need for any more morning shaves in bad lights and in a hurry, no more ringing for hot water which was cold when it arrived, no more cuts, no more trouble, no more temper—indeed, he declared with joy, he would now be able to lie in bed for ten minutes longer each day. There was no doubt of the success of his lotion, he said—he had used it himself, and he had not shaved for a fortnight. I looked at him; the blue appearance which he used to have about the chin had entirely disappeared, and he was as clean and soft as if he had never used a razor. Naturally I asked him to give me a bottle of his liquid; but he curtly refused, as he said he was patenting the discovery, and when it came out he would make his fortune. Some people are so selfish, and won't help suffering humanity, even when it is in their power!

"There was a man called Hutchins in the club that day—sort of fellow who went about the country collecting freaks and curiosities, like Noah did, and exhibiting them. Nasty collection of horrors he had got; I should just like to have had a day among them with my gun. Hutchins overheard our conversation, and, being a pushing kind of chap, he made me introduce him to Grafton—that was the name of the inventor fellow. I didn't know what he wanted then, but it came out afterwards.

"Seems Hutchins scented business in the scheme, and wanted to profit by it, as at that time he was very much in want of some new feature to attract the public to his show. At any rate, the long and short

of it was that he made an agreement with Grafton to supply him with money to bring out the stuff, if Grafton undertook to delay its public production for three years. Hutchins was a far-seeing man, and generally knew what the public desired long before it knew itself. A new sensation was wanted, and Hutchins determined to supply it by producing hairless animals, and exhibiting them as natural wonders. Not a bad notion, eh?

"Now, in order to get Grafton to agree to his plan, Hutchins promised to pay him so much for each hairless animal that he produced, besides a percentage on the takings from their exhibition. Grafton agreed on one condition—that he alone should make the liquid, and that no one else, not even Hutchins, should know the secret of its composition.

"All preliminary details thus being settled, they began the attempt to produce

At the end of a week the wretched beast was without a hair.

hairless animals. First beast to be experimented on was Hutchins's fat spaniel, whose only mission in life seemed to be to frighten old ladies and trip up short-sighted elderly men. They shoved this cur into a barrel of the stuff for a few seconds every day, and sure enough, at the end of a week the wretched beast was absolutely without a hair. It looked a disgusting, almost indecent sight—sort of pinky-grey coloured body, and so round and fat—just like a pig.

"They were wild with delight. The dog, which did not seem to be in the best of health after the loss of its hair, was sent off to a farm in the country to be kept, and was shut up in a shed out of sight. So far the result was eminently satisfactory, and Hutchins determined to continue the experiments without delay.

"Next animal was a large truculent-looking anthropoid ape—such a brute, and yet so human. By the way, I've seen one or two men in Piccadilly just like it. They had great difficulty in getting it into the barrel; however, they succeeded at last, and after about a fortnight it was perfectly bald all over. Hutchins had the town placarded with advertisements—

"'The Hairless Ape—the New Missing Link. All former so-called missing links have been merely hairy people; this is an ape with a skin like a man. The most human animal ever seen.

"'Proof of the Darwinian theory—interesting to all anthropologists — no one should miss it. The discovery of the Century.'

"This imposing rhodomontade was scattered broadcast through the town, a proof of Hutchins's inventive power, and an indication of the gullibility of the multitude.

"The bait was a tempting one, and the public rose blindly; nothing was talked of but the new hairless freak, while even the barbers of the town wore a depressed and saddened mien.

"On the opening night the hall was packed from floor to ceiling. I went with some pals to see the show. Half of it was over when Hutchins, looking like an electric advertisement behind diamond rings and studs, stepped on to the stage and announced, with much importance, that he would now introduce to the privileged many present the greatest wonder of the age, the Hairless Ape. There was a sudden hush in the audience, and the silence was so great that, as my neighbour remarked, one could almost hear oneself pick up a pin from the floor.

"Everyone waited in breathless excitement. Nothing happened for a minute, and then there was a loud crash behind the stage, a noise as of the feet of those who run, cries of 'Stop him!' 'Catch him!' 'He has got loose!' followed by stranger noises. Suddenly on to the stage there sprang what appeared to be a naked human being, looking cold, uncomfortable, and fierce. It flew at the smiling, bowing Hutchins, and sent him sprawling on his back; then, evidently desiring to produce harmony in an assemblage that was getting flat and discordant, it jumped into the orchestra, and turned its musical genius to use among the instruments. It tore open the big drum as if it were searching for a lost threepenny bit; then, seizing the cymbals, it produced appalling noises, which seemed to frighten it as much as they did the hearers.

"Next, abandoning the orchestra, it mixed with the audience, and began throwing chairs about and assaulting anyone whom it could reach. Hats, coats, umbrellas, and sticks were sent flying through the air, no one attempting to recover their property. Never was there such a scene of confusion. The ladies screamed, looked inclined to faint, and, thinking better of it, made a wild rush for the doors. The men remained for a moment, hesitating whether they ought to attempt to suppress the ape or provide him with some necessary clothes; then, with one consent, they joined the ladies who were struggling at the exits. Alone stood the ape, wildly waving chairs, hats, bonnets, and other articles which the audience in their hurry had left behind; and at the same time roaring and chattering at the top of its voice. People were

hurriedly leaving the building,
ing that it was a horrible exhibi-
-indecent, degrading, immoral, one
ought to be stopped at once. Some
even sure that it was a man who had
mad, and I must confess that, if
not known better, I should have
d with them. I heard afterwards that
eventually caught, and overpowered
extreme difficulty, but by that time
one had left the building in a rage.
he next day the police came down
closed the show, owing to
complaints of the people.
ins's license was withdrawn,
e was forbidden to perform
dney for the future, owing to
was described as 'the in-
t production and exhibition
airless ape like unto a man.'
leanwhile the wily Grafton
ocketed his money and dis-
red.
he outcry against Manager
ins increased, and in order
r himself, he—metaphorically
ing only—lost his hair and
wledged the whole business,
g that the ape had been made
ss by means of Grafton's
tion. Under pressure from
uthorities, he destroyed the
l, poured away the barrel of
, and everything seemed over.
Unfortunately, Hutchins had
a bit too 'cute, for, fearing
Grafton might bilk him, he
filled two bottles from the barrel
e depilatory, so as to have some
e stuff by him in case of accidents.
bottles he had placed in his room,
y way of disguising their contents,
labelled them 'Hair Wash.' His
having found them, had for several
pplied the wash to her own and her
en's heads. Result was that very
y they were all quite bald, with no
e of their hair ever growing again.
his was a nasty one for Hutchins,
was not all. The hairless fat dog,
had been kept in close seclusion
e farm in case the ape failed, had
ed one night, and upon its recapture
by a farm hand, who evidently judged by appearances, was shut up in a sty with some young pigs. Subsequently all these pigs met their doom, and had been made into alluring pork sausages. Several of the people who ate these developed curious forms of blood-poisoning, while the man who had charge of the pig-sty died under strange circumstances, his family relating that one of the pigs had, in an unaccountable manner, attacked and bitten him. No cause could be assigned for this until someone remembered the missing dog; the farmer, on being questioned, stating that, prior to its disappearance, it had evinced symptoms which he now thought might have been those of hydrophobia. This brought more trouble for Hutchins, since the dog was traced back to him as owner, and he, poor man, was still hunting in vain for Grafton.

The ladies made a wild rush for the doors.

"In consequence of the above trouble, the authorities inflicted a heavy fine on the wretched Hutchins, and this, taken in conjunction with his other losses, made him bankrupt. He was in a bad state now—without money, with a wife and four children all hairless (whom he really

couldn't exhibit), an excellent business ruined, his reputation as a go-ahead manager gone, the secret of the depilatory and the whereabouts of the inventor equally unknown. This was the reward of enterprise!

"One thing remained for him—to find Grafton. To Hutchins it seemed an impossible task, since no trace of the missing man remained. Fact of the

Through the partition he heard a voice.

matter was that Grafton had used his invention on himself as a means of disguise. All his fine wavy black hair had come off, and in its place he was wearing a heavy brown wig. In this state he hung about Sydney for some time.

"One night he went into a drinking-saloon. Through the partition he heard a voice raised in anger, which he knew to be that of Hutchins. He was evidently telling some friends all about his troubles, and what he meant to do to the author of them. The old saying about listeners never hearing any good of themselves was in this instance partly wrong, for Grafton's attentive ears soon gleaned matters of great personal importance.

"'Whenever and wherever I meet that rascally inventor I shall kill him,' said the voice.

"That was enough for Grafton. He paid for his drink, hurriedly left the saloon, and returned to his lodgings. Once there he decked himself out in his smartest clothes, sauntered down to the Harbour, and calmly walked on board a steamer which he noticed was flying the Blue Peter. He went in to the first-class saloon, and there sat till the boat started. That evening he did himself well, eating and drinking as a first-class passenger; and it being a hot night, he slept on deck. On the morrow the steward politely asked him for his ticket. Having none, he was hauled before the Captain, who decreed that, as the vessel didn't stop until Colombo, he should be sent 'forward' to work his passage. Much good he must have been.

"I had all this from a letter which Grafton wrote to me, asking for a loan of money. I sent him some, and the last I heard of him was that he was trying to make a fortune among the coolies in China by saving them the trouble of their daily shave. Hutchins now keeps a barber's shop. It is the irony of fate.

"Isn't it a pity that such a brilliant discovery as the depilatory should be lost to the world? Germans will still make fortunes out of hollow-ground razors; men will still have to look blue and dirty about the chin, and must still remember to pack their strops and shaving-soap; and all this for what reason? Why, merely because Hutchins was too enterprising and grasping, because Grafton was a lazy, selfish fool, and because that ape didn't know how to behave like a civilised human being.

"Personally, I call it a shame—now I'll go and shave."

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ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH COURT LIFE.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

Photographs by King

THE remarkable events which are focussed and portrayed in the history of many of our royal palaces convey *in nuce* not only the striking changes which have during the last few centuries taken place in the manners and habits of the people, but give a vivid idea of the "solemn paths of fame" by which we trace the countless records of our country's greatness. But there is much tragedy as well as comedy connected with these memorials of the past, affording a true index of the condition of society to which the various stirring events relate. St. James's Palace—one of the most famous of London's historic buildings—is a conspicuous example of the truth of this dictum; for since the site was acquired by Henry VIII. in 1532 "our Court at St. James's" has not only dominated the politics of the world, but its royal occupants have always exercised the greatest influence on the social and fashionable life of the people of the Metropolis.

Prior to the Norman Conquest the Hospital of St. James's was founded on the spot for the reception of "fourteen sisters, maidens that were leprous, living chastely and honestly in divine service." Eight "brethren" were appointed to minister to their spiritual necessities, and the work was dedicated to St. James. The people of London, who even at that time were ever ready to assist charitable work, endowed the institution with lands, in order to secure a permanent income for the inmates. King Edward I. confirmed these gifts, and granted to the foundation the privilege of holding an annual fair in aid of the funds. The hospital seems to have continued in existence until it was acquired by Henry VIII., who gave Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk in exchange for it. He pensioned the Sisterhood, and afterwards pulled down the structure. According to Holinshead, he "purchased all the meadows about St. James's, and there made a faire mansion and a parke for his greater commoditie and pleasure." It is not definitely known who was the architect of the "Manor House," as it was at first called, but it is generally considered to have been erected from designs by Holbein. Successive Kings have added to its parks and gardens, while the buildings have been altered as occasion required; but it is long since St. James's Park and the Green Park were royal enclosures; while the demolitions and rebuildings of later Hanoverian times, together with the fire of 1809, have so altered the appearance of this old home of the Court that the great gateway facing St. James's Street is nearly all that can be pointed to as unchanged since the Palace was first erected.

It was while occupying this building that Henry VIII. became "drunk with absolute power"; and, beginning by divorcing Queen Catherine (who bravely bore her wrongs in retirement) and then by marrying the fair Anne Boleyn (whom he afterwards caused to be beheaded), he not only blackened the royal escutcheon by some of the foulest crimes which are recorded in history, but set in motion the

forces which resulted in the execution of Charles I. and the revolution of 1688. The premature death of Edward and the isolated and gloomy life of Mary (who, it is said, had a heart and a faith, but finding none who could render affection for affection, grew sick and cruel, leaving behind the name of "Bloody Mary") are only incidents in this terrible drama. Although Henry divorced Catherine, he for a time remained popular with Londoners, and when he married Anne Boleyn he introduced tournaments and other amusements in honour of the occasion, besides having the initials of himself and his Queen entwined in a love-knot on the carving of the chimney-piece in the old Presence Chamber. The King also introduced the use of sedan-chairs, and Gay in the "Trivia" thus describes Pall Mall on a Levée day—

Oh, bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.

Mary I. and Henry, Prince of Wales, having died in the Palace, it came into the possession of Charles I., who not only enlarged the building, but formed the gallery of antique statues, which had been collected for him by Sir Kenelm Digby, and also fitted up the chapel on the west side, which has since been known as the Chapel Royal. After the birth of Charles II., he granted the use of the Palace to Marie de' Medici, the mother of his consort, Henrietta Maria, but this gave great offence, and eventually Parliament voted her £10,000 to leave the country. She went to Cologne, where she died three years later in a garret. It is unnecessary to follow Charles I. through his unfortunate quarrel with the House of Commons; suffice it to say that on the defeat of the Royalists he was brought to St. James's, where he bade farewell to his children, and spent his last night on earth within its walls. Before daybreak he aroused his attendant, who during the night had rested on a pallet by the royal bed, saying, "He had a great work to do that day." After attending divine service, and partaking of a glass of claret and a small portion of bread, he walked through the Park guarded by a regiment of foot and partisans to Whitehall, where he was executed. The Duke of York was taken prisoner when Fairfax entered Oxford in 1646, and was conveyed to St. James's Palace, but eventually succeeded in making his escape. After the Restoration the Duke returned to the Palace and occupied it until his coronation as James II. In the old bedchamber, close to the Levée Room, the son of James II. and Mary of Modena was born in 1688, when it was alleged that the King and Queen endeavoured to foist on the nation as the future Sovereign a child which had been brought in the place in a warming-pan. The scandal, however, seemed to have no basis in fact, for a number of persons were present at the birth, but the bed standing close to the back stairs favoured the idea.

Passing to the reign of the Georges, it is interesting to note how the power of the Crown had by this time diminished. George I. could not speak English, and it is on record that at his first council there was only one Minister who could speak French, while German was unknown. This does not seem to have caused the Ministers much inconvenience, for the King left all State affairs in their hands, and lived the life of a private gentleman. George II. was not more popular than his predecessor: in fact, these monarchs, being foreigners, were looked upon by the people of London as usurpers, and were treated accordingly, but they seem to have kept clear of the endless struggles and disputes between the Whigs and Tories. There was at this time practically no Court, and it is not to be wondered at that both these Sovereigns became taciturn and morose.

Much has been written concerning the morals of the Courts of Charles II. and James, and it is generally considered that

the "Merrie Monarch" brought the reputation of the English Court to its lowest pitch; but the first two Georges seem to have lived equally immoral lives, for they kept English and German mistresses just as the Stuarts had maintained French ladies. The Duchess of Kendal and Miss Brett both had apartments in the Palace during the reign of George I.; while his successor's favourite was Mrs. Howard, afterwards the Countess of Suffolk. Mr. "selling to the King," as Walpole had heard, "his noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of £1200 a year." When Queen Caroline was on her death-bed she advised the King to marry again, but George, in a fit of sobbing, replied: "Non, j'aurai des maîtresses." To this the Queen remarked: "Ah! Mon Dieu! Cela n'empêche pas."

In the reign of George IV. the Palace

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

P. Cunningham, in his "Handbook of London," gives an account of a quarrel between Miss Brett and Princess Anne. The former had ordered a door which led from her apartments to the garden to be broken down, but the Princess insisted on its being bricked up. The quarrel was at its height when the King suddenly died, and the Princess triumphed. On another occasion Mrs. Howard's husband appeared at the Palace, and demanded that his wife should be restored to him, but after a noisy protestation he was induced to desist, was not used as a royal residence, although that Sovereign received there Princess Caroline, his bride. The reception which he gave her was not calculated to encourage the Princess, and was the prelude to the misery which followed. "No sooner had he approached her," says the chronicler, "than, as if to subdue the qualms of irrepressible disgust, he desired the dignified Envoy, with an oath, to bring him a glass of brandy." It is added that "the Princess expressed surprise," but to ordinary people this would

seem to be a malapropism, and one wishes that Princess Caroline had displayed a little more spirit in regard to the lack of the elementary principles of etiquette. William IV. and Queen Adelaide lived at

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colour having a long crape streamer. The Headquarters Staff of the Army, at the head of which was Lord Roberts, holding his Field-Marshal's bâton, occupied the position behind the guard.

THE QUEEN'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

St. James's when in town, but Queen Victoria, from the date of her accession, used it only for official business, Levées, Drawing-Rooms, and occasionally for State balls.

The proclamations of the Sovereigns at the Palace have always been conducted in Friary Court, where that of the "High and Mighty Prince Albert Edward" recently took place. A brief description of the scene may be interesting. A guard of honour composed of a detachment of the Grenadier Guards was posted in front of the Palace, with the band and the King's colour in the centre, the drums being muffled with black covers, and the

The central portion of the balcony was filled with a brilliant group, including the Mace-bearers in gorgeous liveries, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal; the Deputy Garter, the York Herald; the Somerset Herald, the Windsor Herald, Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix, and Blue Mantle, all in State uniforms. As soon as Big Ben had struck nine the State Trumpeters sounded a fanfare, and when its echoes had died away the Deputy Garter, in a clear, impressive voice, read the proclamation from a huge parchment scroll, declaring that "The High and Mighty Prince, Albert Edward, is now, by the Death of our late Sovereign of Happy

Memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India: To whom we do acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection; beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward the Seventh with long and happy years to reign over us." As soon as the proclamation had been read the Deputy Garter in a loud voice cried, "God Save the King!" whereupon the heralds blew another fanfare, the band played the National Anthem, the guard of honour presented arms, the colour was lowered, and the crowd raised a mighty cheer. This brought the interesting ceremony to an end; but the various officials afterwards proceeded to the City to read the proclamation at different points.

The scene when Queen Victoria was proclaimed was a very affecting one. The same ceremonial was observed, but her Majesty was present on that occasion and witnessed the scene from the open window of the Tapestry Room. During the ceremony the youthful Sovereign was so overcome that she burst into tears; and, says an eye-witness, "notwithstanding her earnest endeavours to restrain them, they continued to flow in torrents down her now pallid cheeks until she retired from the window; her Majesty, nevertheless, curtsied many times in acknowledgment of her grateful sense of the devotion of her people."

The best view of the Palace is obtained from St. James's Street. Here can be seen not only the ancient Gatehouse and turrets—the Gatehouse leads to the Colour Court, which derives its name from the fact that the colours of the military guard are placed there—but on the right the

THE CHAPEL ROYAL, AS ARRANGED FOR THE DUKE OF YORK'S WEDDING.

entrance to the Ambassadors' Court, the Gothic windows of the Chapel Royal, and, further west, York House; while on the left of the gateway are the offices of the household officials. Entrance to the State apartments is obtained from the Mall. It was here that Margaret Nicholson attempted to assassinate George III. in 1796, when he had just alighted from his carriage; while in the gardens it is recorded that Cromwell, who after the execution of Charles I. grew ambitious with his power, put the following question to a high official: "What if a man should take upon him to be King?" The official deprecated the idea, evidently bearing in mind the fate of the last monarch, and Cromwell had to rest content with the title, "Oliver, by the Grace of God, Lord Protector." Despite his ambition, Cromwell seems to have been troubled at the fate of Charles. When the body of the latter was brought from Whitehall it lay exposed in the Palace. The Lord Protector entered the funereal chamber with his face muffled and wearing a big cloak, and as he gazed at the body it is said that he remarked solemnly to himself, "Dreadful necessity."

The State apartments are entered by way of the Grand Staircase, the top of which has been converted into a sort of armoury, the walls being elegantly and artistically decorated with weapons, including daggers, muskets, swords, etc. In this apartment are stationed the Yeomen of the Guard, who, in addition to being a guard of honour on the occasion of Drawing-Rooms and Levées, had, when the Palace was a royal residence, to carry up the dishes from the kitchen to the monarch's table. Leaving the Guard Chamber we come to the Tapestry Room (the old Presence Chamber), the walls of which are hung with the beautiful tapestry made for Charles II. It is in this room that the initials "H. A." (Henry and Anne Boleyn) are, as already stated, carved on the fireplace to represent a true-lovers' knot. On the top is a crown; and among other embellishments are the fleur-de-lys of France, the portcullis of Westminster, and the rose of Lancaster.

The next chamber is Queen Anne's Room, one of the four great State apartments, all of which are most sumptuously furnished. The suites in these magnificent rooms have been made to match one another; the chairs, sofas, ottomans, etc, being covered with crimson velvet and ornamented with gold lace. The window-curtains are composed of tissu-de-verre, the walls are embellished with rich material of a similar description, and the floors are covered with Wilton carpets, on which the royal arms are designed. The apartments, however, are differently arranged. Queen Anne's Room is lighted by means of a richly chased Grecian lustre; and there are several large mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor. It was in this apartment that the Duke of York lay in State in 1827. The next apartment is called the Ante-Drawing-Room, which really forms the entrance to the Presence Chamber or Throne Room, and in which Levées and State Drawing-Rooms are held. At one end of the apartment is the magnificent throne, under the crimson velvet and gold-fringed canopy. The adjoining room is the Queen's Closet, in which the monarch gives audiences to Ambassadors, and annually receives an address from the clergy of the Established Church. Much secret State business has been conducted in this apartment by our Sovereigns long before the Cabinet came into existence; and it was owing to the various intrigues which were engendered there that "our Court at St. James's" carried such terror into many stout hearts.

In these beautiful rooms are many pictures which have become priceless, not only on account of their intrinsic value, but because of their historic associations. During the Cromwell régime many valuable paintings and pictures were either disfigured or destroyed. It is remarkable how the value of pictures has increased during the last few hundred years. A portrait of Queen Elizabeth in her Parliamentary robes was in Cromwell's time sold for £1; a portrait of the Queen-Mother in mourning habit for £3;

a portrait of George Buchanan, the distinguished *littérateur* and the tutor of James I., for £3 10s.; King Charles as a youth "in small clothes" for £2; and Queen Henrietta for 5s. Among the chief pictures in the State apartments may be mentioned the following: Portraits of Charles II., George I., George II., and Queen Anne; George III., the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Count La Lippe, and Charles I., after Vandyke; Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

The Chapel Royal is an exceedingly plain building, the only feature worthy of note being the ornate ceiling designed by Holbein. The royal gallery is opposite the altar. There is also a gallery along each side. Many royal marriages have been solemnised within its walls, including

THE THRONE ROOM.

and the Marquis of Granby, by Sir J. Reynolds; George IV. and the Duke of York, by Sir T. Lawrence; Lord Nelson, Earl St. Vincent, and Lord Rodney, by Hoppner; beauties of the Court of Charles II., copied from pictures at Hampton Court; large paintings of the Siege of Tournay and the Siege of Lisle; the Battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, by G. Jones; full-length portraits of Henry VIII., by Holbein; Mary and Elizabeth, by Zucchero; James I. those of Prince George of Denmark and Princess Anne; Frederick Prince of Wales and a daughter of the Duke of Coburg; George IV. and Queen Caroline; Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Germany, afterwards the Emperor Frederick; and lastly the Duke of York and Princess May. These royal nuptials were celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance of full State ceremonials. The marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert is considered

to have been the most brilliant ceremony which has ever taken place there; and an idea of its splendour may be gained by Catharine of Braganza. There was, in addition, a friary (from which Friary Court obtains its name); and the Queen first

THE GUARD CHAMBER.

the fact that the fittings alone cost about £10,000.

The Sunday services, which are fully choral, are, during the season, attended by the *élite* of the aristocracy. During the last twenty-five years of his life the Duke of Wellington was a constant worshipper there. An amusing story is told by Madame d'Arblay of George III., who used to attend the services when churchgoing was not so fashionable as it is at the present time. She says that "the Queen and family, dropping off one by one, used to leave the King, the parson, and his Majesty's Equerry to freeze it out together."

The German Chapel, which is close to Marlborough House, occupies the site of *the Roman Catholic* Chapel, built for heard mass there in September 1662, when Lady Castlemaine, though a Protestant, and Charles the Second's mistress, attended her as a maid-of-honour. Pepys in his "Diary" thus quaintly describes the scene—

To the Parke; the Lord's Day. The Queen coming by in her coach, going to her chapel at St. James's (the first time that it hath been ready for her). I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where her closet is, and there stood and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryers in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine crosses, and many other fine things. I heard their musique too, which may be good, but it did not appear so to me, neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queen very devout; but what pleased me best was to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, though a Protestant, did wait upon

the Queen to chapel. By-and-by, after masse was done, a fryer with his cowl did rise up and preach a sermon in Portuguese, which I, not understanding, did go away, and to the King's Chapel, but that was done; and so up to the Queen's Presence-Chamber, where she and the King were expected to dine; but she staying at St. James's, they were forced to remove the things to the King's presence, and there he dined alone.

In the Ambassadors' Court, the chief entrance of which is in Cleveland Row, are several features of interest. The first of importance is York House, the town residence of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. This is situated on the north-west side of the court, and compared with Clarence House (formerly the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh), which faces Stafford House, is rather an insignificant-looking building. The interior, however, is most exquisitely decorated and furnished, the entrance-hall and the large drawing and dining rooms being most artistically embellished. When it was assigned as the residence of their Royal Highnesses the whole of the interior was redecorated and refurnished; but even now it is not considered to be adequate to their requirements, and it is probable that the heir to the throne and his consort will shortly have a town residence more befitting the dignity of their position.

In the Ambassadors' Court, which is also known as the West Quadrangle, there are further the offices of the Lord Chamberlain. This high State official not only has the management of the Levées and Drawing-Rooms, but also grants the licenses for plays throughout the United Kingdom, etc. Several other members of the Royal Household have apartments in the West Quadrangle, and from here other entrances are obtained to the Colour Court and to the State

QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM, ARRANGED FOR LEVÉE DAY.

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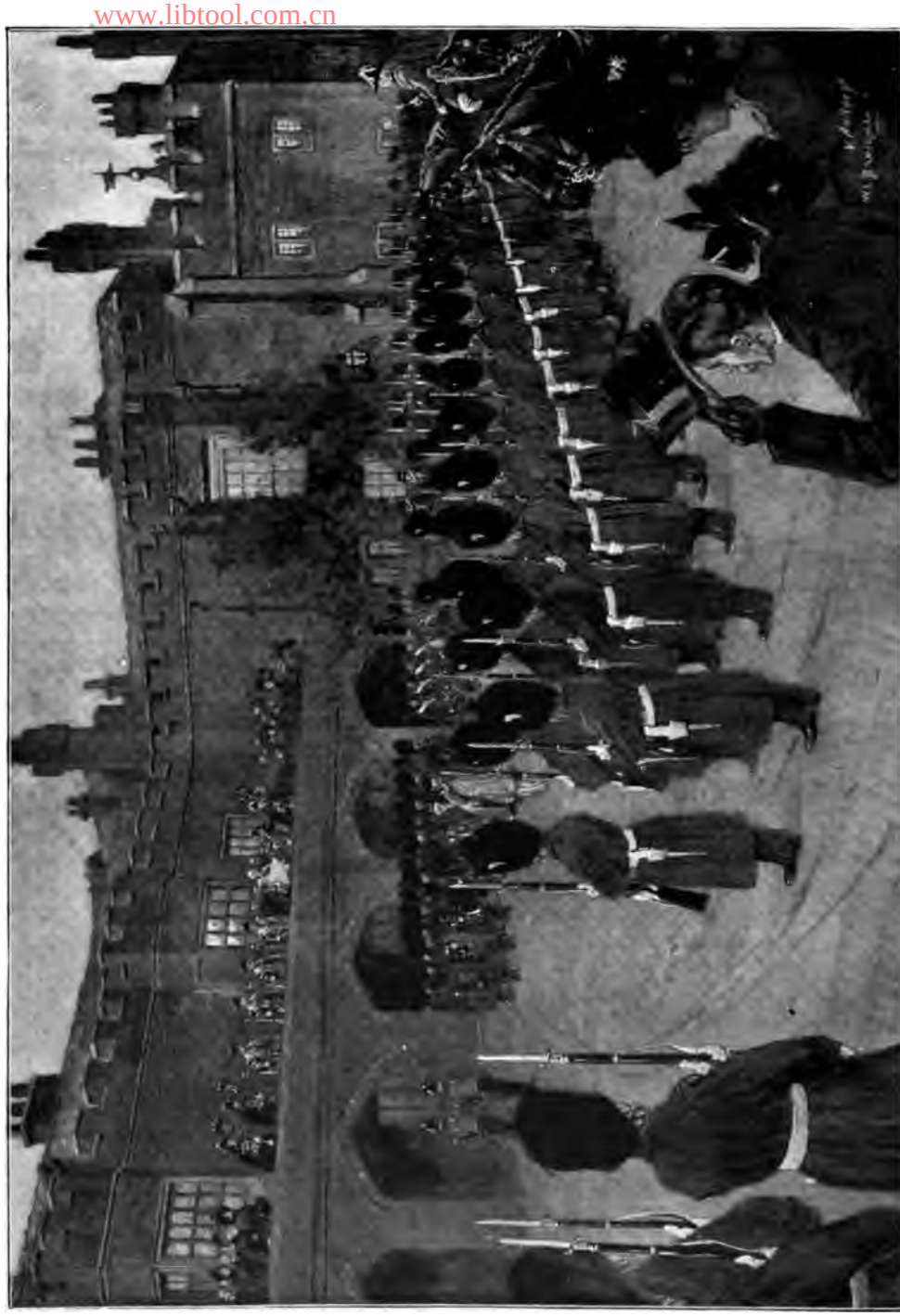

PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, JANUARY 24, 1901.
Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

rooms; while opposite York House is the guard-room, etc. The ex-King of Hanover, the Czar, the King of Prussia, Marshal Blücher, and other distinguished personages, when visiting this country at various times, had suites of apartments in the Ambassadors' Court. On the site now occupied by Clarence House and Stafford House—the latter, owned by the Duke of Sutherland, is considered one of the finest mansions in the Metropolis — formerly stood the stables and library belonging to the Palace, but in the reign of George II. they were taken down. The thoroughfare from the Palace to the Mall is still known as Stable Yard.

St. James's Park, which at the time the Palace was built was a marshy waste, was drained by Henry VIII. This monarch enclosed the grounds, entrance to which was obtained from the "Manor House." The Park in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. became a sort of royal recreation-ground; for here was introduced not only skating, but the French game of *Paille Maille*—similar to croquet at the present day—while in 1664, according to Pepys, Lords Castlehaven and Arran ran down and killed a fine buck in the Park for a wager before the King, and two years later a wrestling-match for £1000 took place. Charles II. planted the fine lime-trees which now line each side of the Mall and placed a number of aviaries along Birdcage Walk, from which it derived its name. In addition, he made canals and ponds for the accommodation of water-fowl. Nell Gwyn, from 1670 to the time of her death, which occurred seventeen years later, occupied a house "on the east end north side" of the Park, and the "Merrie Monarch" carried on his *liaison* with the famous flower-girl of Old Drury in the garden of this house, which abutted on to the Park. Mr. Cunningham gives the following account of the circumstances under which Nell Gwyn came into possession of the property—

"Nelly at first had only a lease of the house, which, as soon as she discovered, she returned the conveyance to the King, with a remark characteristic of her wit, and of the monarch to whom it was addressed. The King enjoyed the joke, and perhaps admitted its truth; so the house in Pall Mall was conveyed *free* to Nell and her representatives for ever. The truth of the story is confirmed by the fact that the house which occupies the site of the one in which she lived, now No. 79, is the only freehold on the south, or Park, side of Pall Mall."

After William III. threw open the Park to the public, further improvements were effected, with the result that it is now one of the most popular "lungs" of the Metropolis, although it still belongs to the Crown, and is nominally attached to the famous historic building from which it derives its name.

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TAKEN IN THE ACT.

By ALFRED HURRY.

I HAD sought shelter from the rain in the Salvation Hall. The Reformed Burglar testifying from the platform had singled me out among the audience, and called me "a man of sin." I felt justified in following him into the Coffee Palace when the meeting dispersed, without further introduction, and demanding his experiences, and the reasons why he left off burgling and joined the "Army."

He took a mighty bite of the thick bread-and-butter and a deep drink of the thin coffee, and said—

"It was along of the deceitfulness of riches, or rather, of them as owns 'em. Did you ever hear of the Miser of Cradwell Heath?"

"Never. Who was he?"

"He was an old cove who lived in a little house at Cradwell Heath all by hisself, except for a servant, when he could get one to stop with him. He was worth a mint of money, and instead of putting it in the bank he kept it in the house in a fireproof safe, and counted it over every night afore he went to bed, and again when he got up in the morning. Sometimes he 'd count a quid or two short, and then he 'd roar out 'Thieves!' and 'Murder!' and threaten to give the servant in charge if she didn't confess. Then he 'd count his money over again and find it was all right, and apologise.

"Apologies is all very well, but it don't make it up to a person for being called 'thief' for nothing. *I* could never bear being called 'thief,' even when I *was* one. So the girls generally used to leave before their month was up, and the old chap 'ud be alone in the house."

"But how did you know all this?" I inquired.

"Easy enough. I lived in Hoxton then, and a cousin of mine who was in service got took on at this very place. They told her at the registry office that she wouldn't stop there long, but she liked the idea of living in the country, and she took it. But the registry office was right. She was a sperrity girl, and the first time the old cove accused her of stealing his money she threatened to give him what for, and come away. She tells us all about the old miser, and how he was alone with his money. I asked her a few questions about the house, and she told me all I wanted. *She* didn't know what I was after, becos I used to work reg'lar at my trade, and when I made a bit on the other lay I used to say I 'd won it on a 'orse. Doing no work of a daytime, and drinking whisky-and-sodas, and wearing flash clothes—that 's what gives a man away and brings the police on him.

"But however careful you are, you 're bound to get pinched sooner or later, if you only go on long enough. The thing is to know when to stop.

"*I* was thinking of stopping, but when I heard about this old cove I made up my mind I 'd clean him out first, and *then* stop. So next evening me and a pal got our tools, and went down to Cradwell Heath. The house stood all by itself in a garden run over with weeds, with tall railings all round, and great iron gates like the gates of a cemetery. It was the softest job we 'd ever come across, especially as we knew we wouldn't be troubled

with the police. One evening the policeman on the beat, a new 'un, had gone into the garden to see that the doors and the windows was all shut, and instead of getting half a dollar for his pains, the old cove heard him scrunching among the bushes, and opened a window and put a

"It was a very dark night, and we climbed over the railings and hid among the bushes till the copper passed. He'd got noiseless shoes, but we could see his lantern flashing every now and again as he came down the road. Then we took a pane out of the French window leading

"Did you ever hear of the Miser of Cradwell Heath?"

bullet through his helmet. We reckoned he wouldn't pay special attention to the house after this, only taking it in with the rest of the beat, which was a pretty long one. If we waited till the policeman passed we'd have plenty of time to get in the house before he come round again—that is, if he worked his beat straightforward, instead of dodging about like some o' the knowing ones do.

into the drawing-room, got through, and was all right, so far as the police was concerned. We wasn't quite so sure about the old cove. He was a light sleeper, and if he heard the least sound in the night he'd get up and come downstairs with his revolver, and wouldn't mind who he shot. As a rule, people don't like to fire at burglars first because they're afeard of being had up for manslaughter, but this old madman was more afeard of being robbed than being hanged.

"We went into the hall and sat down on the stairs, and talked it over in a whisper. The fact is, we both funked it. The house was dark and cold, and everything was quiet, except for a grandfather's clock ticking somewhere upstairs, and the wind moaning outside. The old chap slept in the same room as the safe, so before we could start work we'd have to nobble him. The question was how,

becos if by chance he was awake, and the stairs creaked, we'd be dead men directly we opened the door.

"At last we decided that instead of us going in to him we'd make him come out to us. I crept upstairs and hid myself in a doorway, and Sam went into the drawing-room and started moving the furniture about and making a row. I could hear the old cove snoring inside the room, but suddenly the sound stopped, and I knew that he'd woke up. Then his bed-room door opened very quiet, and I heard his breathing coming towards me along the corridor, and his feet shuffling on the bare boards. I see something dark pass in front of me, going to the staircase, and I judged my distance as well as I could, and let out with a knuckle-duster. By good luck I caught him on the back of the head, and he went down wallop. I whistled over the banisters, and Sam came upstairs, and we lit a lantern. The old miser was lying all of a heap, in his dressing-gown and slippers. We gagged him with a pair of socks and a handkerchief, and wound him up in a sheet, and tied it round with towels, so that he was just like a mummy. Then we carried him into one of the rooms and locked him in. A tremendous weight he was, too, with all them things on him.

"It were only two o'clock, so we had plenty of time. We went downstairs to the pantry, but all we could find to eat was some bread and cheese. 'The low, mean scoundrel!' said Sam. 'We'll teach him the laws of hospitality!' and we shoved all his dirty bread and cheese in the sink, and turned the tap on it. Then we went upstairs again and had a look to see that he was going on all right. He'd come to, and his eyes was nearly bursting out of his head with rage.

"'Keep cool, gaffer,' I said; 'we ain't going to hurt you. We're simply going to lock you up in a room out of harm's way.'

"He made a noise in his throat as if he was trying to cough.

"'Let him get it off his chest, or else he'll choke,' says Sam.

"I held a revolver between his eyes, and told him that if he tried to shout I'd blow his brains out, and then we took the stopper out of his mouth. He didn't cough; he laughed, just like a monkey.

"'He's off his head,' said Sam. 'Put it back, and let's start.'

"We went into his bed-room. There wasn't no carpet on the floor, and a common dosser would have turned his nose up at the bed. In a corner was the safe, and opposite it was a kind of upright coffin with a glass front, and a skeleton inside. It gave us a bit of a turn for a moment; but a dead man's more harmless than a live one any day, so we just said 'Wot cher!' to His Bones, and got to business.

"The safe was just a ordinary fire-proof safe, and we reckoned we'd have the door off inside a couple of hours. We fixed a blanket across the window, and started. And time enough too. I've opened a few 'burglar-proof 'uns' in my time, but this was the worst I'd ever worked on, and Sam said the same. It was a cold night, but afore we'd half done we were sweating that hard we were glad to take off our shirts, and work in our buff. After we'd been at it for four mortal hours, and scarcely had strength to lift the jemmies and the bars, we got her open.

"*And the blooming safe was empty!*

"Well, what with the work, and what with the shock, we could have cried like children. It makes my blood boil even to think of it. We sat staring at the empty safe for a time.

"'He must have banked it, after all,' said Sam, at length.

"'No,' I says, 'he's hid it somewhere—under a loose board or among the rafters. If he'd banked it, his bank-book would be in the safe.'

"'Perhaps the quids is in the safe, after all, then,' said Sam, brightening up. 'Let's see if there's a false bottom.'

"It was thick enough for this—it was as strong as a gaol and a ironclad put together. There was a kind of iron network inside, like a second door, and Sam swung it open to feel inside.

"'What's that?' I said, nearly jumping out of my skin with fright. A light flared

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"The old miser was lying all of a heap, in his dressing-gown and slippers."

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up behind us from where the skeleton was, as if the place were afire. We turned our heads to see what was up, but the glare was so strong that we had to close our eyes, and when we opened them again the light had gone. We stared at the skeleton, and it stared back at us, and I began to feel cold all down the back.

"The next thing was a most unhearthly whirring row outside on the landing. It was only the old grandfather's clock getting ready to strike; but by this time we were in such a state that that done for us. We shoved on our clothes as quick as we could, and bolted downstairs and out of the house. The dawn was breaking, so we had to be careful how we got over the railings; but no one saw us, and we started to tramp back to Hoxton.

"We went to bed and slept all the day, and till dinner-time of the next. Then we had a bit of breakfast, and went out to the pub., and had a look at the *Advertiser*. There was a little paragraph about the affair, but it only said that the house had been broken into, but that the burglars hadn't got anything, and the police had a clue, but was 'very reticent, and wouldn't give no information.'

"'Trust 'em for that,' says Sam. 'They can't give what they ain't got.'

"We'd left our tools, but they ain't nothing to go by. Only the maker would know them, and the police didn't know 'im; and even if they'd got hold of him he couldn't nark, because they was second or third hand. Some coves think that second-hand tools is unlucky, and I'm blowed if I don't believe they're right now.

"Sam hadn't hardly spoke the words when the door opened, and a 'tec. comes in—I forget his name, but we knowed him well by sight.

"'Mornin', boys,' he said; 'I must ask you to come along of me.'

"'Oh!' says Sam, 'and what for, if it ain't a rude question? You ain't bound to incriminate yourself, you know,' he says, chaffing.

"'That's all right,' says the 'tec., laughing. 'It's for the job at Cradwell Heath the night before last. There's two of us in the front, and two stopping at the back way, so I know you'll be sensible and come quiet.'

"He whistled, and a couple of coppers in uniform comes in, and he reads us the warrant.

"'Cradwell Heath?' says Sam. 'That's somewhere down Barking way, ain't it? Tell us all about it, will yer? Was it done clever?'

"'Cleverest thing I ever heard of,' and the three rozzers burst out laughing fit to die. Sam and me looked at each other. We felt pretty sure that if we held our tongues they couldn't prove nothing against us, but, all the same, we didn't like the way them slops laughed. They seemed to have something up their sleeves. We went to the station with half Hoxton following us. The inspector booked the charge, and then he says—

"'Hot work openin' the safe, wasn't it? 'Ad to take your shirts off to it, didn't you?'

"I looked at Sam, and Sam looked at me, and then like a fool I says—

"'There must have been somebody else in the house, Sam.'

"'So you *was* there, then,' said the 'tec. 'You'd better shut your mouths—"you ain't bound to incriminate yourselves," you know. Think it over in the cells.'

"In the afternoon, when the rest of the charges had been finished, we was put in the dock. The 'tec. gave his evidence about arresting us, and how we'd given ourselves away, though he'd warned us. Then the next witness was called in, and I'm blowed if it wasn't the sneaking old miser himself. Sam and me was in a cold sweat, waiting to hear how he'd got on our track, and whether there was any proof against us. And, worse luck, there was—clear-as-daylight proof.

"First of all the old boy pulls out a photograph of his bed-room, showing the safe and the skeleton.

"'You observe, your Worship,' he says, 'that the skeleton's eye-holes are fixed on the front of the safe. Now the skull is hollowed out behind, and looking through the mouth is a camera. In each eye-hole is an electric lamp. Inside the

safe there 's a wire door, and that is connected with the photergrafic apparatus, so that when it 's opened, first of all the lights are turned on, and by the time the subject has turned his head to see where

" He brings out another photograph, and old Montagu, the beak, looks at it and grins.

" ' Show it to the prisoners,' he said, ' and see what they think of it.'

" There was the room, with the safe burst open, and two men kneeling by it, stripped to the waist."

the light 's coming from, the shutter of the camera is opened, and he 's taken as well as if he were sitting a-purpose. It 's my own invention, your Worship, and I flatter myself it 's as ingenious as it 's unique. Behold the result in the present instance ! '

" You might have knocked us down dead with a feather. There was the room, with the safe burst open, and two men kneeling by it, stripped to the waist. Their backs was to you, but their heads was turned round, worse luck, so that they was

looking at you—or, rather, their faces were towards you, but their eyes was screwed up as if they was dazzled.

"'"'Tain't *our* pictures, yer Worship,' says Sam. '"Tain't a bit like us. Beg pardon, your Worship, but this old gent ought to be sent to Broadmoor. He's dangerous. Just fancy making a photograph-shop of a skeleton's 'ead, and swearing he's taken the photographs of innocent men as wasn't there!'

"'"I must admit the likenesses are not so good as I should have liked,' says the old cove. 'You see, your Worship, the light has dazzled them. But all the same, Scotland Yard recognised the originals at once; and the voice of the man that has spoken is the voice that threatened to blow out my brains when I was lying helpless.'

"As it happened, the old cove was lying now, because it was me that said I'd blow his brains out. However, it's easy enough to mistake a voice, so I didn't say anything. I could see old Montagu had made up his mind.

"'"Did they take anything?' he asks.

"The old cove gives off his monkey-laugh.

"'"Only a hurried departure, your Worship. The day before I had this unexpected pleasure'—he bows sarcastic to Sam and me sweating in the dock—'the lock of the safe got out of order, and I couldn't lock it, so I took the money out and put it in a belt round my waist, and just closed the safe-door. They could have opened it by simply turning the handle, instead of which they seem to have wasted half the night in bursting it open.'

"'"From all of which I gather they did *not* take anything?' says Monty, frowning. A beak don't like anyone to be funny in his court except hisself.

"'"They did not, your Worship. On the contrary, they very carefully wrapped me and the money up in a sheet and locked us in a room, to "keep me out of harm's way," as one of them was good enough to explain. I was truly grateful to them.'

"At this the people in the court, and the policemen that was listening to the cases, all burst out laughing fit to break the windows. And 'pon my sivvy, though Sam and me knew it was all up, and felt we could have murdered the grinning old miser, I'm blowed if we didn't join in. But *we* hadn't nothing to laugh at. We was committed straight away, and when we was tried at the Old Bailey we pleaded guilty.

"'"Five years each,' says the Judge, 'with hard labour. And I can't take into consideration the hard labour they've already put in at the safe. I don't countenance unproductive toil.'

"That was the roughest bit of all. I never got over it, and I did my five pennorth like a lamb, and when I come out I said to the Salvation boys that was waiting at the gate: 'Quite right, cullies, all is vanity; give me a red jersey and a yachting cady like yourn, and I'll march to glory in the front rank.'

"That's how I come to join the 'Army,' guv'nor; and good I've found them."

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STOLEN MASTERPIECES.

By GEORGE H. CASAMAJOR.

THERE is every element for a Drury Lane melodrama in the romance that fact and fancy have woven around the recently recovered "Duchess of Devonshire" portrait, that would rival the adventures of the "Great Ruby" itself. Act. I., 1876: An art-shop in Bond Street. Crowd of fashionables gathered to view the great painting just acquired at Christie's for the record-breaking price of 10,100 guineas. Incidental flirting and gossip while the villain and his accomplice L. L. C. plot the abduction of the "Duchess," to rescue a brother criminal from a French gaol. Closing-time. Villain conceals himself, and when all is dark cuts painting from frame, hands it out of window to his pal, and escapes—Heaven knows how! Act II., Scene 1: A yacht in the Mediterranean, with robbers and their plunder on board. Villains quarrel among themselves. Mutual threats of revenge. Scene 2: Constantinople. Arch-villain in hands of brigands. Held for ransom. Rescued by another shady individual, whom he had delivered from an awkward situation in America years before. It is not true that in real life the honest man in trouble feels a hand upon his shoulder, and has the exact amount of his financial obligation handed over by a stranger who has taken a fancy to his looks, but in the under-world and in stage-land anything may happen, and the motive for the rescue from the barbarous Turk is perfectly established. Act III.: Many years elapse. New York. The rescuer of Act II. discovers in his brigand-saved friend the abductor of the "Duchess," and treats for its return. Plots and counter-plots, false scents and true ones, ending in Act IV., Chicago, the present day, with the rightful owner bearing off his treasure.

Perhaps when the true story comes out, if it ever leaks from the Sphinx of Scotland Yard or the equally discreet Mr. Pinkerton, of New York, it may fit any of the countless rumours which have been put forward respecting the theft. In the meantime there stands the legend which lack of fact has created, and has that in it which the latter-day novelist and playwright will not let escape him.

And the mystery does not all centre around the theft. Is it a Gainsborough or is it not? This is a pertinent question, and will furnish motive for a royal battle of the quill. And who is the subject? When the portrait was knocked down to Messrs. Agnew, they advertised it for exhibition as that of Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, famed as society queen and political schemer; but the burden of proof now seems to rest on its being that of Lady Elizabeth Foster, born Hervey, and daughter of the Earl of Bristol, who was Lady Georgina's cousin, and in later years her successor. Lady Georgina is said to have possessed a turned-up nose, while that feature in the portrait is a fine specimen of the Grecian type. On the other hand, there is no convincing resemblance between this face and that of the indubitable "Lady Betty," by Sir Joshua Reynolds. So where are we?

The Lady Elizabeth has many claims to distinction for her charm and wit and grace, and this controversy will serve to recall a personality scarcely less interesting than that of her wonderful predecessor. The two women were close friends. They were

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Photo. by Woodbury

THE FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.—BY GAINSBOROUGH.

Stolen, May 25, 1876; recovered, April 1901.

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together in Lausanne when Gibbon, reading the manuscript of his immortal history to Lady Betty, was so transported by her sympathy and appreciation that he fell on his knees and proposed marriage on the spot. Nor was his admiration quelled by the amazed woman's (some accounts say that her first husband was still alive) refusal, for his correspondence continued to be full of her praises. He even had the temerity to compare her with the Lady Georgina. "Bess," he says, "is much nearer the level of a mortal; but a mortal for whom the wisest man, historical or medical, would throw away two or three worlds if he had them in his possession." When she had married the Duke, and was once more a widow, she lived, until her death in 1824, in Rome, where her brilliant mind gave her high position, and made her home the rendezvous of the greatest Italians of the day. She spent large sums of money, with success, upon excavations in the Forum, and brought out some remarkable editions of Horace and Virgil.

Crime is often the result of suggestion, and it seems possible to trace the germ of the plot of the stolen "Duchess of Devonshire" to a world-famous theft in Spain some eighteen months before. Of all its treasures Seville prizes most Murillo's

MURILLO'S "CHRIST CHILD APPEARING TO ST. ANTHONY."

Stolen from the Baptistery of Seville Cathedral, November 5, 1874; recovered, October 30, 1875.

painting of the "Appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua" in the baptistery chapel of its Cathedral. With its eighteen feet of height and ten of width, it is the largest of the master's canvases, and has the added value of being painted in his inimitable "vaporoso" manner. The Duke of Wellington wanted to buy it for as much gold as would cover its surface—about £43,000, it has been reckoned—but nothing would induce the clergy to part with a treasure so dear to them and to the people. There are many legends connected with it, and one is that birds, deceived by its cunning art, peck at the lilies on the table. The picture was protected by curtains; and when on the morning of November 5, 1874, the sacristan went to draw them, his heart turned sick at the sight that met his eyes. The figure of St. Anthony had been cut from the frame and was gone. The Government made great effort, at once sending photographs and descriptions of the missing fragment to its representatives the world over; but at the height of the sensation the thief, as it afterwards turned out, coolly walked on board a steamer at *Cadiz with his plunder on* his shoulder.

MURILLO'S "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."
Abstracted by Soult from the Hospital de los Venerabiles Sacerdotes, in Seville.

On January 2 of the following year Mr. William Schaus, a prominent art-dealer of New York, was visited by a Spaniard calling himself Fernando Garcia, who told of a family heirloom, a genuine Murillo, that, under pressure of adversity, he wished to part with. Mr. Schaus asked him to send the canvas for inspection, and there arrived a very dilapidated painting, about 7 ft. high and 5 ft. wide, on a brand-new stretching-frame of undoubted American make. It was the kneeling figure of a saint.

The paint on the head had almost disappeared; the nose was gone, and a puncture at the side of the canvas, evidently made by a knife, had been clumsily repaired. But there was enough there for Mr. Schaus to recognise the widely sought "St. Anthony." Negotiations for the purchase of the picture for $250 were completed, and Garcia and the painting turned over to the Spanish Consul. The miscreant was taken to Havana, examined, and afterward, for some reason, set at liberty. The fragment, brought back to Spain, was carefully replaced and restored by the painter Cubells, and October 30, 1875, was observed *en fête* by the Sevillians in honour of the recovery of their treasure. Señor

Cubells got a gold medal, and his wife relics of several saints; everyone connected with the affair was rewarded except Mr. Schaus, who had declined to accept the Government reward of 50,000 pesetas, and whom the grateful nation, which had, indeed, intended to do something for him, quite forgot in their joy and enthusiasm.

Of all the old masters, Murillo is the one whose works have had the most adventurous careers. During the Napoleonic invasion of Spain, the French Generals, probably actuated by the example of their chief, who despoiled Italy for the adornment of France, laid violent hands on the art treasures of the Peninsula for their own benefit. They stole right and left, and the terrorised and horrified authorities, whether secular or religious, were powerless to resist. Owing to this means of dissemination, the Spanish school is probably better represented in the public and private galleries of most countries than any other. Many, of course, have been rightfully purchased in the impoverished land; but it is a fact that there are in Great Britain to-day nearly twice as many authentic examples of Murillo and Velasquez as in the whole of Spain.

The Duke of Alcudia and General Dessoles were among those who enriched themselves during the Peninsular War at the vast Spanish storehouse of artistic wealth; but their acts were mere peccadillos compared with thos. of Marshal Soult. It may truly be said of him that he kept one eye on beautiful paintings and the other on the Duke of Wellington. The Marshal was not only a great connoisseur, but a keen man of business, and when, in 1813, the French Government compelled the restoration to rightful owners of much of this stolen property, he was able to prove a clear title to his plunder and to preserve intact his splendid spoil, which included fifteen Murillos, twenty Zurbarans, seven Rebeiras, and seven Alfonso Canos, in his almost royal residence at St. Amands. Whatever guarantee of conveyance he may have acquired, the paintings were virtually obtained from terrified monks at point of sword. On his knocking at one convent-gate, the Prior, seeing resistance was hopeless, drove a hard bargain for the coveted picture, which so enraged Soult that he seized two of the monks and held them in ransom.

MURILLO'S "BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN."
Abstracted by Soult from a Convent in Seville.

From the Sacristy of the Hospital de los Venerabiles Sacerdotes, in Seville, the Marshal stole the great "Immaculate Conception" of the Louvre, the best known of all Murillo's works. This was bought by the French Government at the sale of the Soult collection in 1850 for the enormous sum of 586,000 francs. In the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca, *Seville, Soult's approving* eye fell upon another "Immaculate Conception" in Murillo's best style. No sooner seen than it was his. This is also now in the Louvre.

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VELASQUEZ' "PHILIP IV."
Abstracted by General Dessoles from the Palace at Madrid.

In a Sevillian convent hung a "Birth of the Virgin," one of the most graceful and beautiful of Murillo's compositions, and dear almost as life itself to the monks. The left arm of the woman in the foreground is considered the most perfect in all pictorial art, and had ever aroused jealousy in the Sevillian women—it is so shapely, round, and pink. Hearing of the approach of Soult and his appreciation of art, the monks hid their treasure, knowing its fate did the doughty soldier set his eyes on it. But its existence was betrayed, and it went with the rest to grace the Soult collection. The Marshal was something of a wit, and he was wont to remark when showing this picture, "I value that highly, as it saved the lives of two estimable persons." Few of his listeners ever learned that these lives were those of the Prior himself and another monk, held until the picture was given up.

Most remarkable, of all the Soult pictures, were the fortunes of an altarpiece in a Seville church. There was an officer in Soult's army who saw no reason why he himself should not come in for some of this rich plunder, and while the painting was awaiting shipment to France, he cut out with his sword the centre portion, containing a Virgin and Child. This finally

got to England, and into Lord Overstone's collection. The Marshal was disconsolate at the mutilation of the work, which is considered by Wornum as being perhaps the most beautiful of Murillo's pictures of this class, and, tracing the fragment, he tried to purchase it; but Lord Overstone would not sell. Meanwhile the stolen part had been replaced by Le Jeune, and the painting became known the world over as "La Vierge Coupée." Three years after the Soult sale Lord Overstone was able to buy "La Vierge Coupée," and the painting was made whole after the two parts had had a separate career of over forty years. On Lord Overstone's death the painting became the property of his daughter, Lady Wantage.

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CORREGGIO'S "READING MAGDALEN."
Stolen from the Dresden Gallery in 1788; recovered in four days.

A large part of the thievings of Soult and his companions have found their way, through purchase, into the private and public galleries of England. The Duke of Sutherland enriched Stafford House with Murillo's "Abraham and the Three Angels" and "The Prodigal Son," and Velasquez' "St. Francis Borgia," at the Soult sale. Lord Ashburton owns a fine Velasquez from the Palace at Madrid, which was bought from ex-King Joseph Bonaparte, to whom it is safe to say it did not come honestly. In the Cook collection is a famous Velasquez of an old peasant. A British officer purchased this in 1818 from General Caulaincourt, who appropriated it somewhere in the Peninsula. The great full-length Velasquez portrait of Philip IV. now in the National Gallery was a theft by General Dessoles from the Palace at Madrid. His daughter sold it to Mr. Woodburn, from whom it went to the Duke of Hamilton, and then to the National Gallery.

This wholesale spoliation of the greatest fruits of Spanish genius furnishes some of the most tragic romances in the history of art. When Charles II. returned to Whitehall he found that, in a less degree, the picture-gallery had suffered a similar looting, paintings having been taken by people of high degree, and gathered into private collections. But no monarch could feel such a loss as did the common people of Spain. The French robbed chiefly churches and convents, and, curiously enough, seemed to prefer works of the most religious subjects, in which the clergy had

trained the people to have a profound awe. An immense amount of legend and superstition had been gathered about the stolen paintings, and it is hard to imagine what

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Van der Werff's "Judgment of Paris," and a portrait by Seybold. The whole city assisted in the search. At the end of four days a box was found near the

"THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS."—BY VAN DER WERFF.
Stolen from the Dresden Gallery.

it must have cost these emotional people to have been thus deprived of them.

From time to time public and private galleries have been robbed, often under the most mysterious circumstances. In 1788 there disappeared from the Zwinger, in *Dresden, Correggio's* "Reading Magdalen," gallery containing the Seybold and Van der Werff, and this led to the recovery of the Correggio, concealed in the attic of a house in the poor quarter of the town. The paintings had been stolen simply for the jewels set in their frames, and were intact in every particular.

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THE SMARTEST WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

By ONSLOW DEANE.

"WELL, gen'lemen, have 'e all ordered what you wants?" inquired Mr. Samuel Briggs, mine host of the Trevelyan Arms.

A chorus of assent came from his three guests — Mr. James Pile, the butler at Trevelyan; Mr. Robert Fulford, the head gardener; and Mr. George Turner, styled by courtesy the steward, but whose duties mainly consisted of rearing a few pheasants—and the number required was every year growing smaller and beautifully less—attending to the pigs and poultry, and occasionally driving his mistress in her pony-chaise on a visit of inspection to one or other of the farms comprised in the Trevelyan estate.

"Well, then, gen'lemen," began Mr. Briggs once more, "us 'll proceed to business. Now the reason why I 've axed 'e to step down here to-night is 'cause I 've a-got a bit o' an idea as I can put a stop to the Rever'nd Caleb Beck's love-making. And I knows as you 'll all agree wi' me that 'twould be the finedest thing as could ever happen to Miss Lavinia—or to Trevelyan e'ther, for matter o' that—if us could only save her from marrying such a crafty old humbug as the minister."

"Ay, you 've a-knocked the right nail on the head this time, and no mistake," Mr. Turner agreed, while his friends nodded their approval with great energy.

"So far so good, then," the landlord, who was evidently flattered by the unanimous support of his guests, continued. "And if, when I 've explained it to 'e, you agrees wi' my plan, I be going to ax 'e to help me all you can to carr' it through and prevent that sneaking Beck, as don't want Miss Lavinia for hersel' not no more than I do, from stepping into the shoes o' Master Eustace, as is a born gen'leman, and the living image o' his dear mother, if his surname is Latham, which, as you knows, he 'll change for the good old name o' Trevelyan so soon as ever he comes into the property."

But having proceeded thus far, Mr. Briggs was so overcome by his own eloquence, and the loss of breath resulting therefrom, that he had perforce to pause a while and vigorously mop his forehead with a very flaring and extensive red pocket-handkerchief.

"I s'pose as you didn't any o' 'e go to the chapel Sunday morning?" he went on to inquire, when he had at length returned the handkerchief to his pocket, falling into a more natural and colloquial style of unfolding his scheme.

"No, we did not," Mr. Pile replied with scornful dignity. "And during all the thirty-seven years as I 've been in the service of the family I 've never knowed anybody from Trevelyan but Miss Lavinia as so much as thought of going anywhere but to church."

"Well, I warn't there mysel' ne'tner," Mr. Briggs continued, "but I hears 'as the Rever'nd Caleb gi'ed it to the womenfolk hot and strong. He let 'em ha' it jes' proper, so I be told, about a-dressing o' theirsel's up and urning about arter the chaps, and all like that. And he took occasion to warn 'em again' a paper called the *Gay World*, as is offering prizes for the seven smartest, jolliest, most kissable women in England — that 's the exact words," he added, in explanation of his use of such adjectives, "for I 've a-got the paper here, and 've a-read all about it

for mysel'. The fu'st prize they gi'es is a di'min'ornament o' the vally o' two hun'erd and fifty pounds, and his rever'nce said that any woman who could 'low hersel' to be mixed up in such a competition was no better than a common drab, and deserved to be whipped at the cart-tail. Now," raising his voice exultantly, "I've been a-thinking whether or no he could, arter that sermon, ha' the brass to marry the winner o' that piece o' jewelry."

His listeners for a time made no reply. They simply sat and stared at the smiling Mr. Briggs and at each other in open-mouthed astonishment. The bare idea of ugly, sour-tempered Miss Lavinia Trevelyan blossoming forth into the "smartest, jolliest, most kissable woman in England" was so amazing that they were quite incapable of immediately realising the full scope of the landlord's ingenious scheme. But at length, after the pause had lasted an appreciable time, Mr. Pile found his tongue and proceeded to air his views on the subject.

"Your plan sounds just hay-one, Sam," he remarked. "But I don't exactly see where the money is to come from," he added rather dubiously, "for there is sure to be a lot of females of all kinds a-trying to win these 'ere prizes."

"And if we goes a-playing up o' any tricks on Miss Lavinia or the minister, and her finds it out, we shall all o' us get the sack for sure," objected Mr. Fulford.

"And if her's fool enough to think hersel' as her's 'andsome and lovely and all that," the steward hastened to add, "the minister 'ud pretty quick talk her round to making these paper-fellers stop her name from appearing in the competition."

"Three uncommon sensible objections!" replied the landlord, who seemed in no way disconcerted, "But since the idea struck me Sunday arternoon jes' like a flash o' lightning, I've hardly gi'ed a thought to aught else. And I've a-reckoned and considered on the best way o' doing o' 't, till I think as I've a-worked out a pretty middling plan. But p'r'aps you'll jes' order a drop more o' summat for yoursel's while I ha'es a look round to see who's about. Us don't want everybody to hear what we've a-got to say."

But Mr. Briggs's tour of inspection did not detain him long, and his guests had scarcely had time to discover whether their second glasses were to their liking before he returned and resumed his seat.

"I think, James, as you very properly axed where was the money to come from," he said, proceeding to reply to his friends' objections. "Well, in every paper there's a little blank space as you've got to cut out and fill in wi' the lady's name, and each o' these here coupons, as they calls 'em, counts one vote. Now, each paper costs a penny, and I reckon that to make sure o' this fu'st prize us ought to ha' twenty thousand coupons. Ay, twenty thousand!" he repeated, as his co-conspirators gave a gasp of dismay and astonishment. "And 'cording as I figures it out, the cost o' 'em 'd be rather more 'n eighty pound. But I happens to ha' a nevvy in the publishing trade, and by a rare good bit o' luck he's act'ally in the employ o' the very firm as prints and sells the *Gay World*."

"That's Dick, ain't it?" asked Mr. Pile. "I mind him very well. And being where he is, he ought to be able to help you a goodish bit over this 'ere job."

"And so he's a-going to," the landlord replied, "and more even than I could ha' hoped. I wrote to 'un about it Monday, and he says that as 'tis for me he'll guarantee to get a hun'erd pounds-worth o' papers for half price—he tells me as there's al'ays a sight on 'em printed as is never sold for aught but waste-paper. 'Cording to his reckoning, the twenty-four thousand coupons as he can get for us for fifty pound 'll be more 'n enough to win the fu'st prize. And if us goes in for it, he've very kindly promised to fill 'em all in and send 'em on to the proper party, and make no extry charge for 't. And really, gen'lemen, I don't think as you can call a two hun'erd and fifty pound article dear at fifty."

His friends agreed that the price was certainly most moderate, especially if they could thereby also make sure that the

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minister would be effectually prevented from becoming the master of Trevelyan.

"Now, I'll find half the money mysel'," continued Mr. Briggs magnanimously. "'Tis worth that to me, and a bit more, too, to keep that Beck from ha'ing any right to interfere wi' me, for he ain't no lover of publicans and sinners. Farmer Hammett he'll gi'e ten pound, and Joe Avery ha' promised five, though he can't

"Ay, that us will!" they exclaimed in unison. "But us should like jes' to hear fu'st how Mr. Briggs gets over the objections we made."

"I think as they be both pretty well answered by the rules o' the competition," the landlord returned. "For the rules says as no inquiry can be made as to where the coupons comes from or who sent 'em, but that any lady who happens to get

"Well, gen'lemen, have 'e all ordered what you wants?"

too well afford it. And I thought that if you three gen'lemen 'd gi'e t'other ten pound between 'e, us six and my nevvy could manage this here little business all private to oursel's like, and no one else be any the wiser."

"I'll give five pounds, and willing," replied the butler, who did not intend to be outdone by the landlord, "if after we've talked it over a bit more we consider as your plan is worth carrying out. And I am sure as Mr. Turner and Mr. Fulford will make up the other five."

votes can always ha' her name withdrawed from the competition if her wishes to by writing and axing the editor to take it out o' the list. I don't think mysel' somehow as Miss Lavinia 'd object so terrible much to be called smart and pretty and such-like; but jes' to make sure o' 't, my nevvy 's a-going to write to her, as if from the editor, to say as her 've a-got a lot o' votes, and to ax if her 's agreeable for her name to be published in the paper. I don't reckon as her 'll refuse; but if her do, why, I shall jes' ha' to gi'e

'e back your money, and nobody won't be no wuss off than they be a'ready."

"Dal'd if I don't think as 'tis a mortal good idea o' yourn, Mr. Briggs," exclaimed the steward at this point. "I b'lieves mysel' as Miss Lavinia 'll be most uncommon pleased; for her's as conceited as any peacock, for all her's so plain. And arter that sermon o' his, 'twill put the minister in a rare fix, sure enough."

"And 'twould put 'un in a rarer fix still," suggested Mr. Fulford, "if so be as your nevvy 'd drop a bit o' a hint to her as the votes ha' come from a gen'leman as met her some time agone and tooked a terrible fancy to her. That 'd be a proper stout nail to drive into minister's coffin, for her 'd be sure to think as the gen'leman wanted to marry her."

"So 'twould, Robert, so 'twould," exclaimed Mr. Briggs as he inflicted a violent slap on his own leg. "I never thought on that afore, but I 'll take good care as Dick mentions it in his letter. And he's such an uncommon smart chap, is Dick, that I 'll lay a wager as he carr's our little business through for us jes' capital."

The longer his guests talked over Mr. Briggs's plan, the more brilliant and feasible did it appear. And before the meeting eventually broke up, it unanimously pledged itself loyally to support mine host of the Trevelyan Arms and his nephew in their worthy endeavour to confound the knavish tricks of the Reverend Caleb Beck with regard to Miss Lavinia and Trevelyan.

In due course Miss Lavinia received a very flattering and courteous letter on the subject of the competition, and she rose eagerly to the bait. In fact, she sat down and wrote Mr. Richard Briggs a most gushing letter by return of post, and in a postscript thereto she begged him to assure the gentleman who had so much admiration for her of her very kindest regard and esteem. And the result of her letter was that in the next issue of the *Gay World*, which came out three days later and contained the fourth list of the votes received in the competition, the third "smartest, *jolliest*, and most kissable woman" was declared to be Miss Lavinia Trevelyan, who had polled 3328 votes. Nobody was more delighted with this state of affairs than Miss Lavinia herself, especially when Messrs. Pile, Turner, and Fulford all took occasion respectfully to congratulate her, and to add that they had heard that a great number of people in London and elsewhere were inquiring who the new beauty, Miss Trevelyan, was. And Mr. Briggs also took care that not a single soul in the neighbourhood of Trevelyan should remain in ignorance of the high place Miss Lavinia occupied in the *Gay World* competition, or of the views that the Reverend Caleb Beck had expressed thereon.

The latter, when he first heard that Miss Trevelyan had eagerly joined in the very contest he had deprecated, refused to believe that such a thing could be possible. But when he had seen a copy of the paper for himself and discovered that the rumour was only too well founded, he came to the conclusion that poor Miss Lavinia must be the butt of some practical joker. And with this idea he went to Trevelyan for the purpose of condoling with her on the affront that had been offered her.

"I regret to hear, *dear* Miss Trevelyan," he said — he had never yet actually ventured on any less formal mode of addressing her, though he had often contemplated it—"that your name unfortunately appears in a demoralising competition now going on in a lewd paper named the *Gay World*. I am deeply grieved at the method whereby some ignorant person or persons have seen fit to insult you, but they are, we will hope, unaware of the pain they are inflicting. I had occasion to mention the periodical I have spoken of in terms of condemnation in the course of a sermon I preached last Sunday week, but had I known that you were to have been dragged into their competition, my language would have been very much stronger."

"I hope not, Mr. Beck, I'm sure," Miss Trevelyan replied with quite startling asperity. "I had no idea you used bad language either in the pulpit or elsewhere. But it isn't in the least likely, I think, that the gentleman who is voting

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He rushed out of the house.

for me has even so much as heard of you, so you need not worry yourself about anything you may have said or left unsaid in your sermon. And I must say that I quite fail to see why it is so unfortunate."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing who is the gentleman you refer to," the Reverend Caleb said pointedly, with a view to extracting further information, "but I repeat that I am extremely sorry that he should have determined to honour you in such a very doubtful manner. And I regret, too," he added in a voice trembling with emotion, "that for the first time, I think, for some months, we are not at that perfect accord in every way that I could wish. I had dared to hope for something so very different."

But Miss Lavinia's head was full of the gentleman who had given proof positive that he considered her the most charming woman in England by the three thousand odd votes he had recorded on her behalf in the competition. And this caused her to reflect that she had perhaps been a little foolish in encouraging the minister to come and see her, and in taking him so much out of his proper station of life. And just now the method in which he had chosen to lecture her, with its incongruous mixture of assurance and humility, was annoying in the extreme.

"You forget our positions, I think, Mr. Beck," she replied cuttingly. "My mind is quite made up on the subject of this competition, as, apparently, is yours. Therefore, I think it will be best to drop the matter before we really quarrel about it."

After such a very plain hint even Mr. Beck felt that it would not be politic to continue the discussion—at any rate, for a time. And he presently took his leave, and returned home a sadder and a wiser man. For he had lately had hopes—and, truth to tell, Miss Lavinia's conduct had given him some grounds for them—that before the lapse of many months he might, despite his humble origin, reasonably aspire to lord it over Trevelyan. And the shock that Mr. Briggs had been the means of administering to his self-conceit was severe in the extreme.

As the weeks went on and the votes recorded for Miss Lavinia Trevelyan steadily increased, excitement in the neighbourhood grew apace. Most people, like Mr. Beck, thought that the affair was a huge practical joke, though for the life of them they could not think who was spending the money; while a small minority—mostly single ladies of an uncertain age—in spite of Miss Lavinia's thirty-five years and general unattractiveness, built up quite a charming love romance on the foundation of the competition. But no one guessed the real secret, and the six conspirators kept their own counsel in the most praiseworthy fashion.

The competition was to extend over ten weeks, and when the list of votes received up to the end of the eighth week was published it was seen that Miss Trevelyan was actually heading the poll, she having obtained 19,438 votes, or nearly a thousand more than her nearest rival. And it would be hard to tell whether she or Mr. Briggs was the more pleased at such a state of affairs.

But by the end of the ninth week a sad change had come o'er the scene. For a certain Miss Lettice Montgomery, a charming burlesque boy, had suddenly jumped from a quite humble position to the head of affairs. And as she had received no less than 26,218 votes, while poor Miss Lavinia's total only stood at 23,512, it was quite plain to Mr. Briggs that, unless another effort were made, the diamond ornament would never come to Trevelyan. And a letter from his nephew in explanation of the sudden alteration in the figures caused the landlord hastily to summon a Cabinet Council in the bar-parlour of the Trevelyan Arms.

"Well, gen'lemen," he began, when his friends were all assembled, employing his usual formula of introduction, "I've a-called 'e together again to ax your advice on a most important matter wi' regard to this competition. This week, as I reckon you knows, Miss Lavinia 's pretty nigh on three thousand votes behind the lady as is fu'st on the list, and my nevvy says as he ha'n't got but a thousand coupons left."

"That don't look very well for that diamond ornament, Sam," Mr. Pile remarked, with a mournful shake of the head.

"It don't so," Mr. Briggs replied; "for, counting the five or six hun'erd votes as ha' been sent up from hereabouts, Miss Lavinia's final total can't be more 'n, say, twenty-four thousand seven hun'erd at the most. And Dick says as this here Miss Montgomery is an uncommon pretty young play-actress, who's a-backed up by a gen'leman wi' any amount o' money as wouldn't take not a bit o' notice in the world o' paying another ten or twenty pound for to get her the fu'st prize. And he 's afeared, too, as he won't be able to get any more papers so cheap as he have, for the time 's so short now that he won't be able to get no more 'returns,' as he ca's 'em. In fact, gen'lemen, he thinks that unless we can collect another thirty pound, us mi't so well leave it alone altogether. But that sum 'd bring Miss Lavinia's total up to somewhere about thirty-four thousand, for he can still get the papers at the wholesale price. And he says as that'll be plenty high enough to be the winning number, and Dick's a pretty good jidge o' sich matters. Now I admits as I've fair set my 'eart on Miss Lavinia's winning, and I tell 'e what I'll do: if you'll find fifteen pound between 'e, I 'll gi'e the same amount mysel'."

His friends by this time were hardly less anxious for Miss Lavinia's success than the landlord himself, and the other half of the sum necessary to procure her success was quickly forthcoming. And the money having been promptly despatched to Mr. Richard Briggs, the landlord and his friends proceeded to await the result of the competition as calmly as their excitement would allow. But on the day previous to the publication of the final list Mr. Briggs received a letter from his nephew which rudely shattered all his hopes and plans, and reduced him to a condition of blank despair.

"Your remittance has just come to hand," it ran, "but owing to some delay it arrived too late to be of any use. And even had it come earlier I fear that I should have been unable to obtain a sufficient quantity of papers at the last moment. There has been an enormous run on them—in fact, we despatched a lot of no less than twenty-four thousand to a stationer in your part of the world the other day. I have sent in the remaining thousand coupons I had, and that will be probably sufficient to secure the third, if not the second, prize for Miss Trevelyan. And, after all, either of these is worth three times the money you will have spent. I regret having been unable to carry out your request, but you will see at once that it was quite out of my power to do so."

To say that Mr. Briggs was disappointed is quite inadequate to express the state of his feelings. Indeed, to tell the honest truth, the worthy man, in his vexation, actually retired to his bed-room and wept bitterly. For he had quite made up his mind that Miss Lavinia was to have the diamond ornament, and that the defeat of the Reverend Caleb, whose suit, he was aware, had not been faring well of late, would be thereby assured.

He consequently opened the copy of the *Gay World* that he had ordered to be forwarded to him, when it duly arrived on the following morning, with a feeling of mournful disappointment instead of that glow of pleasurable expectation that he had, until yesterday, been so eagerly looking forward to. And his joy and delight were all the more keen when he turned to the competition page and the first three names on the list of prize-winners caught his eye in the following order—

MISS LAVINIA TREVELYAN ..	48,563
MISS LETTICE MONTGOMERY ..	34,216
MRS. PHIL CAFFYNTON ..	26,784

Mr. Briggs, in his amazement, was obliged to read the names over three or four times to make sure it was not all a dream. But as he gradually realised that Miss Lavinia had, by some strange intervention of fate, easily outdistanced all her rivals, he rushed out of the house and up the little village street at his best speed, bellowing forth the news in a stentorian voice that would have made a

town-crier green with envy. And, better still, from the point of view of his neighbours, was the appendix he added in a voice that even deaf old Susan Voysey was able to hear distinctly, to the effect that anyone who cared to come to the Trevelyan Arms was welcome to a glass of anything they fancied, and nothing to pay. The news both of Miss Lavinia's success and of Mr. Briggs's generosity

Miss Trevelyan refused almost indignantly.

spread like wildfire, and within half an hour the capacity of the house was tested to its very fullest extent. And it is doubtful whether the landlord ever enjoyed himself more thoroughly in the whole course of his life than he did in dispensing free drinks and gossip on the day that Miss Lavinia Trevelyan was adjudged the smartest woman in England.

Dame Fortune still continued to smile on Mr. Briggs and his great scheme. *For the* Reverend Caleb, who, after much careful thought, had decided that it would be very foolish of him to give up the chance of winning Miss Lavinia, and Trevelyan, merely on account of some slight divergence of opinion as to the morality of a competition, called one day to congratulate her on her success. But he was not wise enough to stop at mere congratulation, for, fearing his unknown rival, he floundered on into a proposal. And his foolishness met with its own reward. For as it happened, he had chosen just the wrong psychological moment for such a declaration, since only a few hours previously the prize from the *Gay World* had arrived, accompanied by a polite little note of felicitation from the editor on the persistent way her admirers had voted for her.

Of course Miss Trevelyan refused Mr. Beck's offer of marriage almost indignantly. But had he waited patiently for a few months it might have been different, for his was the only proposal that she ever had. For, naturally, the gentleman who had voted so regularly for her in the competition never came to woo, or, indeed, did any single one of the various romantic things that she pictured to herself. But though she is Miss Trevelyan of Trevelyan still, and is likely to remain so, she is not nearly so ill-favoured or sour-tempered as she used to be. For, as she often tells people, it is entirely her own fault that she is still a spinster, for she was once the smartest woman in England. And even if one is forty-five and still unmarried, this is certainly something to look back upon with satisfaction. But she does not usually add that, to make sure of that diamond ornament and the *éclat* attaching thereto, she herself spent during the last week of the competition the sum of one hundred pounds in purchasing coupons.

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THE PALACE OF KING ALFRED.

By SYBIL C. MITFORD.

Photographs by T. W. Green, Winchester.

ALL pilgrimages to England's old cities should be made by road. It is in this way only that we can hope to enjoy those first impressions which to most of us mean so much. For to arrive at a station surrounded by narrow streets and ugly modern houses throws a cloud over the most sanguine spirit, and gives a chill of disappointment that remains even when the treasures of the place have satisfied beyond expectation.

To Winchester, of all places, such journeys must be by road from Southampton for choice, and on a sunny day. The twelve miles of hill and dale that separate the two cities lead us gently through quiet country scenes such as England alone can show us; fit preludes, therefore, to the inspection of England's once royal city. Past well wooded parks; past meadows watered by the silvery Itchen, luxuriant with grass, yellow with king cups, or brown with budding rushes and the crimson flower of the sorrel; past Otterbourne village, in which Miss Yonge wrote her books that for so many years have delighted successive generations of girls; up the long, long hill to Shawford Down so the road leads us on, until at last we catch a glimpse of the fair city in the valley nestling in the arms of the bare but ever-beautiful downs. There she lies so peacefully, looking blue and radiant in the afternoon sunlight, in striking contrast to the dark and gloomy yew-trees which make our immediate foreground. Just below us lies St Cross, wearing such an old-world air that we almost wonder if *we are awake, or if we are* dreaming of the old days when Henry of Blois, "half soldier, half monk," built the place, and put it into the charge of the Knights of St. John. Beyond the old grey buildings stretches the long nave of the Cathedral, with its quaint stunted tower so characteristic of the place, and there, a little to our right, rises the spire of the College Chapel, lifting its head above the bower of elm-trees that almost hides Wykeham's great school from our sight. Then the bells ring out the hour, stealing softly across the valley from the Cathedral belfry; and the Chapel takes up the tale, to be followed by other churches round about churches, many of them, that have histories as old as anything else in this city of never fading memories and most brilliant records.

It is indeed so beautiful, this first view we have of Winchester from the high downland, that we are tempted to rest here and dream away many an hour, conjuring up in our imaginations pictures of old-world times when Winchester was the centre of all that was best and worthiest and greatest in the country; till at last, our minds stretching back through ten whole centuries, we find ourselves in the days of King Alfred, whose millenary will be celebrated this year, and the eye almost unconsciously wanders over to that little corner of the city, near by the Cathedral, where we are told there stand the old ruins of Wolvesey Castle, so intimately connected with many of the most important events in the life of the great Wessex King.

Then it is that we give up dreaming, and slowly drive down the hill by the

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very gates of St. Cross, through the old-world street of Kingsgate, past the great entrance into Wykeham's school, and under the shadow of the Cathedral, until at last we are within the grey walls that surround Wolvesey, and that have surrounded it for hundreds of years. There, beyond the newer Wolvesey, the palace of Charles the Second's Bishop Morley, we come upon the broken arches, the ruined walls, which are all that are left of the glories that once made the royal castle and episcopal palace well worthy of the capital city of England.

CHEESE-HILL STREET, WOLVESEY, AND THE CATHEDRAL.

But even before the days when England became a nation Wolvesey existed in some form or other, though its very early life is veiled in mystery. Some trace its history back to Roman days, others to the time of Egbert, finding the origin of its name in the tradition that the curious tribute of wolves' heads exacted of the Welsh by this West Saxon King was paid in this castle. Others, again, take its story back to the seventh century, to the days of Hedda, the first Bishop of Winchester, the saintly man beloved of the Saxons, over whom he exercised so profound an influence by his piety and goodness.

All these stories, however, rest chiefly on tradition. And tradition, fascinating though it be, is quite out of date in this young and critical twentieth century; and as we are no longer allowed to believe in the pretty legend of King Alfred and his cakes, we must perforce banish from our minds all prehistoric tales of his palace in Winchester.

Fortunately for us, when we come to the ninth century, to the days when England's history begins to grow worthy of her later greatness, then we come to real historical facts concerning the old castle, which was henceforward for many centuries to be alternately the centre of light and learning, the scene of storms and sieges, of pageants and ceremonies, of, indeed, all the important historic events which naturally gathered round the capital city of Wessex and of England.

It was in Wolvesey that Alfred spent his early days, learning from his Bishop and teacher, St. Swithun, much that was good and wise, much that he brought to great account in the days that came after. With a natural love of learning, inherited, no doubt, from the monk-king his father, the seed had but to be sown by these early lessons, and the harvest

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was assured. And as Wolvesey saw the sowing, so it also looked upon the harvest, so far as the arts of peace were concerned. For when Alfred became King, Wolvesey was his Palace where he received all who were great in learning and in literature, until his Court became as famous as that of Charles the Great itself, and men flocked to it from afar, eager to see the King who stood so high above the barbaric spirit of his country and times. The "Saxon Chronicle" tells us of a little band of men arriving from Ireland in 891. "Three Scots," it says, "came to Alfred, King, in a boat without oars or rowers, from Hibernia, whence they stole away, because they desired for God's love to be in foreign parts, they cared not where. Their boat was made of two skins and a half, and they took with them food for a se'nnight. And about the seventh night came they to Cornwall to land, and thence they went up to Alfred, King. And their names were Dubslane, Maccbethu, and Maelinnum." Asser was also a visitor at the Court, where, indeed, he was laid up with fever for a year and a week; while John, the priest, was also a welcome guest within the Palace.

WOLVESEY FROM THE NORTH-EAST,
Showing the Market Garden which King Alfred wished to purchase for a Park.

But Alfred was not only content to hold Court for all the brilliant and learned men of his time. He himself was a worker and a student at Wolvesey, drawing up his famous code of laws which was to be the foundation of all England's laws henceforward, even to this twentieth century. He also here compiled the "Liber de Winton," the primitive Domesday Book, which was destroyed only when the more complete roll was drawn up in William the Conqueror's day. But, above all things, it was at Wolvesey that Alfred edited the "Saxon Chronicle," writing great part of it with his own hand, and with the assistance of the monks of Saint Swithun from the monastery close by. The original manuscript was kept at Wolvesey, fastened by a chain to a desk, that all who would might read; while copies were sent to the scriptorium at Peterborough, to the monastery of Saint Augustine at Canterbury, and elsewhere. Some say that the manuscript now to be seen in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is the very manuscript in which Alfred's own writing is to be seen, carrying on the narrative to the year 891.

WOLVESEY CHURCH HOUSE.

Wolvesey, too, was the scene of the ghastly death of Danish prisoners, who,

"being brought alive before the King, were hanged on the gallows," and afterwards, no doubt, left to swing in chains from the rough old walls until nothing but their skeletons was left to remind the people that Alfred was a strong man, able to punish, even though he did give so many of his days to the peaceful arts of literature and law.

These are the days of Wolvesey that make it natural, though it be unwise, that the local committee for the Millenary

tower," was the plan on which he built the new Wolvesey, using, no doubt, the old castle as the nucleus for the new one, and weaving into it any stones, whether Roman or Saxon, that happened to lie at hand. And when it was all finished, "well tourrid and waterrid about," it was only just in time to take great part in the civil war of Stephen's reign, when Henry the Bishop found himself first on one side, then on the other—now receiving the Empress Matilda, and then garrisoning the place

SAXON MASONRY AT WOLVESEY: HERRING-BONE WORK.

Celebration should wish to purchase the old ruins for a national memorial. But with the end of these times — the times of Alfred—the history of the place has only begun. In the twelfth century the castle became still more a power in the city, for Henry of Blois was then Bishop, and he, perhaps foreseeing the storms that were near at hand, not only rebuilt the place, but made it into a veritable fortress, fit to withstand any attacks likely to be brought against the joint residence of King and Bishop. "A *house like a palace*, with a very strong

for Stephen and Maud, himself taking great care to keep out of the city until quieter times came again. The next year, however, he returned to Wolvesey and held a great synod, in which the famous "plough sanctuary" was enacted, by which "everything connected with agriculture was to be safe from molestation as in the sacred precincts of a church." And here at Wolvesey, in the next reign, Henry of Blois spent his last days working hard for his Church and keeping ever a cheerful spirit, although the terrible affliction of total blindness had come upon him.

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EXTERIOR WALLS, WOLVESEY: SAXON HERRING-BONE WORK.

INTERIOR ARCH, WOLVESEY KEEP.

After his death one great episcopal name after another meets us in the story of Wolvesey, whilst King after King visited the place as guest of the ruling Bishop. But no longer was Winchester persistently the capital of the country, nor Wolvesey the favourite royal seat of its princes; the castle at the west end of the city became its great rival in grandeur and in historic importance.

EXTERIOR OF THE KEEP, WOLVESEY.

But for all that, the glories of the place did not by any means fade away. William of Wykeham did much for it, as he did for the city, repairing the old walls where necessary, and probably ornamenting and decorating it with the beautiful pavement and sculpture for which it was famous about those times. Here also William of Wykeham entertained his King right royally, spending no less than £385 on the feast, when 210 guests sat down with Richard before a table groaning with dainties, which included trout from the Itchen, for which a man had been employed to fish at Twyford for six nights "at the hire of 1s. 6d." This banquet was followed by another on the next night, when the guests numbered 367, and even greater sums were spent on food and general preparations than on the first.

So passing on through the centuries, Wolvesey saw the death of the great Cardinal Beaufort, of Waynflete, of Langton, of the pious Bishop Fox, who lived so holy a life at Winchester, refusing to be drawn into the gay life of the Court, but spending his life "in care for the souls of men," and in meditation in the beautiful chantry, which is still one of the glories of Winchester Cathedral. And then we come to the days of Gardiner, and to the reign of Queen Mary, when the city was to see one of the greatest pageants of the sixteenth century; for here Mary came to wed her Spanish husband, to enter into that married life which was to bring her nothing but misery and misfortune.

It was at Wolvesey Castle that the Queen stayed on this great occasion, having arrived on July 23, 1554, on a day of "a cruel wind, and down-pouring rain," and here she was introduced, for the first time, to her affianced husband. "On the 23rd July," say some memoirs of the time, "the Prince of Spain came to Winchester

about VI. of the clock at night, accompanied with noblemen as well of England as of his own country, with trumpets blowing and bells ringing, and came to the Cathedral church, where he alighted. And there the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Chancellor, with four bishops more with the priests, singing men, and children, received him with procession in rich copes with three crosses up in the choir, where was a rich travers richly hanged for him; and there he kneeled down before the Sacrament, and then the Lord Chancellor began 'Te Deum,' the organs playing and the choir singing the rest. This done, he was brought out with torch-light to his lodging through the cloister to the Deanes House, all the Queen's guard standing in their rich coats all the way. He was apparelled in a rich coat richly embroidered with gold, and a hat much like the same, with a feather in it. The same night, after he had supped, which was about X. of the clock, certain of the Council brought him to the Queen by a secret way, where she received him right lovingly and kissed him, and after half an hour they took their leave, each kissing the other, and so departed that night to his lodging.

"The 24th July, about III. of the clock in the afternoon, he came from his lodging, on foot, the Lord Steward, the Earl of Darbie, the Earl of Pembroke, and divers other lords and gentlemen, both English and Spanish, going before him to the Court, where the Queen was standing upon a scaffold richly hanged, she meeting him halfway, receiving him and kissing him in the presence of all the people. And then she took him by the hand, she going on his right hand out of the hall in her great chamber of presence. And there, in the presence of all the lords and ladies, they stood a quarter of an hour under the cloth of estate talking together." This chronicle goes on to say how he attended even-song that night in State, and that a message came to him from the King of Spain telling him that he had made him

RUINS OF WOLVESEY: INTERIOR.

King of Naples and of Jerusalem. Then came St. James's Day, and again "the King and Queen came from their lodgings towards the church, all on foot, richly apparelled in gowns of cloth of gold set with rich stones, he with his gentlemen and guard, and she with hers, each of them having a sword borne before them." And then, with all the pomp and ritual of the Church, the Queen was married with a plain gold ring, as "maidens were in the olden time"; and after the marriage-knot was tied, the King and Queen stood together under a rich canopy borne over them with six knights, and they were proclaimed "with their title and style. Which proclamation ended, the trumpets blue, and other noyses playde. Then the King and Queen came forth hand in hand, with their lords, ladies, and gentlemen waiting on them, and two swords borne afore them in manner aforesaid; and so went on foot to the Court, and there dined openly in the hall both together at one table." We have contemporary accounts of the great feast held at Wolvesey, at which the "gentlemen pensioners" acted as servitors, when the second course meat was given unto the bearers, "but not the dishes, for they were of gold"; and Edward Underhill, one of these servitors, tells us that it was "his chance to carry a great pasty of a red-deer in a great charger, very delicately baked, which, for the weight thereof, divers refused, the which pasty I sent into London to my wife and her brother, who cheered therewith many of their friends." Then, in the evening time, was a dance, when the Spaniards "were greatly out of countenance, especially at King Philip dancing when they did see my Lord Braye, Mr. Carowe, and others so far exceed them", and now Edward Underhill tells us he will not attempt to give a proper description of the fine doings, but "leave it unto the learned, as it behoveth him to be that shall write a story of so great a triumph."

That must indeed have been a brilliant day for Winchester and for Wolvesey—one of the most brilliant in all their history, and one that must have been talked of again and again by the gossips of the time for many years that came after, only, indeed, to be forgotten when evil days came upon the city, and the castle was obliged to surrender to Cromwell, who had set his great mind on the subjection of the city.

From that sad day the history of Wolvesey is continued in the new palace built by Morley, Bishop of Winchester, in the reign of Charles II., after his return from Paris and the Hague, where "twice a day he kept the services of the English Church for the exiles." In the next century Wolvesey again came on inglorious times, and was almost totally neglected, and it was not until a few years ago that it was once more repaired, to be used as a Church House for the diocese.

And so they still stand side by side, the new palace and the old—the new one telling us of Wren, Izaak Walton, and Bishop Ken, and the old telling us story after story of a long list of names that will never die, headed, as is justly due, by the great name of "the noble King of the West Saxons, prudent and religious, most wise," the defeater of the Danes, the patron of learning, and the founder of the English Navy—the good King Alfred the Great.

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THE FLOWING BOWL.

From the Painting by W. A. Breakspeare.

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KING ALFRED'S GREAT LEGACY.

OUR FLOATING BULWARK AND ITS HISTORY.

By HELEN C. GORDON.

It may be indeed said that Alfred was the first ruler of England who learnt and put into practice the truth that the safety of England depends upon her Fleet, and that the real protectors of our country are our sailors.—ARNOLD-FORSTER: "A HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

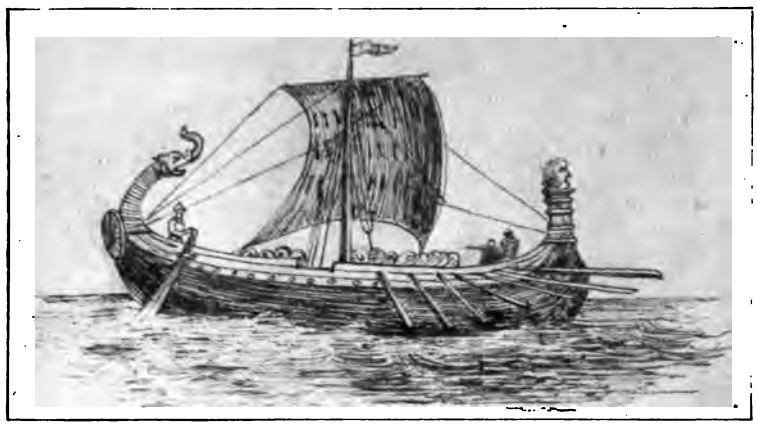
"AMONG the high tides of our Kalendars" we have set the summer of this year in golden letters—the Millenary of the King who has left us rich in remembrances of good works; and who, most notable of these memorial gifts, laid for us the foundation of the Fleet of England, "which hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament: it is its ancient and natural strength."

SAXON SHIP, FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

Beset by swarms of piratical Danish marauders, who in their strange black garb—fell birds of prey—swooped down upon our fertile shores and harried them, small wonder that Alfred realised to the full that "this precious stone set in a silver sea" needed a stronger protection than any armed force on land could possibly afford; and an advantage gained by him over the Danes at Swanage—the first naval victory in our annals—encouraged him in a scheme to build ships after a design of his own, longer, higher, and swifter than the war-galleys of the Vikings. The Peace of Wedmore enabled him to carry out his plans of safeguarding his kingdom, but of his immediate successors only Ethelred made any attempt towards the maintenance of a regular Navy, by enacting a law whereby each owner of 310 hydes of land should furnish one vessel for the service of the country. It was left to Norman William, who set sail himself for conquest, to prevent others from following his example, by establishing the Cinque Ports, and granting them certain privileges on condition that they should be in readiness at forty days' notice to supply fifty-seven stout ships for the King's use in time of peril and need.

From this reign also dates the first attempt to arrogate to ourselves the command of (to begin with) the narrow seas; later to be followed up by John's bold declaration that all foreign ships that failed to strike their colours to the British flag should be deemed fair and lawful prize. Thenceforward, "the Vantage of Strength at Sea, which is one of the Principall Dowries of this Kingdome of Great Brittaine," has been most strenuously upheld; and when Philip of Spain came over to this country to wed Queen Mary, the Spaniards received a somewhat warmer welcome than they had anticipated in good round shot because they had failed to acknowledge the supremacy of the British flag. Nor was Lord William Howard long in apprising them of the reason of this strange, unlooked-for greeting, and only when they had hauled down their colours did the firing cease. In those days it was the Ensign of St. George which floated from the main-topmast head of our vessels. This, our first national flag, still survives in the flag *par excellence* of our Navy, the White Ensign, albeit with the addition of the Union Jack in the "canton," or top corner near the staff.

With the Union of England and Scotland there arose the necessity of intermingling the badge of our patron saint with that of St. Andrew, and from the respective flags of the two countries was evolved the "Union Jack," so called from the King's name, James (Jacques), meaning Jacques' Union. Not yet, let it be fully understood, was it the "Jack" of to-day, for two centuries later St. Patrick had to be represented as well on our national banner, and a red diagonal cross which bears his name, but in reality originated from the arms of the FitzGerald family, was superimposed upon that of St. Andrew. This, however, was not until 1801, and in the meantime an immense though gradual change had been effected in our naval establishment.



NORMAN SHIP, FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

The history of the Mediæval Navy is very much one with that of the merchant service; for if the Sovereign lacked a sufficient number of galleys and galliasses, which was by no means unusual, he either hired or impressed such of his subjects' ships as seemed desirable for his requirements. They were all rude enough in their construction, as far removed as possible from our modern ideas of a man-of-war, being, for the most part, merely undecked boats, with a cabin only in the bows, outrigger galleries for the rowers, and mainly propelled by means of human muscle. The stern and prow were almost invariably very high, the latter frequently carved at its extremity into the shape of an animal's head, and, in a war-galley, fitted with a spear for "ramming." The steering-gear consisted of a large

broad oar at the ship's counter, worked in a noose of rope, or else passed through a hole in a piece of wood fastened to the side of the vessel. There was a castle in the stern, sometimes greatly ornamented, after the fashion of the times, and the men-at-arms were crowded into the hold, with their shields hanging over the bulwarks.

It was in such vessels as these that in 1293 the English avenged the murder of a comrade in a French port by a successful naval engagement in the Channel; and, forty years later, gained the victory of Sluys with 240 sail under the command of the Earl of Arundel, subsequently blockading Brest.

The mode of warfare was as rude and simple as the ships: the crossbowmen, archers, slingers, and hurlers discharged their missiles when within a convenient distance of the enemy. If the boats came alongside of each other the combatants engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter. The crew, numbering not more than from twenty-five to thirty all told, apparently confined their energies to the guidance of the vessel, for in all the illustrations of Mediæval conflicts by sea which have come down to us there is a marked distinction between the costume of the soldiers and sailors. The former always appear in full armour of the period, often with leathern helmets and jacks, displaying either the colours and devices of the companies of archers and arbalisters, or the livery and cognisances of the King, their leaders, or, still more frequently, the livery and badges of the Cinque Ports—"a cote of white cotyn with a red crosse and the armes of the Portes underneath." The clothing of the men who laboured at the oars was necessarily of the slightest description, and the mariners proper under the boatswain wore long loose body-garments falling to the knees, which permitted perfect freedom of action, and were girt about the waist with a knife thrust at one side—much as the Butescarles of Harold were garbed, only in russet-coloured homespun instead of blue. Under the early Tudors some kind of green and white livery seems to have been the common wear for seamen, and we read also of "watchett or skie-coloured cloth." At this period of history our Sovereigns began to recognise the advisability of maintaining a naval force in times of peace as well as of war, and Henry VII. built the *Great Harry*, the earliest war-vessel of any appreciable size, which carried twenty-three great guns, the shot of some of her cannon weighing as much as 30 lb. — heavier than the

BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.

cannon-balls used three hundred years later at the battle of Trafalgar.

King Hal perfected his father's designs, and laid the foundation of the British Navy as a distinct service by establishing royal dockyards at Deptford, Woolwich, and

FIGURE OF LORD NELSON, CUT FROM A SOLID BLOCK OF SILVER WEIGHING 803 OZ.
Presented to Nelson by George III. on the anniversary of the Battle of the Nile.

Portsmouth; and by instituting an Admiralty and Navy Board, as well as a permanent *personnel* — admirals, vice-admirals, captains, and seamen—with a *definite rate of pay* for each grade. *Several large vessels* were also built in *this reign; but unfortunately*, under Edward VI. and Mary, this new-born efficiency was not maintained, and it would have gone hardly with England when threatened by the Invincible Armada had Elizabeth not been able to fall back upon the co-operation and support of the merchant-traders, even though their largest vessel "was scarce bigger than a modern coasting collier." It was piracy—the germ of all sea-power—that saved us. When the mighty Spanish galleons were being fitted up in Cadiz Roads preparatory to the conquest of our country, the "bark of the English water-dogs" was first heard outside the harbour, and Drake, at the head of some twenty-five to thirty sail, dashed in among the enemy, and succeeded, to use his own characteristic phrase, "in singeing the beard of the King of Spain." Vice-Admiral Borough, who was in command of her Majesty's vessels, declined to risk them in this hazardous enterprise, and subsequently again opposing his coadjutor, Drake lost all patience, locked him up in the cabin of one of his own ships, and packed him off home with scant ceremony, to make what moan he pleased to a Queen who was known to have small sympathy with *fainéants*. The sailing of the Spanish fleet had been delayed by a whole twelvemonth, thanks to this famous exploit, and Elizabeth had breathing-space in which to collect her forces. When all was said, these seemed scarce adequate to cope with such overwhelming odds; and many there were, happily unheeded, who counselled the Queen to put no reliance upon her power at sea. Yet, despite gloomy forebodings, and the united prayers of Catholic Christendom, for once the "big battalions" did not conquer. The galleys and galliasses of Spain were out-manœuvred by the tiny craft of Elizabeth's bold privateers, which carried sails trimmed fore and aft, the marvellous invention of Mr. Fletcher, of Rye, in the previous reign.

The art of shipbuilding improved wonderfully at this period, and, under the early Stuarts, studding-sails, top-gallant sails, sprit-sails, and top-sails were added to the courses; the anchor was weighed by the capstan; and the cables, which had only averaged about seventy-eight

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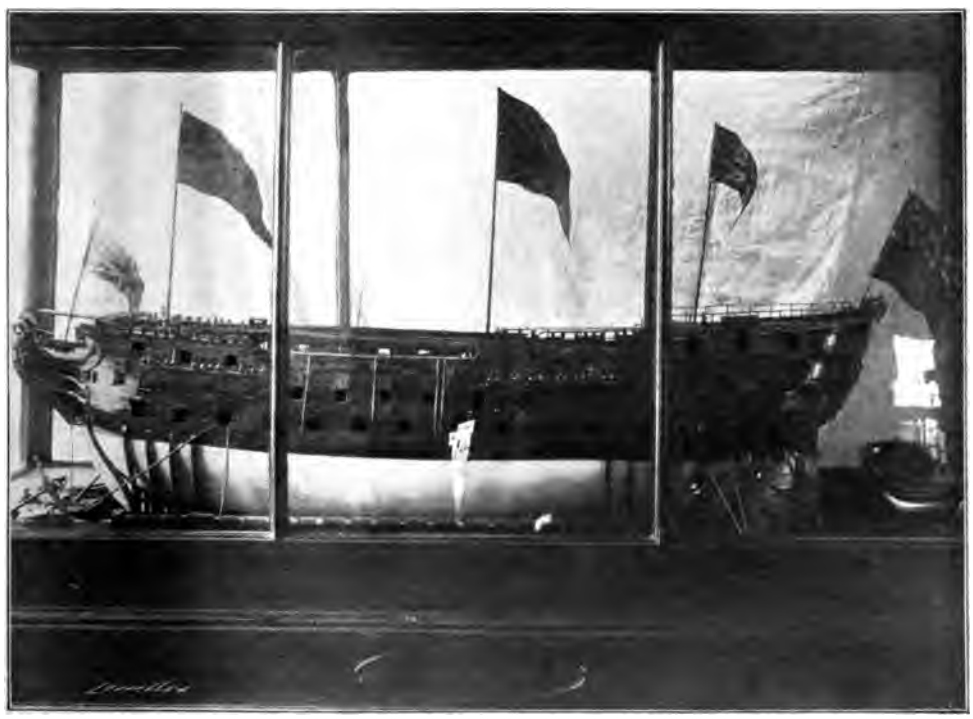
THE "GREAT HARRY,"

The largest ship in the world in the reign of Henry VII., contrasted with the "Prince Albert," of 131 guns, launched at Woolwich 1854.



THE "VICTORY," 1805.

fathoms, were considerably lengthened. The Petts, father and son, constructed the *Sovereign of the Seas* out of Charles the First's ship-money, the levying of which aroused so much discontent in the Commons. For the age in which she was built, this vessel was exceptionally large and magnificent, having two galleries ornate with curious carved work, painted black and gold; designed, so it was popularly thought, rather for splendour than utility; though later, and after undergoing some alterations, she proved herself a serviceable ship enough, and took part in several engagements.

PORTION OF THE FLOUNCE OF A WHITE MUSLIN DRESS WHICH BELONGED TO LADY HAMILTON, AND WAS MADE FOR THE PALERMO FETE IN HONOUR OF NELSON.

The younger Pett it was also who in 1649 built the first frigate ever manned by English sailors, which he modelled from a French man-of-war he had seen in the Channel.

When James II. ascended the throne, the Navy, which had been allowed to go to rack and ruin, was re-invigorated by a Sovereign who had occupied the position of Lord High Admiral for so many years previously that he was fortunately cognisant of existing abuses. The Commission appointed by him to inquire into these did its work so well and thoroughly that *the Navy "was raised from its lowest state of impotence to the most advanced step towards a lasting and solid prosperity."* This happily continued; yet at perhaps the most critical juncture of our naval history it seemed as if our sailors, "the real protectors of our country," were about to fail us in the hour of our need. In April 1797 a mutiny of the Fleet broke out at Spithead, to be subsequently followed by another, more serious, at the Nore, when actually the mutineers had the intention of blockading London, and our own vessels were drawn across the mouth of the Thames for that purpose. The mutinous crews, though they declined to obey their officers, otherwise maintained strict discipline on board, and there is not the least doubt that the sailors' wrongs were many and grievous. Life on a man-of-war presented but few attractions, and suffering, as it did, unfavourably by contrast with the merchant service, the difficulty of getting seamen for the State had developed what was popularly known and dreaded as "the Press." The term was really derived from the shilling bestowed on the recruit as "earnest" or "imprest" money; but as a detachment of a ship's company, under an officer, was empowered to seize any able-bodied sailor (or "land-lubber," for the matter of that) when required for his Majesty's Service, the word soon acquired a different and disagreeable significance. The discipline on board was terribly

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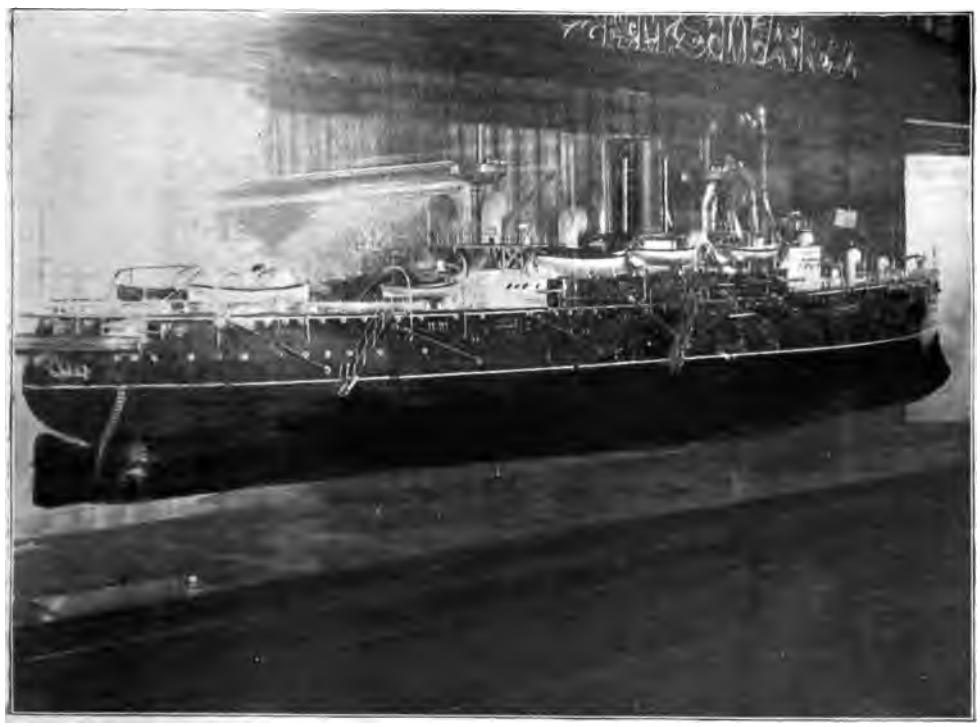
severe, and the punishments awarded for quite petty offences barbarous in the extreme. A wretched offender might either be starved to death; put into the bilboes at pleasure; dragged under the ship's bottom and up again till his back was flayed with the barnacles; or "marooned"—that is, set ashore on some barren rock or desert island in mid-ocean, there to die of hunger and thirst. Swearing was punished by gagging or scraping the tongue; and commonest of all was flogging with the "cat," a fearful instrument of torture, the shaft covered with green or red baize, and nine thongs the

THE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON, SHOWING THE DRESS OF SEAMEN IN 1806.



H.M.S. "MARS," FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP,
Floated out of dock March 30, 1896.

thickness of a goose-quill, with two knots in each; the first blow being compared by the victim to a "shower of molten lead."

Once on board Jack was never off again (except on duty), and was to all intents and purposes a prisoner until the ship was paid off; and then, gravest

A MODERN RAM.

scandal of all, his pay too often was not forthcoming. So all things considered, it is surprising that a bold stand for better treatment was not made sooner by our Tars. This curious nickname was first bestowed upon the gallant seamen who fought under Nelson, "inspired" by the genius of their great commander — not, *as has* been erroneously suggested, on account of their tarred clothing, but from the tarpaulin hats which surmounted their well-greased pig-tails. Their garb, as a rule, consisted of blue jackets with brass buttons, and duck trousers of white or check; but as late as the year 1857 commanders were able to indulge in all kinds of queer vagaries with regard to the clothing of their crews; one, Captain Wilmot, of the *Harlequin*, actually having his men attired in conformity with the name of his brig! The French were years ahead of us in the adoption of a distinct naval uniform, and in 1745 several "English sea-officers" met at Wills Coffee-house to discuss the desirability of following their example. The matter was referred to the King, who happened just then to have been vastly taken by a blue habit faced with white which was worn in the Park by the Duchess of Bedford, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty; and his Majesty decided forthwith that blue and white should be the colours for the Royal Navy. So blue and white it remains to this day; the pig-tails and tarpaulin hats, however, are no more.

But Jack, no matter what his kit, has ever been the same gallant fellow; and having again so recently proved himself to be the "Handy Man" of yore, we may safely echo the words of the British Admiral who, when asked how our enemies would invade us, made answer: "I do not know how they will come; for my part, all I can say is, that *they shall not come by water.*"

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A SKELETON ON THE SLEEPING-CAR.

By WARD MUIR.

I.

THE Gare de Lyon was, as usual, a Pandemonium. But, being unencumbered with luggage and under no necessity to purchase a ticket, I quickly elbowed my way through the thronged Salles d'Attente and out on to the platform. The train was already in, and Pierre, in his trim brown-and-gold uniform, was standing beside his car.

"Good-evening, Sir," said he, touching his cap.

"Good-evening, Pierre. How many passengers have you on your list to-night?"

"Seven, Sir. This is not our busy season, and I haven't had my berths full for the last fortnight."

"Do you think any more will turn up at the last moment?"

"No; it's not likely. One may do so by chance, but certainly the car won't be occupied throughout."

"Ah, that's all right! I've got a pass here for one of the cabins, provided it's not required."

"All right, Sir; this way, please," and the polite Pierre, after having scrutinised my credentials, swung himself nimbly up the steps and ushered me to my compartment with the air of some mediæval Marquis receiving a distinguished guest to spend the night in his castle.

Nature intended me for an artist; my father hoped to make a doctor of me, and (neither of these possibilities becoming true) I find myself at the present day occupying a very comfortable post in the Chemin de Fer Paris, Lyon, et à la Méditerranée.

Into the chief offices of this excellent company, usually called, for brevity's sake, the "P.L.M.," I was ushered, somewhat unexpectedly, at the age of twenty-two, owing to the sudden death of my paternal relative and the consequent cutting off of the funds necessary for my education. Friends in Paris had kindly bestirred themselves for me, their activity resulting in my swift transfer from a somewhat lazy German University life to the decidedly less attractive one of a clerk's desk. However, all 's well that ends well, and I doubt much whether I should have been such a success in the Sawbones line as I now find myself here. I draw a comfortable salary, and every week at least have the pleasant variety of a five-hundred-mile run somewhere by rail on the company's business. They treat me handsomely, too, as you see. My pass is always for the first class, and I often get a *lit* or *fauteuil* as well, though, of course, only when these are not required by a regular passenger.

On the evening of which I write, some trifling affairs necessitated a journey to Geneva. Behold me, therefore, at 8 p.m., swinging swiftly through the darkness across France, an honorary patron of the sleeping-car. It was by no means the first time that I had travelled by this train, and Pierre was therefore an old friend. So I lounged in the corridor while he bustled to and fro with pillows and sheets, getting the berths into order for their occupants, and, when his tasks were done, we had a little chat together before I turned in for the night. Pierre knows his position too well to speak unless previously addressed; but the judicious offer of a cigarette, together with a share of the contents of my flask, soon thawed his polite reserve, and it was not long before

he started upon the curious tale which I here set down.

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The conversation, drifting through the Dreyfus case and the prospects of the then impending 1900 Exposition, at last turned upon a strange murder which had been committed in the Sud Express a few days previously. The criminal had escaped, but was said to be in hiding at Bordeaux.

"Yes," said I; "he 's either there or at Marseilles. A seaport would undoubtedly be the place to find him. By-the-bye, have you ever heard of such a thing happening on a *train de luxe* before?"

"Never," Pierre replied; "though we 've had jewel robberies and suicides several times; but a thing once occurred on my own car which—well, it was odd, and that 's all that can be said about it, for no one has been able to offer an explanation of it yet."

"Tell me about it!" I exclaimed eagerly. "What kind of a crime was it? Or was it a tragedy?"

"There wasn't any crime at all that I could see," said Pierre; "and you could scarcely call it a tragedy either; indeed, the whole affair turned out rather comic than otherwise, although I can tell you it gave me a fearful shock at first.

"The incident occurred on the Nice Rapide, the *wagon-lit* of which was then under my charge. It was January of last year, and we were in the full swing of the annual exodus for the Riviera. On the night in question, however, the beds were not all occupied, as in two cases the entire cabin had been reserved for a single passenger, a thing which, as you know, can only be done by actually paying double fare and supplement. Hence, I judged that the travellers must be heavy swells, and between the prospect of a good *pourboire* and a considerably lessened bed-making job you can imagine that I was pretty well satisfied with the look of things that night.

"I can distinctly recall the appearance of one of these two gentlemen, for he arrived early and spent the time before the train's departure in tramping up and down the platform opposite the car. He was medium-sized, and had a thick beard and moustache, these, with his hair, being of a decidedly red colour. I judged him to be an Alsatian, for he spoke good French notwithstanding his foreign appearance, and bought several Parisian papers from the book-stall. Something might have been discoverable from his luggage, but this consisted only of one large hand-bag, which was unlabelled, and, obviously, from its spick-and-span appearance, a recent purchase. However, it is no business of mine to pry into other people's affairs, so, beyond showing him to a compartment and looking at his ticket—which was for Toulon—I took little notice of him or his doings. And later, when we had started, I was too busy for observation of any kind; but I can remember that, before retiring for the night, he ordered me very particularly to bring him a cup of coffee as soon as we reached Tarascon. This I mentally resolved on no account to forget.

"The other 'Reserved' man first attracted my attention by the fact of his extremely late arrival upon the scene. In fact, he only climbed on board at the very moment of starting, and by his extreme breathlessness it was evident that he must have had considerable difficulty in catching the train at all. He, too, to my surprise, was burdened only with a bag, and an extremely small one; but I judged it was valuable from the way he clutched it when I offered to take it from his hands. But, if so, he seemed to wish to conceal the fact, for, a moment later, he had controlled himself once more, and passed it to me to carry to his compartment. Beyond this, I did not see anything specially remarkable about him, and, indeed, I need hardly have mentioned these facts at all, for he has really nothing to do with the story. In saying this I may be wrong, and so perhaps I ought to add that, when we reached Marseilles—for which station this gentleman was booked—he found friends waiting to meet him there, in the shape of a couple of detectives, who promptly carried him off to the lock-up. Upon what charge this was done I cannot say. The incident created almost no impression upon me; my mind

was too occupied with trying to puzzle out some explanation of what had already occurred."

Pierre paused in his narrative, which, beyond arousing a mild curiosity to know what was coming, had not interested me much as yet. The offer of a second cigarette primed him to his task again. He lit it, and then, cleverly gluing it to his under-lip, after the manner of his kind, continued the tale.

"The night passed without incident. In Lyons we were delayed half an hour, owing to a small breakdown, but the time was almost regained by putting on extra speed afterwards, and dawn found us flying rapidly down the Lower Rhone Valley section. At Avignon we were only five minutes behind the *Indicateur*, and three of these were made up by cutting short the twelve minutes' halt which is scheduled for that station. Tarascon, as you will probably remember, is reached at 8.40 a.m. We glided gently up to its platform exactly as the hands of the clock pointed to that hour.

He arrived early, and spent the time in tramping up and down the platform opposite the car.

"A moment later my coffee was ready, and, armed with it and a plate of fresh rolls, I knocked at the door of my first gentleman's compartment.

"There was no response. 'Ah!' thought I, 'Monsieur Bonhôte—for that was the name under which his berth had been engaged—sleeps soundly. He must be a habitual traveller by night. Some of my other lodgers would envy him his rest, I am sure.' It 's not everybody, you know, Sir, that can dream at ease on board the train, even in a sleeping-car."

I assented, for Pierre—now obviously reaching the exciting part of his story—had paused, doubtless with the deliberate intention of tickling my interest by the subterfuge of suspense. He took a puff or two at his almost expiring cigarette, and then, elaborately brushing some of its ash from his cuff, continued—

"There was, as I said, no response to my gentle tapping. So I knocked again, somewhat louder this time, and again produced no reply from within. Having tried a third time without effect, I ventured to turn the handle of the door. It was not fastened, and yielded easily to my touch, so I quietly opened it and looked in.

"At first sight I saw nothing. The compartment was in darkness, or, at any rate, seemed so when compared with the corridor outside, which was brilliant with sunshine. 'Good-morning, Monsieur,' I began; 'your coffee is——' And then suddenly I recoiled with a cry of horror.

"The blind was drawn down over the half-open window, but at that moment a breeze lifted it slightly, admitting a single

shaft of light, which in a flash showed me the awful sight that had caused my exclamation.

"Upon the edge of the berth sat Monsieur Bonhôte, fully dressed and wearing a soft felt hat, just as I had seen him the night before. But, horrors! What a change! The eyes that gazed at me were empty sockets. The hands resting lightly on his knees were fleshless. Beneath the brim of his hat there was nothing but a grinning skull.

"For an instant my brain reeled. The shock was almost too much for it. My tray crashed to the ground, coffee and rolls spilling in all directions, while I staggered back against the opposite wall of the passage. The noise attracted attention, and several of the passengers, some of them but half clad, came running to my assistance. In reply to their eager inquiries as to what was the matter, I could only point to the still open door and tell them to look for themselves.

"One after another, infected by my horror, they crept up and peeped in, only to start back as I had done at the scene within. Soon the news of my discovery spread along the train, and, in a few minutes, not only all the sleeping-car passengers, but also a crowd of other travellers and railway officials, began to fill the corridor. Their horrified murmurs and the inquiries of the throng outside buzzed in my ears like the sound of a far-off sea. I have never fainted in my life, but just then I was nearer doing so than ever before or since.

"'Mon Dieu!' I heard someone say. 'He must have cursed the Pope! God has sent down lightning from Heaven and blasted him where he sat.'

"'Horrible!' another muttered. 'It's a miracle, though. We can't go on in the sleeping-car after this.'

"'Come and look, Louise!' cried a third. 'You'll never see such a sight again.' Louise apparently came and looked, for, a moment later, shriek after shriek resounded through the corridor, and, judging by the commotion, I can only suppose that the lady in question had *to be* assisted out into the open air. The noise brought me to my senses again, and I was able to rouse myself and look round.

"'Who will go in and take It away?' I said.

"No one responded, and there was a general drawing-back of the foremost members of the crowd. The belief that Monsieur Bonhôte had actually sustained the punishment of Heaven was evidently general. Viewed in this light, his removal from the compartment was an uninviting job, and even seemed to smack of sacrilege. Somebody in the rear suggested that the *wagon-lit* should be uncoupled and side-tracked until a priest could be brought to settle the matter. Another calmly proposed to set fire to the car, and thus entirely destroy it and its contents. Others merely reiterated the fact that they would have nothing whatever to do with the whole affair. Even the stately Chef-de-la-Gare, who had by this time appeared upon the scene, could do nothing but shake his head and murmur something vague about wiring to headquarters for instructions. Time was passing and if the train was to proceed at all, something had to be done at once.

"And then, suddenly, the crowd parted, revealing a small Englishman, clad in a light tweed suit and wearing the inevitable eye-glass. He lounged forward, and asked, in a distinctly bored voice, what the deuce all the row was about and why we weren't getting on. The people in the corridor withdrew from around Monsieur Bonhôte's door, and allowed him to look in, no doubt inwardly chuckling at the surprise that awaited him there.

"The Englishman *was* surprised, but at best only mildly so. 'Deah me!' he said; 'how very odd! May I inquiah what is the meaning—ah—of this, and where the—ah—joke comes in?'

"A dozen voices at once took upon themselves to explain the situation. He listened for a while with a faint smile upon his face, and then, as the facts of the case began to dawn upon him, he suddenly became very angry.

"'Do you mean to say,' he cried, turning fiercely upon the station-master, 'that I'm to be an hour or more late for

luncheon at Cannes because of a stupid, scarecrow trick like this?'

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"The bewildered official could only shrug his shoulders. 'If Monsieur will take it away himself——,' he began in deprecating tones.

"'Certainly I will,' the Englishman replied; and so saying, calmly entered the compartment.

"There was a cry of dismay from the crowd, and a few voices were raised in protest, but these had no effect. And, encouraged by the little man's boldness, I too went in, but not, it must be confessed, without some qualms of fear.

"The Englishman first drew up the blind, letting in a flood of daylight. He then turned to the horrid thing that sat grinning on the edge of the berth, and looked at it sharply. 'Most extraordinary form of practical joke I ever came across!' he muttered. 'Wonderfully complete, too'; and with that he removed the hat, and threw it down, revealing the pate of a hideously bald and pallid skull. 'Good specimen,' he went on; 'must be very neatly glued together. Clever dog, whoever did it, though Heaven only knows what he did it for! Wonder how he fixed the clothes, though? He'll hardly have taken the trouble to put an entire skeleton inside them. Besides, it would be too difficult to fix up. I really must examine into our picturesque friend's internal anatomy.'

"He quietly ran his finger down the buttons of the creature's jacket, and in a moment it was open, revealing to our astonished gaze a strange wooden framework, roughly designed on the lines of a human figure. The arms were formed of thick iron wire, and to the end of each were attached the bones of a hand, so arranged as to project just beyond the sleeves; another wire, passing up into the lower jaw, formed the support by which the skull was held in position upon the top of the structure. In a moment the whole thing was laid bare, a palpable fraud, and a yell went up from the crowd. The Englishman turned to me.

Beneath the brim of his hat there was nothing but a grinning skull.

"'Well,' he remarked, 'now that you see the kind of thing you've got to deal with, perhaps you can finish clearing up this mess without further assistance. And I hope the train will get under way again soon. This delay is really too abominable.'"

* * * * *

Pierre stopped and began puffing stolidly at his cigarette.

"But," I cried, "what was the explanation of it all? Didn't anything further happen?"

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"No," he replied; "there's really nothing more to be said about the affair. We got a couple of police officers to examine the compartment and remove the débris of the sham corpse, but they could throw no light on the subject. In fact, it has remained an unsolved mystery from that day to this."

"But where had Monsieur Bonhôte vanished to?"

"No one knows," said Pierre. "He has never been heard of since, and inquiries at Paris failed to elicit the slightest trace of him or his movements previous to that day. He was either travelling under a false name or——"

"Or what, Pierre?"

Pierre smiled vaguely. "But I am keeping Monsieur from his sleep," he said.

So I retired to my bunk, to lie awake half the night trying, amidst the throbbing of the engine, to solve the strange enigma of that reserved compartment on the Nice Rapide; and when, at length, I fell asleep, it was only to find the story repeating itself with a thousand variations throughout my dreams, until a nightmare of skulls and bony hands awoke me just as the grey Swiss dawn began to struggle through the smoke-begrimed windows of the car.

II.

My friend Otto Fellner was what is sometimes called a genius. A favourite with everybody at the University of Heidelberg, he became, by the chance of a common habitation, more intimate with me than with most of the other students at that seat of learning. He was a medical, like myself, and would doubtless have made a name in the Schools by his extreme brilliancy of thought, had not that been marred by an absolute lack of the power of concentration, together with a slight but distinct strain of insanity in his character. Some called him crack-brained; others—those who had seen him in a working mood—said he was clever; all agreed on one point—namely, that he was a delightful companion, and deserved to succeed for this if for no other reason. And, indeed, he had much need of doing so, for he was by no means blest with a superfluity of this world's goods.

When, as has been already related, I was suddenly transferred to office-work at Paris, I soon became out of touch with Heidelberg, and, with it, of my fellow-lodger. Until a short time ago, I had seen no sign and heard no news of Otto Fellner.

Negotiations for a new Calais-to-Genoa service of daily expresses brought me to London, upon a recent day in April, for the purpose of settling some luggage registration business with the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's traffic superintendent. The matter concluded, I found myself with the afternoon on my hands, so decided, the weather being delightful, to see something of the city's life from omnibus-tops—a method which experience has taught me to be an excellent one in many ways. A route selected entirely at random took me along that most fascinating of thoroughfares, Piccadilly, and we were passing the Green Park—which was just beginning to look its name—when I noticed upon the side-walk below me a figure which seemed familiar, although for the moment I was unable to recall the name of the individual to whom it belonged. It was that of a rather corpulent young man, obviously a foreigner, but dressed in the height of a sober fashion *à l'Anglaise:* his head surmounted by an immaculate silk hat, a camellia in the buttonhole of his frock-coat, his neat grey trousers turned up the exact three inches which custom at that time dictated. There was a pleasing comfortableness about this person's whole appearance, which was added to by the self-satisfied air with which he leisurely strolled along the street, and revolved a cigar between his lips; in fact, one could see at a glance that here was a man untroubled with cares, or, at any rate, not permitting himself to be troubled by any, did such exist.

Imagine my surprise then, when, upon a more careful scrutiny of this individual's face, it suddenly dawned upon me that he

was my old college chum, Fellner. At that moment, as it happened, he glanced up and saw me, whereupon a gleam of recognition came into his eyes, and he hurled himself out into the roadway and on to the step of my omnibus with an impetuosity that indicated in an amusing fashion how little his character had changed with his clothes.

"My dear fellow!" he cried, panting up to me and seizing my hand; "this is indeed a pleasant surprise! Who would have dreamed of meeting you in this awful London?"

"You, at least, seem to find the place agreeable enough," I replied, laughing.

"Ah, well! one can endure it at a pinch, you know, especially on a day like this. But in winter——!" and Otto rolled his eyes to Heaven with an expression of horror.

"Then, as you hate the locality so much and yet don't leave it, I must presume that you hold some post which necessitates your residence here?"

"No, not exactly," he answered, with a sudden hesitancy. "The fact is, I'm what people in this country call an 'independent gentleman' now."

"So you've come into a fortune, have you? Well, that's a happy ending to your college troubles. I must offer you my best congratulations. Still, under the circumstances, it seems to me more mysterious than ever that you should remain in a city that you dislike when all the world lies open to you."

"It may appear rather odd, I admit," he said; "but, to be perfectly frank, I must ask you to excuse my explaining the circumstances of the case just at present."

"Certainly!" I replied, although somewhat surprised at his manner; "don't let us refer to the matter again if it is distasteful to you. We surely ought to have plenty of other things to talk about."

"Yes indeed!" he said. "I have to hear all about you, and you must hear all about me. My first bit of news will astonish you, I think. I'm married!"

"You don't say so!" I cried, wringing his hand. "You certainly seem to have dropped into all the good things lately. I envy your luck."

"Yes," Fellner replied, smiling, "I'm a Benedick now. You must come and see my wife. We've got a small flat in Kensington, and are as snug as possible. I'm getting quite English, I can tell you—or, at least, Marie says that I am. Still, if you care to dine with us to-night, I think I can promise a few features that will remind you of the old days. We haven't forgotten how to make a salad, or what Strasburg *terrine* looks like, and I can give you a taste of something better than the awful drinks one gets here."

I accepted Otto's invitation with pleasure, and a few minutes later we parted, he to keep an appointment at his Club, and I to continue my omnibus tour of the capital, pondering the while upon the extraordinary change that had come over the "outward and visible" characteristics of my friend since last we knew each other at Heidelberg.

"Money makes the man," I smiled to myself. "That proverb has a good deal of point in it."

And this thought remained with me all the evening, as I was eagerly shown over the Fellner *ménage*, introduced to his charming little wife, entertained at a tasteful repast, and in a thousand ways made to see how all this was the outcome of Otto's mysterious stroke of luck.

The talk at table naturally turned much upon our student days and their doings; and we were just laughing over an amusing story of Otto's about a set of false teeth that one of our former Professors had left behind in a train, when the curious tale of the Nice Rapide sleeping-car occurred to me, and I related it in my best style.

Its effect upon my host was surprising. When I began, he looked at me in a rather startled manner, and then, as I continued, his face passed through a number of extraordinary changes. At first, he struck me as being annoyed at something; then gradually his expression altered to one of simulated indifference, and when I reached the point where Pierre discovers the effigy, he suddenly turned almost purple with suppressed

mirth. Madame Fellner looked at her husband once or twice, evidently as amazed at his behaviour as I was, and, indeed, it was obvious that he himself was anxious to conceal his feelings. What could have excited him so intensely I was at a loss to imagine; but, of course, I concluded the story without taking any outward notice of his conduct.

A few minutes afterwards, the lady retired, leaving Otto and myself to the enjoyment of our cigars. As the door closed behind her, he suddenly leant back in his chair and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "What on earth——"

"I can't help it—I really can't!" he gasped. "I've been wanting to yell ever since you began that atrocious *wagon-lit* story. You've no idea how it affected me."

"I could see that it influenced you in some way, but——"

"My dear fellow," he cried, "*I* was the mysterious Monsieur Bonhôte! It was I who vanished from the Nice Rapide that morning and gave your excellent friend Pierre such a fright. You didn't know you were describing a drama to the very man who acted the principal part in it."

"But what on earth did you do it for?" I asked.

"Ah! thereby hangs a tale, as you can well imagine. I've never told it to a soul before, and never intended to do so. Even my wife has not heard it. I can't resist relating the affair to you, under the circumstances; but, before beginning, you must give me your word of honour to hold what I tell you as an absolute secret."

I gave the required promise without hesitation. To tell the truth, I was mightily pleased at the prospect of being taken behind the scenes in the Nice Rapide mystery. A glimpse into Monsieur Bonhôte's compartment between Paris and Tarascon would prove interesting indeed. I had often wondered what had gone on in the rear of that closed door of the sleeping-car, and why the passenger for Toulon had chosen to vanish in such a peculiarly odd fashion and leaving so strange a substitute behind him. The only conclusion I had managed to arrive at as a result of my cogitations was that there was more in the affair than met the eye. But it needed no great thinker to perceive that.

Fellner, who had by this time recovered his gravity, refilled his glass and began—

"I did not remain at Heidelberg for very long after your departure. Constant failure discouraged me, and I soon gave up the idea of trying to enter the medical profession; funds, too, began to run very low, so I decided, before they should vanish altogether, to make my way to Paris. Here, at least, I might have some chance of earning my living, either by the brush or pen, in both of which departments of art I fancied that I possessed some small skill. In any case, I conceived that the life of the French metropolis would be more to my taste than the round of study in the lecture-rooms of the University.

"You will not be surprised to hear that I was bitterly disappointed. The realisation of my dream was indeed far different from what I had anticipated. Literary work was hard to get, and poorly paid even when gained; my drawings received but scant attention from the multitudinous editors to whom they were submitted. I soon found myself a member of the very poorest community in the Quartier Latin, and, like my house-mates there, rarely knew from day to day where each meal was to be obtained.

"Can you wonder that I drifted into dishonourable methods of earning my bread? Ah, hunger is a hard taskmaster! One's morals cannot thrive much on an empty stomach. Yet I assure you that, upon the first occasion when I picked a pocket, the food that I bought with the proceeds stuck in my throat with utter shame of the thing. Since then I fear that I have become more case-hardened. My conscience went out of working order in those days of the Quartier Latin. It is not the only part of my anatomy that has failed to recover from the privations there.

"From purse-stealing I soon passed on to more extensive operations. Several burglaries upon a large scale were successfully carried out under my management, and the thieves with whom I co-operated soon began to regard me in the light of a kind of strategical director. I flatter myself that some of my schemes were really ingenious, and the fact that we contrived to elude the police in a dozen different exploits will show you that my plans were as good practically as in theory. I was positively beginning to turn over quite a comfortable income, when chance threw in my way an opportunity of making a grand *coup* which would enable me to retire once for all into a life of peace and safety.

"There was staying in Paris at the time an American lady of extraordinary wealth, upon whose jewels we had for some weeks cast many an envious glance. They were well known to be magnificent and of fabulous value—indeed, I feel sure that half a dozen different thieves at least were constantly hovering round her upon the chance of being able to abstract even a few of the priceless gems. People who

"My dear fellow!" he cried, panting up to me and seizing my hand.

wander about with stuff of that kind little know to what dangers they are exposed and how closely all their movements are followed; a box of dynamite would be a far safer travelling-companion than the average jewel-case. Well, as I said before, the set of men with whom I worked were very anxious to make an attempt upon this inviting treasure. They naturally referred to me for the arrangement of their plans, and, after some careful observation of the locality of the room upon which we should have to operate, I concocted a scheme for the carrying-out of the job. The hotel at which the lady was staying was to be entered, soon after the dinner-hour on a certain evening, by two well-dressed men, one of whom was to remain in the *salle de lecture* while the other proceeded upstairs. Everyone would be dining at the time, so that the place ought to be almost completely deserted, and, in any case, probably no notice would be taken of the thieves' movements. The bed-room was to be entered and the jewel-case abstracted from drawer or safe, these being forced open by the aid of instruments concealed about the operator's clothes. Personally, I felt fairly confident that no special difficulty would be encountered in the finding of the valuables, and in this I was quite right, for, as it turned out, the lady had left the whole affair open on her dressing-table. I may add that I selected an evening upon which I knew she had no engagements, the reason of this being that I was aware—from personal observation, by-the-bye—that she wore few ornaments when merely appearing as an ordinary guest in the *salle à-manger;* obviously, the fewer gems there were upon her person, the more must there be left behind upstairs. These, then, were to be carried off as speedily as possible, and transferred, in the reading-room, or—if that did not happen to be empty—in the corridor outside, to a small hand-bag with which the second man was furnished. He was to leave the hotel alone and at once, handing the swag to a third confederate in waiting for him at a short distance down the street. This person's orders were to make his way to the Gare de Lyon, whence he was to travel to Marseilles, a sleeping-car compartment being previously reserved for his accommodation. During the night, he was to remove all the gems from their settings, throwing these latter out of the window, so that, by the time he reached his journey's end, the stolen property would be for the most part unrecognisable. At Marseilles he was to remain in hiding until the remainder of the gang could join him and share the spoils.

"One frequently hears specious references to the quality of 'honour among thieves.' In my opinion, no such thing exists, unless the ordinary co-operation of crime can be said to come under the heading. And it is to be feared that I myself am one of the worst instances of the lack of truth in that popular theory, for I did not hesitate, when I saw the chance, to take advantage of my companions. At the same time, it ought, in justice to myself, to be mentioned that it was shortly before the incident here related that I first saw my darling Marie. To be able to make her my wife I would have done almost anything.

"Here, then, was a great temptation. The jewels, as a whole, would make me comparatively rich for life; divided up amongst the various members of the gang, their value must of necessity be very largely reduced. I therefore resolved to appropriate the entire treasure for my own private use, and, in order to do so, arranged with my confederates that I was not to take any active part in the robbery. In fact, I wasn't going to be the one to pull the hot chestnuts from the fire, though fully intending to partake of them afterwards.

"My idea was to travel in the same car as the man with the jewels, and by some means to despoil him of them during the journey. It must be evident that he would feel the raising of a hue and cry too risky under the circumstances, as tending to draw attention upon himself, and thus I should be able to escape without anyone attempting to hinder me. Once clear away, it was difficult to see what possible chance there was of my arrest, and I could

avoid sustaining the revenge of my comrades by keeping out of their way for the future. Indeed, it was unlikely that they would in any way connect me with the theft at all, for I intended to disguise myself thoroughly before starting on the journey, so as to be unrecognisable either by my quondam confederate or the police. My hair, as you know, is black, and in those days I was always clean-shaven; hence few would recognise me behind the big red beard and wig of the 'Monsieur Bonhôte' that Pierre saw tramping up and down the platform of the Gare de Lyon that night.

"My great problem, however, was how to get possession of the jewels. It was essential that the job be done quietly, and quickly too, for I purposed leaving the train long before it reached Marseilles. If only I could draw everybody's attention elsewhere for a few minutes, the thing could easily be managed. But how on earth was I to attract the attention of an entire sleeping-car full of people at one time? That was the question.

"You know how prone I am to odd fancies and practical jokes. 'Eccentricity,' it used to be called at College; 'madness' would have been much nearer the mark. But in this instance there was some decided method in my madness, and the very insanity of the plan was, to my mind, its greatest assurance of success. What first suggested the ghost idea to me was the fact that I had still in my possession, as a relic of the Heidelberg Medical School, a box containing a complete skull and some sets of the hand and wrist bones. With these, a few lengths of stout iron wire, and some wood from my bed-room chair, I rigged up the effigy whose astounding truth to life—or rather, death—exceeded even my wildest hopes. I made it very light and portable, of course, and it could be taken to pieces and packed away comfortably in my large hand-bag, leaving plenty of room for a second suit of clothes and a hat with which to face the world after enrobing the ghost in my former ones. Armed with this paraphernalia, then, I installed myself for the night in the Nice Rapide.

"I had watched the various arrivals at the station with some anxiety, as you may imagine, so I was no little pleased when, just before the departure of the train, I beheld my man jump aboard the sleeping-car with a small bag in his hand. The robbery had evidently been successful; nothing now remained but for me to be equally so. And it was with a light heart that I silently set to work upon my plans just as we left Avignon.

"The arrangements were complete three minutes before we reached Tarascon, which place I had fixed upon as the scene of our little drama. I opened the window of the compartment and put my head out.

"The train was slowly threading its way across a maze of points preparatory to entering the station. No one was in sight. The early morning sun blazed down upon a deserted wilderness of rails; not even a platelayer relieved the solitude of the scene. Hence, there was, as far as I am aware, no witness of the remarkable gymnastic feat by which I crawled through the window and gracefully swung myself down on to the permanent-way.

"The thing was so easy that I never even fell, though I admit I very nearly did so. However, there was no time for self-congratulations, so I pulled myself together and hurried after the train as fast as I could, trying the while to look as though my sudden appearance on the railway-track was the most natural thing in the world. Half a minute brought me to the end of the platform, at which the long line of cars whence I had just ejected myself had now come to a standstill. And, just as I came abreast of the luggage-van, I heard Pierre's yell, and knew that the fun had commenced.

"I had removed the red whiskers and substituted a fresh disguise from my hand-bag before leaving the train, so I mingled with the crowd without the slightest danger of detection. Within the car there was a fearful to-do, and people were hustling each other to see what it was all about, so there was nothing unnatural in my forcing my way forward and up the steps into the corridor with the rest. There, the first thing I saw was the

figure of my victim. He had joined the group which surrounded the half-crazy conductor, and was gazing in at my ghastly erection as though the very eyes would fall out of his head. I feel sure it must have been he who suggested the cursing-the-Pope theory.

"For an instant my hopes fell. If he had stowed the jewels about his clothes, then there was not the slightest chance of my getting them in the middle of this crowd. The whole scheme, in that case, would be a failure, and entirely owing to its so complete partial success. But, of course, there was still the chance of his having repacked them in his hand-bag, momentarily abandoning it to inquire into the Bonhôte mystery.

"I glanced round, and, as nobody appeared to be taking any notice of my movements, I slipped quickly into the thief's compartment and shut the door behind me.

"Here I intended to search long and thoroughly before abandoning hope; but no such efforts were needed. The precious bag lay upon the berth, under my very nose. Fate seemed to be playing into my hands.

"But a ludicrous thing happened just then which seemed to be almost going to checkmate my plans, after all. As has just been said, when I entered the compartment, I closed the door after me. Well, imagine my chagrin when I found that I was unable to open it again! The crowd in the corridor had become so dense that they were squeezed tightly against both walls, and when I turned the handle, my only reward was a glimpse, through a two-inch slit, of a group of red, excited people, several of whom implored me not to press them any tighter by attempting to force my way out. Here was I, caged in the compartment of the man I had just robbed, every moment that passed increasing my risk of discovery.

"Well, of course, there was nothing for it but to try the window again. So for the second time within half an hour did I escape in that extremely undignified manner from the Nice Rapide. That no *one noticed* my exit was better luck than I deserved, but the fact remains. Possibly the few folk who happened to be upon the platform were too excited over the Bonhôte ghost to be surprised at anything.

"A couple of hours afterwards, I was speeding westwards in a train bound to Nîmes, for which town Tarascon is the junction, and next day, still clasping my precious bag, I stepped on board an English steamer in the Bordeaux Docks. Since then I have never set foot upon French soil. Marie joined me in London, where we have lived, as the story-books say, 'happily ever after.' And, though sometimes inclined to grumble at being thus exiled from home, I feel it wise to postpone our return thither for a year or two, at any rate.

"By-the-bye, it's startling to reflect what a very narrow squeak I had. The robbed jewel-robber was arrested the moment he reached Marseilles, so the police must have been much closer upon our heels than we imagined. Whether he was convicted I do not know. Probably not; and if so, I saved him by taking his swag. Thus, perhaps he blessed me in the end."

* * * *

Fellner's story had interested me intensely, but, at best, it left a bad taste in the mouth. The callous manner in which he spoke of his crime and the very obvious pride which he exhibited in its success pained me terribly when I thought of the happy and innocent student days which we had spent together. My friend had indeed changed since I last saw him. At Heidelberg, with all his eccentricity, he had been the very soul of honour, and, though constantly involving himself in disgrace through his fondness for playing pranks, he never emerged with the slightest real stain upon his character. And now, to think that this dear old companion should have sunk to the level of a common thief!

Perhaps the saddest feature of the case was his little wife's ignorance of her husband's true character. As I walked back to my hotel that night, the strangeness of the whole affair came to me again and again. It seemed inexplicable that she

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could be really blind to the nature of the man to whom she was wedded. Upon the other hand, no one, after a single glance at her face, could dream for a moment that she was in any way a partner of his evil-doing. The two seemed terribly ill-matched, yet it was evident that they were as loving a pair as one could find in the length and breadth of the land. Otto appeared to be happy too, and Marie, if less exuberant in spirits, was at least cheerful and bright. Altogether, the thing was most mysterious.

But, as it happened, this apparently impossible situation had an explanation, after all, and one of which I had never even dreamt.

Some two years after my visit to London, I was sitting one evening in my lodgings, when the servant announced that a lady wished to see me. The hour was an unusual one for callers, but, being disengaged at the time, I gave instructions for her to be shown up. A moment later, a woman, attired in the very deepest mourning, was ushered into the room.

At first sight, I was entirely at a loss as to my visitor's identity, but the instant that she threw back her veil I recognised the pale features of Marie Fellner.

"Yes," she said, seeing that I knew her, "it is I."

She spoke in a low voice, but was evidently quite composed. I silently motioned her to a chair.

The instant she threw back her veil I recognised the pale features of Marie Fellner.

"My dress will show you," she went on, "that I am now a widow. Otto was buried a fortnight ago to-day."

I murmured a few words of sympathy, but she hastily cut me short.

"No!" she cried; "I am not here to receive your condolences, genuine though I know them to be. I have come to Paris for the sole purpose of vindicating my husband's character. It is terrible to me to think what kind of man he must appear

in your eyes; and, now that he is gone, I cannot rest until you know the truth. Otto died of acute mental disease."

I started back in amazement.

"Yes," Madame Fellner continued; "therein lies the secret of his conduct. Madness was in his veins, and, from what the doctors told me after his death, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that he had been insane for years. The fearful privations which he endured when trying for literary work in the Quartier Latin must have completely unhinged his mind, already characterised by decided eccentricity. The daring of his crimes—the story of which I learnt later from his own lips—was the daring of a lunatic; their success was due to that strange genius which so often exhibits itself in brains afflicted like his. And the audacity with which he carried out his last *coup* could not possibly be assigned to any cause but the same misdirected cunning—a cunning which, as you know, led him to select a most bizarre mode of attracting attention from his own movements at the critical moment."

It needed little reflection to convince me of the truth of what I had heard. A thousand half-forgotten incidents arose in my mind to confirm Madame Fellner's statement. Her husband's manner had struck me as decidedly odd when I was in London; indeed, the change which I had observed in his moral character was shocking in the extreme. Now all this was clear. The man had been mad.

"It has long been my desire," Marie went on, "to return the stolen money to its rightful owner. These last few days have been spent in trying to discover the whereabouts of the American lady from whom the jewels were originally taken, and I now learn that she died some months ago, leaving her entire fortune to a charitable institution in the United States. What remains of Otto's money has therefore been transferred thither, and will, no doubt, still do good work in the world."

"But, Madame Fellner!" I cried in surprise, "what is to become of you? From the information which your husband gave me, I believe I am right in supposing that your own private income is quite insufficient to provide even the barest necessities of life?"

"That is quite true," she replied. "But, in future, I shall be lost to the world and its needs. To-morrow I retire into a nunnery. There I hope to end my days ministering to the welfare of others and praying for the soul of my darling Otto."

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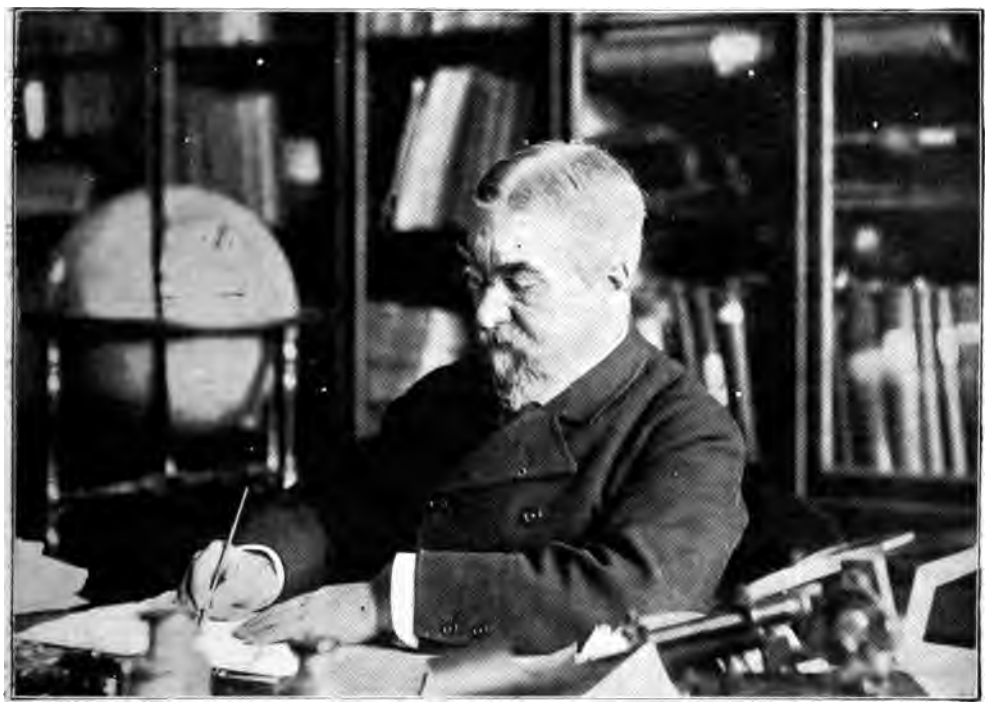
THE SUN AS A PROPHET.

HOW TO FORETELL FAMINES IN INDIA.

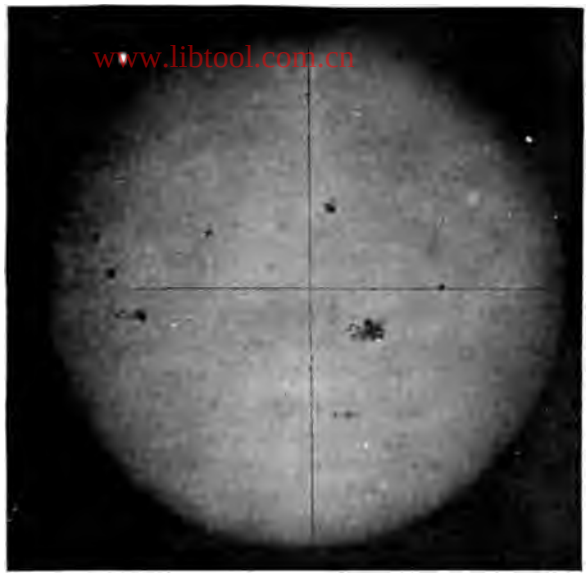
By A. WALLIS MYERS.

THE sun may be only "a private in the host of Heaven," but so far as the inhabitants of the earth are concerned, its material supremacy has always been recognised, and the Persians have made it the foundation of religious systems. Before the twentieth century is out of its cradle, promise is given of an entirely new function being allotted to the sun—that of a famine prophet.

As the result of exhaustive researches and investigations carried on at the Solar Physics Observatory at South Kensington, Sir Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., aided by his son, Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer, has arrived at the conviction that famines in India, droughts in Australia or Egypt, and other meteorological calamities may be accurately forecasted by means of a periodical examination of the spectra of sunspots—in other words, by photographing the sun every day. And Sir Norman is confident that not only may the time, but the area and extent, of famine and drought be predicted,



SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., F.R.S.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN'S DISC TAKEN IN INDIA.

thus rendering it possible to save millions of pounds and hundreds of lives.

The Indian authorities have already been apprised of the Lockyer "findings," and are taking keen interest in subsequent developments. Though it is thirty years since Meldrum and Sir Norman himself called attention to the possibility of a connection between sunspots and rainfall, and in spite of the cogent evidence advanced since 1872 by Meldrum and Hutchins, it is only quite lately that the Indian Government have given the matter serious consideration with a view to its practical utility.

A few weeks ago I found myself at the South Kensington Observatory amid a variety of solar telescopes, spectroscopes, charts, and blue-books—not very inviting companions, perhaps, to one like myself, who was merely there to gain information for this article, and whose eye was untrained in the technical phases of the sun's physical surface. Yet it was surprising how interested in a "special" subject one may become when the elucidator of the mystery is naturally a clear-headed, practical expositor; and Sir Norman Lockyer, in giving me as simply as he could an account of his investigations, was all that and something beside.

"What led us to make these investigations?" said Sir Norman, repeating my question. "Chiefly through the coincidence, during the last few years, of an abnormal state of the sun with abnormal lack of rain in India, accompanied by the worst famine experienced during the century. This fact suggested to us the desirability of thoroughly reconsidering the question of sunspots and rainfall, especially as we had some new facts at our disposal. These have been revealed by a study, now extending over twenty years, of the 'widened' lines in sunspots available to us

LESS WONDERFUL THAN IT LOOKS.

This photograph, taken in India, shows a kite flying a mile high between the camera and the sun.

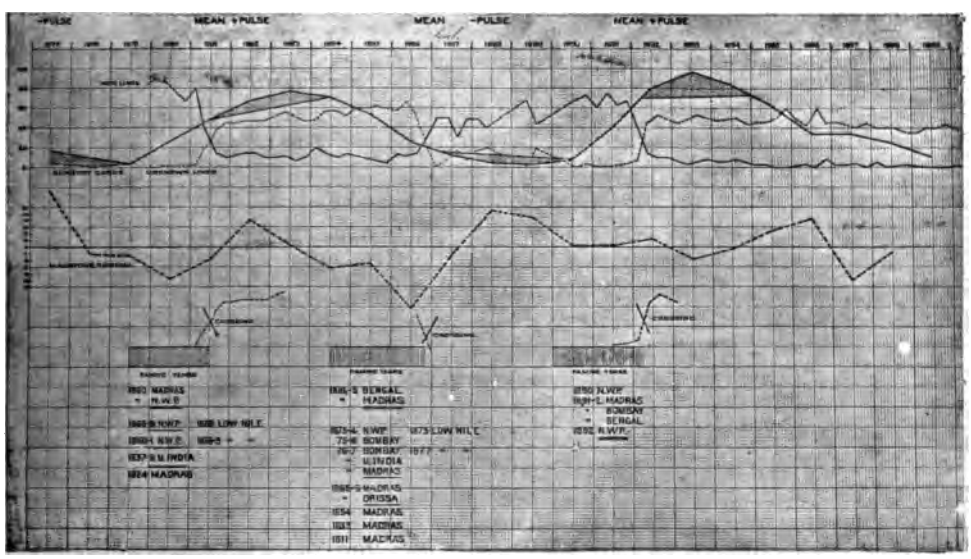
by photographs of the sun, which suggested the view that two effects ought to be expected in a sunspot cycle instead of one."

Here it may be pointed out that photographs of the sun's disc or photosphere—all the available surface, that is to say—are taken daily, some at Dehra Dûn, India, others at Mauritius and Greenwich. A camera, naturally of abnormal size and of the finest manufacture, is mounted on an equatorial stand, so that the camera can be pointed to the sun at any moment; the photographs are taken, then measured under a micrometer. The area of the spots on the sun is thus determined, and a record of the "spotted area" is obtained for every day. Negatives of these photographs, which, by combining the three stations, depict the sun's surface on 363 days out of the 365, are sent to South Kensington.

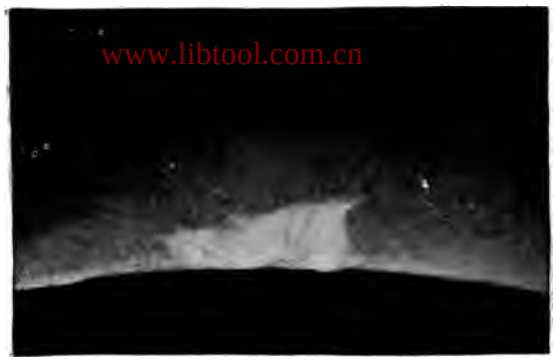
DR. W. J. S. LOCKYER.

The Illustration showing some remarkably clear spots on the sun was reproduced from one of the Indian negatives. It will be noted that the spots are particularly large, which means that they were photographed at the period of sunspot maximum, or when there was a considerable rise above the mean temperature of the sun.

Having obtained his chronological "spotted area," the astronomer can proceed to make out a map or chart showing the spots measured in lines, which give him the sunspot curve, as shown in our Illustration. But a study of the spectrum of a sunspot reveals the fact that the spot itself has lines changing according to the periodical fluctuations in the sun's temperature. These so-called "widened line" observations are made with the eye with the help of an invaluable instrument — originally



SIR NORMAN LOCKYER'S DIAGRAM, SHOWING THE THREE SEPARATE CURVES.



PHOTOGRAPH OF A PROMINENCE.

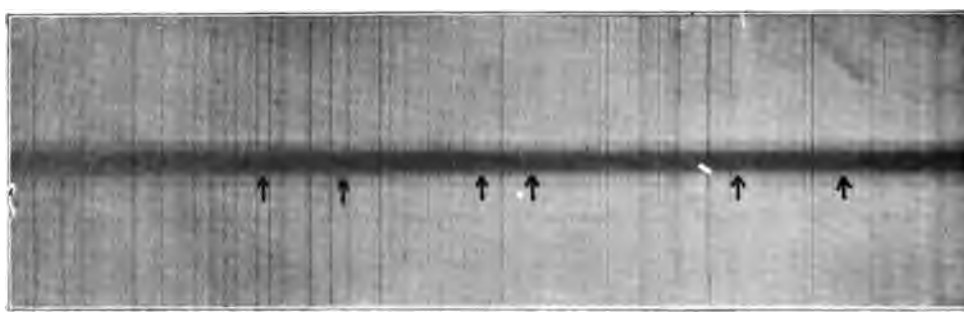
Taken during an eclipse of the sun, May 28, 1900, at the Solar Physics Observatory Camp, Santa Pola, Spain.

devised by Sir Norman Lockyer and Janssen in 1868, and since improved by Zollner—known as the grating spectroscope. This instrument consists of a train of prisms, a collimator—which is simply a telescope without the eye-piece, but with a narrow slit in its place—and a telescope for producing a magnified image of the spot on the illuminated slit. The spot indicates absorption; so its spectrum is dark relatively to the sun's surface, as shown by the solar spectra and other lines on each side.

Sir Norman explains that it was because of the abnormal behaviour of these "widened lines" in the spectra of sunspots since 1894 having been so strikingly simultaneous with irregularities in the rainfall of India that he was led to put "two and two together," and come to a most remarkable conclusion.

I produce Sir Norman's own words: "We had, of course, ascertained that the majority of these spot-lines, which could be traced to some terrestrial origin, belong to iron, while the lines of other elements are represented in a less degree. There are a great many lines in the spots as yet unknown in chemical category, but it is quite likely that these 'unknown' lines are constituted like the others, only they are at a much higher temperature. In our laboratories we have means of differentiating between these stages of temperature—namely, the temperature of the flame, the electric arc, and the electric spark of the highest tension. At the lowest temperature, that of the flame, we get a certain set of lines; a new set is seen as the

ANOTHER PROMINENCE.



THE LINES IN A SUNSPOT.

The broad band in the centre shows a portion of the spectrum of a sunspot. The arrows point to faint lines which are considerably "widened" in the spot spectrum.

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LARGE CAMERA MOUNTED ON THE TUBE OF A 10-INCH EQUATORIAL REFRACTOR, AND USED FOR OBTAINING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SUN.

temperature of the electric arc is reached. At the temperature of the high-tension spark we again have many new lines—called 'enhanced' lines — added, while many of the arc-lines wane in intensity."

Sir Norman next proceeded to explain what connection these three curves—the spot-area curve, the iron-lines curve as obtained from the spots themselves, and the "unknown" lines curve — had with the rainfall record extending over many

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Mauritius rainfall are related to the sudden remarkable changes in the behaviour of the sunspot 'widened' lines."

Nor is this all. Sir Norman assured me that, from an investigation of the Nile River curve between the years 1849 and 1878, all the lowest Niles have occurred between the same intervals as those governing Indian famines. Also, there exists a general agreement between the intervals and the rainfalls of Scotland

SPECTROSCOPE FOR OBSERVING THE "WIDENED" LINES IN SUNSPOTS, AT THE SOLAR PHYSICS OBSERVATORY.

years in India and Mauritius, and obtained from Government blue-books.

"Precisely this," he said. "India has two 'pulses,' or periods of rainfall—one near the maximum and the other near the minimum of the sunspot period — and it has been found from a study of the Famine Commission reports that all the famines therein recorded, without exception, which have devastated India during the last half-century have occurred in the intervals between these two 'pulses.' It has been found, too, that the dates at the beginning of these two pulses in the Indian and (Buchan), Cordoba (Davis), and at the South African Cape.

I asked Sir Norman whether the Indian rain experts admitted the extraordinary "coincidences"—if we may at present call the "findings" by no more definite name—and he replied that he had had an opportunity of showing the results to the Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India and Director-General of Indian Observatories, Mr. John Elliott, F.R.I., and he had stated that they accord closely with all the known facts of the large abnormal features of the temperature,

pressure, and rainfall in India during the last twenty-five years, and hence that the indications already arrived at will be of great service in forecasting future droughts in India.

Though Sir Norman and Dr. Lockyer have already obtained much valuable data which will permit of dates being predicted, they are still actively engaged in penetrating further, and obtaining additional evidence and results, in order that the area and extent of droughts may be accurately and safely decided upon before they occur. This scientific *coup* will, the director of the Solar Physics Observatory declares, be achieved by a closer study, aided by a consideration of the new factors of the flame "prominences," or eruptions on the sun, which are often connected with spots. Photographs will be taken daily by the new Hale and Deslandres method, which is used in connection with the spectroscope before described, and by which it is possible to define the "prominence" area, as well as the spot area, on the sun's surface at any one moment. This area Sir Norman Lockyer believes to be of even greater importance for the promised prophecies than the spot area.

The "prominences," which rise from the chromosphere as so much vapour and are now daily visible through the spectroscope, are subject to violent changes even in the space of a few minutes; as clouds of hydrogen, they are seen to form and disperse in and close above the prominence region, exactly as clouds in our air. This fact would seem to show that solar experts on earth are still quite unable to gauge the limits of matter ejected from or retained by the sun.

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THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS.

I WAS still of tender years when I took to heart the advice of honest Master Izaak Walton: I studied to be quiet and went a-angling. My perseverance was from the first exemplary; but it profited me little. I remember—who does not?—the day I caught my first fish, and went home with a three-ounce dace in my pocket and "my head among the stars."

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

I have since angled in many streams, and the mission folk having caught me early, I have even been known as a fisher of men; but no success ever pleased me so much as the drawing of my first dace over the gentle ripples of the Ver. I fear one circumstance—proof in itself of the depravity of the human heart—added zest to my triumph. Another angler, my senior by many years, had toiled all the morning and had caught nothing.

'Tis nearly thirty years ago; but I see that stream, *veluti in speculum*, as I write. We brothers knew its every bend and shallow as we shall know no other stream in this vale of tears. We found our way thither on many a pretext, and sometimes on no pretext at all. We usually followed the Horatian example, taking the shortest cut to the stream; thus hastening into the midst of things. Dropping from our high garden wall into the meadow, we ran past the old graveyard near the Rule and Compass, under the archway of the Grammar School, and over the bridge at the silk-mill. There we invariably paused, peering into the water for the hundredth time, lest a big trout might be lurking among the long water-weed. But the procedure recognised by the domestic authorities as more befitting the family dignity—being, indeed, more "sober, steadfast, and demure"—was that we should pass the golden hours of the morning in getting ready: sorting gentles, or scouring lobs or brandlings, or making paste; and set forth, under charge of a maidservant, early in the afternoon. On such occasions we were marched down the Redbourn Road in an orderly manner, somewhat derogatory to our sense of importance; but, the town well left behind, we were permitted to deploy, and made the most of our opportunities. Our happiness was perfect, though we caught little save minnows and millers' thumbs. The banks of the Ver were "the Hesperides

of all our boyish dreams." We had small Latin and less Greek, nor as yet, were on intimate terms with the poets, but I fancy we recked not of our deficiencies. We had an ear for the music of the stream, though we knew not how the poets had yearned to give it adequate utterance. We had read scantily about the birds that sang from the overhanging willows, but were on speaking terms with them all.

I HAVE SINCE ANGLED IN MANY STREAMS.

I fished alone the day I caught my dace, for the less fortunate angler whom I mentioned was no acquaintance of mine. The previous afternoon I had seen a man from London catch several fish at a spot where the river broadens before flowing under the bridge by the silk-mill. Ambition got hold of me as I watched him land his little silvery captives: I would come to that place on the morrow and do likewise. I went warily to work: I looked to my equipment for the calling of a fisherman. I fashioned a rod of wondrous pliancy out of a filbert-switch, and, in a reckless moment, squandered three-halfpence at Dame Colman's in the purchase of ten yards of china-twist and a fish-hook. Never before had I gone forth so lavishly furnished. I fished all round that spot with unwearying industry until I durst stay no longer, and landed my three-ounce dace one minute before starting homewards in trepidation—nearly two hours late. A man diligent in his business is said to stand before kings; but what of a boy?

Days passed, year followed year, and "other fields were won." We moved farther from town and tasted the larger air off the Great North Road near Hitchin. Whilom the noble art of angling was neglected; the tempter had suggested a more exciting, albeit a less edifying sport. For some weeks—under your leadership, O son of the village doctor, home from Marlborough for the Long Vacation—we were abroad early in fair weather or foul, and, armed with catapults of ingenious design and clay bullets of home manufacture, lay in wait for the wily water-vole. He is no easy, cowardly victim. He dies game, "unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved." The chasing of him affords excellent diversion to such as love sport better than learning and would rather run a rat to earth than master the intricacies of the aorist. But the older love was only dormant for one season. When we learned that jack lurked among the fringe of flags around

BEND AND SHALLOW.

the islet in Stagenhoe Lake, we hastened thither and disturbed their peace. We caught a few frisky youngsters under two pounds, and called them "pike" at tea-time to the fair. When last I fished in those waters a brother ran a jack-hook into his finger to the bone. We hastened into the village crestfallen, and the doctor chid our clumsiness but removed the hook. Such are the amenities of youth.

I was never an orthodox angler. Eschewing the admonitions of veterans, I adopted ingenious methods of my own. I struck perch and bream at the first nibble, but hesitated over a roach until he had stolen my paste and gone on his way in triumph. I went a-fishing for jack with ill-woven lines of attenuated appearance, and strove to impale gudgeons of tender age upon a hook designed for a two-pound bream. Yet was I not without excuse for such piscatorial vagaries, for I had often found the canons of the angler's art more honoured in the breach than the observance. I have, indeed, seldom caught fish save in some heterodox fashion of my own, so am likely to remain a sinner, an incomplete angler, until I go hence and am no more seen. Once, however, when old enough to act more wisely, I lost a superb fish by my folly. It was the largest trout I have ever hooked.

It was the summer of 1886. I put up my tackle overnight, and took the first train in the morning to Radlet. My friend L——, an angler after my own heart, met me at the station, and as we sauntered towards the village of Park Street he was full of the sport he had recently enjoyed.

A DACE STREAM.

We had breakfast in the cottage where he was lodging, less than two miles from the ruins of Sopwell Nunnery, of which was once prioress Dame Juliana Berners, the first writer in England who described the art of "fysshynge with an angle." It was a morning of exquisite freshness, so we discussed our meal near the open window, with the stream not fifty paces to the east, and, as became the occasion, our talk was of fish. An hour later we were at the water-side. My companion knew a deep hole near the Nether Wild where lay, as he believed, some goodly perch, and had brought some choice

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WE WERE ABROAD EARLY.

brandlings with which to lure them to destruction. He caught seven within an hour, probably the whole brotherhood, for he got no further bite at that spot. This was an excellent commentary on Walton's remark that the perch is like the

JACK LURKED AMONG THE FRINGE OF FLAGS.

wicked—not afraid, although his fellows perish in his sight. Whilst L—— was landing his perch I was creeping cautiously

A HIERARCH OF ANGLING.

along the bank, looking for trout. Presently I came to where the stream deepens considerably, and on reaching a bend where it sweeps abruptly northwards, I went down on my knees and peered into the water. A large trout lay immediately under my face, his nose towards the opposite bank, his tail swaying grandly in the swirl. I backed stealthily, and put a bright-red worm upon my hook, taking off the cork float that I had put on for perch. I dropped my bait gently in the stream, and letting it sink to the bottom, drew it upwards again slowly. Never was ruse more successful. The fish was firmly hooked and plunging down the stream before I realised my good fortune. But my methods of playing a trout were unique, and were to cost me dear, although, as the water was for some distance free from weed or rush, even a sorry bungler should have brought that trout to land. I followed my fish up and down for some time, taking in line gradually. As he came to the surface and turned over upon his side I saw he could scarcely weigh less than four pounds. But the gods had ordained his escape. He had more strength left than I supposed, and as I was winding him towards me he shook himself and was away, sure enough, with my hook in his mouth. The gut had broken at the shank. I drew scant consolation from the assurance, imparted to me at the inn that evening, that the trout who had gone off with my hook was probably larger than any taken in that stream for many seasons.

The hierarchs of angling—the Pottingers, Maxwells, and Langs—will tell you, almost to a man, that fly-fishing is the one art worthy the attention of a master-craftsman. "Tastes differ," as Macaulay said in regard to the madrigals of Warren Hastings. Moreover, I am not a master-craftsman. *Pour moi*, I confess to a partiality for bottom-fishing. I like to fish for bream with a good gut-line passed through a what d'ye call it?—a bullet with a whole through it. 'Tis the only kind of angling that brings me good sport. I

BOTTOM-FISHING.

am great at catching bream from a punt, with red lobs on a No. 4 hook. I like to watch my quill laid flat upon the water,

and, as it moves slowly away, never fail to wonder if, peradventure, I shall feel, like the fisher in Theocritus, a mighty tug. Alas! I have never done so; "such, it would seem, was not reserved for me." In a dual sense I "weigh in" on a modest scale. In the "pond of the Welsh Harp at Hendon," as Mr. Lang calls it, I once caught thirty bream, averaging three to the pound, in less than two hours, having ground-baited over-night. Books on angling tell you that bream often weigh upwards of seven pounds each, but such fine fellows come not to my hook.

A few years back the angler's fever possessed me strongly. I rose at two in the morning and walked across the fields from Cricklewood to the stretch of water at the back of "Revill's." Ah! those quiet hours before the dawn, when the world is asleep and you keep sentinel over it in company with the paling stars! You sit upon your camp-stool silently, with nothing to disturb your cogitations, save when you get a bite, or when a great splash out yonder tells that the larger pike are on the prowl. The scarce audible "pleep, pleep," caused by the small fry as they throw themselves across the ripples serves to punctuate your thoughts, and the matins of the first lark may remind you that in this world you are never wholly alone. Big fish are taken in that "pond" at the Welsh Harp. My friend L—— caught a carp in those waters well over nine pounds, and I have helped strangers to land a perch of three pounds and a pike of nineteen. One Sunday I picked up at the foot of the Kingsbury falls a roach of about twenty ounces; it had been washed over the "head," and lay stunned on the stones beneath. Doubtless such sport is exceptional, but this need deter no amateur from trying his luck. He will get excellent air into his lungs even if his labours are vain. After all, he is unlikely to angle for a meal, and if he gets no bites, he need not, like John Newton after his fever on the Plantanes, sleep away his hunger and wake to try again. Moreover, others near by will probably be more successful, and that, if he be of truly Christian spirit, should console him. "If one cannot catch fish oneself, surely the next best thing is to see other people catch them." So, at least, wrote "the complete bungler," and he ought to know.

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OUR MEDITERRANEAN STRONGHOLD.

SOMETHING ABOUT MALTA AND THE MALTESE.

By CHARLES HORNER.

IF you have a dreamy, contemplative nature, if you are inclined to reverie, go to Malta. In the whole of this great British Empire of ours there is probably no spot so crowded with history, no acre of mother earth which has witnessed so many bloody battles and so many ghastly massacres. On those ramparts where the modern British "Tommy" stands on sentry-go, Turk and Christian have many a time gripped one another in a life-and-death struggle. Less than four hundred years ago the inhuman Turk ripped out the hearts of three hundred dead and wounded Knights of the Order of St. John in revenge for the stubborn resistance they had made. Or, if the noise and bustle of Valetta are not conducive to reflection, there is on the southern coast of the island a secluded and glorious bay, where, in the dawn of a spring day in the year 61, St. Paul was cast ashore after a terrible night of mental and physical suffering. Close by is a chapel built upon the spot where the barbarians lighted a fire, and where the viper fastened on to the hand of the Apostle. And typical of the manner in which the modern treads upon the heels of the ancient in this place, we see out there beyond the bay a number of terrible engines of war which St. Paul, at least, never dreamt—a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers!

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF VALETTA.

Many a tourist, after spending two or three days at Malta, has been struck with the very large number of nuns—as he supposes—to be seen on the island. And a glance at our photograph might,

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THE LANDING-PLACE, VALETTA.

A VIEW OF VALETTA, AND ONE OF THE CREEKS OF THE GRAND HARBOUR, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK LANDED.

perhaps give the reader the impression that the young lady there shown was a nun, or at least a member of some religious

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THE STREET OF STEPS AT VALETTA.

One has to climb these remarkable steps to get into the town.

community. This picturesque dress is, however, merely the outdoor costume of the native Maltese ladies. Like many other relics of the past, this ancient and pleasing costume is gradually disappearing. Now I know that the lady readers of this Magazine are patiently, or perhaps impatiently, waiting for a description of this dress. Yet, being but a mere man, and appallingly ignorant of the language of dressmakers, I stand in the position of the boy on the river-bank ready to make the first plunge of the season.

The lower half of the dress consists of a black silk petticoat fastened round a body of some other kind of silk or print material. This is called the "half onnella." The upper part, which so effectively sets off the fascinating face of this daughter of Eve, is called the "onnella." It is made of the same material as the half onnella—black silk—and is drawn up into gathers for about twelve inches about the centre of one of the outside seams. In the seam of one of the other sections a thin piece of whalebone is inserted and bent over the head, thus leaving the face and hair free. The left arm is hidden by one side of the dress, and the right arm keeps the other side down. Just over one thousand years ago, the Arabs made themselves masters of Malta, and it is thought by some authorities that the onnella is a relic of the Oriental veil. Unfortunately, as I have said, this picturesque costume is dying out, and the comparatively hideous bonnet is taking its place.

The Duchess of Cornwall and York,

A MALTESE LADY'S OUT-OF-DOOR COSTUME.

The cloak, or onnella, is made of black silk. A piece of it is drawn over the head and then the garment over the face.

during her brief stay at Malta, was highly amused and interested in the native Maltese milkmen. Cow-milk is almost unobtainable on the island, and even if it were to be had, none but the British residents would buy it. As the photograph shows, the goat takes the place of the cow in Malta.

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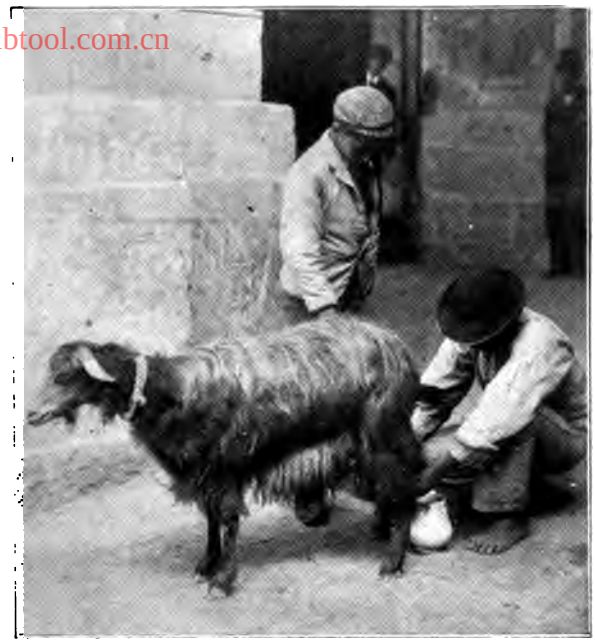

THE MALTESE SUBSTITUTE FOR A COW.

Cow-milk being practically unobtainable in Malta, the milkman drives his goat round the streets, and milks it into the customer's jug at the door.

As you stroll through the streets (or strada, as they are called), you hear a most vigorous bleating close at your side, a bleating that never came from the lungs of a goat! The driver, with head thrown back, and uttering a long, loud sound, is rapidly tapping his windpipe

A MALTESE PLOUGH.

***Had the camera existed** a thousand years ago it would have recorded a scene like this practically without* any change. *(Note the primitive plough.)*

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The result is a most realistic imitation of the bleating of the goat. That is the Maltese way of crying "Milk, ho!"

Your Maltese milkman does not trouble about cans and measures. His entire stock-in-trade is represented by that patient four-footed beast in the roadway. You give the milkman your jug or basin, and he thereupon milks the creature at your doorstep. No adulteration about that! It often takes an Englishman a long time to get used to goat-milk, but when he does so there is the consolation that one is getting pure milk, and not alleged milk, as is too often the case in England.

Not content with milking the goat, the natives, on the neighbouring island of Gozo especially, milk the sheep, and from this make a very tasty kind of cheese. Oxen are only used for ploughing, as the photograph shows. True, a small number brought over from the Barbary States in Africa are often to be seen recuperating from the sea voyage and fattening for the butcher's knife. But the quality of the beef is very inferior, and requires a good set of teeth to negotiate it.

"Oranges, 1d. a dozen; lemons, 2d. a dozen." In England such a notice would cause a run on the fruiterer's

A SELLER OF PIES.

Maltese pies are in great demand, especially among the juvenile part of the native population; but English residents are not willing customers.

A MALTESE GREENGROCER.

shop. In Malta it is a fair price, with leaves and stalks included. Being so near the coast of Africa, these tropical fruits are easily grown on the island, as well as figs, pomegranates, peaches, nectarines, apricots, and prickly pears. Moreover, while we in England are glad to get cabbage and brussels sprouts, varied with brussels sprouts and cabbage, during February and March, the Maltese are enjoying green peas and young potatoes. One of our snap-shots taken recently in Valetta, the chief town, shows a greengrocer on his rounds. Like the milkman, he brings his entire stock-in-trade to your doorstep. If you are in want of vegetables, well; if not, you will need all the patience of Job to induce the man to depart with his greenstuff. In appearance and manner and dirt, not only is he like the Spanish-onion-sellers, who plague the housewives of our seaports, but he is equally importunate. There is one Maltese word, however, which rarely fails to induce him to take up his baskets and walk; but being in doubt whether this word would come under the definition of bad language, we refrain from printing it.

A MALTESE CAB.

The curse of Malta is the sirocco.

THE WREATHS AT THE BASE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATUE AT VALETTA ON THE DAY AFTER HER LATE MAJESTY'S DEATH.

This is not a wild beast, but a disagreeable, oppressively hot wind that sweeps the island for two or three days at a time. It begins its course in the deserts of Northern Africa, and after blowing over hundreds of miles of hot, sandy plain, it crosses the narrow strait to try the temper and health of the Maltese, or rather the British residents, for the natives are but little affected by it. It often proves fatal to the consumptive. It also inconveniences workmen, for paint will not dry, glue will not stick, and metal-work becomes tarnished.

As in all other Catholic countries, processions and festivals play a large part in the life of the common people. Before plunging into the flesh-mortifications of Lent, the natives go in for three days of unalloyed enjoyment; and feasting, dancing, singing, masquerading, and confetti-throwing are the order of the day. Though the authorities have not always looked with favour on these festivals, they are unable to stop them. The Maltese have but few holidays, and those that they have they are determined shall not be taken from them. An attempt was on made by a former Governor—Sir Patri Stuart—to suppress this carnival, but t people rose in rebellion, and he w recalled. On these occasions the coun people flock into Valetta, and the stre are packed. It is said that once on time the women exacted a promise fr their newly wedded husbands to take th to at least one of the principal feasts, a there is a verse extant which amusin illustrates this. Here it is—

Fl'iscritta matrimoniali
Yaghmlu il pattiyet coyugali.
Li yiehoda fil festi principali.
Yonsobha fuk il hait,
Yishtreela shriek cubbait,
Li icun tal cannebusa
Ghax minnu tiggosta is-sinyura gharusa.

The following is a rough translation

Now in the matrimonial pact,
The husband and the wife contract
That, when high festivals come round,
The man shall be in duty bound
To take his wife to view the show
Perched on a wall, or high or low;
And buy her hempseed cake to eat,
For that 's the bride's especial treat.

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THE JUNIOR IZAAK.

By J. D. SYMON.

SOMEWHERE near the Scottish coast, though the precise spot is of small importance, the curious traveller may chance upon the very burnside where the junior Izaak first drew the cold blood of a goodly yellow trout. The place, like many another scene of struggle and victory, is not remarkable to the uninstructed eye; but to young Izaak it has been ever memorable since the quiet summer evening long ago, that saw his earliest conquest with rod and line.

Somewhere on the Scottish coast, then, through a region redeemed from austerity only by pleasant patches of pine and birk wood, and by glimpses of sea and distant hills, runs a clear, brown burn. Over moss and moorland it pours, then through an open firwood, which it quits to go brawling down for a good two miles between bare fields that slope sharply towards the water's edge, till it foregathers with the saw-mill, the smithy, and the little white cottages with the inexplicable Gothic windows. Then it knows to seek the bridge, and so, leaving the high-road behind it, rushes towards the cliffs, where, within a water-worn amphitheatre, it spreads into a fair-sized pool. There for a little space the waters eddy and loiter playfully, but at length they dive roaring through a rocky funnel to the beach far below. Once there, the burn's tumultuous life is ended. It has no spirit left to shape a further course, and so, with small to-do, loses itself among the smooth white pebbles and trickles softly seawards.

The July sun was westering: deep in the pine-wood the cushat crooned, when Izaak set forth with his little rod and basket to try once more the waters that had never surrendered so much as a minnow to rejoice his patient soul. He was not deeply skilled in the gentle art, and many long days of disappointment were threatening him with heart-sickness. But to-night he was to tempt fortune and the fish with a fresh lure. In vain had he played the glorious fly; to-night at some sacrifice to boyish pride he would stoop to conquer with the plebeian worm. If he could not be an artist, since the pursuit of art meant only empty creels, he would even be a craftsman and go empty away no longer. So, before seeking the waters, Izaak had diligently delved in Mother Earth, and had won from her certain fat and succulent worms, that now wriggled in a new Gordian knot inside an ancient mustard-tin — the condemned cell of wretches doomed to impalement. Young Izaak had small pity for his captives. He was resolved to prevail, and if some poor grovelling creatures of earth could aid him, it was not his to leave any stone unturned to secure these humble helpers. They might perish: he would be victorious. Already the canister, as it jingled inside the creel, was playing triumphal marches to Izaak's delighted ear. A fig for flies when worms were surer bait! A fig for spitted worms when a mortal's glory was at stake!

Down past the wood-side went Izaak in the soft summer evening, caring little for the sough of the light airs among the pines and the gentle stirring of the wind along the grass. Boys are but faintly alive to Nature at Izaak's age, and such sounds were to him mere foolishness compared with the merry rattle of his bait-tin, that spoke of sport and probable fat trout. He reached the stream. Deep in

the dingle there was an unkindly warning of nightfall, for the level sun could not strike so low as the burnside, although the higher grounds were still ruddy. It was lonely, too, down there, and weird tales of weasels told by the country boys made Izaak's valour ooze away. But the sportsman within him speedily revived and urged him to the business in hand.

On the further side of the barn a patch of sward looked tempting for a halting-place. Close by was easy means of crossing—a length of lichened paling thrown across the water to keep the cattle of two marching farms within home bounds. At both ends of the paling grew thick-set brier-bushes all flecked with fragrant blossoms which shed a snowy petal shower as Izaak scrambled past, paying toll by a scratch or so. The fence had an upper and a lower bar about a foot apart. Sideways along the lower of the two went Izaak, bracing his knees stoutly against the upper one, over which he leaned carefully to preserve his balance. In his right hand he held his rod well clear of obstructions. The position was cramped and awkward, the chance of a ducking in case of a slip by no means remote; but the angler's national caution stood him in good stead, and although the lower bar creaked ominously, Izaak got safely over to the desired patch of velvet turf. Speedily then the line was baited and the first cast essayed.

The gathering gloaming brought with it an uncomfortable sense of loneliness. Farmhouses, though close at hand, were not actually in sight. Bit by bit Izaak's gaiety declined, and he resorted to the schoolboy's sovereign remedy for undefined terror. For answer to his forced whistle a cow lowed sullenly some distance off. Izaak longed for a companion. Even Jamie Dykes, whom fastidious town-bred young Izaak detested for his imperfect knowledge of the mysteries of the pocket-handkerchief, would have been welcome at such a time. Very often during country rambles Izaak had striven to teach Jamie a more excellent way, but after every reproof James, only the more incorrigibly, showed himself the natural man. Yet even he, with all his imperfections, would have been a bulwark against the eerie thoughts that now beset the angler.

On a low heathery hill not far away stood two giant boulders, grimly outlined against the sunset. Country tradition had it that in some battle long ago a warrior was beheaded in mid career close beside the eastmost rock, but the headless corse continued to run, and dropped only when the other rock was reached. Izaak knew the story well. In the dim gloaming it was a legend brimful of terrors. "What," thought he, "if the spectre should reappear to me!" He glanced around fearfully, and the demon cow lowed again.

That was enough for Izaak. The place was eerie enough in its loneliness and dreadful memories: it was unbearable when the quiet was broken by that fitful and startling bellow. He must begone.

For the last few minutes his fishing-tackle had been lying on the bank. Now he ran forward to pick it up. Good-bye to sport to-night; to-morrow, at a less witching hour, or with a comrade, he would try his luck again. Izaak raised the rod and began to draw in his line, which lay slackly in the stream. The farther end had drifted towards an overhanging clump of wild roses. Izaak pulled; the line grew taut. "It 's caught in the bush," he grumbled; "I 'll lose my good hook." He gave a cautious tug. But surely never line tangled in rose-bush made such to-do as this! For as Izaak pulled, there began a terrible splashing and floundering, the rod bent and quivered, and the angler, half delirious with joy, gave one final heave and landed at his feet a great wriggling, yellow trout, which, while the contemplative young man dreamed of ghosts and suchlike ethereal themes, had made a solid, matter-of-fact meal on the dreamer's bait, and also, alas! on the dreamer's hook.

The hook was very far down. Long did Izaak, thrifty soul, wrestle to recover it, despite his hatred of the blood that stained his hand, and an undefined fear of the gaping mouth of his victim. But at length,

with a victor's prodigality, he cut the gut clear of his line and threw the now departed trout into his creel.

Straightway Izaak bethought him of home, for as the twilight closed round him his fancies grew wilder. Suddenly he realised that he was not alone; the tail of his eye caught something white that moved close at hand, and he glanced fearfully about him, more than half expecting to behold some headless warrior or suchlike terror. But there was still light enough to reassure him that this was no spectre which sat demurely perched on a stile a yard or two away, unless spectres wore torn pinafores, and went abroad with bare brown legs and arms. In the ghost's lap lay a big sun-bonnet, filled with blae-berries, which were swiftly vanishing in most unghostly fashion by the way which blae-berries ought to go.

"Hullo, Elsie, is that you?" Izaak cried, with a fine superiority.

"Ay," said the little maiden, eyeing him steadily; "did ye think it was a bogle?"

"Oh, no," the angler returned hastily, opening his basket. "See, Elsie, I've caught a great monstrous brute of a trout."

"I ken that. I've been here this while. I saw ye tak' him oot, an' ye war jist richt feart at him. You toon boys is bairns, whiles."

"We are not!" Izaak snapped, clapping down the lid of the basket.

"Oh, weel, maybe ye can play at the bat better nor me and my brithers, but we'll learn. Ye see, we never played at Burnside or you brocht oot your crickets."

"Wickets, stupid!" corrected Izaak severely. "And you shouldn't say 'play at the bat,' Elsie; say 'cricket.'"

"Cricket," the small damsel repeated conscientiously. "Hae, are ye for a berry?" She held out her sun-bonnet.

"Oh, thanks, that's jolly," returned Izaak, helping himself lavishly. "But, Elsie, don't say 'hae'! It's rude."

"What wye is 't rude?"

"Oh, because — well, you see, your father wouldn't like you to say 'hae.'"

The hook was very far down.

"Father!" Elsie echoed. "Father hasna time to fash himsel' aboot us bairns. He's awa a' day in the gig, drivin', looking at unweel fowk's tongues. I'm sure if there was on'y ill in 'hae,' Janet would skelp me for't. She aye skelps us for bad words. Ance I cam ower something I heard Jamie Dykes say, and my certie! Janet gied me my licks. But there's nae ill in 'hae,' for Janet says 't hersel'."

"I don't know," objected Izaak. "I heard mother say it was a shame the way Uncle Alec lets you run wild. She wondered what he meant by leaving you to an old housekeeper. Your accent's quite ruined, mother said, and it's all Janet's fault."

Elsie's brow contracted. "I dinna ken what an accent is," she answered hotly, "but I'm sure Janet didna hurt it. Janet never hurt onything except us bairns, when she gies us oor licks. I'm not friends, Izaak. You're a nasty thing!"

"I am not," said Izaak.

"Ye are *so*," replied the irate little maid, cunningly adding a letter to her "so," that it might rhyme contemptuously with Izaak's "not." "And," she added maliciously, "d'ye ken what our Janet said about you? She said ye war tied til your mother's apron-string, an' ower fine for onything but a glass case."

"Rot!" said Izaak, colouring. "How dare she? Do you know, Elsie, I'm captain of the Preparatory House eleven at school, and I made twenty-three not out just before the holidays in the match against Blundell's juniors? Blundell's are howling cads!"

"I dinna care what ye're captain o'. What's keds?"

"Oh, well, a cad is—you know, a common sort of chap. Not a gentleman, you know."

"Keds 'll be no feart to touch the fish they tak', I'm thinkin'," returned Elsie, slowly rubbing one bare brown foot against the other.

"Oh, aren't they! That's all you girls know!"

For a moment there was silence. Then a subdued little voice came from the fence.

"Izaak!"

"Well?"

"What's a governess?"

"An old woman that teaches girls."

"What does she teach?"

"Oh, lessons. French and stuff, and how to sit up straight on a chair all day, and be generally a prig."

"Does a prig mean a lady?"

"My eye! Whatever put that into your head?"

"Yestreen I heard Auntie Alice say to father that I must get a governess to make a lady of me, for I was just a wee savage—a fair disgrace for the doctor's daughter."

"Yes, mother often says that," Izaak remarked carelessly. Boy-like, he did not see that Elsie's eyes had grown very large and full, and that her firm little mouth had a struggle to hold its own.

"What like's a governess?" she queried shyly.

"Old and ugly, with goggles and a cane. She'll teach you to go about barefooted."

Elsie pondered the news.

"Weel," she said deliberately, "if she comes here I pity her, that's a'. I say, Izaak," she added wistfully, "is there nae other wye I could be made a lady?"

"Don't know. Suppose not. Don't bother. Come back and pull this joint of my fishing-rod. It's stuck."

Elsie slid down from her perch and made to obey. But the fence was amorous and refused to let her go.

"Ye maun come here first, Izaak," she cried; "I'm catched!"

Izaak went disdainfully to the rescue. "See," he sneered loftily, "what comes of being a girl and having to wear silly dresses."

"They're no just very handy whiles," Elsie assented with conviction, as she tiptoed to let Izaak unhitch her taut draperies. "Ance I was gaun awa' for brambles, and I askit Janet to let me put on an aul' pair o' Aelick's breeks; but she gied me a ragin' and said I was an unscriptural little hizzy. What's unscriptural, Izaak?"

"Oh, shut up! Some woman's rot, I suppose. By George, Elsie, isn't it getting jolly dark?"

"Ay," said Elsie, looking with understanding eyes at the clouds, which hung

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This was no spectre.

like lurid curtains about the couch where the sun had sunk and were lowering in ominous bluish-blackness overhead. "I wouldna wonder to see rain afore nicht, thunder mebbe."

"We'd better get home before it's quite dark, I think," Izaak suggested with an attempt at nonchalance.

"Maybe aye," Elsie answered reflectively. "The rain micht blaud your braw claes. I've naething on that would spoil. Ay, I tellt ye——"

As Elsie spoke, a sinuous fiery whiplash leaped from the overhanging cloud, and seemed to glance off the earth with a rending, crackling report. For a fraction of a second the landscape quivered in a glory of violet light, which left the evening darker by contrast to the children's dazzled eyes. Before their sight could accustom itself again to the ever-deepening dusk, another bolt fell, so near that flash and peal were simultaneous. Then the battle of the elements waxed general.

Izaak had never been abroad in such a storm. Had he been alone, he would have thrown rod and basket from him, and started on a headlong race for home; but Elsie's coolness restrained him. He stood erect and motionless. The flashes showed him a little pale, but firm of lip, determined not to yield to the temptation that bade him screen his eyes from the awful lights that played between earth and sky. He stole a glance at Elsie, who was leaning against the fence, watching the lightning with wide, delighted eyes. For her, no mood of her Mother Nature was terrifying. The little Valkyr was happy in the storm. As it grew fiercer, she climbed a huge boulder that lay near the burnside, where she stood with one arm outstretched pointing the path of the flashes, and shrieking in wild glee.

"Look, Izaak, look!" she shrilled through the din of the thunder. "Wasna that bonnie; like a golden wheep? And see, that's blue now! Oh, wi' that last ane I saw as far as Dalloch Kirk. And d'ye ken, Izaac, what I saw forbye? The auld white coo's strucken: she's lyin' deid in the park. Come here and look. Ye'll see her wi' the next blink."

It encouraged Izaak to learn the doom of his ancient enemy the cow, whose inopportune lowing had earlier in the evening so accentuated the eeriness of his thoughts. Pleased that that score was settled, he went hardily towards Elsie's boulder, during a moment's lull. Elsie bent towards him in the uncertain light, but ere she could take his hand another flash made her leap and laugh again.

Izaak paused before her in wonder. He had forgotten his dislike of the tempest.

"I say, Elsie," he cried, as the peal rumbled away into silence, "you're like Brünnhilda!"

"Who's that?"

"A girl—a woman—in an old German story the mater once told me. I say——"

"Ay, that ane was gey bricht. My eyes is glinty yet. I dinna ken about Broon Hilda, but if she liket a storm, I like her."

"She and her sisters rode upon the storm," said Izaak oracularly.

"Did they, though! I would like that. Ye micht tell's the story, Izaak. See, there's the rain noo. Come here and I'll lat ye see a little hidie-hole naebody kens o' but me. We'll be fine and snod there or this wears by."

Elsie jumped off her perch and led Izaak along the bank a little way to a clump of rose-bushes that almost filled a tiny hollow. Pushing back the drenched foliage, she ushered Izaak into a diminutive cavern, low-roofed, and with a clinging earthy smell. Izaak tripped over something that was lying on the floor. "What's that?" he cried suspiciously

"My auld spade," replied Elsie, "that I howkit oot this cave wi'. When I found this placie it was ower wee to haud me, so I broucht the spade frae the garden and wrocht awa' or I made it richt. I come here ony time I get haud o' a story-book. But that's no very often," and the little witch sighed. "Now sit down, Izaak—there's dry ferns in the corner there—and tell me about that lassie, Hilda Broon."

So while the tempest crashed and gleamed and rumbled without, the two

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sat in their retreat, unheeding; for Izaak was no bad hand at a story, and Elsie proved a greedy listener. All at once, however, she interrupted her companion with a little startled shriek.

"Water!" she cried, drawing her foot up sharply. "Listen; the burn 's risen."

The storm had abated somewhat, but the rain was descending in torrents. Sure enough, about the mouth of the cave went a soft lapping sound, and already, as Elsie's dripping foot declared, part of the floor was flooded.

"We 'll need awa', Izaak," she said with decision. "Better be droukit than droont. Leave your fishin'-wand. It 'll mebbe be in the road."

Together they went plashing to the outside, and scrambled through the rose-tangled hollow, which was now almost knee-deep in water. The lightning had become less frequent, and only a grey remnant of daylight still lingering in the west saved the children's blundering footsteps from utter uncertainty.

"We 'll better get across the burn as quick's we can," Elsie proposed practically, as she waded towards the paling along which Izaak had clambered before he began his fishing. Izaak scrambled up first, and then, giving Elsie a hand, pulled her up after him. They moved across in the sidelong fashion adopted by Izaak at his coming, but midway they came to a dead halt. Izaak was surprised to miss the briers that had impeded his former passage. Within the last few minutes the night had drawn closer down. The little light that had been when they left the cave was now almost swallowed up in stormy gloom. Izaak feared to advance, for the paling swayed ominously over the swirling stream. He suspected danger, but could not see clearly what change the storm had wrought.

They waited for the next flash, while the frail bridge swayed still more threateningly, and the water kept creeping up and up. The flash came. It showed the paling cut sheer in two, and between the children and the further shore a wide pool of unknown depth; for the lightning that had cleft the fence had torn away the bank for several yards, leaving a gulf in which surged a troubled little sea.

"Must go back, Elsie!" Izaak cried to the accompaniment of growling thunder.

But as they began to wriggle away from the broken end of their bridge, the woodwork dipped more and more towards the water. The force of the current must in a moment bear it down altogether.

Elsie felt that they were going.

"Ye can swim?" she questioned, with subdued earnestness.

"Of course."

"Well, if we keep on gaun back we 'll shake down the palin' afore we win ower, and syne we 'll be catched in the loose sticks and mebbe droont; for down the burn a wee bittie there 's Tom's Pot that naebody kens the deepness o'. We 'll best to jump aff the broken end, clear o' the sticks, and syne try tae swim ower or wade, if we can. Come on."

The lightning had increased again, and darkness could hardly maintain its sovereignty for a moment. During a prolonged dance of dazzling flame the children slid from the broken end of timber into the water. Finding no bottom, they struck out for the little gulf the lightning had torn in the further bank; for they sought to avoid the fierce current that was running in mid-stream.

A stroke or two placed Elsie in calmer water. Finding foothold, she began to wade ashore, when a cry from Izaak made her stop and peer anxiously around. The next gleam showed her that her companion, caught by an eddy, was waging unequal conflict with the forces of the stream. Another moment and he would have been swept towards the black depths of Tom's Pot; but Elsie, plunging back, pulled him to the shallows.

Panting, they scrambled forward, and fought their way up the steep bank until fairly out of the water's grip. "Is—the—troot—tint?" the small sportswoman queried unsteadily. Izaak explored the creel. The trout had not returned to its native element. Then Elsie slid down at Izaak's side, still and speechless.

The boy called her in vain. He chafed her hands, and pleaded with her to open her eyes. He even kissed her, and hated himself the next moment for doing it. What if any of the fellows—but still—well—it was no time to think about that.

The doctor gathered his little girl very close.

He must get Elsie home, or she might die. Perhaps she was dead already. It was awful to take her home dead. Would Uncle Alec give him an awful licking for it?—at any rate, home it must be.

He lifted the dripping little bundle and went forward over the soaked and slippery ground, staggering rather than walking; for Elsie, though as light-footed as a wood nymph, was yet no wind-puff, but a little woman in whom a healthy regard for porridge had wrought effectually to the upbuilding of the earthly tabernacle.

Heedless of the tempest, which was now passing away to the eastward over the sea, Izaak stumbled on towards Burnside, stopping at short intervals to lean his burden on his knee while he snatched a brief breathing space. During one of these halts Elsie revived.

"Izaak," she murmured, "what's ado? Oh, ay; I mind. I say, Izaak, when we get home, dinna tell aboot my cave."

"All right," said Izaak, "no fear. Hullo——"

Elsie's head had drooped upon his shoulder again, but this time it was merely sleep that had overcome her. Izaak listened to her deep regular breathing for a little.

"Thought she was dead again," he gasped, as he lifted her, and once more trudged forward. His wind was going, but he staggered on stoutly.

All at once three roving stars gleamed far ahead, and Izaak fancied he heard a faint hail.

Pausing to summon his remaining breath, he gave out his best "Haloo!"

Elsie stirred in her sleep as he called, but she did not awake.

The storm was almost over, and the night, save for the three wandering stars, was pitchy dark. The lights came rapidly nearer, and at last Izaak could make out familiar voices.

"Here we are, Uncle Alec," he said quaveringly, for his teeth had begun to chatter.

"Who's we?" came the answer, and one of the lanterns was raised high aloft.

"Me and Elsie."

"Thank God! But what on earth have you been up to, ye young nickum?"

"Fishing."

"And caught your death of cold likely," the doctor replied, as he came up with two men-servants and made haste to relieve Izaak of his burden.

"Sleeping," the doctor said quietly, after an anxious look at Elsie by the lantern-light. "But we must be off. Come, Izaak, Robert will carry you."

"I can walk," Izaak returned disdainfully.

"Walk then," the doctor answered, with a smothered laugh.

The party moved off, Izaak doing his best to tell his story and to keep pace with the others. His tongue proved fitter than his legs; but he refused to give in. His boots, too, squished and sucked heavily, making walking a sad burden.

At last the doctor suggested a compromise.

"Is your back broad enough for the captain of a cricket team, Robert?" he asked his henchman.

"Ou, ay," quoth Robert, "I think we could manage; we're nae juist sae frail as a' that, Sir, though we have served yersel' and your father afore ye this thirty year."

"Up you get then, Izaak, and tell me the rest."

As the story neared an end, the doctor gathered his little girl very close beneath his plaid.

A few minutes later the warmth of the kitchen at Burnside and the hum of many voices awoke Elsie. As her father seated himself and began to unwind the plaid, she looked round a little dazed, and saw Izaak whispering eagerly to his mother.

"Izaak's tellin' ye aboot the great big troot; he's a man fairly noo," Elsie murmured drowsily. "But, Auntie Alice," she added half wistfully, half roguishly, glancing down at the torn and dripping garments her aunt was making haste to unfasten, "I doot ye'll never make me a lady!"

What his mother answered Izaak never knew, for Janet was hustling everybody out of the kitchen. Amid the confusion, the doctor, at a word from his sister, seized his nephew by the ear and bore him off.

"If we're sharp and you take your toddy like a man," he remarked, "that trout may be the only thing you've caught, after all."

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IN THE COUNTRY OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

By J. CRAWSHAW.

OUR most successful novelists have generally produced their best work when living on the spot inhabited by the characters they were creating, so that, however fictitious the persons themselves might be, the scenery, at any rate, should be true to nature and real, and the novel full of local colour. When Mrs. Craik was writing her famous "John Halifax, Gentleman," she made her home at Rose Cottage, Amberley, on Minchinhampton Common, Gloucestershire, famous for its camps of the early Britons, of the Romans, and, at a later date, of the Danes; and famous in these modern days for its renowned golf-links, which attract golfers from every part of Great Britain. Mrs. Craik's descriptions of the scenery of this part of the county of Gloucester are wonderfully vivid and faithful. John Halifax described the cottage to Phineas Fletcher when they were on their way to it for the latter to recuperate after his illness. "Such a nice, nice cottage," said John, "on the slope of Enderley Flat. A cottage—Rose Cottage — for it's all in a bush of cluster roses up to the very roof." "Where is Enderley?" asked Phineas. "Did you never hear of Enderley Flat?" replied John, "the highest tableland in England?

AMBERLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

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LONGFORDS VALLEY.

Such a fresh, free, breezy spot—how the wind sweeps over it! I can feel it in my face still." Readers of "John Halifax" may have asked, with Phineas Fletcher, "Where is Enderley?" It is a village, the proper name of which — slightly changed by the novelist—is Amberley, situated on the southern slope of

ROSE COTTAGE, AMBERLEY.

Minchinhampton Common, an extensive tableland 700 feet above the sea, forming the southern and western end of the Cotswold range, and the eastern head of the Severn Valley. The Cotswold Hills here jut out into the Severn Valley in some half-dozen huge spurs, with a number of smaller and most picturesque valleys and gorges between the spurs. The tableland terminates on the western end above the town of Stroud, and the high moorland, "a broad, green sweep—

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century ago, or as they were fifty years before that, when John Halifax and Phineas Fletcher drove over from Tewkesbury, the "Norton Bury" of the novel, where Abel Fletcher had his tan-yard. To-day, as a hundred years ago, travellers from Tewkesbury to Amberley, twenty miles across country, if they take the route followed by John Halifax and Phineas, must pass the quaint hostelry called The Bear, where Bruin still swings aloft, brown and fierce, on an old-fashioned

LONGFORDS HOUSE.

nothing but sky and common, common and sky"—extends on the eastern side as far as Cirencester, more than twelve miles distant. The common for three or four miles on the northern side has a steep, almost precipitous descent into the "Golden Valley," with the town of Stroud at the opening and Chalford at the head; and on the southern side, with equal abruptness it descends into a valley where lie the town of Nailsworth, at the head, and Woodchester and other hamlets. Rose Cottage and Amberley village are to-day unaltered from what they were when Mrs. Craik resided there half a

sign, as he and his progenitors had probably swung for two centuries or more. On climbing a little higher still and looking to the west, some nine miles distant is the estuary of the Severn, "glittering like a great diamond that some young Titaness has flung out of her necklace down among the hills." There is something so gloriously free in this high-level common, "as flat," said John Halifax, "as if my Titaness had found a little Mont Blanc, and amused herself with patting it down like a dough-cake." A little way down the southern slope stands Rose Cottage. It was well named.

"I never in my life," said Phineas, "had seen such a bush of blooms. They hung in clusters — those roses — a dozen in a group, pressing their pinky cheeks together in a mass of family fragrance, pushing in at the parlour window, climbing up even to the very attic. There was a yellow jasmine over the porch at one front door, and a woodbine at the other; the cottage had two entrances, each distinct. But the general impression it gave, both as to sight and scent, was of roses, nothing but roses." Such is Rose Cottage on a summer's day. Amberley village is as charmingly picturesque at the beginning of the twentieth century as it was at the commencement of the nineteenth. There are a dozen or two of cottages, "at each door of which half a dozen white heads and a dozen round little eyes" greet the visitor. Looking south, Nunnelly Hill, with its "four tall Italian poplars," bounds the horizon; and in the valley below repose Woodchester, Nailsworth, and small hamlets, "a dear, smiling English valley, holding many a little nest of an English home" . . . peopled by "descendants from an old colony of Flemish cloth-weavers: they keep to the trade. Down in the valley — if one could see through the beechwood — is the grand

LONGFORDS LAKE.

WOODCHESTER AND THE DOMINICAN PRIORY.

support of the neighbourhood, a large cloth-mill." "Such a fine cloth-mill," said John Halifax; "I have been all over it. If the owner would put aside his old Flemish stolidity! I do believe he and his ancestors have gone on in the same way, and with almost the same machinery, ever since Queen Elizabeth's time." In later years, when prosperity had rewarded John Halifax's early industry, he became the owner of this cloth-mill, and when Lord Luxmore, "the villain" of the book, cut off John's water-supply, he introduced steam-power, and the old "Flemish stolidity" had to make way for modern improvements.

Enderley Mills are still in existence, but they are known as Longford Mills, at which the firm of Messrs. William Playne and Co. have for many years carried on a flourishing business as cloth manufacturers. Beechwood, "the Great House at Enderley, just on the slope of the hill below Rose Cottage," where John Halifax went to reside after the labours of twenty-five years had won for him the position he desired, is Longfords, the beautiful residence of Mr. A. T. Playne, the present head of the firm carrying on business at Longford Mills.

Woodchester, a village of remarkabl historical interest, lies at the foot of th slope from Amberley. There is a beauti ful Dominican priory there, and a nunnery but its chief claim to fame is its extensiv Roman remains. Many years ago ther

RODBOROUGH FORT.

was discovered in the old churchyard a tesselated pavement twenty-five feet i diameter, which, according to Lysons, i "for its size and richness of ornament superior to any found in Britain, an equalled by few in any province of th Roman Empire." It is somewhat remark able that our author, while faithfully depicting so many of the salient feature of the surrounding scenery, should hav omitted all reference to Rodborough Fort which crowns the western end of Minchin hampton Common. The original fort wa built in 1761, nearly a century before Mrs Craik wrote "John Halifax," and its tower ing position makes it the most con spicuous object in the whole county The view from the fort presents a magnificent panorama which is probably unparalleled in England. Nestling a its foot is the busy town of Stroud whose mills have clothed the great army now serving King and country in South

Africa. In front stretches the noble valley of the Severn. Beyond the estuary of the Severn the smoke arising from the Forest of Dean is clearly visible; and beyond that again the Welsh mountains and the lofty Sugar Loaf Mountain near Abergavenny may be distinctly seen on the western horizon in the light of a clear summer day, or when clothed with snow and ice in winter. To the right can be seen the Malvern Hills, and on the left the Wiltshire Downs—a noble view truly.

It is always interesting to follow the life-story of an author, and see how the creations of his brain had their origin and being. Before Mrs. Craik had even thought of "John Halifax" her health broke down. This induced her to take up residence at Rose Cottage, where she could reap the benefit of the healthful and invigorating breezes which prevail on the high tableland of the Cotswolds, famed for its life-giving ozone. After "John Halifax" had been given to the world, the author admitted that many of the incidents narrated in the book had been gleaned by her while in the neighbourhood. She used to stay at Longfords, and was always deeply interested in the surroundings of that beautiful place, the mills, and all that related to the Playne family. Indeed, it is generally understood that Mr. William Playne, the grandfather of the present proprietor of Longfords, was the original of "John Halifax." As an example of how faithfully the portrait had been drawn to nature, John Halifax's manner of stopping a run upon a bank by paying in £10,000 to his own account, and thus restoring confidence, was a leaf out of the experience of old Mr. Playne. A panic had set in as to the soundness of a local bank, and Mr. Playne drove from London with bags of gold, which he paid into the bank, and thereby averted a danger. Summer visitors to Amberley are invariably shown Rose Cottage, as the place where "John Halifax" was begun and completed.

SEVERN VALLEY FROM RODBOROUGH FORT.

The Illustrations are from photographs by Mr. J. Elliott, Russell Street, Stroud, Mr. Smith, Lansdown, Stroud, and from photographs used by permission of the family at Longfords.

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A NEW CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN

By W. J. LAWRENCE.

ALL students of the chequered career of the greatest tragedian of modern times must have remarked the provoking silence of his various biographers regarding his whereabouts in the years 1804 and 1805. Quite too long has this chasm been looked upon as fittingly eloquent of the heart-breaking drudgery of Kean's wearisome probation. To my mind—and I hope to show grounds for the faith that is in me—it speaks much more eloquently of a woeful lack of research on the part of biographers. Barry Cornwall, the first writer of a full "Life" of the tragedian, ranks at the head and front of the offending. Had the work been attacked in a proper spirit and not in that flippant, irresponsible manner indicated in the preface, there would have been no "lost years" of Edmund Kean to lament when Barry Cornwall's book saw the light in 1835. Seeking only for the picturesque and the anecdotic, and leaving the true to take care of itself, this writer was apparently in such haste to append "finis" to his labours that when two versions of the one story came to hand, he made no attempt to discriminate, but related both, and left the bewildered reader to his own devices. Later on I shall have occasion to cite an example of this characteristic carelessness. Moreover, while one may concede that considerable light has been thrown upon many obscure points in Kean's life in the subsequent and better-ordered biographies of Mr. F. W. Hawkins and Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, still it cannot be gainsaid that in regard to the lost years they have only made confusion worse confounded.

Through the existence of certa
anecdotes concerning Mrs. Si
Edmund Kean, it was perfectly
to all three writers that the tra
spent a portion of his noviti
inhospitable climes of Ulster, as
of the Belfast stock company
guessing at the date of the s
and all went helplessly astray.
to speak of the year 1806 or 18
little research would have s
Mrs. Siddons's final visit to
paid in the year 1805—precisely
of Kean's residence there as
member of Michael Atkin
company.

Some more or less diligent i
the trend of early Ulster theat
secuted during the last few yea
main idea of ultimately writin
the annals of the old Belfast
enables me to account for seve
of the irritating gap in Edmu
career, and, incidentally, to t
silly tales of his traditio
biographers.

Obviously the first question th
itself is, What in the world
to do in that galley? How
in 1805 to visit Belfast, then
out-of-the-way little town, pre
indication of its future comme
ness? Thanks to the opportun
of the rare and curious playbill
duced in facsimile by courtesy
Mr. J. H. Leigh, even that rid
read. This bill is in itself a
the life of Edmund Kean. It pl
that in the middle of Februa

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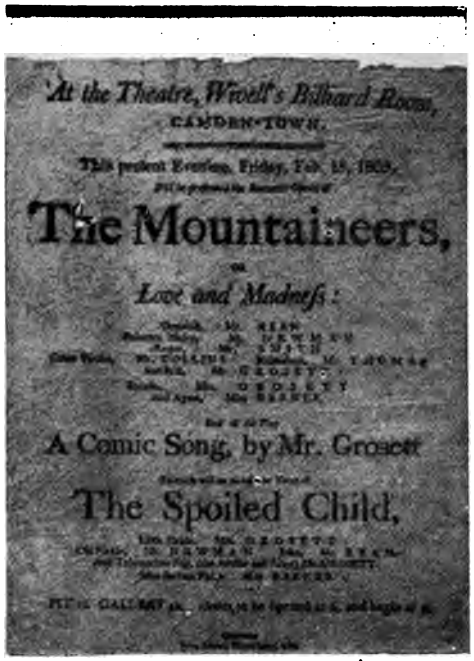
KEAN AS RICHARD III.

embryonic tragedian was playing on a temporary stage constructed in a billiard-room in an obscure London suburb. There he was found by the Belfast manager, who


At the Theatre, Wivell's Billiard Room,
CAMDEN-TOWN.
The Mountaineers,
Love and Madness!
A Comic Song, by Mr. Grosett
The Spoiled Child,

PLAYBILL PROVING THE WHEREABOUTS OF KEAN IN FEBRUARY 1805.

engaged him, in company with Miss Macauley, from the Haymarket, and several others, for his ensuing season. We have, in part, corroboration of this in a paragraph in the *Belfast Newsletter* of March 22 following, setting forth that "Yesterday, Mr. Atkins, of our theatre, arrived here from London with several performers from the capital, with which (!) he proposes to open the theatre in a few days."

Although he had already gained considerable stage experience, Kean was as yet only eighteen, and utterly despised and unfriended. He was within nine years of his elevation to the tragic throne, but it was a long ladder, and hard to climb. In what particular capacity he was engaged by Atkins of Belfast cannot readily be determined, but that it was not as leading man or to play principal juveniles, as his biographers would have us believe, ample evidence will be adduced to show. Unfortunately, no great attention was paid to theatrical matters in the provincial Press in those days; and very little trace of Kean's name in advertisement, critique, or playbill is to be found. Much, however, as I find myself tempted, for this reason, to emulate the bad example of Kean's biographers and indulge in the pleasures of conjecture, I shall endeavour to confine myself to the discussion of such facts as can be proved to the hilt.

Limiting his performances, in accord with local custom, to three nights per week, the Belfast manager began his season on Wednesday, March 27, 1805, with "Lovers' Vows" and "Rosina." Nothing of moment occurred until May, when little Miss Mudie, a child of six, essayed to cap the feats of Master Betty, whose first appearance had been made on the very same boards in 1803, and who had since experienced the sweets of success in making a triumphal tour of Great Britain and Ireland. Parenthetically, it may be noted that the little girl was not fated to eclipse the glories of the Young Roscius, as her career came to an abrupt termination at Covent Garden in the following November, when she was hissed peremptorily from the stage.

After appearing in Belfast with great success as Young Norval in Home's tragedy, and as Fribble in Garrick's farce of "Miss in her Teens," "The Female Phenomenon" (as the Mudie child was grandiloquently styled) was announced to take a benefit on May 31, when the chief attraction held out was her appearance in Mrs. Jordan's great part of Miss Peggy in a specially arranged version of "The Country Girl." As to the principal happenings of that eventful evening, they are best related in the words of the *Belfast Newsletter* of June 7: "At an early hour the theatre was surrounded by a crowd of genteel people, and when the doors were opened, the house was immediately filled in every corner. At the rising of the curtain, one of the performers came upon the stage and acquainted the audience that, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Keane (*sic*), who was to have played the part of Belville, the comedy could not be performed; but that, with their

permission, the tragedy of 'Douglas' would be substituted. The audience felt disappointed; it occasioned great murmurings, and some altercations ensued, which, however, was (!) allayed by the judicious and soothing interference of Mr. May, the Sovereign, who was in one of the boxes."

As Kean's name, for some occult reason, was invariably spelt with a terminal "e" throughout his Belfast engagement, some doubt may possibly be entertained as to whether the actor in question was the real Simon Pure. But surely this precipitate action—for the plea of indisposition was clearly a subterfuge—should dissipate all such fears! It was so completely characteristic of the man as to reveal the inmost fibre of his being. In after years, indisposition with Kean meant caprice coupled with brandy, but it is doubtful whether at this time his flagrant drinking habits had been materially developed. One thing we know for certain—and Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy very properly lays emphasis on the fact: Kean had a whole-souled repugnance for all infant phenomena, and went so far as to refuse to act with William Henry West Betty, when the quondam "Young Roscius" had arrived at early manhood. From these premises one may safely draw the conclusion that Kean, after rehearsing the part of Belville (the leading male rôle in the play), conceived a sudden disgust for his position, and assumed a weakness, if he had it not. Doubtless the character had been assigned to him, not because it was his by prescription, but for the obvious reason that his short stature fitted him to play opposite parts to the precocious chit. Had this been his regular line of business it is hardly likely that a night or two later we should find him assuming the minor character of David in "The Rivals." And yet this is precisely the part opposite which we find his name in an advertisement in the *Belfast Commercial Chronicle*, setting forth the attractions for the benefit of the Sisters Adams on June 3. Meagre as are the details of the period, other evidence is not lacking to show the insignificance of Kean's position in the Belfast stock company. In the spring of 1818 Miss Macauley, a clever but eccentric woman who was leading lady under Atkins in 1805, was engaged by the committee

THE OLD BELFAST THEATRE (1793-1871).

at Drury Lane to support the then all-powerful Kean in principal characters, but the tragedian refused to act with her on the plea that she was incapable of the business she had undertaken to perform. In the heat of the controversy that ensued we find Miss Macauley writing: "Upon what authority Mr. Kean could make this assertion was strange, as we had never, by any accident, met since we had attained our twentieth year; previous to that age I had led the business of the Belfast Theatre, and had been honoured with

THE FEMALE PHENOMENON, MISS A. S. MUDIE.

the public encomiums of Mrs. Siddons, *when Mr. Kean was scarcely permitted to deliver a message*." Eventually she succeeded in attaining her ambition, and played at Drury Lane with the great little man. But under the circumstances it was not to be expected that a permanent engagement would follow.

Only two bills of the Belfast season of 1805 are known to be extant. These are in the Lavens Ewart collection, and are now reproduced by courtesy of the owner. The first deals with the joint benefit of Mr. Waldron and Mrs. Brown on June 28, when Kean figured as Henry Moreland in "The Heir at Law," and in the vocal rôle of Dermot in "The Poor Soldier." The second shows that on Aug. 2, the opening night of handsome Jack Bannister's visit, Kean supported the star as Sir Philip Modelove, an elderly beau, in "A Bold Stroke for a Wife."

Early in August Atkins's undermanned little company was recruited by the opportune arrival of Chalmers from Bath and Mansell from Dublin. The former was seen to advantage as Captain Absolute, and the latter as Charles Radcliff in "The Jew." It is important for us to note the engagement of these two sound actors, as their services were undoubtedly secured to give prominent and satisfactory support to Mrs. Siddons during her farewell visit to the North later in the same month. As a good deal concerning Kean has been written around these final appearances in Belfast of the great actress, it will serve a useful purpose to give a summary of her performances at that particular period—

Monday,	Aug.	19	.. Belvidera in "Venice Preserved."
Tuesday,	,,	20	.. Millwood in "George Barnwell."
Wednesday,	,,	21	.. Lady Macbeth.
Thursday,	,,	22	.. Zara in "The Mourning Bride."
Friday,	,,	23	.. (Her benefit.) Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger."

The local rule of acting only on alternate nights was here broken in upon to suit the convenience of the illustrious visitor. It is matter for serious regret that, with the solitary exception of Miss Macauley, the *Belfast Newsletter*, in its notices of these memorable leave-takings, makes no mention of the players in support. Hence, as no other record of the visit has survived, one finds it impossible to determine how the five tragedies were cast. Nothing could well be more vexatious, as the missing details would have enabled us to test to the uttermost the doubtful anecdotes so confidently related of the meeting of Edmund Kean and Mrs. Siddons. Strictly speaking, although the point has been so frequently maintained, the famous pair did not act together for the first time on the boards of the old Belfast Theatre. Kean, or rather "Master Carey," as he was then called, had played Prince Arthur to the

Constance of Mrs. Siddons, and the King John of Kemble, at Drury Lane, in or about the month of May 1801. But such is the unveracity of theatrical anecdote that the

THEATRE, BELFAST.

FOR THE

BENEFIT

OF

Mr. WALDRON and Mrs. BROWN

Heir at Law

CHANDLER turned LORD.

The Original Epilogue by all the Performers.

THE TINKER.

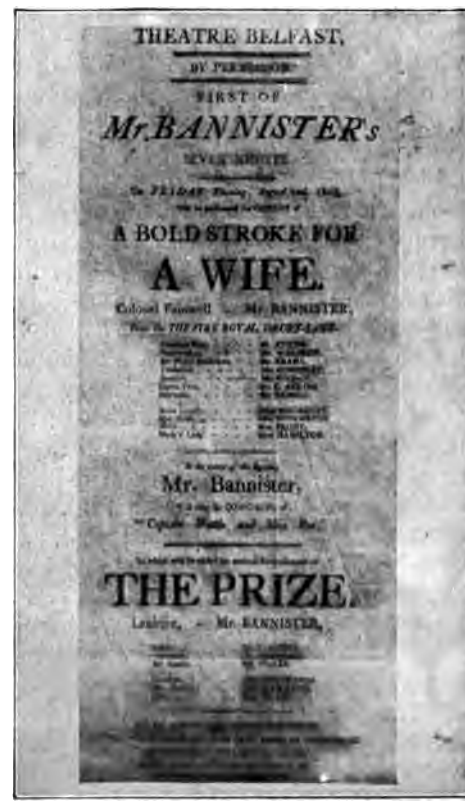
AND

An Hibernian Rhapsody, or a Song without a Tune

Poor Soldier.

THE BELFAST PLAYBILL, JUNE 28, 1805.

conscientious historian might well pray for a stringent Bill for its suppression. In the bad old days, when the player was the mere shuttlecock of public caprice, and the writing of his life a pleasant irresponsibility, stories relating to his career were eagerly sought for by way of agreeable padding, and little scruple was entertained as to their accuracy. By way of example, let us look for a moment at that highly coloured fable of the encounter of Edmund Kean and Mrs. Siddons at Belfast, so deftly embroidered upon by a long line of narrators. Does the slenderest substratum of truth underlie this pleasing fiction in any of its varied forms? Ransack all the available resources of the theatrical historian, shun delights and live laborious days amid the treasures of the British Museum Library, and you shall fail to find the genesis of this story. Probably the first thing that will strike the systematic searcher is the entire absence of any allusion to Kean's sojourn in Belfast in Phippen's "Authentic Memoirs" of the tragedian, published in 1814. Seemingly, it was left to Barry Cornwall to give, a score of years later, the first account of this mythical passage-at-arms. But even then the tradition was dual in form, and the biographer, finding himself unable to discriminate, took the easiest way out of the difficulty by relating both versions. Everybody who knows anything about Kean's especial weaknesses will be amused to find Barry Cornwall giving one of the stories on the tragedian's mere *ipse dixit*. He, of all people, should have perceived that, when in


THEATRE BELFAST,

BY PERMISSION

FIRST OF

Mr. BANNISTER's

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

Mr. Bannister,

THE PRIZE.

THE BELFAST PLAYBILL, AUGUST 2, 1805.

his cups and waxing retrospective, Kean was a veritable Munchausen!

According to Barry Cornwall's "Life," Kean, after joining the Sheerness company

on Easter Monday 1804 (as Master Carey), subsequently visited Ireland. "He was acting at Belfast when Mrs. Siddons, who was engaged for a few nights as a 'star,' arrived there.

"There are two versions of this story. One is derived from Kean, and the other rests on very respectable authority. We shall venture to give them both, therefore, as they are short.

"The first is this: Mrs. Siddons was to open her engagement in Zara, Kean playing Osmyn. As usual, instead of learning his part, he employed the interim between her arrival and the play in drinking with some friends, with such success that when he came upon the stage the whole of his part had vanished from his memory. He could not recollect more than two or three lines, and was therefore reduced to the necessity of inventing as he went on—it may be readily supposed with what effect. His performance was a tissue of nonsense—sentences without meaning; tawdry phrases; drunken absurdities of all sorts. His auditors, luckily, were not critical; but the 'star' of the evening looked lowering upon him and expressed her unmitigated disgust. The next play to be performed was 'Douglas,' and in this Kean played Young Norval to Mrs. Siddons's Lady Randolph. Whether he was ashamed of the past, or was ambitious of showing the great tragic actress that 'he too was an actor,' we cannot say; but he played the part with infinite pathos and spirit. Mrs. Siddons was surprised into admiration. After the play (this is Kean's own account) she came to him, and, patting him on the head, said, 'You have played very well, Sir, *very* well. It's a pity—*but there's too little of you to do anything.*' The reader will smile over this prophecy and its refutation.

"The next story runs as follows: Mrs. Siddons was to appear in one of her great characters, but when the time came for rehearsing the play she was so unwell, or fatigued with travelling, that it was requested, as a favour, that the company would meet at her lodgings to go through the ceremony of rehearsal. This was acceded to, and the performers accordingly recited their several portions of dialogue before her in that style which, as the critics say, 'calls for no particular remark.' There was one exception, however, to this easy mode of delivery, and that was in the person of the little man who was to play one of the secondary characters. He did not, it seems, think it sufficient to mar the poetry of Shakspere after the fashion of our modern professors of elocution. He was ambitious of *illustrating* the text. And accordingly, although he had not a great deal to do, he endeavoured to do his best. While the other players went through their parts the great actress looked on and listened, now and then correcting their emphasis or accent, or suggesting some alteration; but when the little man spoke, she gazed at him very steadfastly, and on his ceasing said in her grave and weighty manner, 'Very well, Sir—very well. I have never heard that part given in the same way before.' The 'little man' was Kean."

Another version of the first anecdote is told in Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's "Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean," wherein the tragedian is said, after his engagement at the Haymarket in 1806 (!), to have "travelled into Scotland, and from there passed over to Belfast, where Atkins engaged him to play leading parts. Arriving there, he was told that two nights later Mrs. Siddons would give a few performances at the theatre, beginning with 'The Mourning Bride,' in which he was cast for Osmyn, a part with which he was wholly unfamiliar. He immediately assured Atkins it would be impossible for him to attempt the character, but the manager answered he had engaged himself to play principal parts, and must fulfil his contract. The young actor confessed his memory was slow to grasp or retain, and that it would be an act of injustice to himself, and likewise to Mrs. Siddons, to force this representation upon him; but Atkins would hear of no refusal.

"Accordingly he prepared to face the situation. He had previously accepted an invitation from a friend on board a sloop-of-war, lying in Carrickfergus Bay, to dine with him on Sunday. On Friday evening he

betook himself to this friend, that he might study in greater peace and seclusion, and returned on Monday, believing his efforts had been successful. A densely packed audience awaited the great actress, who was received with enthusiasm. Then silence fell upon the house. Kean began his part, spoke the first few lines, hesitated, and paused; the impressive bearing of Mrs. Siddons; the breathless attention of the crowd, made him forget his lines. Approaching the wings, he sought to catch the prompter's words, but in striving to repeat them spoke nonsense and ended in failure. Nothing but the presence of Mrs. Siddons suppressed the gradually increasing anger of the assemblage, and to appease its fury he came forward and explained the circumstances. 'Venice Preserved' was the next play in which Mrs. Siddons was to appear, a rehearsal for which was called next morning. Before it began she asked who was to represent Jaffier? Kean's name was mentioned. 'What!' said she indignantly; 'surely not that horrid little man who destroyed the tragedy last night!' The manager assured her he was perfect in his part, and would play it extremely well. His judgment proved correct; for not only did Kean please the audience, but likewise the Queen of Tragedy, who complimented him on his performance and foretold his success."

MRS. SIDDONS AS MRS. HALLER IN "THE STRANGER."

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has a charming grace of style and a gift of narrative, but he should have exercised more care in selecting his materials. How, it might well be asked, could Kean have played under Atkins in 1806, when the said Atkins ceased to be manager of the Belfast Theatre with the close of 1805? A shade less culpable, if equally offensive, are the sins of Mr. F. W. Hawkins, whose "Life" was written so far back as the year 1869, when scientific accuracy in minor detail had not come to be looked upon as a *sine qua non* in this department of letters. In assigning "The Mourning Bride" and "Venice Preserved" story to 1807, Mr. Hawkins treats of Kean rather in the light of an accepted tragedian than as the unknown and unrespected member of a third-rate stock company. Nor is this all. We are told quite circumstantially that Kean's success during the Siddons visit induced the manager to prolong his engagement; that he achieved a moderate hit in the character of Lord Townley, and appeared with acceptance as Tancred in "Tancred and Sigismunda"—all of which is purely imaginative.

Bitter as it is to play the part of iconoclast, it is imperative that the worshippers of false gods should be undeceived. Of the fabled encounter between Kean and Mrs. Siddons, it remains to be said that so far from the existence of a tittle of evidence in support of any of the various narratives, all unimpeachable records point to their untenability. Briefly, then, let it be remembered—

(1) That Kean, who is reputed by the anecdote-mongers to have arrived in Belfast only a day or two before Mrs. Siddons, had been for some months previously a regular member of Atkins's stock company.

(2) That, judging by what we know of the kind of parts he played during the season, it was unlikely that Kean would have been thrust suddenly into the lead, more particularly when tried men like Chalmers and Mansell were both members of the company.

(3) That Mrs. Siddons did *not* open in "The Mourning Bride," nor choose for her second appearance the tragedy of "Venice Preserved."

(4) That "Douglas" had no place in the bill during Mrs. Siddons's engagement.

The Belfast season ended on Sept. 24, 1805, when Mansell for his benefit played Jaffier in "Venice Preserved," to the Pierre of Chalmers and the Belvidera of Miss Macauley. There is some reason for believing that the house closed abruptly owing to Atkins's pecuniary embarrassments, as (although he was not leaving the town) his goods and chattels were sold by auction at his residence a few days later. This occurrence affords a measure of corroboration to a phase of the interesting story related by an anonymous correspondent of the little Dublin sheet, the *Original Theatrical Observer* of July 17, 1822, and written at a time when Kean was starring in the Irish capital. "In August 1817," we are told—but the exact date of Kean's return was July 26—"in August 1817 he paid a visit to the Belfast Theatre in his professional avocation, and, having been closely pressed for time between his engagements, he did not reach the theatre door until the house was already full from top to bottom, and the manager and audience had been for some time in a state of anxious impatience, mixed with no small degree of fear lest they should be disappointed. He had dressed for the character on the road, and in a few moments after, stepping from his carriage, was on the stage, just time enough to commence the first speech of Richard. The rapture and applause of the audience was proportioned to their fears, and Mr. Kean seemed pleased with his reception. On quitting the scene of his triumph, he was warmly greeted by such actors as were of his acquaintance; but looking round, he saw a shabby-looking carpenter, the property-man, and some others of the Helot portion of the theatre, who looked pleased and shy, but as if fearful of presuming to intrude. Mr. Kean, who immediately recognised them as old acquaintances, stepped forward with the most unaffected suavity of manner and shook hands with each, and with a warmth of heart to be equalled only by his memory, called each by his name, asked after the various members of his family, and turning to the actors, he said: 'It is fifteen years (?) since I was here on fifteen shillings per week, delivering messages and occasionally changing characters with my friend Johnston. I find the theatre wholly changed, as much for the better in circumstances as myself. Then I got a good part only by the illness or caprice of someone else; play it as I would, I was barely tolerated by almost empty benches. Now I have a salary of fifty odd pounds per night, and a crowded house on the watch to applaud me at every turn. Do you remember,' said he to one of his humble acquaintances, 'that time when Atkins closed suddenly and left us all in such distress, when we went down to Carrickfergus? The assizes had commenced, and we could hire no room. But the good-natured soul of a gaoler, pitying our forlorn case, contrived to get us the Court House, after the Court was over, and, as there was a great number of convicts, he gave them leave to attend our entertainment. Oh! never shall I forget the rapture of the poor wretches at the unlooked-for liberty, and the whimsical, yet appalling, effect of their applause, mingled as it was with the rattling of their manacles and fetters. That night we divided seven pounds!' Mr. Kean did not leave the theatre without bestowing ample proofs of the goodness of his heart. For many of his former humble friends he bought great-coats and cloaks to prepare them for the journeys they were about to make. Their families were new clad, and handsome gifts in money rendered many a poor fellow comparatively comfortable during a period when the typhus fever had destroyed their benefits."

Despite the fact that this interesting little sketch has been ignored by the whole of Kean's biographers, it is deserving of infinitely more credence than the Belfastiana they have seen fit to preserve. It bears evidence in certain minute touches of having been related by a participant in the scene; even the few trivial inaccuracies apparent, so far from marring the broad truth of the narrative, are precisely such as would be committed by an eye-witness, drawing on his memory after a lapse of five years. Montague Talbot, the famous Young Mirabel of his day, was manager at Belfast in July 1817, when Kean opened there in "Richard III."; he was also a prominent member of the Dublin company when Kean appeared at the New Theatre Royal in the Irish capital, at the time the above communication was written. It seems not unlikely, therefore, that the sketch was directly inspired by Talbot himself. Remark the allusion to the grave epidemic that swept over Ulster in the summer and autumn of 1817, and by which Talbot, as theatrical manager, had been a serious pecuniary sufferer. Whatever the source of information, Kean seems in the main to have been pretty correctly reported. Nothing could tally more satisfactorily with the facts already advanced in these pages than the reminiscences he is reputed to have indulged in.

With the close of the memorable Atkins *régime* in September 1805, Kean ceased for good to be a constituent of the Belfast stock company. Mr. F. W. Hawkins is pleased to think that the actor's sojourn on the North-Eastern seaboard marks an epoch in his steady advancement to the dazzling position he ultimately obtained. With that opinion one can hardly agree. Kean made no impression on the play-goers of Belfast, and left the town as willingly as he was unregretted. But one passing allusion to his presence occurs in the Press notices throughout; and it cannot even be shown that he took a benefit. Whither he strayed is a problem for future inquirers, but March 1806 saw him playing low comedy in Moss's company at Dumfries.

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WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

THE ormolu clock on the mantelpiece ticked monotonously. The little regular sound began to run as a tune in her brain—she even found that her fingers mechanically drummed the same air upon her knee. It was some inane tune of the hour—something that every barrel-organ played, every street-boy whistled, and its rhythm fitted in excellently with the ticking of the clock, and both jangled in her brain with irritating persistence.

Every detail of the room had stamped itself upon her mind during these minutes she had sat there — minutes was it, or hours? since the great doctor had said to her, in a voice that struck her as strangely gentle—

"Will you kindly wait in the waiting-room, Mrs. Ainslie, whilst Dr. Bryant and I talk over matters?"

It might be minutes since she came in here, she thought idly—or, again, it might be hours. In any case, she had sat there so long that every detail of the room would be fixed in her recollection until her dying day. And that day, at any rate, was a very, very long way off! She glanced almost involuntarily at the narrow glass set into the sideboard, and seeing the reflection of her own face—such a fair young face—she smiled faintly.

She had attracted many curious and admiring glances from the other men and women who waited in the big, gloomy room. One little, shabbily dressed woman who sat in the corner watched her almost enviously. The shabby woman's observant eyes noted the other's fair loveliness, her exquisite dress, the atmosphere of ease and luxury and comfort that surrounded her, the atmosphere of one who has always been cared for and sheltered, upon whom no rough winds have ever blown, and the shabby woman wondered what had brought this pretty, beautifully dressed little person into the doctor's waiting-room. The thought flashed through her mind that it was probably some fancied ailment for which she had come! It was impossible to associate the idea of sickness or pain with that lovely face, those smart garments.

The clock ticked on.

The inane tune that had set itself to the ticking clanged on as well in the brain of the little lady by the table. She looked round the room again. She wondered faintly why the walls were papered with such heavy red paper, and why the person who selected the curtains had chosen that particularly dull shade of crimson. It would have been more cheerful for the waiting victims if the room had been less uncompromisingly dreary. The pictures hanging upon the red paper were good in themselves, but something about their big, heavy frames oppressed her. A sudden longing seized her for her own bright, pretty boudoir, which was all light and colour.

How much longer, she wondered, did these doctors intend to keep her in this dreary room while they discussed her case?

Her case!

It was so funny to think that they could talk about *her case*! Why, she had always been the incarnation of health; everybody had always said she was so strong and well. It was too ridiculous that she should be sitting in a doctor's waiting-room—and she herself would naturally never have

dreamed of consulting the great surgeon at all if her own doctor's face had not grown so absurdly grave when she had gone to him yesterday about that little lump which annoyed her. Personally, she thought he had made rather an unnecessary fuss. In fact, she had told Dr. Bryant as much to his face—had, indeed, asked him why he could not simply cut the thing away then and there, and have done with it.

"I don't in the least mind the tiny scar that a little thing like that will leave," she had said to him, and her own laughing words recurred to her now, as her eyes wandered once more to the clock.

Twenty minutes!

How could it possibly take those two doctors *twenty* minutes to discuss her simple case? Why, she had considered it so simple a matter that she had not even told her husband about it—nor that she was to come and see Sir James this morning!

Jack was always in such an agony if her little finger ached that she had refrained from mentioning the lump to him at all, and he knew nothing of her visit to Dr. Bryant yesterday, much less about the consultation to-day. Why, her dear, loving, fussy old Jack, the dearest husband in the world, would think she was going to die, at the very least, if he knew that she was sitting in Sir James Cochrane's room—waiting for the verdict!

"Waiting for the verdict!"

Something in the words framed by her own mind sent a quick little shiver through her for which she could not account; and a vision rose before her of a prisoner waiting at the bar, and wondering—wondering, perhaps, whether the judge would presently put on the black cap or no. Ah, well, it must be terrible to be in such a position. *She* was only waiting—waiting—for what?

A sudden recollection crossed her mind of the great doctor's quiet, restrained voice, that had held in it something which she had, at the moment, not quite understood. It flashed upon her now, all at once, that it was pity.

But why pity?

Her heart gave a frightened leap.

She picked up an illustrated paper from the table before her, and began hurriedly turning the pages, seeing absolutely nothing. "And his face looked so kind, and—so—so sorry." Her thoughts ran on, till her heart quickened its beat again. "It's nonsense to be nervous," she told herself; "sitting here, in this silent room, full of all these waiting people, makes me feel nervous about—about nothing. I shall read a story in the *Strand*, and forget——"

She resolutely took up the magazine, and read a page slowly and carefully, then read it over again with equal care; but she found herself spelling each word in turn, and the sense of the phrases did not penetrate into her brain.

Nobody can take in the meaning of a story, she thought, when people whisper; and her glance fell upon a stout widow who sat opposite, whispering volubly in the ear of a girl beside her.

The little lady watched the widow's head bob up and down, as her words became more and more emphatic. She noticed how dusty the crape was upon her veil; "and that's the worst of crape," she said to herself, "the least thing makes it look shabby. I always tell Jack I won't wear crape when I'm a widow!"

A smile flickered over her face, and the shabby woman in the corner, watching her, thought enviously how happy she must be to smile like that at nothing.

The little lady's eyes turned again to the clock.

Half an hour now!

Half an hour for two clever doctors to discuss one tiny lump, which looked like almost nothing. How she and Jack would laugh presently over the slowness of these medical men! But if they kept her much longer she would be late for lunch, and then Jack would be in a flurry and wonder what had become of her.

Oh, why were they not quicker? Time dragged woefully. There was something aggravating about that tiresome clock on the mantelpiece with its persistent voice; and the pair of candlesticks exactly alike that flanked it, and the two vases that were such a precise match, annoyed her. A wild desire seized her to set them all crooked!

Then she was tired of looking at that hideous silver erection on the sideboard,

She was certain it must be a testimonial! And what an ugly one to be saddled with for the rest of one's natural life! She remembered with what dismay she and Jack had received some ghastly old family plate from a rich uncle, and how thankfully they had relegated it to a little-used room, Jack saying laughingly that it would come in as a heirloom for their grandchildren!

A vision of herself as a white-haired old lady made her smile again. She always intended to grow old gracefully—when the time for growing old came! But it was a very, very long way off, and she and Jack had only been married six short months—they had years and years of sunny life in front of them before they——

The door opened.

"Mrs. Ainslie," said the trim parlour-maid; and the little lady rose and followed her.

And all at once her heart gave that frightened leap again; but she was smiling when she entered the great doctor's room.

Both doctors were standing, and a queer feeling came over her as she saw their faces that they watched her pitifully—as if—as if she were that prisoner at the bar, and one of them was just going to put on the black cap.

It was a whimsical idea. Her glance fell almost involuntarily upon Sir James's grey head, and she smiled again.

Dr. Bryant leant against the chimney-piece.

It struck her that he kept his eyes averted; she wondered vaguely *why* he did so. Possibly he had made some little mistake in diagnosis, and was rather vexed about it.

"Will you sit down, Mrs. Ainslie?" Sir James's voice broke in upon her thoughts.

She sat down in the big armchair, where she had sat just now—all those minutes—or was it hours ago?—when she had first come into the room to-day with Dr. Bryant.

Sir James seated himself at the table facing her.

This room was brighter than the other, where she had waited so long. The sun came into it, and little patches of light danced upon the carpet, and upon the table that was strewn with letters, and upon the great man's kind, quiet face.

Outside the wi ow there was a a tree. It was April, and the leaves beginning to grow green, and w gently to and fro in the soft spring

Looking at the tree in the sunlig little lady sitting there felt a sensati spring in her own heart—spring and and gladness.

Her eyes left the dancing leaves side and came back to the faces o two silent men. She realised that were both strangely quiet.

"Well," she said in a gay little v "what is the verdict? You——" words died on her lips. She could not said why, only something in Sir James's gave her a curious sense of suffocatio

"Mrs. Ainslie," he said gently, so g that a sudden longing to cry assailed "I am afraid we have not very good to give you." He paused, and the s longing to cry left her.

Some instinct inherited from her a ancestors made her draw herself up i chair and look the old man square the face.

It was he, not she, who winced a l as she said quietly—

"Is it a very serious operation, d Don't mind telling me—I am not afra

She was dimly conscious that Bryant turned quickly away from whe stood, and moved towards the win and that the silence following her w seemed weighty with meaning.

"No," Sir James said slowly, "I sure you are not afraid of—of—an ation. But—there is no operation we can do——"

Again she was conscious of a movement on the part of the silent by the window, and she watched wi curious sort of fascination how the pa of the dancing leaves outside was repe in dancing sunbeams upon the ca within.

"No operation?" she asked; "but—

Then her eyes went back to Sir Jam face.

His own were bent down. He see to be examining with minutest care ivory paper-knife in his hand. observed that a small stag was car upon one end of the paper-knife.

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"Mrs. Ainslie," said the trim parlour-maid.

wondered idly whether he had bought it in Switzerland—or where.

"But," she continued, after that queer little pause, "then it is not serious at all, I suppose?"

Sir James lifted his head quickly and their eyes met.

So profound a pity lay in them that she drew back a trifle; her own eyes never faltered, only the hand that held her handkerchief clutched it so tightly that it was almost pain.

"I have never had a harder thing to do than this, Mrs. Ainslie," Sir James said.

"You must prepare for a great shock—a very great shock. We cannot operate, because—an operation would be useless—but—the growth is so serious a one—that——"

"It will kill me, do you mean?" she said, and the colour flashed over her face; but she sat perfectly still, her eyes never leaving his.

"Yes," he answered, so gently that she almost smiled at him, "that is what I mean."

"And—how many years will it take?" she asked—and she noticed how still her own voice was—how her heart, that had bounded wildly a second before, was now beating quietly; "or—will it perhaps be—a shorter time?"

She could almost have sworn that the grey eyes watching her grew dim. She realised that the figure by the window seemed to be rigid in its stillness.

"It will be a shorter time than that." The great doctor's voice trembled a little.

She was so very pretty—so very young and pretty and fair—and so beautifully dressed. It was absurd to think of her clothes at such a moment—but it would have been easier to tell her if she had worn a shabby gown! It flashed into his mind that it was like killing a butterfly that was dancing in the sunlight, and yet——

"A shorter time?" she interrupted his thoughts.

He leant forward and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Yes," he said, "I know you will face it bravely." His voice broke again. "I do not think—it—will be more than—a week—and we can do nothing."

The silence in the room was like something tangible, made more emphatic by the chirping of the sparrows in the tree without, and the distant rumble of busy London beyond.

It was the little lady herself who broke the silence.

"That was a hard thing for you to tell me," she said gently; then she glanced down at her own clenched hands. "Do you know," she went on, and a queer little smile flitted across her face, "I have torn my handkerchief into ribbons—whilst I sat here. But—but it won't matter now—will it?—if it is only to be a week."

There was no answer from either of h listeners. Words were impossible to the Only a great admiration dawned in S James's eyes as he looked into the brigh resolute ones that faced him.

"Thank you very much for breaking to me so, so gently," she said in th same smooth, even tone that never tremble or changed. "It is—a very great surpris A—a—week—you say?"

The great man bowed his hea Obviously he could not trust himself t speak.

"How strange!" she said. "Next wee there is a big ball—and I—am going—mean I *was* going—my dress will com home—and I—— How strange!"

Dr. Bryant turned abruptly from th window. She saw that his eyes were fu of tears.

"It is so hard quite to realise," sh went on, "that things will go on just th same—and I—not be here——" sh paused, glancing out at the green tr and the sunlight.

"But—I ought not to take up yo time"—she rose, and turned courteously Sir James—"you have other people to see and I hope—I hope you will not ha another verdict to give—like—mine——"

For the first time her voice shook little, but her eyes were still steady.

"Will you have a cab called for m Dr. Bryant? I should like to go straight home."

She walked from the great man's roo with head erect and unfaltering step and watching her, he said softly to himsel "It is the women who go up to th cannon's mouth without turning a hai What a plucky soul! My God, what plucky soul!"

Looking from the window of th waiting-room, the shabby woman saw th little lady shake hands smilingly with he doctor and drive away. And the shabb woman said to herself, "How young an happy she is, with all her life before her—and such a happy life!"

But the shabby woman never knew wha the verdict had been which the little lad had waited for so long!

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"It will kill me, do you mean?"

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CURIOSITIES OF CURRENCY.

By WILFRED MARK WEBB.

OUR everyday purchases are always made with coins or their paper representatives; hence there is a tendency for us to look upon all other payments as barter pure and simple. There are, however, many different media of exchange which have been and still are established or even legally authorised in various parts of the inhabited world. Transactions, therefore, in which these play a part cannot be looked upon as anything but ordinary buying and selling, though oftentimes strange and unlooked-for commodities take the place of pounds, shillings, and pence.

BRICK TEA FROM RUSSIA.
This bears an official stamp.

We may even go so far as Colonel Temple has done, and define as actual money those currencies which are no longer of any use apart from what their constituents will buy. Many interesting cases of this will be mentioned on the following pages. We will, however, first consider some eatables, which do not, as a rule, attain to the dignity of money. In the Nicobar Islands, you are paid so many cocoa-nuts for what you sell, and you likewise hand over a certain number of them for what you buy. For instance, a packet of matches is worth twenty-four cocoa-nuts, and half this number will buy a dozen needles.

Similarly, until recently, bitter almonds passed current in India, as did cloves in the Moluccas during the sixteenth century. Tea in the form of bricks is a more familiar currency, and is made use of in China and Russia, where it may bear an official mark that, in spite of its still being available for making a decoction, makes it, to all intents and purposes, money. Discs, which it is permissible to break when small payments are to be made with tea, are also known in China; and balls of the same material have been made use of in the Shan States.

Sugar may very aptly be considered at the present juncture. It was legal tender in Barbadoes until the eighteenth century, and the old ledgers of the Leeward Islands would prove odd reading to an accountant of to-day, for they were all kept in terms of sugar.

In the days of Marco Polo eighty moulds of salt, each weighing half a pound, had the same value as one-sixth of an ounce of gold in Tibet, and at the moment salt is still the currency in the hills round India. The same thing holds good on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, where twenty pounds of salt will purchase, to give a single example, say, two yards of calico.

DISC TEA FROM EASTERN MONGOLIA.
Small payments may be made in pieces.

Colonel Temple has found a remarkable case alluded to in a recent Russian Report

treating of the inhabitants of Darwaz, in Bokhara. They, it appears, practically live upon the produce of the mulberry, and the fruits of this tree, made up into cakes of a recognised size, actually form their medium of exchange.

In the case of the rice used in Upper Burma we have another and nearer approach to money, as it has been defined, and this because only the broken grains unfit for food or planting are allowed to pass current. Such a commodity well fulfils the conditions required of any material that constitutes a currency—to wit, that it must be obtainable from time to time, but not in very large quantities.

Of more primitive nature was the dried fish which circulated among the Malays, and the surplus cod similarly treated with the same object by the people of Iceland and Newfoundland.

Live stock must have been found a convenient currency from the time when man

EMPTY HOCK-BOTTLES.

In Upper Burma bottles and jugs have long been current media of exchange.

learned to domesticate animals for purposes of food. Chickens are useful when you wish to acquire anything in the Maldine Islands; pigs may represent wealth in Tibet; oxen pass current in Central Asia, among other places, and buffaloes in Assam.

An amusing tale is told of a concert-singer in some out-of-the-way spot who

FRYING-PAN USED AS COIN IN ASSAM.

The utensil can, however, still be used for its original purpose on occasion.

was paid her fee in various creatures, all alive and kicking.

Among the Khonds, once only too notorious by reason of their human sacrifices, the unit used when the value of property is in question is, most suggestively, a human life. The exact worth of this, however, has upon occasion to be freshly estimated in live stock and other useful materials or merchandise.

Early settlers in the Bermudas and in Maryland constituted tobacco, with a value of three shillings a pound in the latter case, as their legal currency. "Young and uncorrupt girls," which an old report relates were imported into Virginia to the number of 150 about 1620, were paid for in tobacco by the settlers who took them to wife. At first 100 pounds of tobacco, or £15, were considered sufficient, but afterwards the price rose to 150 pounds, and an interesting picture is drawn of the young Virginians hurrying with their best tobacco to the

IMITATION HATCHETS.

These have replaced the useful tools in West Africa.

shore when a ship arrived, and taking back with them instead a beautiful and virtuous young wife.

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According to contemporary Chinese writers, glass bottles and jars were the currency among some States of Upper Burma so long as a thousand years ago. The taste for such articles still survives and the fact that their size, shape, and colour are often constant is much appreciated. Of recent years the elegant pint bottles always identified with hock have for some reason been those most highly prized.

Frying-pans of hammered brass and somewhat conventionalised, but still "portable," as a stage-manager would say, are the wherewithal to make your purchases should you be a dweller in the Manipur Hills.

Riches among the Karens are estimated by the number of metal cylinders in the possession of the individual or village. So great indeed is the passion for these objects that children and relatives have many times been given for them.

TWO HOES FROM THE WHITE NILE.

Iron plaques represent large sums of money in Central Africa, and marriage portions, to give an instance, are customarily paid in them. On the north-west coast of North America large ornamented discs of copper were once worth as many as five hundred beaver-skins. Professor Ridgeway at first looked upon them as being gongs, but he has since discovered that they obtained their value when originally used as shields. War-shields have also been put to similar peaceful purposes in Guadalcanar.

Weapons and implements which now suggest themselves have a special interest, for among those used as currency, and subsequently conventionalised in form, we get some excellent examples of money which is made of metal, but which does not consist of coins.

With the cannibals of the Loyalty Islands, a jadeite axe-blade, representing much labour in its manufacture, would buy a fat man for dinner. In New Guinea metal axes have superseded the valuable stone ones of native origin, but the latter still serve there as the medium for buying one's wives. Real iron hatchets are currency among the Nassau Islanders; imitation ones the money of West Africa; while in Kordofan forty of the latter will be found equal in purchasing power to one piastre.

A SPADE-BLADE FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

Real hoes appear to be current on the White Nile; on the Zambesi they are made of magnetic iron, while imitation ones have come to be adopted on the Congo. Spade-blades of native work, or manufactured in England for the purposes of circulation, may be found doing duty in Central Africa. Conventionalised knives of iron are the money of the Kachins; arrow-heads form the "change" of the Torres Islanders; while spear-heads, five feet long, and no longer usable as offensive weapons, clinch the bargains made on the Upper Congo.

The degeneration which has taken place in the evolution of many of the weapons above alluded to into mere money is not so great as that to be traced in the history of the Chinese "cash." The old money of the Celestial Empire consisted of various conventionalised objects, such as

AN ENGLISH-MADE SPADE-BLADE IMITATING THAT ABOVE.

AN IRON PLAQUE FROM NIAM-NIAM.

Two of the Plaques would form a coveted dowry, and, according to Colonel Temple, secure a "matrimonial future" for the girl possessing them.

knives with a square hole in the handle; and a small portion of the latter bearing the perforation is all that now survives in what is ostensibly a coin.

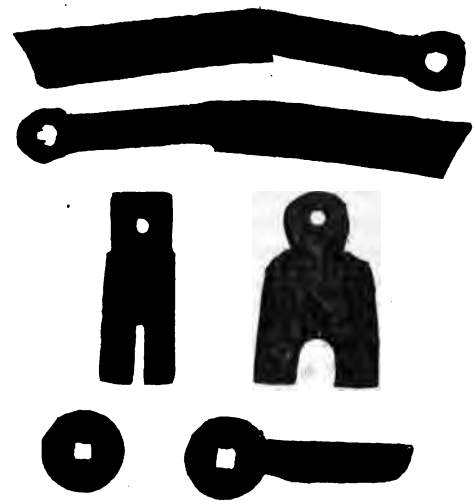
Before leaving the subject of metallic currency as opposed to a coinage, it might be mentioned that in some parts of England nails once formed a local medium of exchange. The Shans of Mekong also do not trade away usable tools like their neighbours, but circulate special lozenge-shaped ingots of iron.

We now come to a series of peculiar bits of property that do duty as money in various places which may be taken at random. In the Pelew Isles large stones with holes through them are used; these are made in the Carolines, and go by the name of "millstone money." How such things came to be adopted is at present not at all clear, for they are of no other use that can be determined. Once you could have paid your way in British Honduras with mahogany. The value of skins in North America has already been mentioned, and the leather money which is said to have persisted in Russia until the time of Peter the Great arose out of a skin currency. Frederick II., the son of Barbarossa, is also credited with the introduction of leather money.

A Barbed Spear-Head and a Conventional Imitation, Both from Central Africa.

Bark cloth was current in Fiji under the name of tappa; bees'-wax in cakes could be spent in Borneo; cotton was legal tender among the early colonists of Barbadoes, and it is still accepted between Arakan and Burma; while mat money is the production of the New Hebrides. A strange case must be cited from Siam, where porcelain gambling-tokens somewhat aptly have permanently acquired in business a value originally temporarily vouchsafed to them in pleasure.

We may take it that up to the present, the objects discussed are, or have at one time been, useful. On the other hand, articles of personal adornment, so dear to



Primitive Types of Chinese Money, showing the Evolution of the more Modern "Cash."

civilised and savage man alike, have also played a considerable part in the constitution of currency.

Feather money may be instanced, and the hair taken from the ears of flying foxes in New Caledonia. The lower jaws of the same animal used to "raise the wind" in Fiji; and the various teeth found useful in South Pacific isles were probably used as ornaments in the first place. Speaking of teeth, among the Bannock Indians the canine or eye teeth of the wapiti deer have the current value of twenty cents apiece.

The Eye-Teeth of the Elk, used as Money by Some of the North American Indians of the United States.

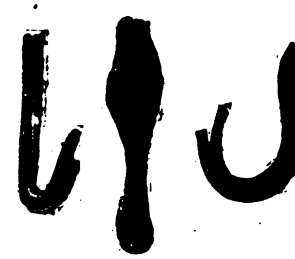
Shells are universally used as ornaments or money, or both. Many are circulated quite unprepared in any way; considerable labour may, however, be spent upon them, which reaches a maximum in the case of beads cut out of large shells, as is "wampum." Strings of these were legalised in Massachusetts in 1618, and they are still made by machinery to supply native races in other and remoter districts.

This leads us to the consideration of how glass beads came to play such a part as they have done in commerce, particularly of the West Coast of Africa. Here may still be found original Aggry beads, similar to those of the ancient Egyptians of the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Dynasties. These beads were the currency of Arab traders who had intercourse with Egypt, and the Portuguese and Spaniards who followed imitated the beads, which are to this day manufactured in Venice. The natives are very particular as to the details of the beads, and Colonel Temple mentions examples which have been cut in two in order that it might be seen whether the pattern shown on the ends went all the way through the beads.

In this connection it may be said that blue popo beads of similar history to that of the Aggries are worth more than their weight in gold (over £4 the ounce) on the West Coast of Africa, and that the Venetian bead-makers are quite unable to imitate "these apparently simple bits of blue glass" sufficiently well as to induce the natives to accept them. It will not, perhaps, be obvious that many kinds of modern beads made to pass as currency are actually of considerable value because of the high cost of their production.

Armlets of shell from the Solomon Isles may merely be made for export; those of plaited fibre in Borneo are a recognised currency. The "ring-money" of Bonny River and elsewhere is additionally interesting, owing to its being a survival of the old Roman and European bracelet, or armilla, having been introduced into Africa by the Spaniards.

Some noteworthy money has been made of silver. Of this the stamped wire *larins* of Persia spread to the West Coast of India at least four hundred years ago; and from them the "silver fish-hooks" of Ceylon are derived. The tamarind-seed, used in a Burmese game, has been imitated in the precious white metal and become current, while small bars of silver are bent double and stamped for circulation in Siam.



FISH-HOOKS AS COINS.

The central specimen is a silver fish-hook from Ceylon, and the others are silver "larins" from Persia, from which the former probably originated.

Bank-notes we are familiar with as the highest development of money; and, although of but comparatively recent introduction into this country, paper money was circulated and its advantages understood in China from A.D. 800-1400. Temporary currencies of the kind have been adopted in the Andamans, the Cocos-Keeling Islands, and, as no one needs to be reminded, in the justly celebrated siege of Mafeking.

"WAMPUM," MADE FROM PIECES OF SHELLS, FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

The majority of the specimens from which the photographs illustrating this article were taken are in the Pitt Rivers Museum at Oxford, and thanks are due to Mr. Henry Balfour for kind permission to use the pictures here.

THE AFRICAN WATERWAY OF THE FUTURE.

By C. DE THIERRY.

Photographs lent by kind permission of the British South Africa Company, the African Lakes Corporation, and the Sharrer Zambesi Traffic Company.

THE empires built up by intrepid Englishmen in Canada and Australia are, in the near future, to have a rival in Africa. That it will ever contribute as much moral and material strength to the Empire as the other two is doubtful; that it will be richer than either is almost certain. Its lateness in the field is due to the peculiar configuration of the continent, its teeming black population, and the apathy of the Home Government. Even now few people in England realise that a continuous territory in Africa nearly as large as Europe is British, and that much of it is salubrious. The Cape Colony, Natal, Bechuanaland, and Rhodesia we identify as English, but, not being an imaginative people, we are slow to recognise in Zambesi and Nyasaland similar possibilities. Hence the

Photo. by A. L. Co.

LANDING AT CHINDE, MOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI.

healthiest, most fertile, and best-watered region of Africa is not so much a field for settlement as a domain of the trader.

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No other province of the Empire has been built up with such a small expenditure of money and life. Its history began with the discoveries of Livingstone, whose mighty work was done almost single-handed. His journeys along the hitherto unknown waterways enclosing the heart of the continent suggested to European missionary society; the first commercial company formed to develop the trade of the region was the African Lakes Corporation, whose headquarters are in Glasgow. Out of these small beginnings a flourishing colony has been matured.

Its great difficulty was transport; and surely never before has a British settlement had to face it in such an aggravated form! To understand it, one must realise that, to all intents and purposes, the

Photo. by B. S. A. Co.

THE MOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI: THE "JAMES STEVENSON" READY FOR LAUNCHING.

statesmen a new avenue for national expansion. The result was the partition of Africa by diplomacy, a process which has benefited every Power but England. Fortunately, her colonies rest on the strong right arms of her adventurous children; and British Central Africa is no exception. The nationality of Livingstone perhaps accounts for the fact that its pioneers were Scots: the first coffee-bush in Nyasaland was planted by Mr. Duncan, of Edinburgh; the first steamboat on the lake belonged to a Scottish coastline of Central Africa is the waterway extending from the mouth of the Zambesi to the north end of Lake Tanganyika. From the Indian Ocean it is distant from four hundred to eight hundred miles, and the coast territory belongs to Portugal. At first she claimed the whole of the hinterland, and until 1889 paralysed British trade by her fiscal restrictions at Kilimán, on the Kwa-Kwa, forty miles north of the delta. Nor was this the worst. Produce and European goods were carried from the Custom House in lighters or dug-outs

to a point on the river which was a veritable *cul-de-sac*. Here cargoes were discharged, and left on a sandy depression, over which they were carried by native porters, who had to wade through several feet of mud and slime. In these circumstances there was often a loss on goods in transit of sixty per cent.

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Photo. by A. L. Cu.

A ROAD IN THE SHIRE HIGHLANDS.

With the discovery by Mr. Rankin of a channel in the bar of the Chinde, one of the five mouths of the Zambesi, a new era opened for Central Africa. The presence of two British gun-boats on the river was a significant hint to Portugal that it was international, and the concession of Chinde in exchange for a trading station on Lake Nyasa gave us the gateway. About the same time the progress of the settlers in Nyasaland, and the admirable work done by Colonel Lugard in the service of the African Lakes Corporation, induced the Home

Photo. by B. S. A. Co.

IVORY IN COURSE OF TRANSIT AT MANDALA STORE.

Government to declare the territory a British Protectorate, so that England controlled the waterway formed by the Zambesi, the Shiré, and Lake Nyasa. The administrative system of Nyasa is a triumph of empire-building, inasmuch as it attained the maximum of result with the minimum of expenditure. The credit for it is due to the ability of Sir Harry Johnston, the generosity of Mr. Rhodes (who added £10,000 a year to the revenue until the colony was self-supporting), and the thriftiness of the settlers. Unfortunately, the link that would give us unbroken cheap transport from Cairo to Chinde, a distance of over four thousand miles, is not ours. This is Tanganyika, the discovery of which the world owes to a British explorer. At the very moment Mr. Alfred Sharpe, having signed treaties with all the chiefs living on the east coast, hoisted the Union Jack at the north, the whole of the region on the north-east and west was given to Germany. There is thus a wedge of foreign territory between the Soudan and British Central Africa, which divides the British Empire in Africa into two parts. It is a source of weakness which is only just beginning to make itself felt. Not only does it render the Cape to Cairo an Anglo-German undertaking, but the waterway from Cairo to Chinde also. That we own the south-west shore of Tanganyika is due to the foresight of Mr. Rhodes, who made it part of the northern boundary of the Chartered Company's territories.

Photo. by B. S. A. Co.

THE VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBESI.

The Zambesi alone drains an area of not less than six hundred thousand square miles. Lake Nyasa is the natural highway of a country as large as the United Kingdom. Unlike our West African Empire, this vast region is salubrious everywhere except on the coast. It is

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Photo. by A. L. Cn.

A WOODING STATION ON THE UPPER SHIRÉ: THE "LIVINGSTONE" TAKING IN FIREWOOD.

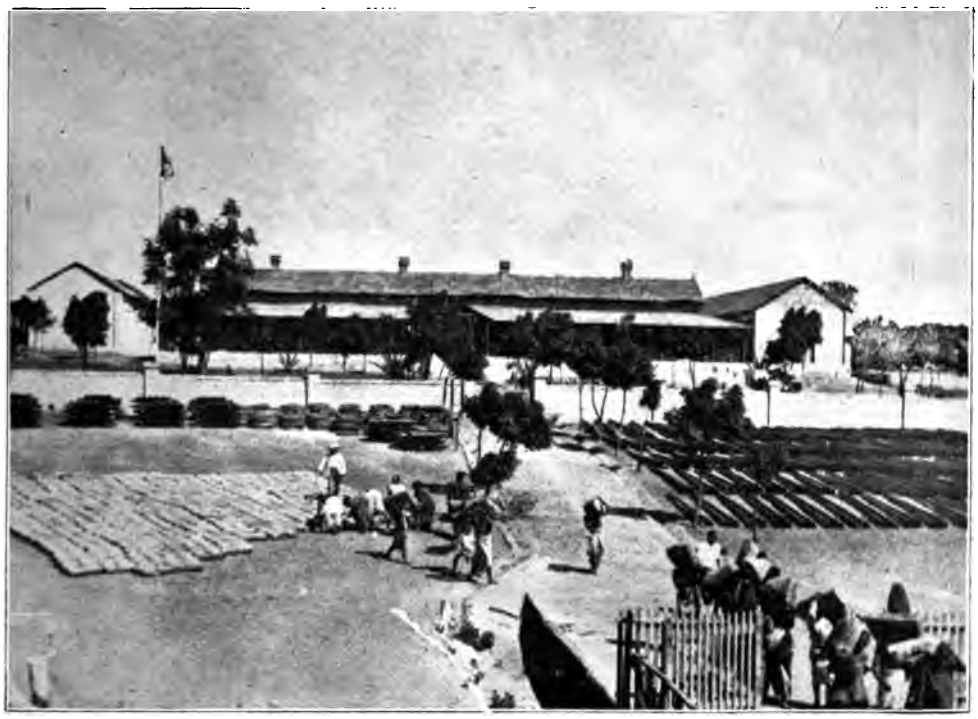

Photo. by A. L. Cn

AFRICAN LAKES CORPORATION'S STATION AT FORT JOHNSTON.

In the foreground are poles and other gear in transit to Lake Tanganyika for the African Transcontinental Telegraph Company's Cape to Cairo Line.

really a series of terraces, whose elevation secures them a climate as suitable to Europeans as the climate of Rhodesia. the natives. The delta of the Zambesi is so well watered, and the sediment brought down by its many mouths so rich, that

From Photo. by B. S. A. Co.

GORGE BELOW THE VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBESI.

This gorge, over 400 ft. wide and 400 ft. high, is soon to be spanned by a railway-bridge.

The fertility of the soil is unsurpassed, and its possibilities as a grazing country are demonstrated by the flocks and herds of will grow almost anything. In short, a territory as large as France, Germany, and Austria combined can produce, in unlimited

quantities, all the varied products of tropical and temperate climes. Nor is this all. The eastern part of the Congo State and the western part of German East Africa have no outlet to the sea except by way of the lakes, Shiré and Zambesi. Hence there is a transit trade, which is yearly growing more profitable. Moreover, British Central Africa is the home of a native population millions strong. That British capital should be shy of a field so promising speaks badly for British enterprise. The truth is, until lately British colonies were unpopular. Frantic efforts were made to capture new markets, and money found for every project in every part of the world except the British Empire. Now that English capitalists have deigned to cast their eye on the undeveloped regions of His Majesty's dominions, it is to be hoped we shall hear less about creating new markets and more about making the most of the old. It will be more profitable, with fewer risks, than investments in foreign countries.

Photo. by A. L. Cn.

ON THE UPPER SHIRÉ: A SCENE ON THE RIVER IN THE WAKE OF A STEAMER.

At the present moment the most pressing need of British Central Africa is cheap transport. When the great waterway from the Indian Ocean to the interior was freed from taxation, and given a new port at Chinde, the Protectorate advanced rapidly, so rapidly indeed that it has outstripped its trade facilities. For, like the St. Lawrence route, which penetrates to the heart of British North America, the Zambesi, Shiré, and Nyasa route is not perfect without the assistance of the engineer. In the Dominion, millions have been spent on a system of canals, which makes a navigable highway from the Atlantic to

Photo. by A. L. Cn.

ON THE OVERLAND JOURNEY BETWEEN THE UPPER AND LOWER SHIRE.

Method of conveying large and heavy material through Tsetse Fly Belt.

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Photo. by A. L. Co.

THE AFRICAN LAKES CORPORATION TRACTION-ENGINE, EMPLOYED BETWEEN BLANTYRE AND MATOPE, ON THE UPPER SHIRÉ.

most important tributary of the Zambesi, is navigable to its source, which is Lake Nyassa. This fine body of water is three hundred and fifty miles long. At the end of it there is another break in the line of communication, for between it and Duluth, a distance of over two thousand miles. In Central Africa, circumstances demand that the connecting links shall be railways. From the mouth of the Zambesi to the northern end of Tanganyika it is thirteen hundred miles. From Tanganyika there is a portage of two hundred and ten miles, beyond which is the lake, eight hundred miles long. Everywhere else in our African Empire railways are imperative; but here we have a line of communication extending for Chinde, the ocean port, to Chiromo, the river port, which stands at the junction of the Shiré and the Ruo, navigation is continuous. Here, however, there is a break owing to the Murchison Falls, which necessitates sixty miles of land carriage to Matope. From this point the Shiré, the

Photo. by A. L. Co.

ON THE UPPER SHIRÉ: DRY DOCK EXCAVATED FOR THE BUILDING OF THE STEAM-SHIP "QUEEN VICTORIA" AT MATOPE.

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COFFEE-PICKING IN BLANTYRE DISTRICT, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

Photo. by A. L. Cn.

COFFEE-PLANTATION WORKERS WATERING NURSERY PLANTS IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

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VICTORIA AVENUE, IN BLANTYRE.

thirteen hundred miles of which only two hundred and sixty demand land carriage. The two lakes will float any ship that was ever built, the rise and fall of the tide is almost imperceptible, and there is excellent coal close to the shore, as well as stores of iron in the vicinity. It is the cheapest trade route on the continent.

At present, land transport is carried on by means of native porters, who earn nearly all the calico they use in this way. Frequent caravans leave Karonga Station, at the north end of Lake Nyasa, for Abercorn, at the south end of Lake Tanganyika, carrying trade goods, provisions, etc., and returning with ivory. As the road they traverse the road made by the African Lakes Corporation, to the cost of which the late Mr. Stevenson contributed £4000 — is high, healthy, and free from the tsetse fly, bullock-wagons might be employed to the same end—at any rate, until such time as the railway is built. The sixty-mile portage past the Murchison Rapids is also worked by native carriers. Some ten or fifteen years ago the African Lakes Corporation, whose achievements in Central Africa can

Photo. by A. L. Co.

A COFFEE-TREE IN FULL BLOOM.

hardly be over-estimated, made a good road through the Shiré Highlands from Katunga, below the cataracts, to Matope, beyond them; and over this road hundreds of loads are carried every week. Bullock-carts also trade between these two stations and Blantyre, the commercial capital of the Protectorate. At Chinde, owing to the shallowness

Photo. by A. L. Co.

A COFFEE-PLANTATION IN THE BLANTYRE DISTRICT.

of the stream, goods are transhipped from ocean steamers and placed on barges, which are towed up the river by light draught stern-wheelers, specially built for the purpose. The barges are not towed astern, but lashed alongside the steamer, which in this way can take up as many as four barges, two on each side, carrying eighty or ninety tons of cargo, and not drawing more than 2 ft. 6 in. to 2 ft. 9 in. at the deepest part. All the year round these steamers can reach Chiromo, and for at least half the year Katunga, which is only thirty miles from Blantyre. From this centre goods are distributed within a radius of fifteen hundred miles, partly by water and partly by means of native carriers.

Photo. by S. Z. T. Co.

THE STERN-WHEELER "POLYPODI" ON TRIAL.

It will thus be readily seen that Central Africa's most pressing need is a railway connecting Chiromo, Blantyre, and Matope. Mr. Sharpe, the able successor of Sir Harry Johnston, points out in a recent report that the "Protectorate has now almost reached the

Photo. by A. L. Co.

MANDALA ESTATE, NEAR BLANTYRE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE AFRICAN LAKES CORPORATION.

limit of production and export" unless an iron road is laid past the Murchison Falls. As early as 1895 the necessity was recognised, and two different surveys were made

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Photo. by S. Z. T. Co.

BOILER MOUNTED FOR TRANSPORT.

See Opposite Page.

in order to discover the most favourable route. But the Home Government has turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the colonists, which is disheartening when they remember what they have done. There are only about four hundred and fifty white settlers in the whole of Nyasaland. They pay their way, and they have built up a staple industry in coffee which commands the highest price in the world's markets. In 1898 the total quantity exported was 350 tons; 1899, 1110 tons; and this year a further increase is anticipated. Equally gratifying are the trade returns. The value of the imports in 1899 was more than double that of the previous year, and it did not include the transit trade with Northern Rhodesia, German East Africa, and the Congo State. Apparently, thrifty administration and progress in the teeth of exceptional difficulties are not passports to the favour of the Home Government. Had the Protectorate been the scene of long and costly campaigns it would have been given its little railway long ago. As it is, Lord Cranborne has declined to commit the Government to assisting the scheme by a three per cent. guarantee. A few years ago the cost would have been £70,000 or £80,000; now, owing to the rise in the price of materials, it would probably be about £130,000.

That the line will be built is certain, and that it will be a success equally so. How could it be otherwise, indeed, when it is bound to supply the missing link in the magnificent route to the heart of the African Continent! Here is a chance for British capital, which has built up the railway system of the United States, to aid in developing the resources of a British colony at a profit. The present system of transport has completely broken down. There is a hopeless block on the river Shiré. Last November, at Chiromo and Katunga, a hundred thousand loads of goods were awaiting transport to Blantyre,

Photo. by A. L. Cu.

MONKEY BAY, ON LAKE NYASA.

and by April the number had increased rather than diminished, owing to the rainy season. Not only is this state of things bad for trade; it hampers the coffee

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Photo. by S. Z. T. Co.

THE HEAVIEST PIECE OF TRANSPORT YET ACCOMPLISHED ON THE ZAMBESI: THE BOILER OF A MISSIONARY-STEAMER CARRIED TO THE LAKES BY THE SHARRER ZAMBESI TRAFFIC COMPANY.

Photo. by A. L. Cn.

PORTERS ENGAGED IN CARRYING LOADS IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

industry. More than a year ago the whole of the available labour supply of the Protectorate, instead of working with their hands on the plantations, was engaged in transporting loads on their heads; hence it is very certain that, as usual, Englishmen will do for themselves what in other countries is left to the Government.

The importance of the waterway may be estimated from the fact that already it floats ships-of-war. Nyasaland is thus one of the few inland countries of the world which possesses a navy of its own. True, there are only four ships all told, but they have no connection with the East African Squadron. They are the property of Nyasaland. One light draught boat is maintained on the Upper Shiré; three larger vessels are maintained on the lake. Headquarters are at Fort Johnston, which is situated where the Shiré emerges from Nyasa. The latest addition to the fleet is the *Gwendolyne*, a twin-screw steamer of about a thousand-horse power. It was built at Greenwich on the "plate system," and was conveyed from Katunga to Fort Johnston, a distance of 150 miles, entirely by native porters. It is armed with quick-firing and machine guns, and is manned by four officers and a native crew, and is the finest boat on an African lake.

The Zambesi beyond the Shiré is navigable only in a limited sense. Its course is broken by cataracts, which are due to the terrace-like formation of the interior of the continent. Of these the most famous are the glorious rainbow-marked Victoria Falls, which are more beautiful than Niagara and twice as high, with an equal volume of water—at any rate, in the rainy season. Another magnificent obstacle to navigation in the Zambesi is the Kariba Gorge. But there is no doubt that the river will play an important part in the growth of Northern Rhodesia when it becomes one of the granaries and grazing-grounds of the Empire. When the British capitalist ceases to follow phantom gold-mines, and gives up his mind to

Photo. by A. L. Cu.

CATTLE IN WEST NYASA, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

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Photo. by A. L. Cn.

NYASA TO TANGANYIKA: NATIVE PORTERS ON THE STEVENSON ROAD.

healthier developments, great things may be hoped of Central Africa. Or is it true, as a shrewd Canadian has recently pointed out, that the British capitalist only desires to speculate with his money? Unlike the American, he no longer cares to create industries. Should this be so, then, indeed, the leadership of England in the world is likely soon to be a thing of the past. It is, however, only part of the truth. That such a tendency has been marked for some years is undeniable, but it is finding a corrective in the fierce competition of Germany and the United States. When British Central Africa can produce the finest coffee in the market, unlimited quantities of rubber, tobacco of a quality unsurpassed by the best American brands, cotton, tea and sugar, rice, grain, copra, oil, seeds, and every known tropical fruit, it is obvious that opportunities for safe investment will be practically endless. British merchants, too, might think it worth their while to discover the reason why the vast quantities of calico used in Central Africa come, not from Manchester, but from Bombay. They might also examine the possibilities of the great waterway of the future, which is destined to tap the trade of Africa from the Zambesi to the Nile. For not only is there a line of communication running in a north-westerly direction to the Soudan, which only requires short railways to make it continuous, but there are also lines running

Photo. by A. L. Cn.

NATIVE PORTERS, MEN AND WOMEN, WAITING FOR LOADS AT KARONGA STATION FOR FIFE, 110 MILES DISTANCE OVERLAND.

east and west of it. Between Albert Nyanza and British East Africa is Victoria Nyanza. West of the south end of Tanganyika is Lake Mwero. West of Nyasa is Lake Bangweolo. When engineering skill has supplied the links, the Zambesi - Shiré - Nyasa - Tanganyika - Albert Nyanza waterway will be, as it were, a navigable river with navigable branches. If British interests in this magnificent system

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There is nothing in ivory that p motes slavery, nor is slavery t creation of the Arab. He merely ta advantage of an existing institut in obedience to the law of supply a demand. Europe takes all the ivory t Africa can give her, and unless it is tra ported to the coast by slaves, it w never reach the markets of the wor at all. Hence the development

Photo. by A. L. C.

NATURAL BRIDGE MADE BY A TREE'S BEING FELLED WHERE IT STOOD.

are properly pushed, the whole of the trade that now centres at Ujiji, and is from there borne overland, will find its way to Chinde.

The slave trade of Central Africa is a fine subject for the eloquence of free-born Britons with more sentimentality than common-sense. They want it done away with by force of arms, to render the possession of ivory carried by slaves illegal, to root out the Arab dealer. They forget that he is driven to forced labour because he has no other means of transport. Central Africa's water system of ca riage is destined to do more for t destruction of the slave trade than a other factor of civilisation. It is alrea at an end in the Protectorate, becau legitimate trade has taken its place; a the same will be true of the regions e and west of Tanganyika the mome cheap carriage, capital, and sou business principles unite in developi them. As a civilising agency in Afri the great waterway of the future tak first place.

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CARCASSONNE: VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF THE INQUISITION, LOOKING NORTH-EAST.

Drawn by A. Hugh Fisher.

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CARCASSONNE,

THE FORTRESS CITY OF THE PYRENEES.

By A. HUGH FISHER.

With Drawings by the Author.

we leave behind us the railway and the modern town, and walk across ld stone bridge, the "Pont Vieux," ts round-headed arches which have ed the river Aude for seven hundred the ancient city of Carcassonne in front of us, a circlet of towers alls following the curves of the hill which they are built. To our right n see the Pyrenees in the distance, snowclad peaks shining in the morn- nlight.

118 B.C. was founded the Roman y of Narbo Martius, on the site of esent town of Narbonne. It became ce a place of great importance, and the border of the Pyrenees posts soon established to protect the passes Spain and to command the riverways. cassonne was one of these fortified and in 70 B.C. was added to the er of important cities, though little wn of this period of its history. It seized by the Franks in 350, and y after recaptured by the Romans. 6 Théodoric, King of the Visigoths, Carcassonne, and retained possession by the terms he made with Rome in

on the ruins of the Roman fortifi- is the Visigoths now raised the or walls of the city. On the plan oval slightly depressed upon the rn side, these walls were furnished tervals with towers, round without quared off on the side of the town, oined together by tall curtain-walls. These towers were built with squared stones, divided at intervals by layers of flat red bricks.

In 508 Clovis laid siege to Carcassonne, but failed to take it. In 587 Gontran, King of the Burgundians, sent an army, which also failed to seize the town; but the next year Carcassonne opened its gates to one of Gontran's followers, a Duke of Toulouse. Soon afterwards it again fell into the hands of the Visigoths, until the Moors overran the land and turned them out.

Abderrahman's Moslem horsemen rode at their will from Narbonne to Bordeaux and devastated the country, till Charles Martel gave the decisive and final check to Arab conquest in Western Europe in 732. At the battle of Tours he rescued Christendom from Islam, and re-established the old superiority of the Indo-European family. It was probably some time yet before the Moors were driven from Carcassonne, and the story goes that it was finally surrendered to Charlemagne by an old Saracen woman after a siege of several years.

Just outside one of the chief gates of the city—the Narbonne gateway—stands the colossal bust shown in our Illustration. Time and weather have wellnigh obliterated all details, and on dull days it is not easy to make out the features at all. When the sun shines, however, the huge block of grey stone seems to take form and shape, and across the broad face, though the mouth has long

since been worn away, spreads an unmistakable smile.

Dame Carcas's story is well told by Prosper Mérimée, and this is the legend of the old Saracen lady who outwitted an army. Charlemagne had been besieging Carcassonne for some years. His valiant knights had vainly tried to plant their banners on its walls. Yet all the time the entire garrison consisted of one old Saracen woman called Carcas. She, however, ran from one tower to another with such extreme agility, letting fly an arrow from one

DAME CARCAS.

side, hurling a javelin from another, that it seemed as if the ramparts were defended by a numerous army. There still remained the hope of reducing the place by starvation; but Carcas had guessed the besiegers' scheme. She threw int moat a pig gorged with corn, an French, concluding that the garriso abundance of provisions, decided to the siege. They would, indeed, actually abandoned the town if one towers had not inclined before C magne, saluting him as if to do h to the Emperor of the West. And tell you, the bust of Dame Carcas is to this day, with a bland smile for al doubt the accuracy of her story.

Narbonne and Carcassonne were t to the Duchy of Toulouse from 781 t and in 845 the whole of Languedo divided between the sons of Lo Débonnaire, Carcassonne falling to d'Aquitaine. Between the time occupation by the Visigoths and th of the eleventh century there a certain traces of building, either abo city or the ramparts. At the close eleventh century, however, and begi of the twelfth, important works carried out—notably, the building nave of St. Nazaire, the wonderful fo church.

The castle was probably built 1130, and the ramparts of the Visi repaired at the same time. Certain castle towers, by their construction the capitals of the little marble co which serve for mullions in the d windows, belong to the first half twelfth century. Soon after this can disastrous period of the heresy o "Albigeois," the powerful sect attacked the Church. In the sout new doctrines were widely emb by the upper, the middle, and the classes of the people, and made progress that in 1208 Pope Innocen decided to make a new crusade, gathered together at Lyon a large under Simon de Montfort. The first to be attacked was Béziers, and a inhabitants refused to surrender. city was burnt and every one of slaughtered. Marching from this ch massacre to Carcassonne, the crus tried to take it by treachery. W accustomed to look upon Simon de M fort as in some sort a hero, but

behaviour on this occasion was hardly creditable. Enticing the Vicomte Raymond-Roger out to discuss terms of an honourable capitulation, he seized that gentleman and got the garrison of the city to surrender at discretion in the hope of ransoming their leader. The people were exiled and Raymond-Roger thrown into a dungeon under one of the towers, where he died in November 1209. His rival now caused himself to be declared Lord of Béziers, of Carcassonne, and of De Rasez.

Now the Vicomte Raymond-Roger had left a son, Raymond de Trincavel, who had been placed as a two-year-old babe in the hands of the Count de Foix; and when he grew up, in 1240, he got together an army, and made a determined effort to reconquer his lands. Many towns and castles revolted in his favour, and the suburbs which had grown up outside the walls of Carcassonne opened their doors to him. The city itself, however, was well provisioned, and held out against him till the arrival of help from Louis IX. The Seneschal, Guillaume des Ormes, who held the town for the King, sent a detailed account of this siege to Blanche, the Queen-Mother, and this document fully explains the arrangements for attack and defence. The ramparts had neither the extent nor the strength which were shortly to be given them by Louis IX. and Philippe le Hardi. According to this account of the siege, Raymond de Trincavel took the faubourg which was "Ante portam Tolosæ," which is no other than the present Porte de l'Aude. The besiegers had come from the south (from Limoux), and the "Vieux Pont" was already standing, though it was improved under St. Louis and Philippe le Hardi.

Now Raymond knew that the knights coming to help the city could only cross the river by this bridge; so he held it, and tried to cut all communication between the city and the left bank. Before leaving the faubourg to the besiegers, the defenders of the town had managed to carry within the walls a huge quantity of wood, which was a great help to them.

The Vicomte now made a simultaneous attack upon all the gates of the city—*i.e.*,

THE LICES.

at four different points—and protected his camp, which was in rather a bad position between the river and the town, with such a large number of crossbowmen that no one could leave the city without being wounded. Soon he brought up a "mangonel" (a machine for hurling stones) before the gate of the castle. The besieged, on their side, within the walls of the barbacan, raised another sort of stone-throwing machine called a "pierrière turque," which broke up the mangonel.

Next the besiegers began undermining the Narbonne Gateway, on the other side of the city, starting the passage of the mine from within the houses of the faubourg, which almost touched the walls on this side. The mines were propped and shored up with wood, and when fired, a good piece of the defences of the barbacan came crashing down. But the besieged had also been mining to stop the progress of their burrowing enemies, and at the same time fearlessly exposed themselves to danger while repairing the standing half of the barbacan. At the two chief points of attack, the men of the Vicomte burrowed away with a frenzied activity, and one mine was no sooner fired than other passages were begun.

Besides all this, while the besiegers were hammering at the castle barbacan on the one side, and destroying the Narbonne Gateway on the other, they broke through the lices and opened a furious assault upon part of the walls jutting out between the bishop's house and the church. Whole companies of Trincavel's men came hurrying up. The mines reached the foundation of the wall of the Visigoths, and when the wood in their passages was fired, the stifling din of the assault made more terrible by a heavy rumbling in the sky, as if the old war-gods were growling their enjoyment of the fray, about sixty feet of the ramparts came thundering to the ground, carrying with it besiegers and besieged. Then leapt the men of Trincavel into the breach; but their foes, retreating a little space, protected themselves so deftly with palisades and "bretèches" (small wooden hutches ready for the purpose) that the advance was checked. At the same time, mines and countermines were pushed hard before the Gate of Rodez, on the other side of the city.

THE TOWER OF JUSTICE.

There were now serious breaches in different parts of the walls, and Trincavel, fearing every moment to see a relief party coming from the north, decided to make a general assault. His men were repulsed with heavy loss, and four days later, hearing of the near approach of the relieving army, he raised the siege, spitefully burning the churches of the faubourg while his men marched away.

Carcassonne had withstood the Vicomte Raymond de Trincavel for twenty-four days but its walls had suffered much damage, and on Louis IX.'s arrival that monarch realised the immense importance of its position, and determined to make of it an impregnable fortress. He began at once important building operations. He razed to the ground the remains of the faubourgs, cleared the space between the city and the bridge, and at once erected the whole outer wall that we see to-day, in order to protect himself from all sides, and to allow of improving the interior defences at leisure.

Carcassonne was henceforth definitely reunited to the crown, like the rest of the lands to which the Montforts had laid claim after the Albigensian War. The destruction of the faubourgs led to the building of the lower town on the other side of the river, which is now of considerable size, with nearly 30,000 inhabitants, surrounded by shady boulevards. It was built upon a regular plan, with streets crossed at right angles, a "place" in the middle, and two churches.

Louis IX. built the huge circular defence to-day called the "Barbacan," in place of the one which had commanded the destroyed faubourg, and joined this barbacan to the castle by well-arranged

ramparts. His work was continued by Philippe le Hardi at the time of the war with the King of Aragon, when he used Carcassonne as the centre of his operations. In place of the former Narbonne Gateway he built the present entrance of that name, with the Tour du Trésau, as well as six towers on the west-south-west, and the intervening curtain-walls to command more surely the valley of the Aude. This left a large space between the new walls and the western façade of the cathedral church of St. Nazaire. This façade is just a thick wall, without any opening in the lower part. It dominated the Visigoth rampart and increased its strength at this important point, but after the construction of Philippe le Hardi's new towers its battlements were useless. Since then no further defences have been undertaken, and even Edward the Black Prince, who made the whole of Languedoc submit to him in 1355, contented himself with burning a large part of the lower town across the river, and left Carcassonne without venturing to besiege it.

During all the troublous times of the Middle Ages—the ravages of wandering troops of soldiers and freebooters, the religious wars which deluged with blood the whole district, the revolt of Montmorency, and the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars—its walls were never again attacked; it was considered impregnable.

The chief gate, called the Narbonne Gateway, opens from the eastern side. It is the only one available for wagons or carts, and is defended by a moat and a barbacan furnished with loopholes and a crenelated battlement with a broad stone-flagged "chemin de ronde." The entrance is slanting, in such a way as to hide the gate of the main entrance. In front, riding on the bridge, which was once composed of two movable wooden platforms, is a châtelet, which can be shut off altogether from the barbacan.

From the outer side the two great towers, between which the door opens, are reinforced by *becs*, a kind of spur, meant to keep assailants out where they could be seen, to cause the merry battering-ram to swerve aside, or to present a greater thickness of masonry to possible mines.

The entrance was first closed by a chain. The attachments are still in their places. This was intended to stop advancing horses. A machicolation protects the first portcullis and the first barred wooden gate; in the arch is a second machicolation, and then a third before the second portcullis. No easy matter to get over all these obstacles, but in war-time the entrance was defended with still greater thoroughness.

Above the arch of the gateway, on each side of the niche occupied by the statue of the Virgin, are three grooves, and above the niche are three deep square holes made to hold pieces of wood, which together made a strong projection. To this was attached a sort of shed, at the same time protecting the niche and any guards stationed there. A little way above the position of this wooden shed can still be seen, upon the sides of the two towers, four holes made at the same level. In them were fixed the stays for the floor of the second machicolation. A fifth hole a little above the last served to receive a movable piece of timber meant to stave off from the besieged missiles thrown up from below.

ST. NAZAIRE.

There was no communication between the towers and these outer machicolations, except by an opening made at the second storey, and by ladders, so that they could quite easily be entirely shut off. These wooden affairs were protected by mantlets pierced with long slits. An assailant, to be able to reach the first portcullis then, had to face a rain of darts and missiles thrown from these machicolations. This was not all, for in war-time the tops of the towers were furnished with still more projecting wooden erections, called "hourds." The holes made to take the joists supporting them are all intact, and so arranged that from within one could, in a very short time, put up such wooden frames, of which the temporary covering was continuous with the fixed roof of the tower.

ROMANESQUE CAPITAL IN THE NAVE, ST. NAZAIRE.

It can easily be understood that from the battlements and loopholes alone it was impossible to prevent numerous and hardy assailants, protected by armour and also by "chats" (a kind of cart covered with skins on wooden frames), from undermining the bases of the towers.

In spite of the strong slope with which the loopholes were cut, it is impossible to see to the foot of the towers or curtain-walls, and except by thrusting the body half outside, one could not take aim from the embrasures at an object placed immediately below at the foot of the scarp. It was necessary, then, to throw out these extra defences, covered and strong enough to allow a number of defenders to rain stones or other missiles upon the attacking party just underneath. At ordinary times these wooden projections were not put out, and in the upper floors of the towers the embrasures were furnished with shutters working on a horizontal wooden axis held in two iron hooks. In the tower called the Tower of the Visigoths are stone brackets, which I suppose to have served the same purpose. These shutters allowed those within to look down without being seen, and were also a protection against wind and rain, and at Carcassonne there is always a wind.

When the "hourds" were put up, these shutters were easily removable, and the the opening served as a way in and out from the chemin de ronde or the inside of the towers.

I confess that I have my doubts as to the wisdom of the extent to which the restoration of Carcassonne is being carried and a strange dread haunts me that the people who must needs kill a live bull in a recent performance of "Carmen" in the amphitheatre at Nîmes, will not be satisfied with their restoration at Carcassonne till they have a military spectacle of the storming of the barbacan on Sundays and fête-days, and the dear old towers sitting there like a group of decayed gods are forced by the exigent intellectualism of this later age to act as mummers for its students, all bepadded and with false wigs.

ROMANESQUE CAPITAL IN THE NAVE, ST. NAZAIRE.

It is not possible in the brief space of a magazine article to describe in detail all the elaborate defences of this wonderful fortress of Southern France, but if the reader's curiosity has been stimulated he can give it full satisfaction in the writings of Viollet-le-Duc, to whose untiring zeal are due these elaborate restorations, which are still in progress. There are more than fifty towers in all, of very various construction and arrangement, some being

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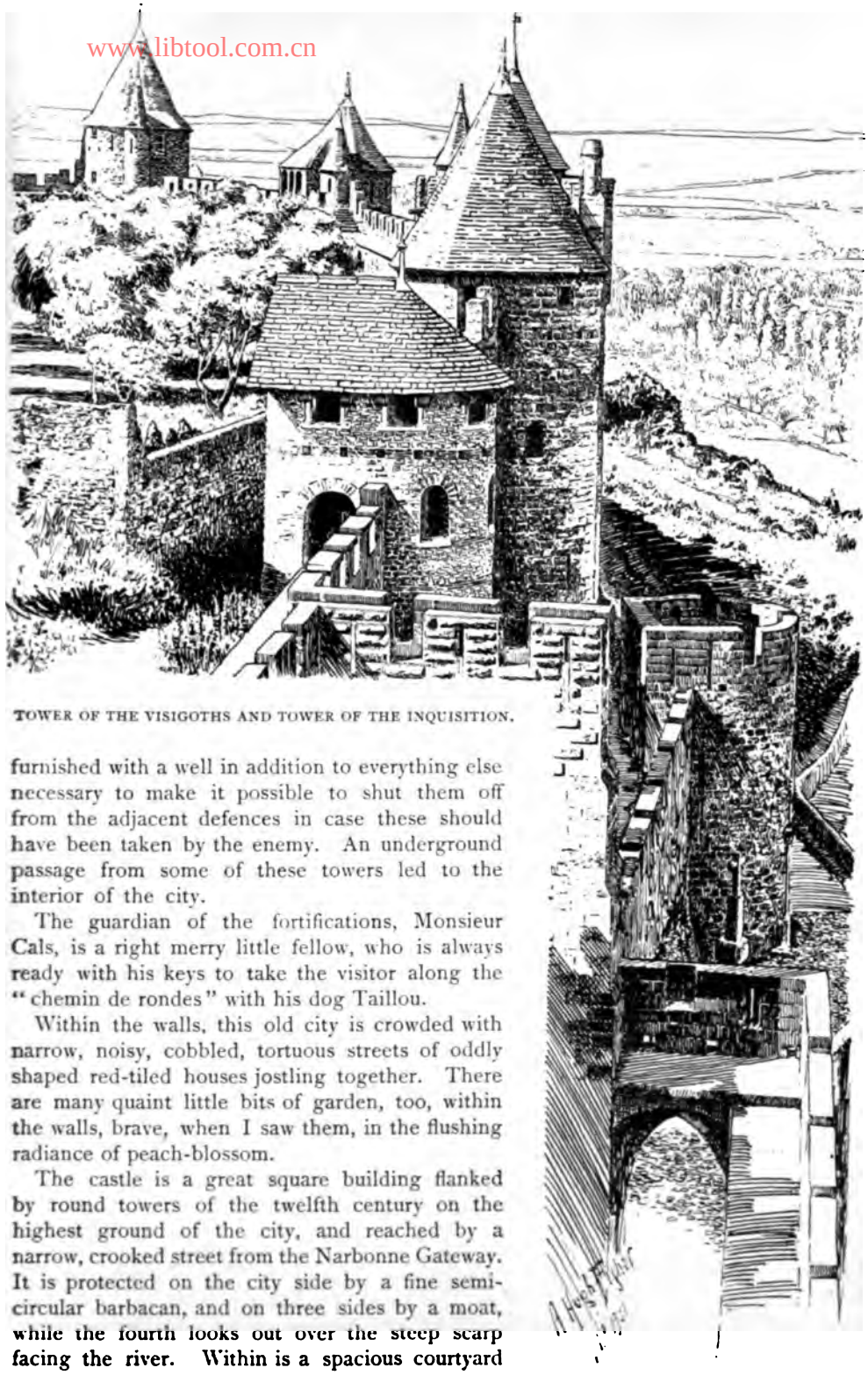

TOWER OF THE VISIGOTHS AND TOWER OF THE INQUISITION.

furnished with a well in addition to everything else necessary to make it possible to shut them off from the adjacent defences in case these should have been taken by the enemy. An underground passage from some of these towers led to the interior of the city.

The guardian of the fortifications, Monsieur Cals, is a right merry little fellow, who is always ready with his keys to take the visitor along the "chemin de rondes" with his dog Taillou.

Within the walls, this old city is crowded with narrow, noisy, cobbled, tortuous streets of oddly shaped red-tiled houses jostling together. There are many quaint little bits of garden, too, within the walls, brave, when I saw them, in the flushing radiance of peach-blossom.

The castle is a great square building flanked by round towers of the twelfth century on the highest ground of the city, and reached by a narrow, crooked street from the Narbonne Gateway. It is protected on the city side by a fine semi-circular barbacan, and on three sides by a moat, while the fourth looks out over the steep scarp facing the river. Within is a spacious courtyard

surrounded with modern buildings which have been erected against the towers and the curtain-walls, and the whole castle is now used as a barrack.

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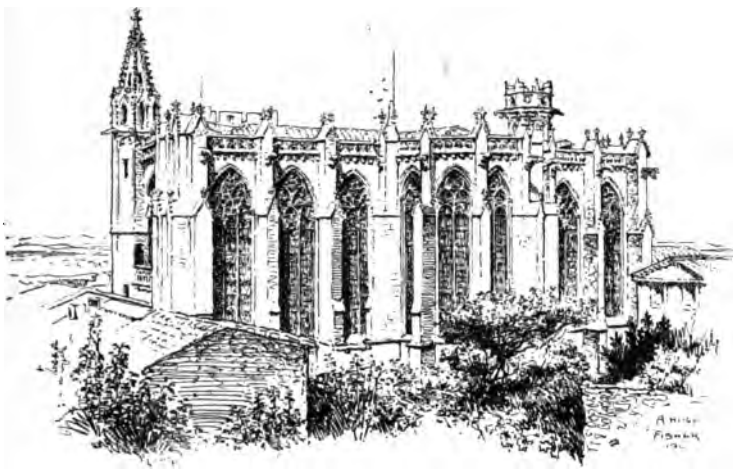
From here an alley leads to the chief glory of Carcassonne—the Church of St. Nazaire. It is half Romanesque and half Gothic. The nave, as we now see it, was probably finished by the year 1100. The side aisles are built with round arches, but the difficulty of vaulting the nave itself forced on the architects the introduction of the pointed arch. As the western end was simple fortress-wall, and as no attempt was made to pierce for the introduction of



THE APSE OF ST. NAZAIRE.

light, the effect before the rebuilding of the eastern half of the church must have been rather gloomy. Fergusson speaks of the nave as "a tentative example of a rude age," and certainly the decoration of the capitals is rude and fantastic enough. They are very various in their motives, and grotesque animal forms are frequently introduced.

When Bishop Pierre de Roquefort pulled down the Romanesque choir and transepts in the beginning of the fourteenth century, he raised his Gothic work upon the original plan, and thus gave his church an arrangement of peculiar distinction. Viollet-le-Duc justly speaks of it as a "chef-d'œuvre d'élégance et de richesse." It abounds in decoration, the carving is extremely good, and the stained glass is magnificent, both in colour and composition. There is a gorgeous rose window in each of the two transepts, and the blues of the northern one are unusually deep. The columns of the chancel are decorated with statues of the Apostles. It is thought that the two side-chapels at the end of the nave were built after the death of Pierre de Roquefort. In one of them is his tomb, one of the best monuments of the fourteenth century. There are other fine tombs, and a bas-relief of the thirteenth century, showing an attack upon the lices of a walled town, which may represent the death of Simon de Montfort, killed before the walls of Toulouse, according to tradition, by a stone from an engine served by women.

Wind is, as I have said, almost a constant factor at Carcassonne, and for that reason the chief entrance to St. Nazaire is in the north side of the nave.

This church throws a wonderful spell over the stranger, a potent and mysterious charm which the beauty of no other building, ecclesiastical or otherwise, will be able to obliterate. It sits there 'mid the towers of Carcassonne like a crown of jewels upon a mail-clad knight, and once you have seen and felt the magic of its glorious windows, its majestic arches, and those tall grouped shafts, with their sculptured Apostles, it will all return in the long, sobbing notes of violins, in the scattering of autumn leaves in the forest, or in the silent weeping of beautiful women.

To the group of little boys in their black blouses learning the Catechism from the priest it is nothing, to the old woman changing the cloth upon the altar it is nothing, nothing to the Sacristan who mumbles his parrot jargon of incorrect dates and more than doubtful traditions; but to the stranger who has journeyed there, and who will probably see it never more, it is a revelation of beauty.

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THE LOST SIR PEREGRINE.

By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT.

NO man, even among Cabinet Ministers, could have had a much firmer or higher opinion of his own supreme importance than Sir Peregrine Bellamy when he took office as Minister of Industries, with a seat in the Cabinet. His wealth, his wide business interests, and his intimate associations with the leading men of the party, all fostered this feeling; and my experience as his private secretary had given me abundant and sometimes personally pungent evidence of its effects.

He was exceedingly and almost fussily intolerant of even slight mistakes; methodical and precise to a degree; a martinet in all matters of work; unmercifully severe on backsliders of every kind; and, above and beyond all, abnormally susceptible to the least suspicion of ridicule. The huge concerns of coal and iron which he owned and controlled had been built up by his father, and he had nursed and developed them until he took to himself the whole credit for their success, and was as hard as one of his own furnaces on men who failed.

He lived far too busy a life for it not to be exemplary, so far as the domestic virtues were concerned; was almost a teetotaller, rarely smoked, did not over-eat, and went to church, if only to employ the calm of the sermon in thinking how satisfactory it must be to Providence for him to be so regular.

He had a weakness for being very smartly dressed—he was one of the best-tailored men in Parliament, indeed—and his somewhat spare figure, of middle height, was invariably groomed with scrupulous neatness. I believe the only two sorrows of his life were that he was getting bald and that an affection of the eyes compelled him to wear a pair of spectacles with unusually large tinted lenses.

It was indeed because he was such a pattern man that the affair was the more mysterious.

He got his seat in the Cabinet during the Christmas holidays, and as he was kept out of town by his private affairs, he was so new to the work of the Industries Office that he was scarcely known personally to the clerks and officials when the Session opened, and, as head of the department, he was to move the second reading of the Hours in Coal Mines Bill—a great Ministerial measure. This was down for the Thursday in the fourth week in February, and on the Tuesday he had a most important consultation with his Under-Secretary and the permanent officials in preparation for a Cabinet Council on the following day, Wednesday, the day before the second reading.

I had to be present at the conference, to my annoyance. He had not promoted me, on taking office, to one of the official private secretaryships, as he very well could and should have done, but had kept me on as a sort of private watch-dog secretary, to handle his private affairs more than his official.

After the conference on the Tuesday, I was waiting for him in the slip of a room I called my kennel, when a messenger told me a young lady was asking for Sir Peregrine. I had her brought to me, and explained the impossibility of her getting to see the great man. She was an exceedingly pretty girl, and had an air which

might have been Sir Peregrine's own in its effect in stirring your impulses to put forth your best efforts to serve her.

"Can you tell me your business?" I asked. "I am Sir Peregrine's secretary, and very largely in his confidence."

"I must see him himself. It is most urgent—a matter of life and death," she answered, with enough agitation to distress and move me deeply.

"I run a great risk of incurring Sir Peregrine's displeasure, as you have no appointment, but if you will give me your business, I'll ask him to see you."

"I cannot tell you my business. But I must see him. I must," she cried. "You can do this for me if you will. Please do so." She laid a hand on my arm as she spoke pleadingly, and again I met the look in the eyes that had moved me before.

"At least give me your name," I said; but she shook her head, and then cried suddenly—

"I will go in myself unannounced. I must see him," and she made as if to enter the room. I put myself in her way.

"That is out of all reason," I expostulated; but I could not withstand the power of her eyes any longer, and added humbly, "I will go and see."

I went into the room then. Sir Peregrine was writing, and looked up angrily, his eyes seeming to glare at me through the heavy glasses. I explained that a young lady wished to see him on a very important private matter, but he cut me short—

"Tell her to write."

I turned to give the message, but before I could get out of the room the girl herself came in, looked across at Sir Peregrine, heard the sharp rebuff, and instead of being frightened rushed across the room, threw herself on her knees by his side, and began to speak in a voice of low, sweet entreaty. I hesitated a moment, and then, concluding the interview was not meant for my ears, went out, shut the door behind me, and stood outside so as to prevent anyone from entering the room and to be at hand should he call.

But he did not call. I waited over half an hour, and then, to my intense surprise, Sir Peregrine and his companion came out. He said in his blunt, decisive way to me—

"I am going out, Mr. Stephens. Send the carriage back when it comes. I shall not want it"; and with that he left the building.

It was a most unusual thing for him to go anywhere without letting me know where to communicate with him in case of emergency, because, with his vast concerns, telegrams on matters of importance were always to be expected. I said nothing, of course, but I paid a generous tribute to the pretty girl's persuasive powers as I saw him get into a hansom in Parliament Street and drive away with her.

I was at Queen's Gate, his town house, when a telegram arrived from him, some two hours afterwards, to the effect that he had been called away, should not be home to dinner, and possibly not that night. The telegram was from a post-office in Islington.

Lady Bellamy was very curious, and questioned me; but of course, I knew nothing.

He did not come home that night, and in the morning her Ladyship was disturbed and troubled. At her request I wired to each of the two country places he had to see if he were there; but he was not. And when I went down to the Industries Office I had a considerable surprise.

Sir Peregrine had been there before any of the clerks arrived that morning, and while the cleaners were still at work. He had gone into his room, remained there about a quarter of an hour, and had gone away without leaving any sort of message, either verbally or in writing, for me.

My astonishment was complete. He was a man of such method and regularity, I could not understand it. His habits were like the clock, and never in all the five years of my secretaryship had I known him fail to deal with his correspondence the very first thing after breakfast. I had now a large batch of letters, many of them very important.

I began to be uneasy, therefore; and my uneasiness grew during the morning. There was an appointment at 11.30 with the Prime Minister about the Coal Hours Bill, as a preface to a meeting of the Cabinet at twelve: and still there was no sign of Sir Peregrine.

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The Premier arrived to the moment, and his annoyance and chagrin were expressed very emphatically indeed. He ordered a wire to be sent to Queen's Gate asking for an explanation; and a reply came that puzzled me. It was from Lady Bellamy to the effect that Sir

She heard the sharp rebuff.

Peregrine was indisposed, and unable to leave the house. It mollified the great man, however, and smoothed over the crisis for the moment; and, putting two and two together, I concluded that Lady Bellamy, a shrewd woman enough within a limited range, had sent it off as a sort of makeshift excuse.

I remained drumming my heels in my kennel waiting for Sir Peregrine, racking my brain for reasons for his conduct, and getting shorter and shorter in my answers to the people in the office, who kept pestering me for information I could not give.

Just after half-past one, the Under-Secretary, a beardless, peppery Peer, came in looking as black as thunder, and, sending for me, wanted to cross-examine me in a way I strongly resented. He opened out with a question about the girl who had called on the previous afternoon, and I gave him to understand pretty plainly, albeit in diplomatic terms, that my duties were those of a secretary and not of a spy, and that if he wished to learn anything of Sir Peregrine's private affairs, the simplest course would be to apply to the Baronet himself. He relished this no more than I intended, and bounced off to lunch, muttering something to the effect that it was d——d odd to treat a Cabinet Council in such a way, and bidding me send for him to the Carlton the moment Sir Peregrine came in.

He had been gone but a few minutes when the mystery seemed to be lifted. A telegram was handed to me—

"Return here, Queen's Gate, with letters immediately.—PEREGRINE BELLAMY."

The office was now pretty clear, as most of the clerks were away at lunch, but the junior of the two official private secretaries, a man named Poultney, met me as I was hurrying out, and thinking to smoothe things, I said casually—

"I expect Sir Peregrine will be here soon now. I have to go to Queen's Gate"; and a few minutes later I was in a hansom bowling along westward. I reached Queen's Gate in about half an hour, but found the mystery deeper than ever.

Sir Peregrine had not been home. Lady Bellamy had sent her telegram for the reasons I had guessed, but no one knew anything about the message to me.

It was quite plain now that someone was playing a game of some sort with us, possibly an ugly one, and without wasting an unnecessary minute I got into another hansom and rattled back as fast as the man could drive to the Industries Office.

I arrived at a moment of crisis. The whole place was in a state of ferment and excitement, and it was plain that something very much out of the common had happened. Several clerks and officials were clustered about the hall and on the short flight of broad steps that led from Sir Peregrine's private room; while at the top in the open doorway stood the Prime Minister and the Under-Secretary of Industries, obviously fuming with rage and gesticulating vigorously.

My first question was to the porter—whether Sir Peregrine had returned; and overhearing it, Whinstone, the senior of the official private secretaries, caught me by the arm, pulled me back to the entrance, and pointing to a carriage and pair that was driving off fast, he exclaimed—

"Been? Yes; and gone again! In that carriage! There has been a scene! The man's mad; must be!" My decision was taken on the instant. I jumped into my hansom, pointed to the carriage, and told the driver to follow it. In a moment Whinstone was with me. "I'll come too," he said; and as we drove along he told me what had happened.

"Some time shortly after you'd gone to Queen's Gate," he said, "Sir Peregrine drove up to the office, and without saying a word hurried straight to his private room. I wasn't there, but Poultney was, and he was following into the room, when Sir Peregrine stopped him, waved him back, and shut the door in his face. After about five minutes his bell rang, and when Poultney went in he found the old chap sitting with his face half covered with a big handkerchief, rocking his head from side to side as if in pain; and there was a smell of drugs in the room.

"'I'm not well. Send Mr. Stephens,' he said, speaking out of the folds of the handkerchief, but glaring as usual through those ghastly big goggles he wears.

"'Mr. Stephens has gone to Queen's Gate, Sir,' said Poultney; and at the reply there was an outburst of impatience.

"'I wanted him to go to the bank.' And Poultney saw his cheque-book on the table, and noticed he was blotting a cheque he had just drawn.

"'I can go if you wish,' ventured Poultney.

"'Very well, you'll do,' was the characteristically blunt reply, as he gave him a cheque for £2000. 'Go in my carriage. That's how I want it,' he added, giving a slip of paper, on which was written: 'Gold, £1000; £5 notes, £500; £10 notes, £500'; with his signature at the bottom. 'Don't let me be disturbed,' he said then; and Poultney swears he heard him lock the door.

"Poultney took the cheque, hid his surprise at the amount, and went off to the bank. He happens to bank at Cox's also, and he had a joke of some kind with the cashier about wishing he could draw a cheque for such an amount, and he stayed there chatting a few minutes. When he got back the old chap was furious at his having been so long; and while he was giving up the money, Lascelles went in with a couple of papers, which he said must be signed. Sir Peregrine was all the time in manifest pain, and he glared at Lascelles just as he had glared at Poultney, and continued to rock and grunt as before. He took the two papers, thrust them into the bag in which he had put the money, and told the two men to leave the room.

"Then came the climax. One of the Premier's secretaries had heard that Sir Peregrine was at the office and told the chief, and as the Under-Secretary was with him, and they are both keen on some points in the Coal Bill, they came over together to the office. I had been there a couple of minutes or so, and Poultney had just told me what had happened, when they arrived. Poultney went into the room to announce them, and as they stood in the doorway, Sir Peregrine, if you please, gripping his hand-bag in one hand, and holding the big handkerchief to his face with the other, shoved past us all in the bluntest and rudest manner possible, grunting out in his muffled tones—

"'Another time. Another time. Can't wait now. Too ill!' and leaving us simply aghast with astonishment, hurried down the stairs, through the hall, into his carriage and drove off. You arrived a moment later. And that's why I say your man's mad. He must be, to treat the Prime Minister like that. By Jove, I thought the chief would have had a fit of apoplexy."

I listened in sheer amazement, and then a possible solution occurred to me. I raised the flap of the cab and told the driver to get as near to the carriage we were following as possible.

We had passed Charing Cross, and in the Strand had lessened the distance until only a couple of omnibuses were between us and the carriage. At Wellington Street there was the usual block, and we were all brought to a standstill.

I jumped out of the cab and ran up to the carriage, resolved to risk Sir Peregrine's anger in order to test the theory that had just occurred to me.

I looked in, and gave a start of surprise. It was empty.

I spoke to the driver, and he was as surprised as myself. It was the right carriage. He had driven a smart-looking old gentleman, Sir Peregrine evidently, from Highbury to South Kensington to a post-office, and then to the Industries Office; had taken him up there again a few minutes before. The gentleman had called to him just before Northumberland Avenue to keep along the Strand instead of turning up St. Martin's Lane, as he had intended, and that was all he knew. There had been a little block at Charing Cross, and he had pulled up; and the only suggestion he could offer was that the gentleman had got out of the carriage at that moment.

Truly, a most extraordinary action for a man like Sir Peregrine Bellamy! But there were the facts.

There was nothing more to be got out

of the driver, although I questioned him pretty closely; and saying nothing to Whinstone, except that we must have followed the wrong carriage, I returned to the office more baffled and mystified than ever, and, to say the truth, considerably alarmed.

I started once to go to Scotland Yard and once to his solicitors, but was stopped each time by the reflection that he would be exceedingly angry with me if there were really nothing amiss, and I were to set on foot a lot of inquiries in different directions.

In this mood I went later to Queen's Gate, where I found Lady Bellamy in a state of great strain and excitement; but I thought it best to say nothing that night even to her of what had occurred, but I resolved to move vigorously the next morning, should we hear nothing. The suspense of those few hours was very trying.

Despite his occasional hardness and his neglect of me, I had a genuine regard for Sir Peregrine, and whether the case were one of sudden mental failure, or an unaccountable yielding to some temptation—a thought which that girl's beautiful and commanding face irresistibly suggested—or one at the bottom of which foul play would ultimately be found, the solution could not but be distressing.

I was in this state of mind about an hour after dinner when Lady Bellamy sent for me to go to the dining-room. I had given up being surprised at anything for that day, or the presence of a police inspector and a constable would have astonished me. As it was I was only alarmed.

"There is a curious story I should like you to hear, Mr. Stephens," she said to me.

"I have been telling Lady Bellamy what the constable here has reported," said the inspector. "He was on his beat here about three-quarters of an hour ago when he noticed a suspicious-looking person loitering across the road keeping observation on the premises. He crossed the road and stared at the house from the kitchens upwards, when the constable went up to him and told him to move on. For a moment he hesitated, and seemed as if about to reply angrily, but thought better of it and slunk off muttering. The constable watched him, and then concealed himself to see if the man returned. After a longish interval he did so, peering about to see if he was still being watched; and after looking intently at the front of the house he walked quickly round the corner to the small door there, and after fumbling at the lock with some keys—trying skeletons, I expect—he let himself into the house. And he's in it now."

"How do you know he's here now?" I was inclined to smile at the absurdity of the thing. "And what do you suppose he's doing?"

"I suspect he's a burglar." The inspector was nettled at my tone of scepticism. "At any rate, the constable kept a close watch, and he hasn't come out again. I came up just now, and when I was told I thought it best to give an alarm and put you on your guard."

It was certainly a most singular story, and I was considering what to do and whether to let the police search the house, when the most unexpected thing of all occurred.

A quick, firm step across the hall, the door was opened with a jerk, and Sir Peregrine himself entered, clothed in his usual immaculate evening dress.

I saw him repress a start of surprise at seeing the police, but he spoke in his customary crisp, direct manner.

"Good evening, my dear," with a little nod and smile to his wife; and then he turned to me: "What is the meaning of this?" motioning to the police.

I was so glad to see him that I nearly lost my presence of mind; but I pulled myself together and told him in a few words what they said.

"Quite right, Mr. Inspector, and very clever and cautious of your man there. Just make a search of the house with one of my men; or, better still, perhaps you'll go round with them, Mr. Stephens. Servants talk so. And come and make a report to me in the study."

He looked at me meaningly as he spoke,

and during the search of the house, which of course resulted in our finding nothing, I was puzzling over that look. Before it was concluded I thought I had guessed

A beardless, peppery Peer came in.

the riddle. When I told Sir Peregrine that no one had been found, he sent out an expression of thanks to the police for their vigilance, and told me to give them a couple of guineas. I knew what that meant too, so as I handed them the money I said—

"Sir Peregrine is very particular about little things like these not getting talked about; he hates publicity of the kind, so I know he'll be best pleased if you say nothing about this to anyone."

Then I went back to the study and told him in a casual tone what I had said.

He looked across the table at me steadily, and our eyes met.

"I think I've done you an injustice sometimes, Mr. Stephens," he said slowly, weighing his words with unusual deliberation. "You have acted very discreetly in this matter."

"Thank you, Sir Peregrine. But I don't remember any injustice."

"I did not know that you were tactful." I did not see for the moment what he meant, but it soon struck me he had found out from Lady Bellamy that I had held my tongue, and he was glad of it. A pause of some embarrassment followed, until with a little effort I said—

"I hope you have recovered from your neuralgia, Sir Peregrine."

His glance showed his doubt of my meaning, and I saw him casting about in his mind for a clue. Then, fearful of some ridicule, he said sharply—

"What do you mean? Speak plainly, if you please!"

I read this as an invitation to tell all I knew of the day's doings, and I did so, relating every detail.

He sat listening like a man in a dream, with a face set and absolutely impassive and inscrutable, until I described how in his final bolt from the office he had rushed past the Prime Minister. Then he winced, caught his breath sharply, and muttered "Good Lord!" He all but gave way, but with an effort that must have

taxed even his will, he forced himself to listen without another movement right on to my concluding assurance that I had not breathed a word to a soul.

A long, strained silence followed, during which he sat shading his face from me with one hand, thinking intently. I could judge the agony of that moment for him, and I affected to busy myself with some papers. Presently he rose and rang the bell sharply.

"The brougham, instantly," he said to the servant. Then he turned to me.

"Mr. Stephens," and he fixed me with his searching eyes.

"Yes, Sir Peregrine?"

"You say I took two papers away with me?"

"Mr. Whinstone told me so."

"And what theory have you formed of all this?" The question came like the shot of a pistol, and disconcerted me for an instant.

"Someone has been impersonating you," I answered deliberately.

He gave a sigh of relief, and during a long pause kept his eyes on mine.

"You have acted, Mr. Stephens, very well," he said at length. "And now I am going to trust you implicitly. Those papers must be recovered at any hazard and at any cost; and you must do it. Drive as fast as you can to this address: 14, Kingsclere Terrace, Highbury. Take this letter"—he was now writing fast—"to Mr. Peter Lowton, and do not leave him without the papers. If he is gone, follow and find him. Use your discretion—you have plenty—and take a large sum of money with you for emergencies. You may have to buy them."

He gave me the letter fastened up. "Break open the letter if necessary. Act, indeed, as if I were with you. But I must go to the Prime Minister. And mind—silence."

"You may depend on me, Sir Peregrine."

In a few minutes I was in a hansom rushing furiously northward, the man driving as hard as he dared, to earn a promised extra half-sovereign.

I was in the nick of time. In front of the house a four-wheeler was standing, already heavily laden with luggage door of the house was open, and th I had seen at the Industries Offic just coming out.

I put myself in her way.

"One moment, if you please," I hurriedly. She turned deathly pale, saw by the dim hall-lamp as she st back.

"What do you want?" she aske voice trembling.

"Mr. Peter Lowton. Thank He I am in time! My visit need me trouble," I said reassuringly, in pity f distress.

"Will you come in here?" leadin way into a room on the right.

"Thank you, I prefer to stay wh am till I see Mr. Lowton." She l at me, her eyes round with terror an lips parted, and yet with a suspici anger at my distrust. Then a voic might have been Sir Peregrine's own to her.

"What is it, Madeline?"

"Come here at once, father," a response there came out of a back the very double of Sir Peregrine, dr as I saw at once, in the Baronet's neat, smart clothes. The girl expl matters, and we all went into the roo

"Who are you? A detective, or w

"Are you Mr. Peter Lowton?" laughed.

"Yes, if you like," he answered an air of indifference, though he watching me like a lynx. The girl on a chair by the table and buried he in her hands.

"I am Sir Peregrine Bellamy's p secretary, and have a letter from h you, if you are Mr. Peter Lowton." held out his hand for it, broke it eagerly, and read it with one swift g Then he smiled and stroked his mous He was evidently relieved.

"Poor little Perry. It was a bit on him. I suppose you know everythi

"I wish to ask no questions. I only the two papers you brought from the Industries Office this aftern

"While you were at Queen's Gate, he replied, with a chuckle that told u

secret of the bogus telegram which had got me out of the way. "I don't know that I shall give 'em up," he said, after a pause. "They 're a valuable security. What 'll you give for 'em?" He was growing truculent.

"A charge at the nearest police-station," I answered sternly; and at this the girl started and glanced swiftly in terror at me.

But the man was not frightened. He leaned back in his chair, looked at me insolently, grinned, and shook his head.

"No, no. You won't do anything of the sort. You know that, and, best of all, I know it too. My dear brother — yes, my dear brother"—he repeated, seeing my start of surprise—"my dear brother Peregrine couldn't stand the shame and ridicule of the exposure. It's that I 've traded on all through. He wouldn't give me money when I asked for it, despite all his wealth, so he drove me to help myself in this way. And he 'd have to admit that he 'd got a scamp of a brother — that 's myself—who lured him up here with a yarn that I was dying, and he 'd have to own up that he came because he couldn't resist the soft eyes of his pretty niece, little Madeline there."

Driving as hara as he dared.

"Father!" cried the girl, starting to her feet. "I did not know, Sir——" she began to me impetuously, when her father cut her short—

"Wait a bit—wait a bit, Madeline. This gentleman will know you were an innocent party. She was, Mr.—Mr. Stephens"—glancing for my name at the letter. "He 'd have to own he was hoaxed, humbugged, fooled, guyed, and made damnably ridiculous; that he came up and found me dying, as Madeline herself believed; that I fooled him to the top of his bent; that we had a tussle in the bed-room, and that I beat him in the game of romps and gave him a little something that made him very drunk; that I dressed him up and snap-shotted him in that garb"—and he tossed a photograph across to me, and grinned maliciously. It represented my most scrupulous employer as a very drunken tramp; and I could have laughed aloud at the absurdity of it, though I kept my face as stern as a judge's.

"How would he like that?" he asked, his beady eyes glistening. "And then he 'd have to say how I stripped him, put him to bed, and kept him there while I paid my little visits to his grand office — the first, as you 'll have been sharp enough to guess, to get his cheque-book, and the second to use one of his most respectable officials as my agent in cashing the cheque to which I had signed his name after laborious practice—most laborious and assiduous practice; and that when I let him loose he had to get across to his grand house in that garb, as a sort of tramp, in the suit of clothes which he thought good enough for me to wear—me, his own flesh and blood, d——n him!"

"What do you want for the papers and the negative of that?" I asked.

"Madeline and I are going out to China," he said with a flourish. "The capital for a new start is provided by

my enterprise and forethought—and the cheque. But the passage-money——"

"I will give you one hundred pounds," I interposed.

"Not enough; not half enough. Cabin passages are very expensive. I must have two hundred and fifty at the least. And they're dirt cheap at that."

The girl was wringing her hands in humiliation.

"I will give it you," I said, in pity for her and to cut short the scene.

He found the papers and the negative, and I handed him the money and left the room. At the front door the girl's voice stopped me. I waited, and she came, looking abjectly shamed, but infinitely beautiful and appealing.

"Mr. Stephens, do you believe I was an innocent agent?"

"I am sure of it," I answered warmly.

"Can you persuade my uncle?"

"I will do my best. I think I can."

"Thank you"; and she made as if to hold out her hand. I took it eagerly, and I pressed it, rather glad of the chance.

"You would always have a staunch advocate in me," I said, and her eyes warmed and smiled.

As I drove back to Queen's Gate I was thinking of that smile and wishing that fate would send me also to China, anywhere where she was. And then a singular coincidence chanced.

I told Sir Peregrine the result of my visit, and he praised me warmly.

"Your tact and shrewdness and discretion have been excellent. You are too good a man for a mere private secretary, Mr. Stephens," and he held my eyes with his. "I have been with the Prime Minister, and have spoken a word for you. There is an important vacancy in the Chinese Embassy, and you can have the appointment if you choose."

I started at the mention of China, and for the moment was so pleased at the thought of going out there that I was not so quick as I should have been to see the kindly reason—that he preferred the only person who knew his secret to be as far as possible from England for a few years.

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PLEASURES OF THE THAMES SIXTY YEARS AGO.

By W. A. MACKENZIE.

"PLEASURE? What is Pleasure?" used to ask a Scottish moral philosopher, now, alas! gathered to his fathers. "Does the banker keep it in his coffers? Does the grocer keep it in his drawers?" And so on through an arm-long catechism, to be answered by an exposition lasting for a week. There shall be no such reply here—only a statement of how such and such folk, in such and such circumstances, took their pleasure sixty years ago; and may there be some amusement in the telling!

"Let it be granted" that there is none so merrie as your Merrie Englishman—when he is not taking his pleasure. That he takes sadly—or, at least, solidly; in quantity, even though the quality be strained. He loves big crowds; he is never so happy as when he is pushing and jostling. The Crystal Palace on a Bank Holiday is his delight; and a firework display, where falling rocket-sticks smash his hat, tickles him to death. A Southend or Margate train, fifteen to the compartment, is roaring fun; and a *mêlée* at the gallery-door on a first night is, like Phyllis, his "only joy." Admit that all these are gross. Admit, too, that the Scot and the Irishman are more truly pleasure-loving, since they are subtle enough to discover hilarity and exuberant delight in a funeral or a wake.

Lines
ON THE STEAM PACKET EXCURTION.
Composed by G. FLETCHER.

THE PLEASURES OF THE THAMES—AS CELEBRATED BY A BROADSIDE POET.

By way of proof let us take the Merrie Englishman in some particular case—say, enjoying himself on the Thames; and, lest offence be given to the living, let us discuss the dead. Let us go back sixty years. Then, as it is not now, the Thames was the "playground" of jaded London.

(Of course, we do "go up the river" for week-ends, but we do not cultivate old Father Thames as did our forefathers.) When steam-boats came in, all London ran to the new toys; Greenwich and Gravesend and Rosherville and Vauxhall put on new glory: and the Nore evolved new sensations for the crowding thousands. The jingo spirit was lively, and the Thames and its "steam-packets" were announced to be "National."

GREENWICH FAIR.

Pierce Egan, a well-known writer of the day, in many respects the literary father of Dickens, and the popular author of "Life in London" (wherein Corinthian Tom, and Jerry, and Logic made merrie in the fashion of the times), has recorded for us the pleasures of "The Pilgrims of the Thames in search of the 'National.'" And her late Majesty Queen Victoria not disdain to accept the dedica thereof. Pierce Egan the younge clever if somewhat imitative draughtsn illustrated his father's book: with som these tures t little sk is brig ened. F them a be gathe better t from mere wo an idea what the ple ures of Thames. Fir down river. You had to start betimes in morning, find your way by devious malodorous streets to St. Catheri Docks, and "once aboard the lugg pass the time as best you could a newspaper, until the captain ensnared the last possible passen Then out upon "the briny"—yes, ind folks did call it that then. As the pa moves on, majestically slow, hearken

THE CITY STEAM-BOAT COMPANY'S VESSELS IN 1852.

From the "Illustrated London News."

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GREENWICH PARK.

the moralising of Peter Makemoney, ex-Lord Mayor, one of the Pilgrims: "Travelling on a steamer, more especially on the Thames, where scarcely anything like danger is apprehended, is, in my humble opinion, of the most delightful description; for instance, refreshments can be had at any time, in case the breezes should operate on the appetite, and hunger require sustenance" [thou art a true Briton, O Peter!]; "an elegant cabin for retirement—books for those who have a taste for reading; and where, frequently, several ladies may be seen quite wrapped up in excitement at the tale of the last new novel.... The great variety of company you meet with... a few scientific persons engaged at chess . . . a few parties may be seen at drafts, cribbage, etc. . . . while some of the juvenile company are enjoying themselves skipping about, or in the shape of a dance."

If, as Makemoney says, "the breezes should operate"—

I'm told the Steward really can most amply all supply,
Besides, he 's such a pleasing man, he 'll give to all that 's dry;
Wine, whiskey, brandy, rum, or gin, good bottled stout as well,
Without, most hearts are sad within, if they the truth would tell. . . ,
Ham, bread and cheese, good tea and toast, or ought you like to eat,
Yes, cold or hot, or boil'd or roast, his larder to 't retreat;
Under the sun, you may depend, none can with his outvie,
Then take the council of a friend, and taste his meat and pie.

So sings, in Homeric strain, "George Fletcher," a bard who believes in combining welcome knowledge with the airiness of rhyme. (He also puffs the wares of Mr. Kershaw, of 17, Wilderness Row, Pen-Maker to King William.)

"THE ENGLISH DON JUAN."

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Fletcher's Odyssey is long, and enough has been quoted to show the substantiality of the fare provided for them that went down the Thames in "steam-packets." Mr. T. P. O'Connor wrote recently of "this age of almost brutal over-eating and drinking." We compare favourably with 1837. Does not the *Daily Mail* tell us that the guests at the "Steam-boat Pageant" of 1901 regaled themselves with cut bread-and-butter and soda-water? And speaking of "pageants" and "reviews of the fleet," our Illustration (from the *Illustrated London News*) showing a parade of boats in 1852 compels the belief that the main points of difference between the "paddlers" of that day and this lie in the varying heights of funnels and wheel-boxes.

THE PILGRIMS AT THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES.

But we approach Greenwich. There is no landing-stage, so we are taken off by shore-boats, the descent into which affords many opportunities for the display of neat ankles and genteel timidity on the part of the ladies, and of chivalrous gallantry on the part of the gentlemen. It is Fair Day, "and you would not expect *etiquette* at Greenwich Fair." No; but you demand, and you get, "Rural Felicity"! Up and down the hill gallopade lowly lovers, to whom their terrible amusement is "R.F.": this, on the authority of Egan

THE PILGRIMS AT A BOAT-RACE.

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and the great Dickens himself. And not lowly lovers only; for does not the languishing Seraphina say to the "Duchess": "Do you think it would be *indecorous*, Mamma, if we were just to have a little scamper down the hill?" "You must consent," echoes Wilhelmina; "it will be only viewed as a little bit of rusticity." The charming 'Inas, however, do not appreciate (they *say* they don't) the rural charms of kiss-in-the-ring; but the young gentlemen are not so decorous, and many are the "chaste salutes" imprinted on "vermilion lips."

CHELSEA REACH.

Your gentle exercise, like the breezes, "operates on the appetite." You are sucked into tents and booths, with a few more hundreds of the "select," and at one o'clock you dine off roast beef, chicken and ham, Pink Champagne (ye gods! pink!) and madeira. Lovers of "Pendennis" will remember that the Major, his nephew, and Harry Foker gave a dinner at Greenwich to Lady Clavering and Miss Amory, when the old soldier kindly permitted the younger men to pay

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

the lawin'. Did they — oh! did they prove the Pink Peril?

But the high-water mark of "rural felicity" is touched in "Muster" Richardson's Show; in the quarrelling, squabbling, rioting, thieving, tipsy crowd; in the parade of almost superhuman actors. Listen to Leather Lungs: "I would like to know what *we* can't do! Why, we can draw, as Shakspere says, 'spirits from the vasty deep'! I call your attention only to *look* at the company—view them as they pass up and down the parade; and, independant of their manly forms and exquisite shapes, you will perceive talent strongly developed in all their countenances—persons of immense abilities—men of superior mind—and females of intellect and character!" When Richardson, with his gory dramas, his comic interludes, and his fine old British pantomime, begins to pall, we may view the "Surprisingly Corpulent Female," or, for a humble coin, pit our brains against those of "The Lurnnid Pig"!

Or, replete with "rural felicity," we again seek the "nautical" variety, and resume our way to Gravesend and the

!

Nore. In the cabin, surrounded by bibbers and smokers, we meet "the English Don Juan," or "Lady-Killing Fred," an emaciated wreck in a brigand's black cloak and a tall hat of wonderful brim. He is hopeful that the "breezes" may "operate" on his wasted frame; and we, truly "national," moralise on the vanity of his hopes. At the Nore, the band of two—the "orchestra" is the politer phrase—a clarinet and a flute in flat Tam-o'-Shanters, convey to the waves the superfluous information that Britannia

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their mixture there was no water!) No, Windsor is our limit; and we go that far only that we may see and hear a "scrap" between the boys of Eton and the fluent bargee—or, haply, engage either ourselves.

But Vauxhall claims us first. If we alter the costumes, the knee-breeches, the square-cut coats, the miraculous hats, the low-cut dresses of the ladies; if we remove the trees; if we enlarge the plaster-and-lath booths and add more fairy-lamps — it is Earl's Court under another name. "National"-ity persists.

PICNICKING ON RICHMOND HILL.

rules *Rem*. But the waves don't mind. They know it is untrue, and some of the passengers begin to share the same conviction.

Up the river now. Not so far as Oxford—there are no pleasures, "national pleasures," there; no "rural felicity." Indeed, Oxford in the 'thirties is a dull hole, where there is hardly any rowing even. An occasional tub wanders down to Nuneham, but not until '37 does real boating come in. Before then our inter-collegiate contests were confined to negus-making competitions. There was once a famous fight over negus between All Souls and New College. New College won: in

And as you may see from Egan's picture, *toujours la gourmandise*. But Dickens, in the "Sketches by Boz," has done Vauxhall for all time.

So we take boat and make for Chelsea Reach, a famous corner for crowding, collisions, and strenuous Saxon. In our party Egan's party is a gentleman of facetious turn, who informs the company that "'Tis said that when we reach this Reach, it makes us Cockneys retch!" at which the ladies laugh heartily, and we form our own opinion of pre-Victorian taste and humour. Our wherry collides with a skiff, and a heavy sailing-barge

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bears down upon us; but the national "muddle-through-somehow" saves us from "a watery grave."

Richmond! Richmond Hill! Luncheon!! The day is warm, the view is fine, the veal-and-ham pie is a dream, the river is placid as a mill-pond, the empty bottles are a multitude. We recline on the "emerald sward," under the "umbrageous trees," talk scandal with "the fair," or make love languid as the weather. Two young limbs continue the feast—one, not unlike the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," degustates with more vigour than refinement, and makes us think he must be the original of the schoolboy who wrote the most laconic and soul-moving letter on record: "Dear Mother,—Puddin'.—Bob." Some slumber in the shade, while one old gentleman (a retired supercargo), mindful of his nautical reputation, surveys the offing through a telescope on the outlook for privateers.

THE PILGRIMS FISHING AT HAMPTON.

At Hampton Court we fish—no, we do not fish—we ply the gentle craft, we become disciples of Izaak Walton, we bribe the finny denizens. A notice-board announces that "No Fish may be Caught Here"; but our "national" spirit is strong, and the law is defied. A prehistoric punt holds us, an enthralled and enthusiastic five—so enthusiastic that we do not perceive the guileful proprietor of the punt empty a tinful of live chubb—or is it dace or trout?—into the water for our catching. We land no more than three of these felonious fishes. But from the gay deceiver we purchase a supply for home triumphs and consumption. (Of course, the inevitable dead cat of "national" humour has cheered our labours.) The notice-board may as well

HAMPTON RACES.

have read, "No Fish Can be Caught Here."

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Hampton Races? Greenwich Fair over again, and like the Fair a true "pleasure of the Thames." Horses run on the flat instead of lovers down a hill, and the uncertain delights are added of three little thimbles and a pea.

But it is at Windsor that we have our greatest reward. We become inextricably entangled with an Eton four, manned by wry-faced larrikins (Etonians of 1901 are a better-looking set, we dare wager). The

THE PILGRIMS IN DIFFICULTIES AT WINDSOR.

Etonians splash water, challenge us to put up our "morleys," and salute our ears with a flow of language that may be characterised as useful as well as highly ornamental. But, ultimately, with the aid and under the vituperative artillery of a truly British bargee, we manage to unlock and row away, wetter and wiser sailors, but sadder—no, a thousand times no. Why, it's all in the day's pleasure. Young Eton departs, singing a snatch from Catullus?)—

> Overboard he vent;
> Chip, chow, cherry, chow,
> Fol-de-dol-de-da.

Beyond Windsor we do not venture: the cup of happiness is o'erfull, and most of those who touched the "brii chalice" are not unlike that whe they quaffed.

Are we degenerates that we of 19 not altogether as our forefathers Are we "lean offspring of Falstaffian as Fladpick might have put it? we forgotten Thames, and thrust hi of mind? True, we "week-end," a loaf in a Canadian canoe, or drif tub about quiet reaches—a few, bu few, really row; but what of the pleasures men of the 'Thirties provec

go no more to Greenwich in our hun of thousands; Vauxhall is all wareh and railway-lines and gas-works; Re ville has just been dispersed to th winds; Hampton Court, true, is haunt of the tripper—but the glory is from them all.

And the true pleasures of the Thai they are no longer for the millior "nation." Our steam-boats may be painted and better captained, but the take time to go from Temple Pi Chelsea Reach, and, alas! we d upon "cut bread-and-butter and water." Britannia, of a verity, rule waves no more!

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THE APOLOGY OF ROBERTS.

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

THE rain descending on top of the snow had made Roberts thoroughly wet. Standing inside the mouth of his tunnel, he lighted a candle, and then gazed out on the dreary scene presented by the grey hills.

"It's an elegant Christmas," he grumbled, "and nothing for a Christmas-tree this side of Sugar Loaf Gulch." There was nothing green certainly, save a single scrub-brush of mountain-tea. "I suppose I've got to go," he added; "the kid don't ask for much, and I reckon he's lonely, poor little man."

He started into the mine. On either side upright timbers supported the roof of the tunnel. Close to these, one after another, the miner held his candle, sweeping it slowly down the length of each. Every one was bent inward, a few were splitting, and ominous cracks sounded along the line, as the posts shouldered up the weight of the saturated hill above. Roberts understood the situation. Had the day not been so far advanced he would have gone to work at once to reinforce the mine against the impending calamity. As it was, he damned his luck and walked rapidly in, to secure an axe with which to cut a tree for his small boy's Christmas. Having secured the implement, he leaned upon it in contemplation of the end of the tunnel, with its meagre vein of quartz.

"If it wasn't for that colour of gold," he mused, "I'd let you go to the devil."

The crack of the timbers further out made him start. He shouldered the axe, and retreated toward the daylight.

A chorus of crackling and crunching sounds greeted his approach; he felt a chill go down his spine. A moment later a loud splitting behind him reverberated down the tunnel, followed by a thudding sound and a rush of air. His light went out.

Crashing of timbers, gritting of rocks, and groaning of wood made a terrifying din. The miner ran for his life. The tumbling posts, the down-pounding earth, and the splinters of splitting wood pursued him.

The tunnel's mouth—a warping square—was now in sight. Axe in hand, the racing man tore along the thundering hall of the fast-filling tomb. Another leap, and he would clear the place! The sill of the door tripped and threw him on the rock-floor. He scrambled away on hands and knees. A single hunk of rock crushed at the heel of his foot.

Hurt and limping, he arose, stepped further along, and faced about. A twisted scar in the hill marked the place where he had laboured so long. Even in the rain a cloud of dust was slowly floating away. The axe was buried.

"Didn't git me!" said the man, in a peculiar spirit of triumph. "But sure enough, you've gone to the devil!" He found himself surprised that the furrow above the cave was so narrow and shallow. It seemed utterly inadequate to the work he had expended in delving. "No Christmas-tree now for the kid," he remarked. "I guess this mountain-tea will have to do the business."

He hacked off the stem of the brush with his knife, and, swinging it on his back, limped away.

The brush, with its candles, its bits of ribbon which the man had cherished, and its odd array of "presents," pleased the

seven-year-old child in Roberts's cabin immensely. The little chap was more than commonly lonesome, having been inordinately fond of the mother, who had made him her constant companion. Since her death it had been her personal trinkets that gave him the greatest pleasure. This was the reason why the present on the tree which delighted him most was a gourd which his mother had employed in darning stockings.

"Can I take it with me to aunty's?" he inquired wistfully, holding it tight in his hands.

"Why, of course you can, if you want; but you know you ain't coming home for a week, and I wouldn't like for you to lose it, little man."

On Christmas morning Roberts carried the boy as far as the caved-in mine, and started him off on his visit to the camp over the hill.

"Don't forget to come back to Dad on New Year's Eve," he instructed. "Start by four in the evening, sure. You better not come if it happens to snow—savvy?" And he kissed the little fellow good-bye.

CHAPTER II.

Late on the last day of the year a miner walked across the dump of Roberts's mine to another tunnel, which had been locked up and deserted for more than a year. He produced a key which turned the rusted lock, after which he lighted a candle and went slowly in, recalling a score of incidents of days gone by, and so came at last to the end of the drift. Here he threw down his roll of blankets and stood inactive for some time, in meditation. At length he took up a pick from a stack of tools, left as if but the day before, and began to strike at the rock.

Stroke after stroke he rained on the face of the wall, stopping now and again to take the candle and throw its radiance in and about the hole he was forming, the clearer to see the trend of a lead of crumbling quartz.

For an hour he worked unceasingly. Presently the steel of the implement crashed through the shell of a softer substance and all but disappeared. He uttered a note of surprise, and throwing his weight on the handle of the tool, pried as with a lever.

Suddenly a chunk of porphyry bulged forth, the pick burst out, and a gleaming cascade of gold came pouring from the orifice.

"Yow!" cried the miner in unrestrainable delight, and, falling on his knees, he gathered up the glinting metal in both his roughened hands. "Oh no!" he roared, "wasn't it worth coming back to claim the poor old tunnel? Wasn't it worth a new location? Ain't we fixed?" And clutching up his pick again, he slashed and tore at the pocket of precious metal in a frenzy.

"Oh, say!" he went on, stopping again to gather up the golden store, "won't we roll 'em now? Hey! who 's there!"

He stood up and peered outward, vainly, in the blackness of the mine. A patter of feet broke the stillness. Drawing a pistol and feeling his way, the miner gave pursuit. The sounds diminished and were gone. He went on out and looked from the tunnel's mouth.

The darkness of night had descended. Clouds were massed up hugely; a keen blast was blowing. Here and there a flake of snow shot downward to the earth.

"Heh, heh, heh—wow-ow-ow," sounded weirdly from the brush.

"Coyote," said the miner. Satisfied as to the nature of his visitor, he replaced his pistol in his belt and returned to his treasure.

Creeping away from the spot where the coyote-howl had been sounded, a supple figure finally arose and glided down the slope.

Roberts, in his cabin, was cooking his dinner when this figure knocked at his door. "Come in," he called.

With a grin, the man outside entered and closed the door. The light revealed an Indian face and head, on an Indian body; yet the fellow's skin was nearly as fair as that of the white man.

"Hullo, Slink," said the miner. "The kid won't come to-night, I reckon. I told him to wait if the snow came on——"

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Then he grumbled. "That's nothing to you, though"; and added sullenly: "What do you want?"

"Nuthin'," said the Indian, eyeing the food hungrily.

"You lie, half-breed," said the other. "Take a bite if you want."

The creature jerked a sizzling chop from the skillet, tossed it about to cool, and soon was gulping it down. Then he licked his fingers, with a look of greed in his eyes.

"Well," said Roberts, knowing his man, "what have you got to say?"

"Heap gold," said the Indian abruptly.

"Gold? Where?"

"Sturgis mine. Heap gold."

"Injun, you're a liar. You're up to doing some dirt to Sturgis again, I'll bet. There ain't been a man in that tunnel for over a year—not since Sturgis left the diggin's, cuss him!"

"Sturgis, he's heap there," replied the half-breed. "Slink, he's heap see 'um Sturgis, see 'um gold."

"Did you, sure? He's back then, is he? I reckon he came to locate the claim over. To-morrow's New Year, and that's his game. I knowed he hadn't done his assessment-work—any man could have jumped that claim to-morrow. You said he has struck gold?"

"Heap gold; Slink, he sees 'um heap," repeated the creature, eyeing Roberts narrowly.

"Gold! In that old tunnel, and mine had to cave! Damn him, anyhow! I've got as good a right as him to jump her to-night and locate the whole works. He ain't done assessment-work by two hundred dollars!"

"Plenty gold," remarked the savage insidiously.

"Gold, gold, gold! Well, hang me, I'll jump that claim to-night! He ain't got no rights; he ain't stayed here and worked like me; and he done me up before. I'll jump her, sure. Here, Injun, take the meat; and here's a swig of whiskey. Now you git!"

"It's my little kid!" cried Roberts.

With the meat in his fingers the Indian glided out, his eyes afire with gleams of cunning. He had an old score against Sturgis himself.

In his tunnel Sturgis worked diligently, breaking out the metal and heaping it up with caressful hands. His candle burned down to a lump of grease and gave up the ghost. The man groped his way to the outside entrance, where he found half a dozen tallow dips. The hill by this time was covered with snow, which was coming down in a blinding swirl.

"Nasty night," he muttered, looking forth on the bleakness of the scene, and was turning back when a feeble cry came clearly on the wind. "Hullo!" said he. "What's up?"

"Pa—pa!" came the shrill accents. "Oh, pa—pa, pa—pa!"

"Well, I ain't your papa," said the

miner, putting up his collar at the back of his neck, "but I reckon I've got to hunt you up."www.libtool.com.cn

He closed the door of the claim and plunged away. Utter darkness was prevented by the whiteness of the hill, yet he could scarcely see a good twenty feet ahead. He stumbled northward, and was thrown several times by covered roots. The cold cut through his clothing keenly.

"Hullo!" he shouted; but the sound seemed beaten to earth. Not even an echo made reply. He stamped his feet to drive out the cold that crept insensibly up.

"Yellow-sand Ravine," he muttered at length; "it must have been on the Pinto trail." Hunting till he found a narrow suggestion of a path through the brush, he travelled for a time westward, up the hill.

"Hullo!" he cried again. "Hey, there, hullo!"

This time a smothered moan was borne on the wind.

"Across the gulch," he breathed, and descended to the bottom of the wrinkle in the mountain, and up on the further acclivity. Forward and back he plodded, calling repeatedly. At length, nearly ready to give the search over, he stood in the storm to listen. Suddenly, less than three feet away, a hump of snow stirred slightly.

Sturgis swooped toward it instantly, pushed off the blanket of ice, and lifted up a stiffening little form, cold and helpless.

"By gracious!" said he, "but this is too bad. The tunnel's the nearest place to go, and maybe I can light a fire."

Divesting himself of his coat, he wrapped it about the child, held him close, and strode away in the path of the storm. Floundering here, slipping there, blocked under foot, confused by the flight of snow, he wandered for an hour, up hill and down. By sheer good fortune he found himself at last by the side of the dump of his claim.

His hands were numb and as stiff as wood; he felt that hardly a spot of warmth was left in his body. As he laboured up the side of the dump to the top, he was confronted by a hunching figure—who, like himself, had just achiev scaling of the pile.

Instantly the man stopped an pistol. It was Roberts. "Cuss t he growled. His hands were s could not cock the revolver. H down in the snow. "Damn you, he growled, advancing; "git a here. Your claim is jumped. Yo done assessment. The mine b me—savvy?—unless you 're better at a fight!"

Sturgis staggered a trifle backwa placed his burden quickly in the "You is it, Roberts?" he cha "Stand away!" He tried to dr pistol, but failed.

Crouching, the men circled about great numb fists awkwardly swingin frozen clods. Rushing heavily in, R dealt the younger man a blow in th and they clinched like bears, to st on the rocky dump, scuffling the with their frozen boots.

They broke away and circled Sturgis silent, Roberts savagely gro "Damn you, I'll learn you now! would have made a good mother kid, if it hadn't been for you. She me first."

"You lie," answered Sturgis.

Roberts's hands were not so stiff a of his foe; he pawed in the snow a for the buried revolver. Sturgis lea strike with his leaden fist. Weaken chilled, however, his muscles all but r to act. Roberts met him, grasped throat, and pulled out the pistol da from the other's belt.

"Look out for that!" breathed S as they surged about, and lurching R backward, he made him avoid tran on the child.

This action gave Roberts an op Down came the butt of the pisto without a sound the miner sank in the

"I told you—I'd do you—up, if you came to — Alder Creek," Roberts, "and there—you are." P ing the pistol, he moved towar tunnel, and stumbled over a small in the snow.

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Crouching near, stealthily advancing, was Slink, the half-breed.

"Huh," said he. "Blankets, hey? I reckon I can use them myself." He raised the bundle. It stirred; the coat fell away from the white little face, while a tiny "terrible cold," and he held th wildly and fondly to his breast. "S he cried abruptly, "he fetched fetched my boy—and where was

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"I didn't see you at first [illegible]

[illegible] dropped limply down, clutching a [illegible] over [illegible].

"Lord! It's my little kid!" cried Roberts. "Hey, little boy, it's Dad. Cold, you're cold!" he added crooningly, done it, sure as Lord, but cold!"

He stumbled towards the [illegible] done it," he went on, moving, "and apologise—I will. I'll go at

him in. I didn't know—I couldn't have knowed."

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Hastening forth, after placing the child on the warmer floor of the tunnel, he shambled forward. Out on the dump the figure of Sturgis was weakly attempting to rise. Crouching near, stealthily advancing, a knife held ready for a deadly stab, was Slink, the half-breed, nearing the wounded miner for a stroke.

"Hey!" roared Roberts. Jumping ahead like a maddened bull, he threw himself on the savage. The knife was batted endways, but the Indian tripped up the white man's feet, and together they rolled over the snow-plated rocks, locked in a deadly embrace.

The savage it was now whose bony fingers searched about the miner's belt and whipped out the pistol. He rose on one knee and swung the weapon backward. Roberts, hot with rage, butted him a thumping blow with his head, bowling him partially over. The blow of the revolver, however, fell, tearing open the miner's cheek and knocking in two of his teeth.

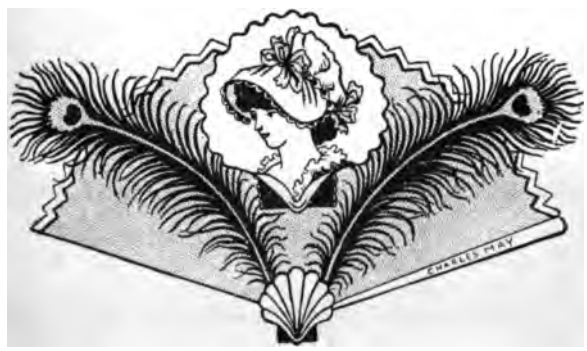
The two struggled to their feet to wrestle and fight for the weapon. The Indian, writhing like a snake, eluded the grasp of his foe, bent the miner backward with a thrust-out hand, and struck again with the heavy revolver.

Roberts instantly dropped to a knee, and clutching the leg of the treacherous Slink, jerked it outward with a vengeful haul.

The half-breed's blow failing to land, and swinging him about, helped to fetch him down. He struck on the back of his head in the rocks. Then with a tremendous effort the miner lifted both of the mocassined feet, pushed them violently over the prostrate body, bending it double, in a piled-up bunch, and jumped all his weight on the human arch. The neck below gave forth a smothered snap, and the corpse, with a shiver, slowly straightened out.

Bleeding and panting, the miner stood for a moment, prepared for further struggle. Then he made his way to Sturgis, who was sitting in the snow, weakly.

"Sturgis," blurted Roberts, "I apologise—I do. I didn't—know you had—saved the little—kid. I'd like—to shake your—paw and apologise—which I never done—to any man before. Here, I'll help. You've—got to git inside. The claim is yours all—right enough. I reckon you've—done your whole assessment."



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RELICS OF BRITISH WARS.

By WILFRED MARK WEBB.

FULL many glorious pages of our history are brought to mind by the loan collection now to be seen at Earl's Court Military Exhibition. Indeed, it would be hard to find any important campaign in which this country has played a part during the last few hundred years which is not represented by some more or less interesting souvenirs.

An idea of the extent of the series may be gained from the fact that some three hundred private individuals and institutions have contributed more than twenty times as many objects. There are over seven hundred pictures as well, with which we are not specially concerned here, though it is pleasant to think of the public spirit of the owners who are content to leave their walls bare for two-thirds of the year in order that others may gain some enjoyment from their treasures.

Happily, few recent wars have been conducted in our islands, so that it is chiefly with relics of "excursions and alarums without" that we shall have to deal. Artillery, as may well be imagined, forms a very important part of the display, and our first Illustration shows a remarkable Chinese cannon in the form of a dragon lent by his Majesty the King and to be seen in the Central Hall of the Exhibition. Among the modern guns that occupy the Ducal Hall, but of plain and simple appearance, are those which we have chosen for our next picture.

They are lent by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and consist of the two field-guns of the E Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery recaptured by him at Kandahar in 1880. The weapons had previously been lost by the British at Maiwand, to the Sirdar Ayub Khan's army in the same year.

Not far off is another cannon that has seen a somewhat eventful life, having been presented to the Emperor of China by George IV., and taken away again from Peking when that city surrendered in 1860. In the Loan Section proper there are many curiosities in the way of mortars and cannon. One of iron from Benin resembles a gaspipe, and a British

A CANNON IN THE FORM OF A DRAGON.
Belonging to his Majesty the King.

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example dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth is only a little more graceful in shape. A very old specimen was found in the river Suir at Waterford last year. Oddly enough, it is a breechloader, and on that account particularly remarkable.

Then there is a brass gun from King Theebaw's Palace at Mandalay, a flintlock swivel boat-gun from Benin, a cannon

most immediate interest. Others presented to the Duke of Marlborough, Sir James Outram, and the Duke of Cambridge are fine pieces of workmanship; as is also, by-the-bye, the famous Outram shield, given to the second-named officer by his friends in Bombay.

Heavy Benin execution-swords accompany the bronzes and carved tusks which

THE GUNS LOST AT MAIWAND AND RECAPTURED BY LORD ROBERTS AT KANDAHAR.
Lent by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G.

mounted upon a saddle, and a triple one taken at Ramillies. Our Illustration on page 422 shows perhaps the most curious of all, which is a leather cannon. The leaden shot seen on the top was drawn from one of the three bores, of which the openings are plainly visible in the picture.

Of small arms there is, of course, a great variety, and in the collection might be mentioned some peculiar matchlocks; one of Sikh manufacture having a barrel some eight feet in length. Most of us would say that a revolver is quite a modern institution, but here at the Exhibition, reposing in a case, is a four-chambered example provided with a *flint lock*, and dating from the year 1718, or possibly 1719. This interesting weapon is shown on page 422.

The presentation swords make a pleasing display, and in several cases are embellished with diamonds to the extent of a small fortune. The blade subscribed for by the inhabitants of Dunedin, New Zealand, and sent home for General Baden-Powell, is of

represent the celebrated spoils of that city. Viscount Powerscourt has also lent a gigantic two-handed sword with a "flame blade," which he bought at Lord Londesborough's famous sale. Its proportions may well be judged from the fact that the private of the Coldstream Guards who is seen holding it in the Illustration is 6 ft. 1 in. in height. The weapon is of Swiss origin, dating from the time of our Queen Elizabeth, and bears the armourer's mark. We are left, however, to surmise whether the huge sword was made merely for show or for some Hercules of the time.

There are plenty of other antique arms, among them pikes, battle-axes, maces, of which the Victoria and Albert Museum has sent some choice examples. Armour is also represented by a few beautiful pieces. One demi-suit, engraved and fluted, must be seen to be appreciated; it is of German make, and dated 1530. The fact that it is insured for £2000 points to its

value. Mr. Edward Ledger, who has lent it, possesses, according to report, the finest collection of armour in the world, even if the series in museums be taken into consideration.

In passing, the fine array of halberds borne at the funeral of the Great Duke of Wellington, and lent by the present holder of the title, might also be alluded to.

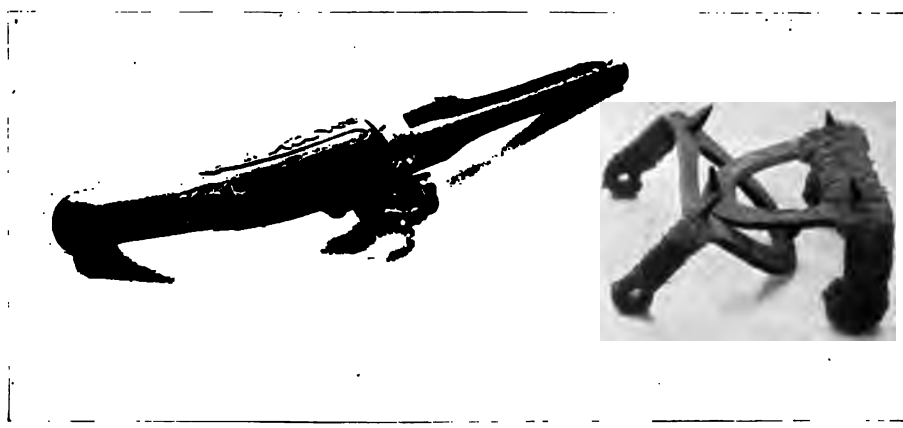
It is to be taken for granted that the spoils of war will frequently show themselves. General Baden-Powell contributes the bronze execution-bowl from Bantama, into which thousands of human sacrificial heads have been cut off in the presence of the successive Kings of Ashanti. The same exhibitor also shows the King's war-drum, which is more gruesome, so far as appearance goes, bearing as it does the jawbones of men.

A LEATHER CANNON.
The property of Sir Keith Fraser.

Even this is surpassed by another war-drum of larger proportions from the Gold Coast, to which a number of the skulls themselves are still attached, as will be seen in the Illustration.

Further loot is to be seen in the ram's head of solid gold taken from the King's Palace at Coomassie in 1874, and in

A SWISS TWO-HANDED SWORD MORE THAN SEVEN FEET LONG.
Purchased by Viscount Powerscourt at Lord Londesborough's sale.



A FLINTLOCK REVOLVER AND A PAIR OF CLIMBING-IRONS USED BY THE RUSSIANS WHEN REPAIRING THE REDAN.
Belonging to Mr. G. H. Hockley and the Royal United Service Institution respectively.

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the magnificent silver cross obtained on the storming at Magdala six years previously.

A very interesting subject in itself is the history of military uniforms. At the Exhibition much may be gleaned about these from actual garments, shakoes, busbies, and so on. Other details are afforded by numerous models and, incidentally, by the pictures. Some of the latter, indeed, are exhibited merely to show costume, as are the finely executed water-colour sketches lent by his Majesty Emperor William II., showing German military types from 1680 to the present day.

Personal associations have led to the preservation of several uniforms. For instance, the cloak that the Duke of Wellington wore at Waterloo is shown on page 424, with his cocked hat, his academical "trencher," and his umbrella. In the same case also is a hoof of his charger Copenhagen, and a piece of silk found upon the dead body of an officer at Waterloo. This fragment, it is supposed, was torn from the dress of a lady at the celebrated ball on June 15, 1815, at Brussels, and worn as a love-token.

A WAR-DRUM FROM THE GOLD COAST.
Brought home by Mr. Martineau Hastings.

We represent also Napoleon's razor and shaving-brush, as well as his silver drinking-cup and his desk, taken at Waterloo. The desk contains a patent portable letter-copying apparatus, made by Middleton, of the Strand. In the Ducal Hall is the Emperor's travelling-oven, secured upon the same occasion, which is seen in the next Illustration.

Returning for a moment to uniforms, we might mention the scarlet coat which the Duke of Cambridge wore in the Crimea. There is also the helmet worn by General Scarlett, who commanded the Heavy Brigade. It may be remembered that this officer did not don his full-dress uniform on that historical occasion, and that while his A.D.C. received seventeen wounds, he himself escaped with a sabre-cut on the helmet which we are considering. The silver tissue suit of a Knight of the Garter

A BRONZE BOWL USED FOR MANY YEARS IN ASHANTI TO HOLD THE HEADS OF HUMAN SACRIFICES.
Exhibited by Major-General Baden-Powell.

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A RAM'S HEAD OF PURE GOLD FROM COOMASSIE.

One of the trophies of the Royal Artillery Mess at Woolwich.

and a Herald's embroidered tabard are well worth looking at. Another relic that may be considered here is a jack-boot worn at Naseby. Major V. A. Farquharson has sent a fine series of spurs, and Major-General the Hon. H. F. Eaton his splendid collection of medals, which number many hundreds, if they do not run into thousands. These and the interesting badges, orders, and insignia might well claim an article all to themselves. We will content ourselves with mentioning one Peninsular medal in another collection carrying the very exceptional number of twenty-seven bars

There are engraved portraits of more than one woman who served her time as a soldier. The career of Dr. James Barry, Inspector of Military Hospitals, is perhaps the most interesting. Colonel E. Rogers, who lent the pictures of this celebrity, has given an account of her life in his book called "The Modern Sphinx." It was this officer who, when a subaltern, had to share the disguised lady's state-room during a voyage from St. Thomas to Barbadoes, great to the latter's disgust. She, however, made the young officer go to bed first in the top berth, where her terrier kept him

WELLINGTON RELICS, INCLUDING THE CLOAK WORN BY THE DUKE AT WATERLOO.

Lent by Wellington College, with the exception of the umbrella, which was received from Miss M. Collins.

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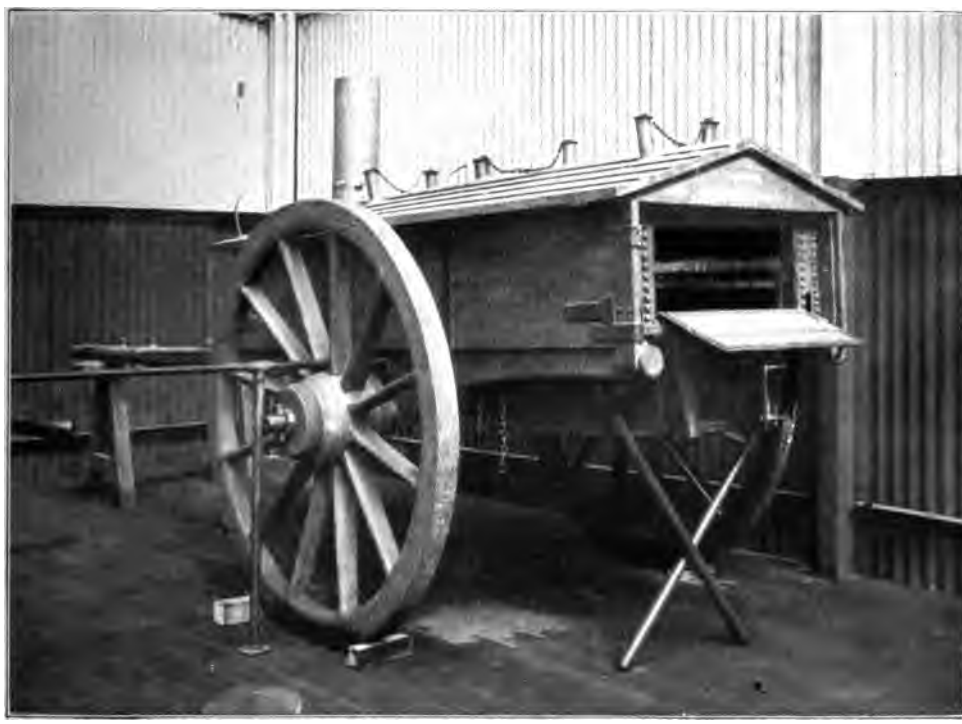
NAPOLEON'S DESK, RAZOR, SHAVING-BRUSH, AND SILVER CUP.
***The last comes from** Lord Abinger's collection, the rest from that of the Royal United Service Institution.*



THE TRAVELLING-OVEN USED BY NAPOLEON.
From the collection at Woolwich.

until he was ordered out of the room in the morning while the doctor dressed.

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A BOOT WORN AT THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.
The property of Sir Keith Fraser.

Many interesting military musical instruments have been got together, including the old-fashioned "serpents." The four huge leather black-jacks from Chelsea Hospital form a striking series. We illustrate these, as well as a knife of the French guillotine. In the same picture with the flintlock revolver will be seen a pair of climbing-irons used by the Russians when repairing the Redan.

Relics of the South African War are numerous, but do not unduly preponderate. An interesting scheme has been carried out of exhibiting together the specimens collected by many newspaper war-correspondents. Among these is the baby's shoe found upon the body of a dead Boer, and which remains a pathetic memento of parental love. The *Friend*, brought out by the correspondents, and afterwards edited by Rudyard Kipling, also appears. We reproduce a copy of the menu of a dinner given to Lord Roberts, Sir Alfred Milner, and Rudyard Kipling to celebrate the advance from the Modder to Bloemfontein. The signatures upon it speak for themselves, and the verses which Kipling has added are interesting—

Tell the smiling Afric morn,
Let the stony kopje know
L-nd-n of the *Times* was born
One-and-thirty years ago.

Whisper greetings soft and low,
Pour the whisky, deal the bun;
Only Bell and Buckle know
All the evil he has done.

Percival Landon, the war-correspondent of the *Times*, it might be mentioned, is the owner of the particular menu in question.

FOUR LEATHER BLACK-JACKS.
From Chelsea Hospital, where they were formerly in use.

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Of interest also is a Boer Cape-cart, used as an ambulance, and captured full of wounded at Senekal by Colonel Westcott, of the R.A.M.C.

A Baby's Shoe Found on a Slain Boer.

Contributed by Mr. P. S. Bullen, War-Correspondent.

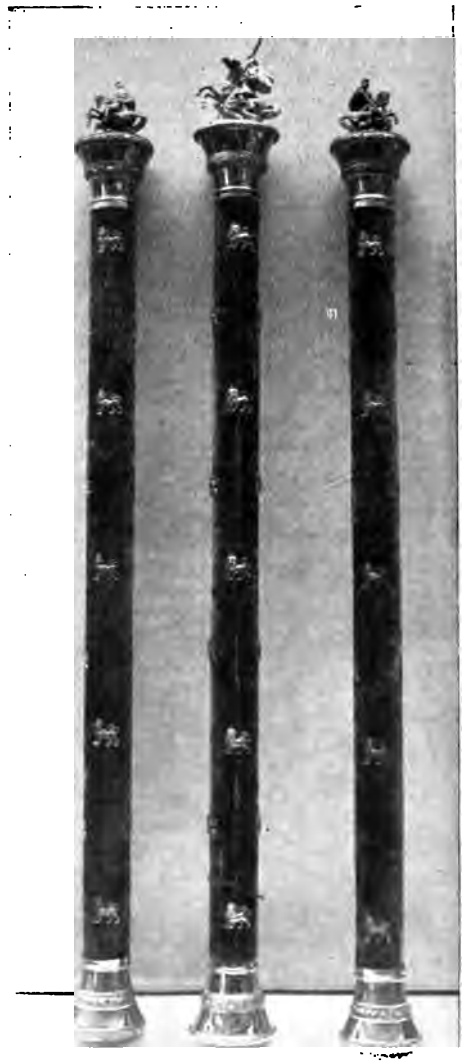
Field-Marshals' bâtons are not very often seen, yet there are no less than three at Earl's Court now; two are lent by the Duke of Cambridge: they belonged respectively to William Frederick Duke of Gloucester, to Adolphus Frederick Duke of Cambridge, and to Lord Strathnairn. The last is the property of Admiral G. H. Douglas. They are covered with crimson velvet, while the ornamentations are of gold.

Nothing can have a greater interest for us than "colours." There are some fine old flags of Irish Volunteers, and some belonging to the Horse Guards. Boer flags are to be seen, and although the Chinese War is not well represented, a Boxer flag has been sent for exhibition.

THE HEAVY BLADE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

A relic from the Royal United Service Institution.

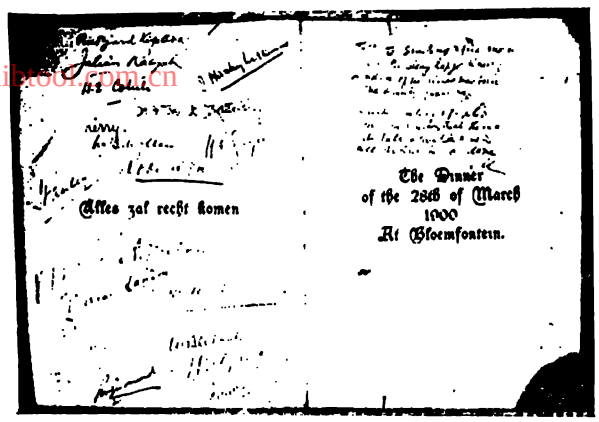
We cannot help saying something about our last Illustration, which represents the Crimean "Queen's Colour" of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. This was given to the regiment at Winchester in 1849 by Prince Albert, and replaced by his Majesty the King, when Prince of Wales, at Portsmouth in 1880, and to him, therefore, it now belongs. Lieutenant Anstruther, who



THREE FIELD-MARSHALS' BÂTONS.

From the collection of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge and Admiral G. H. Douglas.

carried the colour at Alma, was killed, and the silk of the flag was clogged into folds with his blood. Major-General Luke O'Connor, then a sergeant, seized the flag and held it aloft, sheltering himself wisely behind a wall. The men were spurred on by the sight of it, and the mark it made for the enemy was evidenced afterwards, for it had no less than thirty-two bullet-holes in it.



A MENU WITH THE SIGNATURES OF LORD ROBERTS, LORD MILNER, JULIAN RALPH, AND RUDYARD KIPLING, WITH SOME VERSES BY THE LAST-NAMED.

The names were collected by Mr. Percival Landon, of the "Times."

Only the embroidery, practically speaking, is now left, the silk having been injured quite as much, probably, by the sword-bayonets of the soldiers behind as by the enemy in front. Some adjutants used to have little pieces of new silk let in from time to time so that their colours were always whole.

It only remains now for us to thank Colonel George FitzGeorge, the honorary secretary of the Exhibition; Mr. Harold T. Hartley, the director, who is responsible for the getting together of so many fine objects; and Mr. George Harkwright, the curator of the section, for courteously making it possible for this article to be written and illustrated.

THE CRIMEAN "QUEEN'S COLOUR" OF THE 2ND ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

The property of his Majesty King Edward VII.

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THE ACE OF SPADES.

By N. P. MURPHY.

AS Barney Hegarty was turning over the leaves of his prayer-book, out flew what he took to be a pious picture. A good many of the congregation were as interested as Barney in its progress through the air. When it finally settled at Kitty Hannahan's feet, and stared up brazenly at a hundred peering eyes, there was a variety of feelings set in motion in the chapel of Ballybeg. Kitty felt inclined to cry, and Barney—to swear. The pious old ladies threw up their eyes in horror. The boys nudged each other and tittered.

"Bad cess for ivir to ye for an ace of spades," said Barney to himself. "That comes from puttin' the deck in the same pocket with the prayer-book. It's what it slipped in atween the pages, an' now shure I'm disgraced before the whole parish, an' if Father Fagan gets hould av it, me charakther's gone for ivir, an' I might as well imigrate at once." He gazed blankly at the card. "Bad luck to yer ugly mug! It's many a time I longed for ye whin I had th' king an' queen an' two others, an' thin couldn't go nap bekase ye hid yersel' away somewhere else, ye conthrary ruffin. It's always that ye do be doin' what ye aren't wanted to do. Look at the place ye're throwin' up yer black face now, makin' a holy show av me before the people. I'll niver go nap on spades agin. Och melia! here comes Father Fagan wid the box. Arrah, what shall I do at all?"

Barney saw Kitty Hannahan's muff drop down upon the card. This gave him some relief, and he felt like hugging Kitty. It is not to be presumed that Kitty would have tolerated such a liberty in public, though, being engaged to Barney, she was probably, in private, not entirely averse to it.

Up marched Father Fagan rattling the money-box, and receiving the offerings of the worshippers. As he approached the hidden card, Barney held his breath in suspense. Unfortunately, the priest stumbled over Kitty's muff, and looking round, perceived with astonishment the ace of spades. He picked it up and gazed sternly at the surrounding pews for any indications of guilt that might betray the owner of the card. But everybody was looking fixedly towards the altar. Father Fagan's eyes rested for some time on the blushing face of Kitty. Then he moved on. Barney was so agitated by this distracting occurrence that he put a two-shilling piece into the box instead of a penny.

When Father Fagan had deposited the offertory-box inside the rails, he mounted the pulpit. After reading the notices, he held up the card.

"There's the sort of thing," he said sternly, "that I find in the nave. What does that mean? It means that some sinner in the congregation is going to desecrate the Sabbath by playing cards, spending his time in that nefarious way, instead of reading holy books."

"Bedad, I do often find it plisinter," thought Barney, in conjunction with fully three-quarters of the congregation.

"Well, now," continued Father Fagan, "I have no time this morning to enlarge on the enormity of such an offence as this. But next Sunday I shall make the ace of spades the subject of my discourse," he cried, flourishing the derelict card. "By that time I shall have found out who the

culprit is that carries packs of cards into the chapel with him to Mass."

"Och melia," thought Barney, "begor, I must imigrate before next Sundah."

"And mind ye all," continued the priest, "I won't keep his or her name back, I don't care who it is."

A new thought struck Barney, and startled him.

"Begor," he said to himself, "he has a suspicion it's Kitty — Kitty. Och, murther! that's terrible altogether."

When the Mass was over, Barney found himself walking beside Kitty down the street.

"You're a nice boy," she said, looking up at him, a suspicion of a twinkle in her eye. "I hope ye'll benefit be the scoldin' Father Fagan gave ye."

"Begor, I'm thinkin' it wasn't me at all he was referrin' to," said Barney mournfully.

"An' who, thin?" asked Kitty.

"Why yersel', no less."

"Me," gasped Kitty, in astonishment.

"Aye indeed. It was rael good av ye to throw yer muff on that divil av an ace, alanna," said Barney, looking at Kitty tenderly, "but I'm afeard that's what made his Rivirence think it was you. He fancied ye wor thryin' to hide it on yer own account."

Kitty burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"So ye think he suspects me av usin' the ace av spades as a mark for me prayer-book?"

Barney's face wore a lugubrious expression.

"Egad, it's no laughin' matther, alanna. He'll get to know who it was be next Sundah, an' thin I'll have to lave the parish wid the shame av havin' me name read from the althar."

"Arrah, he was only jokin' whin he said that."

"I dunno. He is a nice man enough, an' I'm tould that he has no little gra for the cards himsel', but whin a thing is poked before his very eyes as that thievin' ace av spades was this mornin', shure he can't look it over!"

"Well, go to him an' thry an' coax him. Musha, I don't think he'll be too hard on ye at all."

"I must see him this mornin' about a little affair that yer purty self has somethin' to do wid——"

"Hush!" said Kitty, lowering her head and blushing in much confusion.

"I shan't hush: I want to be talkin' an' thinkin' av it. Shure, doesn't it dhrive from me mind the ugly phiz av that thievin' ace av spades?"

"I think ye'll find his Rivirence will forgit all about that be next Sunday."

"I must thry an' bring him round somehow. As I walk down the town towards the house, I'll be thinkin' out a schame. Begor, I'd just like to corner his Rivirence for his severity this mornin'."

"Don't be talkin', Barney," said Kitty, throwing the ægis of her protection before the priest. "Shure, he had to say somethin', an' he afther pickin' the card up av the flure av the chapel."

"Nivir fear, Kitty, I shan't be too hard on him. Good-bye, alanna!"

"Arrah!" cried Kitty, wriggling from Barney's grasp. "Have manners, an' don't be thryin' to kiss me before the whole town."

When Barney turned his head towards the priest's house, he directed his mind towards some scheme which might relieve him from the responsibility of the vagaries of the ace of spades that morning, intending as a last resource to throw himself upon the generosity of Father Fagan. When he walked into the sitting-room he discovered Michael Laverty, one of the boys with whom he was intending to play a game of "spoiled five" that afternoon.

"Hello, Michael," said Barney, "what are ye doin' here?"

"Just payin' me Easther dues. I suppose ye're here to own to the ace-av-spades business," said Michael, laughing. "Begor, it was a rael good thing to see it fluttherin' in the air so innocint-like, an' thin to lay out flat on the pavemint an' fling its ugly gob up at ivirybody in the chapel."

"Shure enough, it was very bad behayviour; but d' ye think his Rivirence 'll take any notice av it?"

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When the Mass was over Barney found himself walking beside Kitty.

"Begor, I dunno. Whin he gits a thing like that into his head, he's very obstinate over it. An' just look on the table. Isn't that the very blackguard itself lyin' there as impident as ivir?"

Barney leaned over, and saw the unspeakable scoundrel attached to a piece of paper.

"Musha, what's this he has written ondherneath? Lord help us, listen to this, Michael, 'My text for next Sunday.' I'll hould ye it's what he'll have this fixed to the chapel-gates for all to see. Och, I'm a disgraced man."

"Ye must thry to counther him some way."

Barney was in the act of scratching his head to evoke an idea, when Father Fagan entered the room.

"Well, boys," he cried cheerfully, "what can I do for you?"

"I have me Easther dues to pay, yer Rivirence."

"Very good, Michael, very good. And I think I can guess your business, Barney. Don't blush man; sure, it's no secret, and Kitty is a grand girl. I think she ought to be satisfied with the man she's got. At all events, ye'll make a better husband than the ruffian who uses the ace of spades as a mark for his prayer-book," pointing to the card attached to the paper. "Sure, I have no objection to a game of cards, but I'd have the line drawn at bringing them into the chapel. At any rate, I'll make an example next Sunday of the fellow that owns that."

The two visitors did not reply.

"It's easy to see that neither of ye agree with me," said the priest, smiling, "and if all was told, the pair of ye will be seen at the back of some ditch later on leathering away at the cards for bare life. Well, well! But talking about cards, an English friend was teaching me a real good game called solo-whist the other day." The priest got up and looked in a drawer. "Bless me, where are those cards. If I had a pack here I'd show ye. Where's that pack gone to, I wonder? Have either of you a deck about ye?"

Barney, on the spur of the moment, thrust his hand into his pocket. He realised the indiscretion of the act when it was too late to withdraw. The priest laughed as he took the pack from Barney.

"Ye're nearly as bad as the scoundrel who owned that card there," he said; "but I'll presume ye found them by accident in your pocket. Well, now, let me see—aye, this is it. Ye deal out the whole pack, as in whist, and then ye see what ye can call, as in nap. It's a mixture of nap and whist, and a very skilful game it is."

The priest went on with his exposition of the novel game. His audience grew rather bored.

"Arrah! let's have a few rounds at nap, yer Rivirence," said Barney, at length.

The priest looked reproachfully at Barney.

"How dare you tempt your clergy," he said, smiling.

"Just a few rounds, yer Rivirence."

"Ah, don't be tempting me; there now, don't," appealingly.

"Only a couple av rounds—just a couple."

"Well, well," said the priest, yielding; "a couple aren't many, but no more than a couple, mind ye."

"Shall we lave it at ha'penny, Father?" asked Barney.

"Egad, I don't know. This is terrible work, gambling on Sunday afternoon."

"When we ought to be at the holy books," said Barney mischievously.

"Aye, indeed, when we ought to be at the holy books," echoed Father Fagan, dealing round a hand.

The cards were taken up and surveyed. A look of perplexity came into the priest's face. He tipped his skull-cap on one side and scratched his head.

"Egad, I don't know what to do. I've a good mind to go nap. Oh, if I only knew where one card was! But there, I shan't risk it. I'll go three only."

He won the game.

"Look at these cards, boys," he cried, "King, queen, and ten of spades. I wonder where the thieving ace is. That was the only thing that I wanted to give me a certain nap.

Barney cast a furtive eye on the "text for next Sunday."

The two rounds agreed upon were completed. The priest, however, had forgotten the understanding, and as neither Barney nor Michael thought fit to remind him, the game went on. On two successive occasions the ace of spades was the only card required to secure the priest a successful nap, and he made frequent

"It was an unfortunate game for me," said the priest. "Only for that thieving ace of spades the laugh would be on the other side, I'm thinking. I don't think it was out once. Did either of ye see it at all?"

"I was lookin' at it the whole time," said Barney, quietly gathering up the pack.

"You were, and where, Barney Hegarty?"

"There on the table, yer Rivirence," pointing to the offender of the morning.

The game went on.

emphatic comments on its absence from the game. After a time he rose.

"I think we'll give up, boys. I've had enough of it, and ye have eight shillings of mine going away with ye. But for goodness' sake, don't breathe a word of this outside; sure ye won't. If the fellow who sent that card fluttering through the chapel this morning got wind of this I'd never hear the end of it. So ye'll both promise to say nothing outside about this game."

"Sartinly, yer Rivirence."

The priest looked astounded for a moment. His gaze wandered from Barney to the card and back again. Then a merry smile broke across his countenance.

"So you were the villain that played ducks and drakes with the service this morning!"

"I'm very sorry, yer Rivirence, an' don't ye think ye'd betther say no more about it?"

The priest looked at Barney roguishly.

"Agreed, Barney: egad, ye went nap that time and got it."

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TWO THOUSAND YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES.

AN ENGLISH TOWN THAT IS STILL RULED BY AN OLIGARCHY.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

Photographs by Hargreaves.

WHEN one reads to-day about the ways in which the ancient oligarchies ruled the people of Athens and Sparta, one stands filled with amazement that such methods were possible even then. That thousands of inhabitants should have been content to let a selected few persons be their masters, do just as they wished in every way, keep all offices and governing powers, all influence and rule among their own nominees, seems indeed strange to us to-day, with our modern ideas of liberty, equality, and—may we say?—fraternity.

But what are we to think or say when we find that there is still existing in this England of ours a certain spot whose inhabitants are yet so far behind the rest of Britons that they are virtually ruled by an oligarchy, that they have to submit to this regulation or that, to this arrangement or that, whether they want it or not, dislike it or not, simply because four-and-twenty men have said it is to be, and that settles the question? Which four-and-twenty also are not elected by popular vote, as in almost every other British town, but are self-elected, so to speak, filling up

DALTON-IN-FURNESS: THE CHIEF STREET.

vacancies, as they occur in this oligarchy, by their own nominees only.

The name of this extraordinary township is Dalton-in-Furness. Now, Furness is one of the most delightful regions in England, bordering on the beautiful Lake

THE FOUR-AND-TWENTY COUNCILLORS FORMING THE DALTON OLIGARCHY.

One member was absent when this photograph was taken.

District, and Dalton itself is a charming country town such as one loves to live and dream in. The visitor sees only its outward pretty scenery; he seldom inquires into its municipal or ecclesiastical affairs. Yet if he did so, the inquiry would well repay his curiosity.

I know of no other self-elected body in this kingdom that even nearly approaches the "Four-and-Twenty" of Dalton in its character and functions. The origin of this council seems lost in the mists of antiquity; at any rate, there is no account of its first institution. It came especially into prominence about the second decade of the eighteenth century. It manages all the parochial affairs, all the Church and local matters of Dalton-in-Furness. From time immemorial the public has never had the slightest power or control of it; indeed, very often the inhabitants hardly know which members of the community compose it, so secret is its work and so curious are its ways!

There is no Easter vestry meeting at Dalton. On Easter Monday the "Twenty-Four" always meet, whatever other days of meeting they may have during the year, and they transact all the parochial business when they do meet. The Vicar is known to be the "President" of this extraordinary assembly, and that is about all that really is known of its doings, beyond what the assembly cares to make public through the Press. It elects the churchwardens for the ensuing year, also the sidesmen. It determines about the various parochial matters that are under consideration, and it settles the questions of several charities, doles, and such-like things that pertain to Dalton.

If we leave out the Vicar of the parish, the other twenty-three members of this oligarchy are all laymen. As a body they are certainly, in their own little town and sphere, about as autocratic, independent, and select a corporation as it is possible to imagine. They furnish a brief report

to the Press of what business has been transacted at their meetings, since they decline to admit reporters, as a rule, to their assembly. But they include or omit just what matters they please from such furnished report, so that it becomes almost impossible, even if the public wish it, to criticise or discuss their actions and words.

When any member dies or retires from the famous "Four-and-Twenty" (which latter, it is unnecessary to state, seldom occurs), the remaining members proceed to elect whomsoever they wish to fill the vacancy or vacancies thus caused. And it does not need much insight or acumen to guess that they will only elect those persons who are known to be in sympathy with their own doings and opinions.

During recent years the "Four-and-Twenty" has not often come into conflict with public opinion in the district under their rule, for the Vicar is a gentleman highly respected and beloved in Dalton. The Rev. Frank Byard, M.A., is still a young man, energetic, active, and wise in ruling over his flock and parish. If every parish had an equally active and beloved incumbent, the Church would indeed be in a flourishing state in our land. No matter that concerns the welfare of his people, nothing that is for their good or for the benefit of his church and parish, is too small for the Vicar's attention. He certainly makes almost an ideal president of this oligarchy, and if such a unique council is to continue in the north of our land, it could not be governed by a better man. That may be conceded at once.

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE DALTON OLIGARCHY MEETS.

Dalton has a long and not insignificant history. It dates back to the days of Earl Tostig, who built and ruled Dalton Castle. This old and curious ruin stands close by the churchyard at Dalton, and carries with its history memories of much interest. Tostig himself, as all students of our island's story know well, did not

err on the side of "popular" government. He was as autocratic as most Earls in those times of Saxon rule. Probably this

DALTON CASTLE.

Where the Oligarchy probably began centuries ago.

oligarchy of to-day owes its origin to him, in some way or other, and has been through many modifications since his time. That it has undergone some "repairs" is well known, for when one reads its decrees and its remarks about itself in 1714, one cannot but smile at the "high and mighty" opinion that pervades every line and phrase of such decree or opinion. Every time the name of the "Twenty-Four" is mentioned in such proclamation or decree, large capital letters are employed to mark the importance of the body, and to give further force to the mandate! The extraordinary ideas of, and the high falutin' language used by, the council in some of its decrees make one smile to-day, and wonder if these worthy citizens did really hold such exalted opinions of their almost "divine right of government."

Let me give one or two choice specimens from some of their codes of rules promulgated in the parish in the eighteenth century—

That no pensions be signed for any but those whom the Four-and-Twenty are resolved shall have a pension.

By "pensions," I suppose, are meant the distributions of money left by generous donors for charitable purposes. Again—

That no Four-and-Twenty man, if aged or decayed in estate, be served with less than a whole pension.

That if a Four-and-Twenty man be necessitious in competition with another parishoner, the Four-and-Twenty man to have a pension before the other parishoner!

The above will suffice to serve as a sample of what this oligarchy many years ago thought of its own importance and position. Yet one more quotation places this curious assembly in a light even more unfavourable from this point of view, for it shows "clan-feeling" at its worst, when the oligarchy regards people from the next parish as "aliens" and calls them actually "foreigners" in its proclamations! Read this—

That if a Parishour come in competition with a foreigner, though the parish is bound to maintain the foreigner, yet the Parishour shall have the Preheminence befour the foreigner."

DALTON-IN-FURNESS CHURCH.

The Vicar is Chairman of the Oligarchy.

The quaintness and the "seeking after self" in all these laws and decrees cannot but raise a smile on our faces as we read these papers to-day. But, as the years have passed along, even this "important" council at Dalton has found changes, and has had its powers curtailed by various Acts and Parliamentary Orders. Yet it has survived the most violent attacks upon its constitution and character, and it still regulates after its own fashion the parochial affairs of Dalton. The general inhabitants, as represented by the voters, have never had a hand of any sort in its election or its doings, and the public has not to-day. There are many enlightened inhabitants in Dalton who do not see why the Vicar should not have the right of electing one churchwarden and half the sidesmen; while the parishioners in public vestry meeting should elect the others, as is done in most English parishes. And there are some few, still more enlightened, who doubt very much whether the "Four-and-Twenty" have even the absolute right in law to control certain things that they do control; and these inhabitants have often declared their doubts upon that point. But the good old proverb about "Possession nine-tenths of the law" still holds force in Dalton, and nobody, despite his doubts or opinions, has yet succeeded in doing away with one of the most curious anomalies in all English parochial government.

Formerly the council held its meetings on fixed dates, such as Easter Monday, Whit Monday, and the second Saturday in September. But nowadays the meetings are more irregular, and not upon definite days, except the Easter one.

Dalton Church and churchyard are extremely interesting. In the latter lie the remains of the celebrated painter George Romney, an artist of whom England will ever be proud. The church itself has been more than once rebuilt, but can trace its

THE MARKET CROSS, DALTON-IN-FURNESS.

history back to the twelfth century at least. The present edifice is a beautiful one, and stands out conspicuously by reason of the curious plaid-like effect obtained by using variously coloured bricks in certain parts of the building. The antiquated Dalton Castle (merely a remnant, evidently, of some larger edifice) has been already mentioned. Dalton's main street has some few attributes that are not to be found in every country town's principal thoroughfare. It winds in and out, widens and narrows, curves and twists, in unusual fashion, even for a road of its description. In it are held Dalton's markets of the open-air, and these markets are much like those of most country towns.

FURNESS ABBEY.
Dalton's great attraction for tourists.

The 'Cross,' however, is worth more than a passing regard. It is not only of a kind seldom met with in olden market-places, being simple and severely plain in its design and surroundings, but it can boast of a semicircle of seats of more or less rough stone placed round it for the convenience of the weary wayfarer. It would be interesting to know whether this is the work of the "Four-and-Twenty" or not. If it is, one is bound to admit that they deserve the thanks of their neighbours for it, and that they have set an example that other country towns might copy with advantage.

Dalton has other strange records besides the one of its unique Council. It can boast that during 267 years it has had only eight Vicars. Its last Vicar previous to the Rev. Frank Byard was the Rev. J. M. Morgan, and that gentleman served Dalton for over forty-three years. The average period of the rule of the seven Vicars before Mr. Byard works out at no less than thirty-eight years each; and I fancy there is not a single parish in the land that can beat this record, of which the town may be reasonably proud. Someone has suggested that Dalton's present position, its prosperity, its peacefulness, its restfulness, its charm, the long lives and rule of its Vicars, are all due to the very fact of the "Four-and-Twenty" being so oligarchic, and this has been pointed out as a great argument in support of such an assembly. It is said that the inhabitants are saved that worry, strain, and constant unrest which occurs wherever opposing parties and contending factions are allowed to have sway, as in all our municipal life of the present day. We are told that it is the hurry, rush, and opposition of parties that are responsible for the premature breakdown of health and spirits of so many hard-worked men of to-day. Well, it may be so; I do not pretend here to approve or oppose the statement.

I have merely tried to show that we have in our midst an oligarchy of which hardly anyone has heard, whose very existence is unknown to millions of Englishmen — an oligarchy of which ancient Athens or Sparta might well have been the proud inventor.

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PICTURESQUE LONDON: ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS,

from the Portico of the National Gallery.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

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THE SECRET SOCIETY.

By EDWARD F. SPENCE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. TITHEDGE walked along in a very contented spirit: the last report from the Viennese agency of his bank—not of the bank at which he banked, but the bank that he owned—showed that the foreign agency established by him, despite the opposition of his customary advisers, was flourishing. A smile of contentment was on his round, pleasant, if rather undignified-looking countenance, and he strolled up Greek Street with a jaunty air. It was half-past five: the inhabitants of the street could have guessed the time from his presence, for he was a most methodical man, and every day, whatever the weather, left the bank at the same hour, and walked by exactly the same route from Henrietta Street through the Soho district to his handsome flat in Portland Place.

It was the foreign character of Soho that had given to him the idea of the Viennese agency of the bank inherited by him. Mr. Tithedge did not belong to the aristocracy: his father, in his early days, was a common, greedy money-lender, who prospered, and in middle age converted himself into a bank, dropping entirely the humble class of money-lending, and when he died left quite a respectable institution for trading in money, as well as a substantial fortune. The son further purified the business, so that "Tithedge's Bank" had a very decent standing in a small way, and brought him in twenty thousand a year, of which he spent about a tenth. He had been educated at a second-class public school, and had taken a fair degree at the London University. Although forty years of age, he found himself a bachelor, partly from shyness and partly from a terror lest he should be married for his money.

Just as he reached Old Compton Street a girl came out of it, and turned up Greek Street. Mr. Tithedge noticed that she was a foreigner, and that she was pretty—at least, from across the road he could see an elaborately treated mass of blond hair, an irregular, pleasant face, a very neat figure, and a dainty pair of ankles rather generously shown, since she was holding up her skirt with a foreign freedom on account of the dirt. A moment later Mr. Tithedge saw that a man, an overdressed, flashy-looking foreigner, handsome in a vulgar way, was following the girl. She was walking fast, and the man faster. The banker quickened his pace. The man overtook the girl, then turning, leered at her, and took hold of her arm: she gave a little cry and called out—

"Leave me alone at once."

Mr. Tithedge, aware that there was a policeman close at hand, ran across and said fiercely to the man, "Let the lady go; how dare you insult a lady in that fashion!"

The ruffian turned round and lifted his stick; the banker shrank back, and raising his arm and voice, shouted "Policeman!"

Then the fellow turned and ran down Bateman Street.

"I 'm so sorry," said Mr. Tithedge to the girl; "I hope he did not hurt you."

There was a pretty flush of colour in her cheeks and her big blue eyes sparkled.

"No, I wasn't hurt," she replied in a soft voice, which to the ears of Mr. Tithedge seemed embellished by a quaint

little foreign accent; "but he rather frightened me. Such a thing has never happened to me before, particularly in this quarter."

The absurd "particularly" seemed to Mr. Tithedge to be the slip of a foreign tongue.

"You see, father and I are well known by most of the foreigners about here."

While they were speaking he walked along by her side, gazing in wonder and admiration at her hair, of which she had a great mass, very smoothly and tightly coiled into a huge knot, and he compared it in colour and texture with silk virgin from the cocoon; this was probably the first poetic idea which had ever come spontaneously into his mind.

"I must not detain you," she said; "I am very much obliged to you for your amiable service."

He felt that he was being dismissed gracefully, and the idea gave him unexpected annoyance. However, he rose to the occasion.

"You will not object, I trust," he said, "to my walking beside you — with the roadway in between—for that fellow might come round again by Dean Street."

"Oh!" she said with a merry laugh, showing a set of dainty little teeth and two fatal dimples, "I didn't mean to suggest that, and I shall be very much obliged if you will walk close beside me till I reach home, which is in Soho Square."

He walked beside her, clumsily trying to make conversation, till they came within a few yards of a house which, unlike most in the Square, showed no signs of being a place of business. The door was opened, and a vigorous-looking elderly man with a big white beard stepped out. The girl started a little and seemed embarrassed; the elderly man came forward and said, rather sharply and with a stronger foreign accent than that of the girl, "You must present me, my dear, to your friend."

"Oh, father," she replied, "a scoundrel insulted me in the street, and this gentleman bravely came forward and drove him off!"—Mr. Tithedge's heart glowed at this description of his exploit—"and I asked him to walk as far as the house, as I felt nervous."

"My name is Tithedge," interposed the banker. "I am proprietor of Tithedge's Bank, and I need scarcely tell you that what your charming daughter has said is perfectly correct. I have the honour to wish you good-day." And he took off his hat with a grand air.

"No, no," said the stranger; "I am very much obliged to you, and I am afraid my manner was not very courteous, so I hope that, to show there is no ill-feeling, you will come into my house and take a glass of wine."

Mr. Tithedge hesitated, glanced at the girl, and saw such a pretty air of bashful invitation on her dainty face that he replied, "Of course I 'll come with great pleasure."

A few minutes later he was sitting in a big, rather dark, handsomely furnished dining-room drinking some delicious Swedish punch, and under its insidious influence talking a great deal about himself to the pretty girl and her father. However, he listened a little while talking very much, and learnt that his host called himself Mr. Castleton, and that the daughter's Christian name was Katrina. For half an hour the banker sat gossiping with his new friends, and drinking the wonderful punch which was prepared from a family recipe by the plump, dimpled little white hands of Miss Katrina, and he did not leave until he had won permission to pay a call on the next Sunday afternoon.

It was raining when he found himself in the Square. Although, as a rule, intensely economical in such matters, Mr. Tithedge took a cab, and, stranger still, actually gave the cabman sixpence more than his fare! When he reached his flat, the banker found that he had little appetite for his dinner, and next morning, alas! that he had still less hunger for his breakfast. Yet, despite a headache and an uncomfortable sense of strangeness, he felt very happy.

From Thursday to Sunday afternoon is not a very great length of time, yet it seemed intolerably long to Mr. Tithedge. However, his business did not suffer in the least from the fact that very often

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"I hope he did not hurt you."

visions presented themselves to him of a pretty girl with blue eyes, fair hair, foreign accent, and the name of Katrina. The clerks discovered that something strange was happening, for they found, on his blotting-paper, marks which showed undeniably a very unsuccessful effort to draw the face of a girl with a big bunch of hair. On the Sunday Mr. Tithedge presented himself at the house in Soho Square, and was shown into a prettily furnished little room that could only be reached by a door opening from the dining-room. Miss Katrina was there, and greeted him with a charming appearance of pleasure and timidity. For nearly an hour he sat on the edge of a chair talking little and listening with great interest to the chatter of the pretty girl, who told him much about herself, a subject concerning which he had great curiosity and anxiety. In most matters Mr. Tithedge had a profound English contempt for foreigners, but there remained a hope that she might have some redeeming drops of British blood. Fortune seemed kind, for Katrina told him that her mother, who died when she was only a babe, was Scotch, and her father Russian. She had been a great traveller: indeed, there was hardly a city in Europe where she had not lived for a while. Mr. Tithedge felt uncomfortable, for "vagabonding" was not to his taste. Still, the girl was irresistibly pretty, and her voice was deliciously sweet and low; while in her very carefully pronounced, unclipped speech the curious foreign tone sounded like a strain of strange music. He durst not ask any direct questions, but with all his little skill tried to lead her to an explanation of her father's position. At last it came, and it startled him. Her father was a Socialist, and the "vagabonding" was due to the fact that he had to obey the calls of the Central Committee and go to work in different cities, in none of which he could stay very long on account of the police.

Mr. Tithedge called himself a Radical, and certainly at one time was entitled to the term; but as prosperity and respectability came, the trend of his mind was towards Conservatism, and therefore the idea of Socialism seemed shocking. He began to expostulate; but Miss Katrina took him up sharply.

"You are talking about things you don't understand," she said; "you are confusing Socialism, Anarchism, Nihilism. Our ideas are peaceful. We merely seek by bloodless means to secure for our brethren the measure of liberty enjoyed in this great country for centuries. The immense body to which we belong is bitterly opposed to the violence propaganda."

Just as she was speaking Mr. Castleton entered. After the customary greeting, the girl, turning to him, said—

"Mr. Tithedge thinks that because you and I are Socialists, we believe in assassination."

The foreigner groaned. "That 's the curse of it," he said. "Our school is utterly hostile to the old school. We believe firmly that the cause is hindered, not helped, by violence; such men as the murderers of the Empress of Austria and the King of Italy are not members of our Society, but madmen belonging to little groups exploited by detestable scoundrels, who live on money extorted from such fellows and their mates. These assassinations were as harmful to our cause as the Cavendish Bentinck murder to that of the needless independence of Ireland. The one arm that we wield is knowledge, and by its aid freedom inevitably will come. There is only one case in which our Society, which numbers millions, has resort to force, and that is treachery."

"I don't see," interposed Mr. Tithedge, "that treachery has much to do with the case, for, assuming the correctness of your statements, there is nothing illegal in your Society."

"Not so far as this great country is concerned, God bless her!" replied Mr. Castleton; "but abroad it is different. In the lands where political freedom is little more than a name, if even a name, although our practices may be legal in a sense, the Governments persecute us cruelly. In my own country, to teach anything without Government permission is a crime."

"I thought," answered Mr. Tithedge, "that political persecutions for peaceful propagandism had been abandoned in Russia, and that even the political deportations to Siberia had ceased."

The girl laughed, the man groaned again.

"Oh, you English, you English, how easily you are gulled! In obedience to the ideas of your country and those of France, we Russians pretend that the reforms that you suggest exist; but in Russia, and not only in Russia, a subtle method is pursued. If I went back to my native land and my arrival became known, within a few days some accusation of theft or other disgraceful crime would be brought against me; police agents would perjure themselves to secure a conviction; judges, mere hirelings, would listen, and instead of my being suppressed as a Socialist, I should apparently be transported as an ordinary criminal. It's a beautiful game, perfectly successful."

This was putting the matter in a new light to Mr. Tithedge. A few minutes later Mr. Castleton was speaking passionately about his own career. His story was terrible. He was born in England of exiled parents, and had married a Scotch woman. Business took him to Russia, and kept him there some months, during which he and his wife made the acquaintance of a man who, without their knowledge, was a very important Nihilist at the time when Nihilism was formidable. The man was arrested, and with him his friends, the innocent husband and wife, and the mere fact of the friendship was sufficient to cause them to be sent to Siberia. Two years of suffering and an attempted escape brought about the death of the wife, who was knouted before the eyes of her husband and died of her injuries, leaving to him Katrina, a one-year-old baby, with whom he ultimately made his escape.

"Is it strange," he said fiercely, "that I should endeavour to prevent my fellow-countrymen from suffering under such an appalling system of Government? But my daughter is right. 'Force,' as one of your great statesmen said, 'is no remedy,' and it is a fundamental rule of our constitution that we shall work only by peaceful means. But we ought not to bother you with this kind of thing, and we 'll have tea instead, and my daughter will sing to you."

Tea did not agree with Mr. Tithedge, but he showed no great resistance when punch was suggested in its place, nor did he make a more than half-hearted refusal to stay to supper.

Oh, the happy, happy evening that he spent listening to Katrina whilst she sang strange, beautiful songs in a delightful fashion, and listening to her lively chatter in the soft, deep, murmuring voice, and looking at the provokingly beautiful face! That night, when Mr. Tithedge, in accordance with custom, was drinking a glass of hot water before getting into bed, he admitted to himself—admitted frankly and without reserve—that he was in love with Katrina, and that Socialism really seemed quite to be a respectable form of politics.

CHAPTER II.

There is no need to tell at any length the tale of the courtship of Katrina by Mr. Tithedge, or even to give any history of his struggles against what he called destiny. Anyone who knew the banker could have guessed that he made great efforts to conquer his passion, seeing that everything in him except his heart was horrified at the idea of a marriage with a "vagabonding," half-foreign Socialist. Some Sundays he stayed away from Soho Square, putting an immense pressure upon himself, but he was appallingly miserable in consequence until the following Sunday, when he broke his wise resolutions and went to see her again. Two months to a day after the first time that he had seen Katrina, Mr. Tithedge burnt his boats. He had no intention when he called of making an offer; but suddenly and clumsily, when he was standing by her side near the piano, he told her that he loved her and asked her to be his wife, and took her almost roughly in his arms, while she stood as if dazed, and kissed her. Then she broke away, and began to cry and reproach him.

"Oh, why did you do it!" she said. "Oh, how could you! We have been such good friends, and now you have spoilt all that. How could you kill our friendship?"

"But," he answered, "I love you, and ask you to marry me. You don't love anyone else, do you?"

She shook her head; one of the silken tresses, disarranged, perhaps, when he took her in his arms, fell loose in an exquisite shower of gold on her shoulders.

"It isn't that," she replied. "Why couldn't you have spoken to father as the foreign custom is? He would have told you it is impossible, that it is only a beautiful dream."

"But why, why, why?"

"Surely you can guess," she answered. "I am a member of the Society, and have vowed to wed no one who is not also a member. You are a good man, and I believe you love me, but I would not ask you, would not even allow you for my sake, to become a member. I could never give you sufficient happiness to make up for what a man of your character would suffer by joining us."

Now, the natural impulse of Mr. Tithedge was to express his desire to join the Society; but the girl's speech was long enough to give him time for thought, and so, though for some moments his mind went to and fro, in the end reason asserted itself.

"You may be right," he replied, "alas! I know your character, Katrina, so well as to be aware that you would be miserable if you thought me unhappy; and if you were miserable, of course I should be miserable too. Surely, there is some way out; surely, your Society will set you free from this vow. I know really nothing about it, and you need tell me nothing that could by any possibility prejudice your friends."

He pressed her on this point at some length. The girl only shook her head, and held her handkerchief to the big blue eyes. A few minutes afterwards Mr. Castleton entered, and Mr. Tithedge, turning to him, explained the situation. The Russian showed signs of vexation, and said that he would not have had such a thing happen on any account, and that it had never been in his mind that a man like Mr. Tithedge would fall in love with his daughter. He said that he could not blame the banker for acting in an English fashion and speaking first to Katrina, but it was much to be regretted, since the girl was of a sensitive character, and likely to suffer much in consequence. He fully appreciated the fact that it would be out of the question for Mr. Tithedge to join the Society.

The banker, of course, repeated his suggestion that the Society, under the circumstances, perhaps would permit the girl to resign her membership, and although at first Mr. Castleton shook his head gravely, after a while he seemed to think that the Society might show some pity to the lovers. The end of the matter was that Mr. Castleton promised to write to the Central Committee, but in the meantime required Mr. Tithedge to promise that he would pay no visit to the house, write no letters to the girl, and not attempt to communicate with her in any way until the views of the Society had been ascertained. Mr. Tithedge, of course, had to consent to this, and took his leave in a very sorrowful frame of mind, though to some extent comforted by the expression of the girl's face when she shook hands with him in a formal leave-taking.

Three weeks passed—a miserable period for poor Mr. Tithedge, who during the twenty-one eternal days heard nothing from Soho Square, round which, to the benefit of his liver, he walked a hundred times or so almost every evening, in the hope that Katrina might come out, or that her shadow would appear on the blind. This strange conduct forced him into telling untruths, and the statement that he was training for a race would hardly have been believed by the policeman on the beat, if it had not been supported by a silver argument. The clerks at the bank were bewildered. They had grown accustomed to the female heads ill-drawn on the blotting-paper, but when they found that the banker sometimes left early and often came late, that

he raised the salary of several, and even sent a five-pound note to the wife of one of them on the occasion of her doing her duty towards her country, their bewilderment was unbounded.

Mr. Tithedge grew almost hollow-cheeked; want of sleep partly caused this, for he tossed about in bed at night thinking of Katrina, and whenever the thought of the kiss came to him, it drove the blood madly through him. It was on a Monday that he received a letter in an unknown hand—

Dear Friend,- [it said]- Father has received a message from the Society which authorises him, with the consent of the London Lodge, to declare me free from the obligations of my vow, on the condition of your remaining in entire ignorance of any matters with which you are not already acquainted. Father is quite confident as to the views of the Lodge, and so, he says, you may come and have tea at four o'clock this afternoon.- Your sincere friend, KATRINA.

Mr. Tithedge read and re-read the letter. It was two o'clock when he received it, but he rushed out of the office, saying that he would be busy on private affairs during the rest of the afternoon. Then he jumped into a hansom, hastened home, and spent a long time in dressing himself for the occasion. When he reached the house in Soho Square he learnt, to his intense disappointment, that the young lady had been compelled to go out with her father, but expected to return soon, and hoped that he would wait for her in the drawing-room; so he followed the servant through the dining-room into the little salon at the back, and sat down in a state of impatience. The minutes passed slowly, the quarters of an hour went by sluggishly, till when five o'clock sounded he was in quite a feverish condition. The servant entered and said that Miss Castleton told her that if she did not return promptly she was to offer a glass of punch to the gentleman. He drank a glass eagerly, for his throat was dry; the taste seemed strange, but he imagined that this was due to the fact of his being in an unusual state of mind. A few minutes later he was beset by a desire to sleep; of course, he resisted it; but though he fought hard, the longing became irresistible, and before he was aware that he had ceased to struggle the combat was over.

When he awoke Mr. Tithedge found himself in darkness. During some moments he remained in a state of pure bewilderment: gradually his thoughts took form, and he guessed that he had been asleep for a long time, and also, of course, that Katrina had not come in, at which he felt alarmed. He got up, intending to ring the bell and make inquiries, and he knocked over a little table as he rose. Suddenly his ears became alive to the fact that there were many people in the dining-room talking loudly. He took two steps towards the folding-doors, and then heard in harsh tones the grim sentence, "The man is a traitor—he must die."

The banker gasped, then lost his breath, and a hundred terrible thoughts sped through his mind. What did it mean? What could it mean? What must it mean? In terror he crept stealthily to the door: the same voice continued, speaking in a fierce tone, to urge that someone was guilty of treason and must die, and every now and then there were murmurs of assent that seemed to come from many people. The whole matter seemed clear to the unhappy man. He was present, involuntarily, at a secret meeting of the terrible Society, which was discussing the question of killing a faithless member. What would happen if he were discovered? Vaguely the story of the woman who hid herself in the case of a grandfather's clock, in order to learn masonic secrets, and was killed by the indignant Freemasons when they found her, passed through his thoughts, and it was mixed with the recollection of a scene at a theatre, to which he was taken by a client of the bank the evening before, in which the Prime Minister of England killed a spy as "The Price of Peace." He could hardly doubt that death would follow discovery. There was no way out save by the dining-room, unless through the window. Memory told him there was a drop of many feet into a paved cellar. He listened; someone was speaking on behalf of the accused man, and he caught phrases about guilt not

being proved, and the necessity for careful investigation. One sentence stood out: "We, who are the children of Justice, must never take a human life if there be the smallest doubt about the justice of the sentence." The speaker was followed by one whose voice seemed known to the banker, though he could not remember where he had heard it. The man spoke brutally and harshly. The banker crept to the window and opened it. How could he let himself down? Perhaps with the aid of the curtains. Rendered desperate by his danger, he pulled the muslin curtain as hard as he could and tore it away. To what could he fasten it? And was it long enough? He pulled down the other: the noise seemed unheard, since many voices were raised high in the other room. Mr. Tithedge knotted the curtains, all the time straining his mind to think what he could fasten them to. Why not tie his rope to a chair and open the window so little that though there might be space for him, the chair could not follow? His memory, painfully alert, told him that there was a big chair near the door; he crept towards it, and just as he touched it he heard a man say, "We have had enough talking—let us vote," and many voices echoed, "Let us vote." "Where is the ballot-box?" asked the first speaker. "In the next room," answered someone. "Go and get it." The door was thrust open, and Mr. Tithedge crept behind it as it was opened.

"There's not enough light in here," said the man as he entered the room. Someone came in bearing a candle, and said, "You'll find the box in the far corner behind the screen"; then in a changed tone shouted, "What's this?—the window's open and the curtain is torn down! There has been a spy."

Men rushed into the room—hundreds of men it seemed to the trembling banker.

"He's got away!" exclaimed one; "gone down to the cellar. Run round and stop him!" And some men rushed through the room to the dining-room. There was a long pause and an awful silence—Mr. Tithedge could hear his own heart beat, and the sound seemed louder than the breathing of the multitude.

"We are fools!" cried a voice. "He couldn't have thrown the curtain back—he's in the room!" The door was flung back, heavy hands seized the unhappy wretch, and he was dragged into the dining-room.

When he became comparatively calm he found there were a dozen men in the room, all masked; four of them were holding him.

"I'm not a spy," he said in a trembling voice. "I'm Tithedge, the banker." There was an ugly laugh.

"Tithedge!" answered a man. "Why, you've lately established a foreign agency under which to spy upon us abroad."

"I'm here by accident."

"You will leave here by what the coroner will call an accident."

"For God's sake be just, gentlemen. I came here by invitation to see Miss Castleton, and fell asleep."

"Did you pull down the curtains in order to shade your eyes?" asked the man with the known voice.

"Did you open the window to cool your head?" inquired another.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, be careful! Remember that you, who are the children of Justice, must never take a human life if there be the smallest doubt about the justice of the sentence." His treacherous memory had caused him to quote one of the sentences which he had heard. "It is pure accident," he continued, "and I've heard next to nothing."

"That," answered one man coldly, "is why you quote a sentence from my speech. I think this is a perfectly clear case."

The poor banker uttered half a scream; the rest was stopped by a huge hand placed roughly on his mouth.

"We must vote," said one; "forms must be observed; bring the ballot-box."

Mr. Tithedge made frantic efforts to force away the almost suffocating hand. The ballot-box was brought in, but just as it was placed on the table, there was a knock at the door.

"Probably it is Brother Nicholas," exclaimed one of the men.

Some words were called out that the banker did not understand, then there

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Heavy hands seized the unhappy wretch, and he was dragged into the dining-room.

came an incomprehensible answer — probably a pass-word; the door was opened, and Mr. Castleton and his daughter entered, to the intense joy of Mr. Tithedge.

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"I am sorry," said Mr. Castleton, apparently not noticing the banker, "that we are late; we were called by a telegram to see Brother Paul, who has met with an accident, and we had to stay by his bedside. Alas! we have lost one of our most valuable members. What is this?" he continued, turning towards the banker.

"A spy that we found," answered a voice; "and we were putting to the ballot the question of his fate."

"Oh, father," cried Katrina, "it's Benjamin!"

"Take your hand from his mouth," said Mr. Castleton; "he won't scream. What does this mean, Mr. Tithedge?"

"I called by your daughter's invitation, and waited a long time and fell asleep. When I awoke, these gentlemen were here discussing something I did not understand. I heard little, but quite enough to frighten me, so I tried to escape by the window, but was caught."

"I'll answer for him!" called out Katrina. "He's a true man!"

"I, too, will answer for him," said Mr. Castleton.

There were murmurs. Mr. Castleton interrupted. "I was to have laid before you to-night the question of permitting my daughter to marry him."

"It won't do," said the man with the voice that Mr. Tithedge knew—an ugly voice. "The man has deceived you: he is really a 'nark.' It must be put to the ballot."

"Remove him," said Mr. Castleton, "to the next room, and keep him safely."

Two men dragged the banker back and held him tightly. No words could describe his feelings.

Five minutes later Mr. Castleton came into the room and told the custodians to set the banker free. Mr. Tithedge walked into the dining-room.

"Your case has been discussed," said Mr. Castleton, "and the brethren accept my statement concerning you. Since, however, they cannot tell how much you may know, they have decided that you must take the oath of the Society, though you will not be admitted to the full rights of membership till after they are satisfied that you are a trustworthy brother; and, of course, you will not be allowed to vote to-night."

The ceremony of initiation took place at once, and was rather disappointing to Mr. Tithedge, who had expected something romantic, of the death's-head and blood order, for he was merely required to take a solemn and elaborate oath of devotion and obedience to the Society, an oath which included in its curious formula the proposition that it was to be null and void if the Society should at any time call upon him to commit any crime of blood other than the execution of a spy or a traitor—a saving clause which gave a great deal of pleasure to the worthy banker. Immediately after the ceremony one of the members said that he thought that Mr. Tithedge ought not to vote in the ballot, and this view was taken by the others.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Tithedge did not sleep very well on the night of his election, but he ate his breakfast with a fair appetite next morning, for he received a grave little note from Katrina inviting him to tea, and telling him that the ballot had been favourable to the supposed spy. During the morning Mr. Tithedge bought a really superb engagement-ring, with which he presented himself in the afternoon. To his vexation, he did not find the girl alone, and, indeed, though he prolonged his visit as much as he could, her father never left the room, so the pleasure of the kiss upon which he had reckoned almost feverishly was denied to him.

During the rest of the week he called daily, and on each occasion he was disappointed by the demeanour of the girl, who seemed needlessly shy and coy, though her eyes and pretty mouth appeared eloquent of love. However, to his great delight, Mr. Castleton on Saturday said

that he might take her alone to Richmond to lunch on Sunday. Alas! on Sunday morning a special messenger arrived with a note from Mr. Castleton to say there was a meeting of the Society at twelve o'clock, at which the banker must be present. Although he was punctual, Mr. Tithedge found a dozen men in the dining-room, of whom seven were masked.

Almost as soon as Mr. Tithedge arrived, Mr. Castleton took the chair and began by reading a letter from the chief lodge announcing that the father of one of the London members, called Brother Fritz, had been arrested in Russia on a false charge of theft, and was likely to be convicted. At this there was a scene, for Brother Fritz seemed grief-stricken, and poured out curses and lamentations in broken English. After this came a discussion, in which, of course, the banker took no part, and the chief topic was the possibility of contriving the escape of the old man by the use of money. One member, called Brother Ivan, explained that he was acquainted with the gaolers and the judge, and that nothing could be done without a huge sum of money, as more than a dozen bribes would have to be given to the legal officials, and also to persons connected with the railway and the frontier police, in order to ensure a safe departure from Russia. Twenty thousand pounds, he said, would be needed at the least. Fritz groaned, for he was sure that unless released, his father would quickly die in Russian imprisonment. Mr. Tithedge had an uncomfortable feeling that the members expected him to make some offer, but nothing was said to him, and he held his peace. The president interrupted the discussion by saying that they had a more formidable matter to deal with, for such damning evidence had been discovered against the spy whom they had acquitted the week before that the chief lodge, under its extraordinary powers, had condemned him to death without further references to the lodges, and required a ballot immediately to be taken to ascertain the executioner.

The president then continued very gravely: "The duty falls to this lodge by reason of the balloting which has taken place at the chief lodge, and the member who draws No. 7 will be the appointed man to execute the traitor, who, as all the brothers save Mr. Tithedge know, was Gottlieb Funk, a postmaster at Leipsig."

Mr. Tithedge got up to protest, but his mouth was so dry that he could scarcely utter articulate speech. Mr. Castleton sternly ordered him to sit down. The banker tried to leave the room, but his legs failed him.

"Two periods," said the president, "are given to the executioner. If he fails to accomplish his task within ten days he must report himself to the local lodge and explain the reason, and real risk of capture or detection will be accepted as a reason. He will then have a further ten days, and then if, whatever the risk, he fail in his task he will be regarded as a traitor and executed by his assistant: for in the task he will be associated with the man who draws No. 6, whose duty it will be to proceed with him to Leipzig, and help him in every way possible short of actual participation in the act. Of course, indeed, every member of the whole Society will render all possible assistance and succour."

Mr. Tithedge again got up to protest: the president said harshly, "It is too late; you must take your chance, and I warn you that, if you should be chosen, you have no earthly hope of escape if you fail in your duty, for the hand of every member of the association will be against you, and there are zealous members in every land and in almost every rank of life. Bring in the box!"

A square wooden box with a fastened lid was brought in; at the top it had a hole large enough for a man's hand to enter. From a little drawer at the bottom of it the president took a number of metal discs the size of a florin, counted out thirteen of them, put the rest back in the drawer, closed it, and placed the chosen discs in the box through the hole at the top.

"The chances are equal. There is one disc for each member, each disc, of course, bearing a different number. Now," he continued, "I spin this coin to determine the order of choice. If it falls with the head uppermost I shall draw first, and the others in order beginning at my right; if it falls otherwise, Brother Fritz, who faces me, will draw first, and the others in order beginning at his right." The coin fell with the head uppermost. Mr. Tithedge counted anxiously: he would draw eighth. The president put in his hand, and, without a pause, drew out a disc, glanced at it, gave a sigh of relief, opened his hand, and showed a disc bearing No. 3, which he laid on the table. One after another the first four drew, and the same thing happened, except that the numbers were different. The fifth was Brother Fritz, and when he showed his disc, he exclaimed, with an oath: "I wish the number had come to me; it would, at any rate, have been a sort of revenge for my father."

The banker grew hot and cold with terror as he saw the harmless numbers drawn. The next man, Brother Ivan, a huge fellow with a red beard, displayed the 6. "I am the assistant," he said. The next exhibited No. 13. Then it became the banker's turn. His terror was so great that, when he tried to speak and protest, no sound came from his dry throat and mouth for a moment. At last he uttered, "I can't—I won't!" There was a long pause.

"If you refuse to draw," said the president, "it will be our duty here and now to treat and punish you as a traitor. Come," he said, with rather a kindly smile, "it is 5 to 1 in your favour."

The banker's hand trembled so much that he could hardly put it into the hole. For a long time he fumbled with the discs; at last, making a desperate effort, he clutched one, pulled it out, and uttered a great cry as he saw that it bore the fatal number. The president hurried round to him and put his arm about him in a kindly manner. "Bear up," he said, "it is a cruel fate, but with the assistance of the guild you are almost certain to escape."

The poor banker burst into tears and wept like a child: then suddenly, his mood changing, he cursed and swore volubly.

"'Tis hard luck," interrupted Brother Fritz; "if my father were safe I would gladly undertake it."

"Curse your father!" exclaimed Mr. Tithedge; "what's he to me?"

"Oh, my father! my poor father!" lamented the German, "why haven't I the money to save him with."

At this moment the president put a glass to the banker's lips, and Mr. Tithedge drank almost unconsciously. As he drank a brilliant thought came into his mind. "Brother Fritz," he said, "if you'll take my place I will find the twenty thousand pounds, or even more."

The German started.

"My father saved, and to kill that Funk, who once injured me, and on this occasion has denounced some of my friends!"

Brother Ivan interrupted: "Is such an arrangement possible, president: it is buying and selling justice."

The president paused for a moment: to Mr. Tithedge it seemed to be for an hour. "I hardly know," he answered; "the circumstances are quite exceptional, Mr. Tithedge not being a voluntary member, and the life of a valued member like Brother Fritz's father being in question."

The banker made a short and exceedingly eloquent speech in favour of the proposition; he was cut short by the president, who asked Brother Fritz whether, if permitted to do so, he accepted the offer.

"With Brother Ivan to help me and my friends in Leipsig, my native city, I will run no great risk, and I shall accept."

"Put it to the ballot," said one member.

"No," exclaimed half a dozen; "let it be as it is!"

"Does anyone insist on a ballot?" asked the chairman. No one answered. Turning to the banker, he said: "We must have the money to-morrow in small notes, and remember that your name and history and a snap-shot photograph taken of you will all be forwarded to-night to the chief lodge, and if you

play false no earthly force can save you from punishment, and I may add that until the money is paid Brother Ivan will not lose sight of you under any circumstances whatever."

"But I can't go about with a masked man," said the banker.

"He will remove his mask when he leaves the house; his identity will tell you nothing, though he desires to conceal it from some members here."

and it was with a sigh of relief that the banker at four o'clock found himself sitting alone in the salon at Mr. Castleton's nursing the notes in a bag specially bought for the purpose of holding them. He waited a quarter of an hour, surprised that no one came: suddenly he heard a pistol-shot and a shout, then a rushing noise—the dining-room door was burst open, and Katrina rushed in with a man whom he did not recognise.

He uttered a great cry as he saw it bore the fatal number.

The banker, who was in no mood for love-making, promptly left the house after agreeing to bring the money at four o'clock the next day, and so he had the privilege of Brother Ivan's society for rather more than twenty-four hours. His companion, a grim, powerful fellow, absolutely refused to leave him for a moment, and to the bewilderment of Mr. Tithedge's servants, actually slept on the floor of his room. His society was peculiarly obnoxious to the banker on the following day, when he was busy making arrangements to get the large sum in small notes,

"The police have raided us," he shouted, and the voice was that of Castleton, though the man looked less than forty. "Are those the notes in the bag?" The banker nodded, too startled for speech, and the man grabbed it. Katrina was busy opening a kind of box behind the shutters: she took out a long rope, fastened to a heavy iron hook, and the man opened the window.

"Where shall I fly to?" asked the banker in terror.

"Fly be d——d!" said the man; "you little fool, they won't hurt you."

There was a hammering at the outside door of the dining room. "Katrina," said the banker appealingly to the girl.

"Rats!" she replied abruptly, and putting the loop of the rope round her waist, climbed out of the window.

Just at this moment the outer door was burst open and a number of policemen rushed in. Castleton drew a revolver, but one of the policemen closed with him, and in a moment they were both down on the ground. Two policemen caught hold of Ivan and one seized Mr. Tithedge roughly; others ran to the window.

"The woman 's gone," shouted one.

"After her, Bill," said another.

Two of them went out by the window and swarmed down the rope. The hapless banker was dragged with needless violence into the hall, and on the way expostulated with his captor vainly. In very little more than no time he found himself in a four-wheeler with a large policeman sitting partly upon him and holding him firmly by the sleeve and neck, though he made no attempt to resist, but only vain efforts to speak, stayed summarily by the policeman, who shook him so violently by the collar as to cut off his breath. The rest of that day remains merely a vague, awful whirl in the mind of Mr. Tithedge. He recollects that he was taken to the police-station and charged by a voluble constable with some fearful offence, that his suggestion of bail was flouted, and his request that the police should communicate with his solicitors was rejected. He remembers that his night in the cells was not agreeable. Perhaps he might have slept during some portion of it if a lady next door had been forced to pause occasionally in her monotonous song about welcoming the C.I.V.

When he reached the police-court next morning Mr. Tithedge, for the first time, appreciated the fact that the appearance of a partly washed, unshaved, forty-year-old man in dirty linen does not inspire confidence. In the lobby outside the court he saw Katrina, not exactly the Katrina of his passion, since swarming down a rope, an adventure in a coal-cellar, a struggle in a back garden, a night in the cells, and a lack of hair-pins and powder, had sadly diminished her beauty. A callous constable prevented him from speaking to her, and, indeed, she showed some signs of gratitude to the policeman for his interference. A little later poor Mr. Tithedge, who till then had not guessed the position, discovered that he was charged with being a coiner. This, however, was less painful than the fact that Katrina was described by the inspector as the wife of the prisoner Kreshkin, who called himself Castleton, though she passed herself off as his daughter. Poor Mr. Tithedge hung his head, and the girl blushed at this. Formal evidence of arrest was given, and the prosecution asked for an adjournment; and then Kreshkin, otherwise Castleton, addressed the magistrate.

"Your Honour," he said, "the case against most of us is formidable, but there is one in the dock who ought not to be there, and that's Mr. Tithedge, the banker, who knew absolutely nothing about what passed at the house. I am sorry to say that my wife and I treated him very badly. Without giving details, I may state that we induced him to give us the twenty thousand pounds found in the bag taken by the police. He has never been in any room in the house save the dining-room and boudoir at the back. He's a very decent fellow, and absolutely innocent."

Katrina spoke: "It's quite true, your Honour. Mr. Tithedge is blameless, and I'm very sorry that our wicked contrivance should prejudice him, though glad he has not lost his money. Isn't it true," she continued, turning to her companions, "that Mr. Tithedge knew nothing about what was happening on the first floor?"

They all answered, "Yes, he was not one of us."

A man got up in the court, and the banker recognised his own solicitor.

"I can assure your Worship that Mr. Tithedge is a man of great wealth and splendid reputation, and his presence in the raided house must have been accidental."

"Is there anything known against the prisoner Tithedge?" asked the magistrate.

The burly policeman answered, "I saw him walking round and round the Square

some weeks ago late at night. He pretended to me he was training for a foot-race, but I knew better."

"He pretended to me he was training for a foot-race, but I knew better."

There was an ugly pause, broken by Katrina.

"I'm sorry to say that the gentleman, believing I was unmarried, paid honourable courtship to me, of which I am truly proud, and when not admitted to the house, paid what I may call amatory visits to the Square."

Mr. Tithedge blushed, and so did the girl. The court laughed. The inspector who had the case in hand informed the magistrate that nothing was known against the banker, and there was no wish to charge him, whereupon his Worship directed him to be set free.

"May I speak to the lady for a moment?" asked the banker timidly.

The magistrate nodded his head.

"Oh, Katrina!" exclaimed the little man in a low voice.

"I'm very sorry," she whispered, "and I got to like you so very much; but I'm really married to him."

"Was it all a plot?"

She bowed her head, and glanced at one of her companions. Mr. Tithedge recognised the man who had accosted her in Greek Street on the day when he first met her, and then he knew that the voice which so often had puzzled him was the voice of this man.

"I'm so sorry," she continued; "but glad you saved your money."

"The kiss," he whispered bravely, "would have been worth the money."

The girl thereupon blushed deliciously.

"And the Nihilism?" he asked.

"All bunkum."

"And the balloting?"

"All the discs had No. 7 upon them; but the other men, by sleight-of-hand, showed different numbers."

"And the——" But the magistrate interrupted.

"Now then, we must go on with our work."

The banker warmly shook the hand of the girl.

"Remember," he said, "I'll find all the money that is needed for your defence and that of Mr. Castleton."

Then he crawled out of the court, and the rest of the affair is a matter of common knowledge.

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FLAGS WE HAVE FOUGHT FOR.

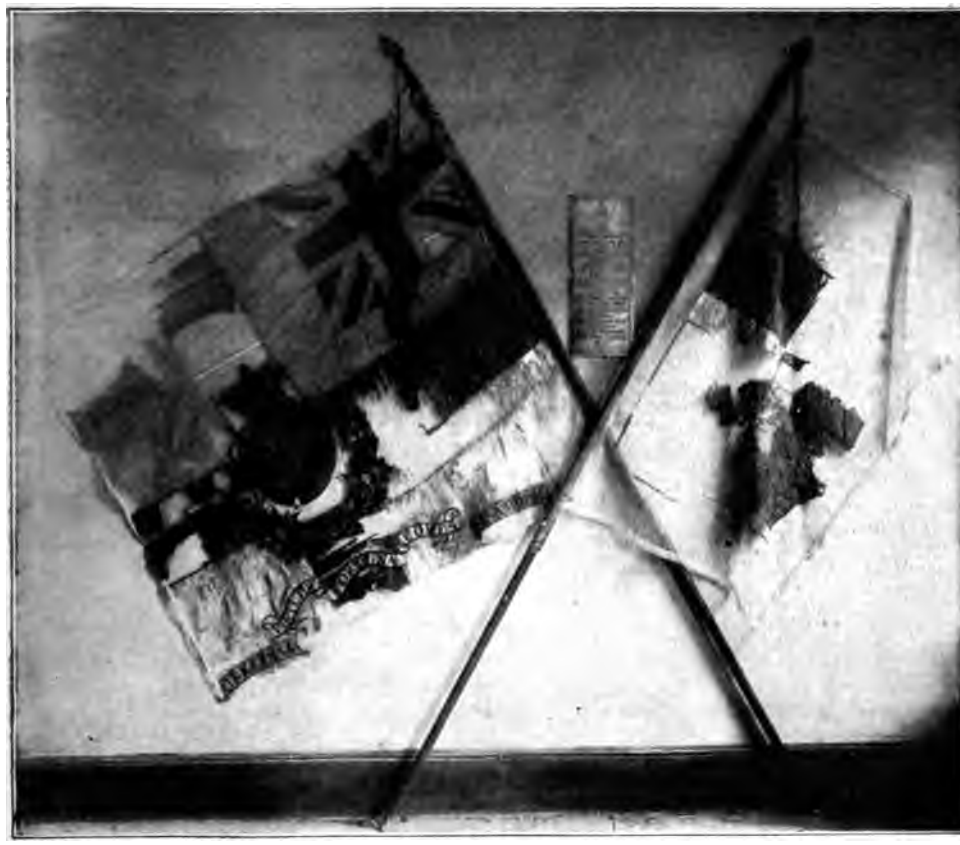
By HORACE WYNDHAM.

DESPITE the contrary assertions of our lady "military" novelists, British regiments no longer go into action accompanied by their "colours." Hence the thrilling accounts that these authorities give us of "scattered remnants rallying round the regimental standard under a fierce hail of bullets and dyeing its silken folds with their blood, in their noble efforts to prevent the glorious emblem falling into the hands of the enemy," etc., are merely the outcome of their vivid imaginations. Indeed, it is more than twenty years since any flag belonging to the English Army was exposed to any more deadly missile than the blank ammunition of a review-parade. The actual order responsible for this was issued by the Duke of Cambridge, and bore the date of March 2, 1882. For some time previous to this, however, the Commander-in-Chief's instructions had been anticipated by several battalions when going on active service. So far back as the year 1863, for example, three corps which were about to take part in an expedition on the North-West Frontier of India were ordered to leave their colours behind them in charge of a battalion remaining in garrison. In the same way, when, in 1878, the Shropshire Light Infantry accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts into Afghanistan, they left their colours at Lucknow.

The chief reason for this discontinuance of a custom that had been in existence almost as long as has the standing army itself is contributed by the increased precision of modern rifle-fire. In the days of the old smooth-bore muzzle-loading weapons the chances of being hit by a bullet were (unless one were only a few yards off at the time) comparatively slight. Now, however, this is no longer the case; for what with magazine-rifles and cordite ammunition, etc., the dangers of the present-day battlefield are infinitely greater than they were in the days of our grandfathers. It was found, too, that the enemy's hottest fire was always directed upon the "colour-party," and that the sacrifice of valuable lives entailed by the safeguarding of the colours was frequently so pronounced as almost to cripple an entire regiment. Accordingly, the military authorities gradually came to the opinion that, despite their abundantly proved value as an incentive to personal daring, the result of permitting colours to be taken into action was not, on the whole, commensurate with the loss involved thereby. Although this decision has dealt a somewhat serious blow at esprit de corps, it must nevertheless be regarded as an eminently wise one by all thinking men.

Despite the great interest taken in military affairs in this country, it never seems to have been anyone's special business to arrange for the safe custody of regimental flags which have been replaced by new ones. The consequence of this extraordinary and regrettable omission is that on several occasions instances have come to light of flags which have played a glorious part on many a hard-fought battlefield being subsequently found in the possession of private individuals, who have treated them with but scant respect. Some little time ago, for example, the regimental colours of the Dorsetshire Regiment (which had once floated proudly over Gibraltar during the three years of its famous siege)

were discovered cut up into squares and covering the sofa-cushion of a London tradesman. Again, two of the colours which the Gloucester Regiment had carried in Egypt under Abercromby, and in the Peninsula under Wellington, were rescued about ten years ago from a pawnbroker's shop in York. In *Notes and Queries*, too, a



THE OLD COLOURS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.
This picture shows how flags are preserved. Remnants are pieced out and fitted on a slight frame of gauze.

contributor wrote some little time back that he had observed hanging from the window of a shop in the parish of St. Martin's a complete regimental colour, which was exposed "to fly and flap about amid the smut and soil of smoky glass as if it had been a mere piece of, comparatively speaking, worthless bunting." Other flags in whose defence gallant men have cheerfully laid down their lives have actually made their last public appearance in an auction-room, to be handed over to the highest bidder to do as he pleased with. Indeed, there is nothing to prevent their being purchased under these circumstances for the edification of the trippers on a Thames steam-boat.

Such discreditable occurrences are nowadays, happily, very rare, for in nearly every instance of late, when a regiment has received new colours its old ones have been formally handed over to the authorities of the local cathedral or parish church. Sometimes they are presented to the officers' mess instead, or else to the Council of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. When they are disposed of in this last manner, they fall into the able hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Holden, the secretary of the

institution. This officer is a great authority on the subject of regimental colours, and has made a special study of the history of those which have thus come under his care.

Many of the flags at Whitehall have been exposed to such an extent to the battle and bullet that they are now little more than mere patches of silk hanging in strips from rotten and worm-eaten poles. In some instances, however, they have been skilfully repaired, the usual plan being to "mount," as it were, the precious shreds on to a piece of fine muslin. An example of the process is shown in the accompanying photograph.

The colours in question are those of the old 33rd Foot (now known as the 1st Battalion the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment). They remained in use for just a quarter of a century—from 1854 to 1879—during which time they were carried into action by this distinguished corps at the battles of the Alma (where nineteen sergeants fell in their defence) and Inkerman, and the siege of Sevastopol. Later on they accompanied the regiment on Lord Napier's Expedition to Abyssinia. Only a few square inches of their original folds now remain. Their glorious associations, however, will last for all time, for as the poet has sung—

A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,
It does not look likely to stir a man's soul:
'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag,
When the pole was a staff and the rag was a flag!

Doggerel though this may be, the sentiment expressed therein nevertheless rings true.

A second set of colours belonging to the same regiment is preserved at Whitehall. They were presented to the corps by its Colonel (General Sir Charles Wale, K.C.B.) in 1832, and came into the possession of the Royal United Service Institution in 1861. During the years 1838-40, the Duke of Cambridge performed his first military service under them at Gibraltar. On the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, the regiment (in which, by the way, this illustrious soldier had received his early training) was brought to London from Glasgow. The escort for the colours was billeted at the Colonel's town house, and the precious flags, of course, accompanied them there. Naturally thinking that they would be in perfectly safe hands under the roof of their own Colonel, the officers in charge of the colours do not appear to have looked after them very carefully. At any rate, when leaving the house they found, to their horror, that one of the Colonel's household had actually repaired certain glorious rents in them with portions of a white silk wedding-dress!

Depending from one of the galleries of the museum of the R.U.S.I. is a very interesting row of old war-flags. Conspicuous among them is one which formerly belonged to the 43rd Monmouthshire (now Oxfordshire) Light Infantry, and as such was carried by them in the Peninsular War. Despite the length of time that has elapsed since then, it is still in a fairly good state of preservation.

The two flags shown in the appended photographs originally belonged to the 39th Foot, or, as it is now called, the 1st Battalion the Dorsetshire Regiment. The history of this corps dates from the year 1702, when it was raised in Ireland. It took part in the defence of Gibraltar during its memorable siege, and afterwards served in the Peninsular and Crimean campaigns. For its long service in India (where it greatly distinguished itself under Clive) the regiment was granted for its motto the words: "Primus in Indis." At the battle of Maharajpore, in 1843, it captured four guns and two standards from the enemy. The second battalion of this corps is on active service in South Africa at the present date.

Immediately below the colours of the 39th are a number of flags which were captured from the Chinese in 1860. There are also in the museum of the Institution a number of others which are relics of the previous war of 1841 in the same quarter of the globe. The majority of these were taken by the British troops

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OLD WAR FLAGS IN THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL.

OLD WAR FLAGS OF THE 39TH FOOT IN THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL.
Below are the tops of some Chinese flags which were captured in the war of 1860.

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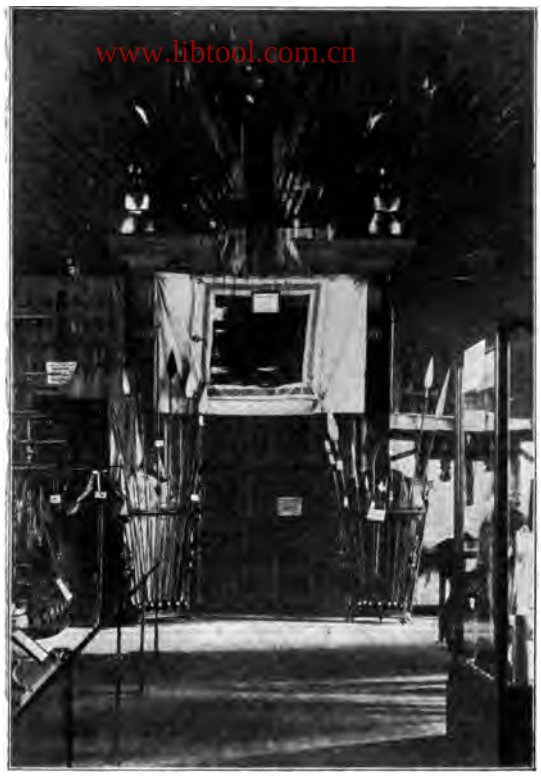

THE BRITISH FLAG WHICH WAS HOISTED OVER GORDON'S PALACE, SEPT. 4, 1898, THE DAY AFTER LORD KITCHENER'S VICTORY OVER THE KHALIFA.
Below is the Khalifa's flag; the Dervish flag on the left.

engaged in the assault upon Chusan. They were presented to the R.U.S.I. by Admiral Sir Edward Belcher. Owing to the fact that flags are almost as common in China as chopsticks, and that an immense quantity of them were captured during the operations in question, it is not easy to regard them with any special veneration.

With reference, however, to some other flags which are included in the collection at Whitehall of those taken from the enemy, the case is very different. The colours coming under this heading originally belonged to certain French infantry regiments, and were most gallantly defended by them. In the end, however, they fell into the hands of a mixed naval and military force (one of the officers of which was Lord Nelson) on the occasion of the surrender of Bastia, during the operations in Corsica in 1794. In one of the windows of the Banqueting Hall at the R.U.S.I. are two other standards under which Napoleon's troops once fought with those of an English General. They were captured at the battle of Salamanca on July 22, 1812, and were presented to the Prince Regent by the "Iron Duke's" aide-de-camp. There is some doubt, however, as to whether these particular emblems were properly authorised ones or not, for many experts are of opinion that they were private standards made by the men of the two regiments carrying them into action on this occasion. Some colour is lent to this theory by reason of the fact that these flags are very poorly fashioned in comparison with the splendid ones in general use in the French army at this period.

Just above one of the doorways of the R.U.S.I. Museum is the exceedingly interesting group of flags shown in the accompanying photograph.

At the top is the British flag which was hoisted over Gordon's Palace at Khartoum on Sept. 4, 1898, the day after Lord Kitchener's memorable victory over the Khalifa. The flag is in an extremely dilapidated condition, and it has been found necessary to hold it together by strips of fine net. Beneath it is the flag that was captured by our troops on this occasion from the Khalifa; while the flag on the left bearing an Arabic inscription is a Dervish one. On either side of this doorway are a number of broad-bladed spears which were used by the enemy during the same campaign.

The next photograph shows eight colours hanging from the Eastern Gallery. They were presented to the R.U.S.I. by the authorities of the Tower of London, in whose custody they were originally placed. These particular emblems are of somewhat peculiar interest, owing to the fact that they belonged to the now disbanded British Foreign Legions, which

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were formed to co-operate with our forces at the time of the Crimean War. These regiments, which were raised partly in England and partly abroad (in Germany and Switzerland), remained in existence for only two years. Their regimental colours are handsomely designed, consisting, in the case of the Anglo-Swiss battalions, of a red cross on a black ground, with the union in the upper canton.

The standard projecting from the wall in the photograph on the next page was carried originally by the Royal Horse Guards. It is made of richly embroidered damask, and is heavily fringed with gold. In the various State ceremonies that took place at the beginning of the last century it was frequently used. The flag in the centre of the sword-and-pistol trophy below it is a recent acquisition to the Whitehall collection. It was captured from the Boers at the battle of Pieters Hill, in February 1900, by Captain Agnew, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Other Household Cavalry standards preserved in the R.U.S.I. belonged at one time to the 2nd Life Guards, and were carried by them from 1820 to 1830. They were used on the occasion of the coronation of George IV., and also at his funeral. In appearance they are very striking, being made of crimson damask, with the crown and royal cipher embroidered in the centre, and surrounded by a fringe of gold cord. By the way, a peculiarity in connection with cavalry standards consists in the fact that they are not consecrated on presentation to a regiment, as is invariably the case with regard to the colours of an infantry corps. Lancer or Hussar regiments carry no standards.

Very appropriately, the colours of such regiments as are associated with the City of London are, on their replacement by new ones, provided in several instances with a resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral. Foremost among those corps in which this practice has been observed may be mentioned the Royal Fusiliers and the Middlesex Regiment. The former of these corps (which is still

OLD WAR FLAGS IN THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL.
The flags include those of the British-Swiss and British-German Legions.

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OLD STANDARD OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.
Preserved in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution.

officially styled the "City of London Regiment") has a set of colours hanging here which were almost the last ones in the British Army to be taken on active service. As will be seen from the accompanying photograph, there is now little more than the bare poles and tassels left of them. At the battle of the Nive this regiment suffered so severely that its colours had to be carried into action by two officers who had each lost an arm. At the Alma, too, the escort for the colours had, during a portion of the action, to be composed of sergeants, all the officers having already fallen in their defence.

At Albuera the Middlesex Regiment distinguished itself so greatly by its display of stubborn valour—twenty-three of its officers and 168 of its rank-and-file being left on the field—that it has ever since been known as the "Die-Hards." In this battle, too, its colours were so riddled with bullets that they had to be renewed *shortly after.* In commemoration of the *exceptional gallantry of* the corps it was specially granted a badge, consisting of a laurel-wreath, with the word "Albuera" at the base. The authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral have in their charge two sets of colours belonging to this regiment. While one of these sets is in a good state of preservation, this is not the case with the other.

A second set of regimental colours which have been deposited for safe custody in the same hands belonged in former days to the Coldstream Guards. This regiment, by the way, has not always been so fortunate in finding a suitable resting-place for its old colours, for in 1816, when its second battalion was returning to England from France, its colours were lost. At any rate, they were not forthcoming when the battalion disembarked, and a new set had accordingly to be applied for. Just thirty-four years later, however, they were found in the lumber-room of General Sir Alexander Woodford, in whose baggage they had been packed.

Although, when committed to the custody of a church, regimental flags are

THE COLOURS CARRIED BY THE ROYAL FUSILIERS IN THE AFGHAN WAR OF 1879.
Now in St. Paul's Cathedral.

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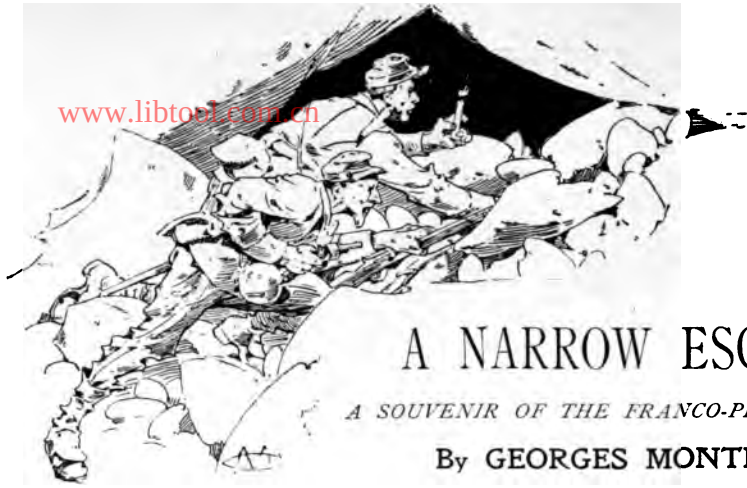
usually well looked after, instances have occurred which go to prove that this is not always the case. For example, sufficient care is not invariably taken to preserve them from dampness, and when this happens, the silk of which the colours are made will be found to rot in a very few years. The only remedy would be for the War Office to hold the Colonel of a regiment strictly responsible for the safe custody of the colours of his regiment. Frequent visits of inspection would then be paid by this officer to the place where they were deposited, and a report of their condition made to headquarters at regular intervals. Should this not be deemed feasible, however, the military authorities could not do better than insist upon all colours being handed over on their "retirement" to the care of Colonel Holden for preservation in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution at Whitehall. Surely it is not too much to ask that the flags for which our soldiers have fought and died should be spared, on their withdrawal from use, the possibility they have too often incurred of subjection to the indignities of the pawnshop and the auction-room.

TWO BATTLE-TORN FLAGS OF THE 57TH FOOT (MIDDLESEX REGIMENT), *Now in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

OTHER FLAGS OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT, *Now in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

OLD WAR FLAGS OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, *Now in St. Paul's Cathedral.*



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A NARROW ESCAPE.

A SOUVENIR OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

By GEORGES MONTBARD.

Illustrated by the Author.

WE had been at Arcueil a week. We were quartered in the houses of the village. My company was lodged in a villa near the aqueduct.

The open space in the lower arches of the aqueduct had been filled in with lumps of rough stone; under some of them, which had one side walled up and the other closed by a palisade, camped the Mobiles of Saône-et-Loire. One arch had been left free for the passage of troops, and fascines and barrels full of stone were standing within reach on the right and left of the entrance, ready to close it in case of alarm. Outside were earthwork entrenchments and stockades defending the approaches. The Mobiles were on guard.

I was with Albert Lasalle of my company, a brave, sturdy companion. He was a native of Arcueil, and we had arranged to make a trip together to the abandoned quarries which extend over a large area in the neighbourhood, with a view to picking up a few mushrooms. In times of famine a dish of mushrooms is a feast fit for a king.

One of our comrades had procured—I know not by what act of sorcery—a quarter of a pound of butter. A quarter of a pound of butter for the eighty famished stomachs composing the company was poor, but it would nevertheless have been a corollary as appetising as rare to the savoury cryptogams perceived in imagination, and of which we hoped to gather an abundant harvest.

In the morning we had gnawed the thigh-bone of an aged horse, to which were hanging a few shreds of tough meat, either raw or burnt to a cinder, and had stuffed ourselves with rice prepared with salt and water. On this more than Spartan meal, washed down with a glass of that small wine which is known in the neighbourhood of Paris as *petit bleu*, some coffee as light as the conscience of a seminarist, and a dram of the harshest brandy, Lasalle and I set out, without breathing a word anent our expedition, in quest of the *plat de résistance*, the spongy fungi.

The entrance to the quarries was a few hundred yards from the aqueduct, in a gully, at a short distance from the German outposts. One ran the risk of receiving some bullets from the enemy by approaching too near in the open, but Lasalle understood the topography of the spot perfectly, and knew of an entrance we could reach unperceived by the vigilant foe.

It was bitterly cold; the hard, crisp snow, mingled with earth, was of a dirty white colour, and broken here and there by the sombre relief of a ridge, the slender entanglement of a thorny hedge, by an isolated tree; in places one perceived the flash of a pool, of a strip of frozen water. A dull reflex filtered through a

leaden sky, lighting up with an uncertain glimmer the rugged, hilly land, the roads furrowed with deep ruts left by the cannon-wheels.

The frozen air, motionless, appeared as if paralysed in the mighty grasp of the cold, which tore the face, lacerated the hands, penetrated the bones so acutely that one seemed to experience the sharp sensation of a burn.

Absolute calm reigned everywhere. Sometimes, in this terrible silence, a tree split from top to bottom with the dry crack of a whip, a detached branch fell to the ground with a crash; then death-like silence returned.

From time to time a piercing bugle-call threw out its brief metallic note, ending suddenly as if strangled by the rigour of the atmosphere.

A dull, prolonged detonation was heard at regular intervals in the distance, resembling the groan of some monstrous animal, reverberating in a smothered rumble; then again frigid silence reigned over all.

It was the Prussian batteries firing on Paris, the explosion of the accumulated anger of a people served by Krupp cannon, those iron and steel giants howling their ferocious war-song and vomiting their stream of iron on the illustrious city. It was the enemy—the ancient, obstinate, implacable enemy, eager in his work of destruction. Every minute, with mathematical precision, the terrible storm burst upon the capital.

The long rigid outline of the aqueduct hiding the village stretched out sharp behind us. On our right, a little in the background, rose the menacing silhouette of the fort of Hautes-Bruyères, then silent. In front the German entrenchments were easily discernible by the freshly disturbed earth, standing out in black on the livid whiteness of the ground.

Lighting our pipes, we skirted the bottom of an embankment which sheltered us from the enemy's view and fire. In a few minutes we had reached the ravine, and stopped before a rather lofty opening, beneath which we disappeared. We were in the quarries.

I followed Lasalle, who had lit a candle, along a corridor of very irregular dimensions and form. It twisted and turned with sudden curves, describing ingeniously complicated passages, or rounding off in gentle bends, and crossing other roads with innumerable intersections. Sometimes these passages were eight feet high and twelve or sixteen feet wide; then they all at once became smaller, the ceiling lowered, the sides approached each other: we had to stoop to pass: it was impossible to advance two abreast.

The road, in places, had become obstructed by the fall of stone; one had to go flat on one's stomach, crawl, wriggle over the rubbish, to get through the narrow tunnel connecting two sections of the thoroughfare.

Occasionally we came upon a spacious crossway nearly sixteen feet high, upon

Arcueil.

which five or six arteries abutted. Rock formed the ceiling of these passages; superposed blocks of stone, roughly hewn, supported the weight of the vault, and gave the covered trenches an appearance of regularity. On either side, in the wider

alleys, heaps of sand mixed with fine earth kept together by borders of stones, ran parallel to the walls. Here grew some mushrooms, which we gathered and stuffed into the pockets of our great-coats.

There was a mild, moist warmth there that enveloped us; after the cold outside,

Lasalle suddenly stopped.

we experienced inexpressible delight in feeling this tepid air, caressing and soft as down, penetrate within us. Our stiffened joints were limbered; our limbs resumed all their pliancy.

Little by little a heavy drowsiness, an irresistible numbness, took the place of this feeling of well-being. One felt overcome by an intense desire to sink down on this fine sand, to stretch one's self out there at full length and sleep indefinitely.

This feeling of torpor was due to the warm air, insufficiently renewed by the shafts which at certain spots started from the galleries to open outside on a level with the ground. At their mouths old palings were rotting where they stood; on the inside, from top to bottom, long poles, supplied with cross-pieces, seemed at first sight to make it within the limits of possibility to reach the open air; but most of them were in such a deplorable state, and such of the cross-pieces as remained were so worm-eaten, that one must have been influenced by an earnest desire to break one's neck to risk the ascent. Besides, in many cases the primitive ladder came to an end several yards from the mouth of the shaft.

The heat meanwhile had become so intolerable that we had thrown off our great-coats and left them in a recess, intending to get them on our way back.

I had at first experienced some apprehension in advancing to the end of these dismal corridors, but Lasalle did not show the slightest hesitation; he seemed perfectly at home in the midst of this labyrinth, and wandered with surprising ease among the thousand zigzags of these innumerable alleys. Not being accustomed, as he was, to such subterranean wanderings, I fell a prey to that oppressive anxiety of the unknown, of the danger which creeps over one, which one does not see but feels—that painful prostration of one's will in the face of an imminent but invisible danger. Little by little, however, in presence of Lasalle's imperturbable tranquillity, this feeling disappeared; I had but one thought, as he had—that of finding more mushroom-beds.

We had just crossed a narrow corridor which Lasalle told me ended in a broad, spacious trench that would lead us to our point of departure. We had great difficulty in following this, however. A recent fall of stone had made it almost impassable. Large blocks, barely clinging to the ceiling, hung so precariously above us that as we advanced we were oppressed with the apprehension that a vibration of the ground, an echo of voices, the slightest noise, would be enough to make them fall. Then it would be death—the instantaneous death of the bullock felled by a blow from the pole-axe, if one were struck; or slow-

hideous death in a stone sepulchre, a prey to the pangs of hunger and thirst, with the superadded horror of darkness.

We had hardly got beyond this dangerous pass when Lasalle, who usually had so much command over himself, suddenly stopped. There was a concentration of terror in his eyes, steadfastly fixed on something before him, and painful stupefaction in his disturbed features. I followed the direction of his gaze, and felt a violent shock. There was no further passage. The roof had given way: blocks of stone rose up one upon the other, completely barring the road which was to have led us to the entrance to the quarries.

He advanced and examined the obstacle. The top of the vault in tumbling down had broken into a number of pieces, which formed an irregular mass, with prominent corners and deep recesses. Only a block at the bottom touched the ground with one of its sides, the other resting on a few ill-adjusted stones which kept it in such uncertain equilibrium that a slight touch, a single stone detached from the heap, would have sufficed to bring down the whole set and with it the huge block, thus deprived of its support.

As it was, it left in its sloping position a narrow triangular opening, with hardly room enough for a human being to slip through. But how far did that opening go? The roof must have fallen in for some distance, and it was very likely that there were other accumulations of rock farther on hermetically closing the corridor.

The chances of passing were so uncertain, so fraught with the unforeseen, that one might virtually consider it impossible to escape through this stone wall.

Lasalle continued kneeling before the aperture with his candle in his hand. He made a movement as if he meant to try to get through it, but suddenly he stopped, his head falling slowly on his chest.

When I approached him, I saw that his whole body was in a tremble. He said to me in a deadened voice: "There has been a fall of stone; the road is blocked up."

Lasalle's speech at this moment had a peculiar intonation: it was weak, muffled, but distinct, although articulated in a broken, hollow tone, and seemed to come from a distance. It expressed such cruel agony, such complete discouragement, that a prolonged shudder ran through me.

"Blocked!" he repeated mechanically, and in that simple syllable there was such an intensity of suffering that I was, for the moment, incapable of uttering a word, of making a sign. In presence of the profound despair of this man, whose cool audacity and bravery I had witnessed, I for an instant forgot our terrible position. This incomprehensible weakness on the part of one whose spirit was habitually so dauntless affected me through all the fibres of my being: I was overcome by

There was a concentration of terror in his eyes.

an intense pity. He added, in the same distressed, distant voice—

"Unless behind that block there——"

Suddenly, with a brusque movement, he half raised himself, as if galvanised. With a rapid gesture he signed to me to be silent; he blew out the light, and in the gloomy night, doubled up, motionless,

holding our breath, the muscles and nerves strained like springs, we listened.

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At that moment a distant confused noise, vaguely perceptible, reached our ears. Then there was a murmur of voices, a trample of men on the march; the party approached now, the noise became louder; the sounds were defined; the ground, trodden on by a numerous crowd, vibrated, and small stones and rubble fell from the walls.

On our knees, our revolvers in our hands, in mute anxiety we waited.

Then behind us there was a dull, prolonged rumble, followed by a commotion which violently shook the ground: a few stones rolled to where we knelt. A cold perspiration stood out on our foreheads.

"Our retreat is cut off; we are blocked," said Lasalle in a low voice. "Behind us the roof of the gallery has collapsed, and the Prussians are in front of us."

This time his intonation was firm and clear. He continued: "There is a trench opening on our right, but it is three parts filled up, and I do not know whether it ends at a shaft or communicates with other corridors that are more practicable. It is also possible that the Prussians, alarmed at the falling in of the roof, will not attempt to advance any further—supposing the road is free beyond the hole—but will retrace their steps. We shall not be long in ascertaining this."

The buzzing sound of a moment before began again: it was now a prolonged, indescribable noise of bodies gliding along the walls, of displaced stones tumbling down, of arms clanking against the sides of the gallery and being dragged over loose stones. From time to time an energetic, harshly emphasied oath burst out, rising above the tumult; a warning was given. The party was passing. Already a pale, vacillating light lingered round the edges of the hole.

"The road is free!" Lasalle whispered.

We heard the sound of panting respiration; strong effluvia came from these perspiring men; a musty smell exhaled from their uniforms, impregnated with all sorts of odours of war—tobacco, camp, kitchen—and filtered through the small opening to us.

At every instant the aperture shone more brightly. Suddenly a hand grasping a candle was seen; an arm followed; then a head with a helmet appeared.

The flame lit us up in full—Lasalle and me; and the brass of the Prussian's helmet and chin-strap sparkled: an elongated shadow was traced on the vaulted roof—a broad, queerly outlined black band.

The man saw us. I shall never forget the expression of stupefaction, of appalling fright, that suddenly distorted his features: with his mouth twisted into a horrible grin, his face livid, his eyes staring, the pupils dilated to their utmost, crushing the candle between his stiffened fingers, he seemed as if petrified before our two revolvers.

He remained thus for a full minute. Then a savage cry, the stifled howl of a wild beast at bay, burst from his throat—a cry of terror, impotence, rage, of superhuman intensity, which made a shudder run through us into the very marrow of our bones—and immediately afterwards he tried to retreat. His elbow struck sharply against one of the stones serving as a support for the block beneath which he lay, and displaced it. The enormous mass oscillated for a moment, and then slowly came down.

The features of the wretch were distorted; inexpressible suffering contracted his face; we heard a cracking of bones that were being broken, and his body flattened itself out. With a convulsive effort he raised his head; the lips grinned upon his clinched teeth; a fugitive sparkle lit up his pupils, which were almost immediately veiled; a big tear formed in the corner of his left eyelid; the head with the helmet on it fell inert—he was dead.

A thin stream of blood issued from beneath the huge rock, staining the whiteness of the stones with purple, and dug its ruby furrow in the dust. The strained arm was extended with threatening rigidity, the candle continuing to burn between the contracted fingers.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" exclaimed Lasalle with a strange smile. "After him, ourselves!"

The terrible cry to which the unfortunate fellow had given utterance had

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A head with a helmet appeared.

been followed by great calm amid the Prussians. Then, after vain attempts to disengage their comrade, they had retired, leaving two of their party to guard the corpse. We could hear them talking in a low voice.

Lasalle, lighting our candle at that of the dead man, said to me: "Now, my boy, there is no time for hesitation; we must dash in there, cost what it may," and he pointed to the only corridor remaining free: "there lies our sole chance of safety, if it be one. We shall either pass or not: let us first of all try. There will be still time to think of the last contingency." Showing me his revolver, he added, "We can always abridge our tiresome solitude if it should prove too prolonged."

Lasalle, taking the lead, advanced into the dangerous way with perfect presence of mind and astounding assurance. He tapped the ground, sounded the openings, scrutinised the stability of the blocks. He had recovered himself entirely.

The trench was straight and high, resembling a cleft resulting from a natural separation of the rocks. Its height was from twenty to twenty-five feet, with a medium breadth of four feet or less. But mounds of broken stone were heaped up in places almost to the top, and it was necessary to climb up these moving inclines and descend the other side with minute precautions at every movement. Frequently a part of the fallen stone had stopped, suspended half-way, and we were then obliged to wriggle like reptiles over the lacerating fragments, beneath the overhanging mass. A too rough movement of the knees, a clumsy blow from the elbow or the shoulder, an imprudent effort of the hips disturbing a stone, and the whole thing would have collapsed and buried us.

The air was mephitic and heavy; springs trickled through the rents in the rocks, and stagnant water shone dully in crevices; unhealthy penetrating dampness oozed from the rugged sides striated with greenish streaks.

We had stopped for a moment, utterly tired. Lasalle looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock. At seven we had entered this infernal conduit; we had therefore been wandering about these catacombs for two hours, and nothing indicated that we were near an outlet of any sort. To cap our misfortune, our candle was nearly consumed: it displayed a last bluish flame and went out. For a second the wick burned with a hardly perceptible red glimmer: it fluttered, and darkness was complete.

Then deep discouragement took possession of me—a general weariness of body and mind; I felt the imperious need of remaining where I stood; I was conscious of nothing but the insurmountable desire for immediate, absolute rest that should last for ever.

Lasalle took me roughly by the arm, dragged me up, and exclaimed in a harsh voice, "Wake up! Let us go! Come on!"

I walked on passively, stumbling behind him. I went forward automatically, without knowing what I did.

We still had a few matches. We made use of them in difficult passes. We had two newspapers; we tore them in pieces, twisted them up, made torches of them and lit them. The flame lasted a few seconds, gliding across the smooth parts of the walls, wandering over the heaps of stone, catching the roughnesses. Fantastical shadows danced around us, and night, frightful night, returned with horrible silence.

We burned the last match, the last piece of paper, and then, raving, rushed madly along in the dark.

Hallucination began. The thought of the Prussian lying in his blood, crushed beneath the rock, haunted us. We seemed to feel that his flattened-out corpse was after us, endeavouring to detain us with its crushed hands. Pursued by the horrible vision, we hurried onward, wild, yelling, in the thickness of night. Stones rolled beneath our feet with a resounding crash; we struck our heads against the salient parts of the walls; our hands were bleeding, torn by their sharp edges; we sank in holes so small that our bodies could barely enter them. After desperate efforts we reached the other end, streaming with perspiration, and almost suffocated. Then,

in the sinister shadow, in a paroxysm of frenzy, the infuriated flight recommenced, and we darted on with the tenacity of the brute, impelled by the powerful desire to live.

At one time the atmosphere became less dense, almost fresh. Hope revived, our strength redoubled. Puffs of air reached us, laden with pungent smells of plants. We must be near an opening of some sort communicating with the exterior. We sprang forward eagerly, inhaling with open lungs the powerful emanations from above. All at once, at a turning, a pale stream of light appeared—the dawn of deliverance. Then it was a savage race, a series of extravagant bounds to reach the opening so ardently desired.

It was a shaft: above appeared a luminous circle—the heavens. It was air, life! For a few minutes we lay there panting, almost fainting under the excess of fatigue and delight.

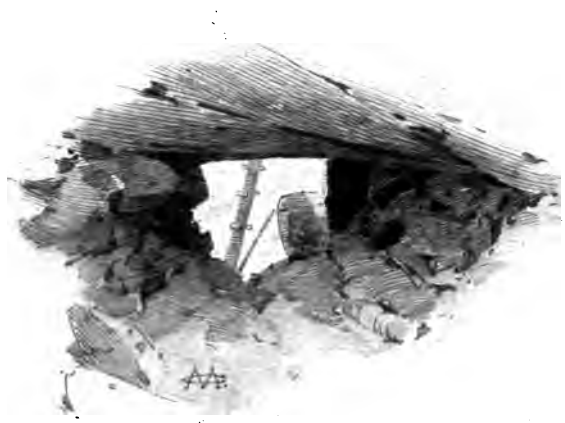
We noted the existence of a ladder. Lasalle examined the pole; it would bear our weight, and some cross-pieces were still affixed to it; in addition to that, the sides of the shaft were riddled with holes, the result of the fall of stones. The mortar which had kept them in their place had been eaten away by the weather, so that they had become detached and lay strewn at the bottom. Thanks to these cavities, it was possible by the help of the pole to reach the top.

The rotten wood was soft and spongy, as if coated over with a slimy substance, against which the knees and thighs had little hold: in order not to slip we had to clasp the pole with a firm grasp.

It bent with an ominous crack beneath the weight of our bodies. At every instant we were afraid of feeling it break and of being precipitated downward. The ascent was performed in silence, for we were in ignorance as to whether we should come out on the French lines or on those of the enemy.

It was laborious work. We hoisted ourselves up with the contortions of monkeys; we clung to old beams fixed in the wall, into which the fingers sank as into dough, so complete was their rottenness; we clutched projecting stones, bushes that had grown in the interstices between the masonry, worm-eaten cross-beams traversing the shaft diametrically, everything within arm's reach, and slowly, painfully advanced upward. From time to time the pole, as the result of a rather smart shake, oscillated with a groan, or a cross-piece gave way to the hand or the foot. Then we slid down several feet, and it was hard work to regain the lost ground.

Above us we still perceived the blue circle strewn with stars, and the pale moon, shining with the frigid light of polished steel.



The mine.

We often stopped, exhausted, and listened in the shadow, breathless, bathed in perspiration, bruised. We could hear the violent beating of our hearts. Then the slow ascent recommenced.

Once a cross-piece, upon which Lasalle was resting, broke with a loud noise, and he would have been launched into space if with the agility of an acrobat he had not, in the twinkling of an eye, seized the pole. In response to his spring it bent, and shook from top to bottom, but in an instant it assumed its former straightness. A few stones torn from the edge of the shaft went clattering to the bottom. Out of prudence we stopped. Lasalle clasped the pole. I had one foot on a stone that jutted out, and the other in a hole, and balanced myself by holding on to a rusty

iron spike fixed in the wall. We remained motionless, gazing intently at the sky.

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A shadow crossed the circle of light, and a human form appeared at the orifice. It was a Bavarian. We recognised him by the black crest of his helmet. They had placed a sentinel there : we were at the Prussian outposts.

The noise caused by the broken cross-piece and the fall of stones and mortar beneath us had attracted his attention. He sought to ascertain the cause of this unusual occurrence. We remained as motionless as statues. He bent over, staring into the darkness, his finger on the trigger of his rifle. He saw nothing, suspected nothing ; with his foot he pushed over one of the pieces of hewn stone at the rim of the shaft, which grazed us in its descent, listened for its fall, and withdrew.

There was only one thing to do—get out of where we were as rapidly as possible, spring on the sentinel without firing a shot, strangle him, to prevent his raising an alarm at the neighbouring guardhouse, and then make for the French trenches.

A final effort had brought us almost on a level with the border of the shaft, when a large stone on which I was leaning gave way and fell down with a crash. Lasalle, with one foot on a cross-piece, the other on a projecting part of the side, his left hand leaning against the pole, held his revolver in his right. I was beneath him, a little lower down, flattened against the wall, hanging on with hands and feet. A poignant emotion seized us : we were silent, certain that the sentinel, now fully on the alert, would show himself again and make a more thorough investigation than previously. The expectation was not long in being fulfilled. A hurried footstep resounded loudly ; the ground vibrated, and the silhouette of the soldier made its appearance. He leaned forward as before, a little more, however, so that his head and a part of his shoulder overhung the void, and again he looked.

This time he suspected something. He remained with his body bent, anxiously scrutinising the opacity of the darkness, prodding the black opening with the point of his bayonet. His eyes sparkled with extraordinary brightness in the shadow cast by the visor of his helmet. He had the intuition that danger was there, somewhere, lying hidden in that hole, watching him. Short, nervous twitches disturbed his strongly accentuated features.

He was just above us, and was looking opposite on the other side of the shaft. Then he slowly cast his eyes below him. Did he suspect something ? Could he perceive our figures in the shade ? Did he see the barrel of Lasalle's revolver shining ? His tanned face suddenly assumed an expression of ferocity. He placed his rifle to his shoulder. A loud report broke the silence ; I heard a terrible cry. I saw a human form beating the air for an instant in space, then a mass passed, rapid as a vision, beside me, and with a dull thud struck the ground below.

It was the corpse of the Bavarian. Lasalle had discharged his revolver right into his heart.

With one bound we were outside. The moon was hidden ; clouds veiled the light of the stars, and in the grey, cold obscurity rose the lofty uncertain silhouette of the Hautes-Bruyères.

Taking our bearings from the fort, we had rushed at racing speed in the direction of Arcueil, when, twenty paces in front of us, a voice cried—

"Wer da ?"

The Bavarian patrol was hurrying in the direction from which the shot had come.

"Flat on your belly," exclaimed Lasalle, stretching himself out in a ditch.

A flash illuminated the darkness ; a volley of bullets whistled over us.

Suddenly in front a train of fire blazed in the obscurity ; the French, thinking themselves attacked, were firing all along the line. The Prussians answered, imagining that a sortie was being effected, and opened fire from their trenches. The fusillade became general.

"Quick !" cried Lasalle ; "no time to lose !" And, wedged in at the bottom of the ditch, we crawled over the ice between the two embankments. From time to time a bullet whistled sharply, cut up a clod of earth, covering us with mould,

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I saw a human form beating the air for an instant.

struck the ice, and in glancing off hacked the branches of the hedge at the top of one of the pieces of high ground. Sometimes the ditch ended abruptly, crossed by a road or a lane; then we passed rapidly, exposed to a double fire, plunging again into the ditch as soon as we were across. And this lasted for minutes — minutes that seemed hours.

At a bend on the right, the trench suddenly ended in a steep slope: the bullets passed higher; an instant more and we were in the ravine, out of danger, at the entrance to the unlucky quarries which had threatened to become our tomb.

We waited for some time, until the wild firing had subsided a little. Lasalle fetched back our great-coats, left near by in the quarry, and twenty minutes later we were within our entrenchments, not, however, without having our ears grazed by some chassepot bullets and feeling the wind of the enemy's last cartridges, before we were recognised by our own troops.

And still in the distance, in the halo of the sinister light, rising above all other noises, resounded, monotonous, inexorable, the formidable bass of the Krupps bombarding the heroic city.

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A SIGHT THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK SAW IN CEYLON.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS FESTIVAL.

By A. E. SOUTER,

Photographs by kind permission of Messrs. Skeen and Co., Colombo and Kandy.

WHEN the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York paid a visit to Ceylon in the course of their tour a short time ago, a very curious and interesting ceremony was performed for their benefit in the old mountain-fortress of Kandy, where the advent of the royal visitors proved, I have no doubt, a much stronger attraction for the colonists than the actual festival itself. The Cingalese, however, holds this weird *tamasha* dear in his heart; and it is part of himself, for does he not know that his forefathers have taken part in it for hundreds of years before him?

THE PERAHARA PROCESSION AT THE TEMPLE GATE, KANDY.

But they did not celebrate it then in the way their descendants do to-day, as we shall see. This Perahara, or "the

Procession," can be traced back as far as the second century of the Christian Era. For some generations before that, Ceylon had been harried by tribes from Southern India, who had carried off many treasures and captives. In that century, however,

BUDDHA'S TOOTH ENTHRONED IN THE HEART OF A GOLDEN LOTUS-BLOSSOM.

a King Gajabahu, who seems to have been a great man, prepared a campaign in his turn, and was successful, for on his return he brought with him a number of rescued captives and many of the sacred vessels which had been stolen, including the refection-dish of Buddha. To celebrate his triumph, the first Perahara was held in Ceylon, although I believe somewhat similar processions had been held before in India.

The sacred book of Ceylon and historical record, the Mahawanso, which is written in Pali, says that the Perahara was then, properly instituted to celebrate the birth of Vishnu in the character of Krishna, the great sun-god; but some other records say that it was to celebrate Vishnu's victory over the Assureyas, who were the enemies of the gods. In those days, the deities Natha, Vishnu, Katara-gama, and Pattini, the avenging and terrible goddess who in times of plague or famine had to be propitiated with many offerings, were the honoured deities. Buddha was also worshipped, but not in connection with the Perahara until much later, in 1775.

We must wander from the point a little to understand this. As far back as B.C. 306, Mahindo, a King's son and a missionary, came over to Ceylon either to introduce or to regenerate Buddhism, and it is said that his sister brought a branch of the great Bo-tree in whose shade Gautama Buddha was sitting when he received divine inspiration. This, I believe, is the first mention of Buddhism in Ceylon; but the history of the wonderful tooth which was ordained to be of such importance in the island had long since begun. In B.C. 543, when Buddha was cremated, near Benares, his four eye-teeth were rescued from his funeral-pyre: one tooth was carried to Heaven (so runs the legend), and the other three came into the possessions of the Naga Kings, King of Peshawar, and the King of Kalinga. This last is supposed to be the tooth now in Kandy. All went well until the fourth century after Christ, when the Kingdom of Kalinga (the modern Orissa) was overrun by Brahmins; then the reigning King, fearing for the sacred relic, ordered his daughter to hide it in her long hair and fly to Ceylon. This she accomplished

THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY.

safely, for native women are all blessed with quantities of glossy hair which is bound in a huge knot in the nape of the

neck. The King of Ceylon received her with much honour, and built a magnificent temple at Anuradhapura to enshrine the

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BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

precious treasure. In 1319 the Malabars invaded Ceylon and annexed the coveted bit of ivory. Then the King Prakrama Bahu III. ransomed it for an enormous sum of money, after which it was more sacred than ever. Two centuries later, in 1560, the Portuguese seized the tooth with other treasures in the loot of a temple and carried it to Goa. They were offered untold wealth for it, but, in order to gain more power over the people, they determined to destroy it altogether. So they ground the shapeless bit of ivory to atoms, burnt it in a brazier, and finally, in the presence of all the priests and a number of people, flung the ashes into the river.

But the priests had a way out of everything. They declared that the immortal tooth had been re-formed in the water, and that it had appeared again in the yellow heart of a golden lotus-blossom. The fact that it was ten times bigger than the original thing only served to confirm their belief in the immaculate god's power.

So much for the wonderful tooth, the story of which is to be found in the Delada-wanso, or Record of the Tooth. Now for the chief ceremony held in honour of the costly relic.

The festival is usually held in May, June, or July, but most frequently in July. Whenever the new moon is visible in the skies the ceremonies begin. A young jak-tree which has not yet fruited is brought forth, and the Kapurales, or priests of the four dewales in Kandy, assemble at the Maha-dewale, or Great Temple of Vishnu. Here they clear the ground and purify it with the smoke of burning resin, smearing the surface with a concoction made of ground sandal-wood. Then the priest wood-cutter of the Maha-dewale cuts the

A HINDOO TEMPLE, CEYLON.

tree into four equal parts, which ributed among the four dewales, or s, of Vishnu, Natha, Pattini (goddess llpox), and Kataragama. When it ıched its destination, after being thither with much pomp, it is l with a canopy and concealed by a cloth. Then offerings are made, ing of a lamp with nine wicks, nine aves, and nine different flowers. gs are then called *Kaps*, or pillars, four days the Kapurales of each carry the bows and arrows of their lar deity round the bit of jak-tree. eapons are supposed to represent ible symbols of the gods, and I ne young jak-tree is thus honoured e its fruit is one of the chief means enance to the native.

he fifth day of the new moon the rahara commences. Each dewale es its staff of elephants, dressed ecorated in the bravest manner able, and its own fearful band of ancers, with their painted bodies rrible masks representing the most of demons. Then, on the prin- lephant the bows and arrows of the e placed in the beautiful shrine and ınted by a gorgeous canopy. The at thus honoured marches between aller elephants, on whose backs are priests with other sainted relics. ocessions from the various temples ssemble at the Adahana Maluwa, a rated sanctuary near the tombs of ıgs. Then they re-form and wend ray to the Delada Maligawa, the Temple of the Tooth. Now the robed priests have already, with reverence and ceremony, removed oth, enthroned in the heart of the olden lotus-blossom, from its silver and locked it away in safety. the procession is all ready, they he beautiful empty shrine down to nple-gate, and place it on the back enormous elephant kept for that e. The howdah of this animal is icent. He is decorated with bells owers, and on his trappings the of Buddha is embroidered in gold. n carry poles supporting a brocaded canopy over the shrine, and two elephants march on either side, on whose backs the chief priests sit in solemn splendour, only moving now and then to throw a handful of flowers towards the holy shrine.

Then the long and glittering pageant moves on, and the most hideous row commences. The three elephants move noiselessly but for the tinkling of bells; then comes a band of devil-dancers performing their truly devilish figures and

A KANDYAN LADY.

contortions to the deafening beat of tom-toms, the clashing of cymbals, and the blowing of horns and pipes. The object of this pandemonium, be it known, is to scare away all evil spirits: no doubt, it serves its purpose, for the occupants of the lower world, seeing themselves thus impersonated, would certainly turn tail and fly. Then follow more elephants of the Delada Maligawa, in threes, separated by groups of devil-dancers and musicians. After them would come those of the other dewales, with their shrines and relics; they take it in turn to follow next after the holy tooth during the successive days of the procession. Then, after the delegates from the various temples, the chiefs and

headmen come with their elephants and with their dancers and torch-bearers. The length of the procession varies: sometimes in a great Perahara there are sixty elephants, but sometimes there are less.

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DEVIL-DANCERS.

The people flock in thousands to witness the gorgeous show; but, although the word "Perahara" literally means "a show," it is to them more than a mere spectacle. They view it with the deepest reverence and religious zeal, and when the first elephant comes in view with its sacred burden, they bow themselves before the presence of such holiness, calling "Sādu!" ("All hail!"), and casting flowers before the stately animal. Thus, amid the glaring of torches and the shrill Oriental music, the barbaric pageant makes a circuit of the little hill-town on the fifth night of the new moon. On the next, the sixth night, a new feature is introduced. Each dewale brings out a gilded palanquin, gay *with silk and brocade*, containing a sword and a golden water-vessel. This palanquin is carried in the procession immediately after the elephant bearing the bows and arrows of the gods. Thus the procession continues to parade the streets nightly for nine days, until the fifteenth night of the new moon, when it may be said that the worship of the gods reaches its zenith. It is on this day that most pilgrims and spectators flock to Kandy to witness the proceedings.

On this night the procession makes the accustomed circuit, and then it repairs to the Gedige, a priestly college. Here the shrine of the tooth is deposited in the care of the priests, and the other parts of the procession return to their respective dewales, where offerings of curry, rice, and cakes are first made to the gods, and then eaten. Then the procession is reformed at the Gedige, this time without the shrine of the tooth and the elephants from the Delada Maligawa. Now the most curious rite in this extraordinary festival takes place. The long procession, followed by crowds of natives, wends its way out of Kandy down to the banks of Mahaweliganga—the Great Sandy River—the longest river in the island, which flows near Kandy past Peradeniya, where the famous Botanical Gardens are situated. Here the procession halts; the chief priest of each of the four dewales, bearing the four swords of the gods, and accompanied by four attendant priests carrying the golden pitchers, go down to the water's edge, where they find a boat. They embark and row into the middle of the sullenly flowing river. With faces turned towards the east, they wait motionless and quiet amid the perfect silence of those on the shores. Then the first streak of dawn steals into the sky; immediately the priests strike the waters with their swords,

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describing a circle in honour of Krishna, the sun-god, and at the same moment the attendants empty the golden pitchers and refill them from the waters within the charmed circle.

With much rejoicing the boat returns to shore; the water-vessels are replaced in their palanquins with the swords, and the whole procession goes back in the early morning sunshine to the Gedige, where the procession of the tooth joins them, when all return to Kandy and disperse.

The actual Perahara is now over, but for fourteen more days the festival is kept up with religious dancing in the temples and with feasting. At the end of that time, the portions of jak-tree which were kept in the dewales are taken down to the river,

KANDYAN CHIEFS, DESCENDANTS OF THE KINGS OF CEYLON.

where they are thrown into the waters. Natives have a curious superstition about running waters; they have an idea that, if any possession flows steadily down a river, it means prosperity to the owner. In the same way Cingalese women, who pride themselves on their long hair, always, when they cut the ends, throw the bits into a river, so that their own tresses may grow long and flowing as a river. So, probably, they have similar reasons for putting the logs into the running waters of the Mahaweliganga.

Then, on the thirty-first day of the festive month the shrine of the tooth is produced, and so are the bows and arrows. There is a grand final procession, and then this Perahara comes to an end until the next year, generally to the relief of the Europeans in Kandy, who have rather too much of the tom-toms and devil-dancers.

As I mentioned before, it was not until 1775 that the sacred tooth was awarded the place of honour in the Perahara. At that time, Buddhism in Ceylon had degenerated to such an extent that the ruling monarch, King Kirti Sri, deemed it advisable to invite some priests from

Siam to come over to Ceylon and restore the degraded faith. These visitors arrived at Perahara time, and, on discovering that the procession was solely in honour of the Hindoo gods, they were deeply shocked and offended. Whereupon, the King ordered that the shrine of the tooth should, that same evening, be awarded the chief place at the head of the procession, and that in future the procession should be in honour of Buddha as well as of the Hindoo deities.

There is a very interesting account of a Perahara given by Robert Knox, who was for twenty years a captive in Ceylon, from 1659-80. He tells us in his quaint way how the streets were decorated; how torches burned day and night; how the lay servants of the temples walked in threes; how the chief priest carried the miracle-working rod of Gajabahu, having his mouth covered, that he might not breathe on and so defile it; how two priests sat on each elephant—one to represent a god, and the other to hold the umbrella-of-honour; how the Kandyan ladies walked in threes, holding one another by the hand; and how the King sent a military escort to close the procession. Knox makes no mention at all of the tooth or of Buddha in connection with the festival, as, of course, that was before the visit of the Siamese priests.

Although it is not nearly such a gorgeous spectacle as it was in those days, the principal features of the Perahara remain the same. Now the ladies do not take part in the procession, but men dressed as dancing-girls have taken their place. You will notice in the accompanying photograph of the Perahara the round umbrellas perched on the long poles, which are held over every person of note. A good view is obtained of the howdah and shrine containing some relic on the back of the centre elephant. The Kandyan chiefs and headmen are well seen walking before the elephants, but the group of devil-dancers behind the tall elephant is not as plain as one would wish. The photograph was taken in the afternoon by the gate of the Delada Maligawa, and in the foreground some Europeans are visible among the spectators.

It is curious to note the recurrence of the numbers three and nine: how the women walked in threes, also the temple servants; also how the elephants invariably march three abreast. Then nine, a multiple of three, is introduced by the offerings of nine betel-leaves, nine different flowers, and the lamp with nine wicks. To those interested in the mythological worship of the stars this is specially important, as planet-worship, or "Bali," as it is called, is highly esteemed among the Cingalese. They worship the seven planets and the moon; but, as they count the latter as two, that makes up the nine. Nine precious stones, each representing a planet, form an amulet which is a sure safeguard against all evil. In the centre is a ruby to represent the sun, while round it are set the various stones—a coral to symbolise Mars, a sapphire for Saturn, a diamond for Venus, a topaz for Jupiter, an emerald for Mercury, a moonstone for the new moon, a pearl for the full moon, and a cat's-eye for the waning moon. The poor people use glass beads of different colours to represent the precious stones.

The Perahara enacted before the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York would not have been one of religious meaning, but one simply in honour of our future Sovereigns. Splendid though it was, it would not possess the interest that the real festival of thirty-one days carries with it. So wonderful a sight is it that I would advise all intending globe-trotters to time their visit to Ceylon for June or July, when they may chance to witness this truly unique and magnificent festival.

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LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Drawn by E. S. Klempner.

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A CASE OF LÈSE MAJESTÉ.

By R. E. VERNEDE.

St. Hubert's Day, which in North many inaugurates the boar-hunt- , and Mr. Norman Whittington, Englishman, staying in Hansberg for his soul's amusement, had out to see the meet. Though the was young, and the atmosphere d the roads "wonder-deep" in —since in every right-minded 's calendar the day is marked e local paper declared), and every erman is, in mind at any rate, a n—horsemen were making for ge in all directions. There were n in red coats and giant horns ircled their bodies, and officers in blues and yellows and greens that ussian army has borrowed from inbow. The horses were not less n—some with manes plaited into rable tiny ringlets tied with parti- ed ribbons, others mane-cropped, eping up appearances by means of s, red and yellow, fastened to their

ies were being driven out to see ords distinguish themselves. Here four-in-hand lumbering along, and yfarers scattered to right and left ayed by—very sensibly, as Norman it while he watched the officer who it, hands high up to the chest in rman style. Then his eyes rested ingly on the equipage that followed. a dogcart, driven tandem by a girl. Whether the driving or the most stirred Norman's admiration ld be difficult to decide, for both ood to see. The girl was blonde, faced, Madonna-like rather than an n, for all her driving, and with lips compressed seriously as she kept a good grip of the reins. Beside her sat a long-faced, cadaverous youth, most spruce in honour of the occasion, but evidently nervous, for he grasped convulsively at the rail on his side of the cart. On the back seat, with arms, like Frankfort sausages, folded, sat the substitute for a Tiger—a stout little German lad, not unlike a young porpoise.

For some reason it vexed Norman that the cadaverous youth sat beside this Madonna, and it pleased him to fancy a smile on the Madonna's lips when the cadaverous one, at a lurch of the cart, clung more tightly to the rails. He decided that they must be American, since emancipation of women in Germany has not put into their hands the control of a tandem. Norman strolled away from the inn where the meet was assembled, objecting to its garlanded front and the inscription "Vivat St. Hubertus," and the odours of hot breakfast which the huntsmen were eating preparatory to the start. As he strolled, he felt an unreasoned desire to dissect the cadaverous youth—not in the interests of science.

Now it so happened that, owing to the blowing of the horns, or the mouthing of the pack, or the shouting of the onlookers as the field started away—or it may have been only out of a desire to frighten the cadaverous youth—certainly the leader of the tandem leapt upon the young German porpoise, who stood bobbing at his head, felled him like a ninepin, and with clatter of wheels and spraying of mud started madly down the road away from the hunting-party. As the watchers raised a roar of alarm the cadaverous youth rose in

his seat with a squeaking noise, and precipitated himself headlong into the morass by the roadside. The Madonna, tugging at the reins, was carried along at racing pace behind the mad team. Norman saw it all, and stepped into the middle of the road with set teeth.

There is nothing peculiarly heroic in clenching the teeth—any more than there is cowardice in experiencing looseness of the knees and thrills along the spinal cord. Only, the hero keeps his teeth clenched, and denies to his knees the privilege of carrying him out of the path of danger. Norman was possessed in imagination by a picture of the Juggernaut procession. He saw men for the gratification of this god throw themselves under the grinding wheels of his chariot, blindly, without self-pity, without heed of pain. How much pleasanter to throw oneself and be ground down—not merely to gratify, but to save from hurt—whom? The owner of a runaway dogcart? A girl with ropes of golden hair, and probably an American accent? Also, if to be deified is praise, by all the gods, a goddess!

At the same time, being not altogether fanatical, Norman wondered within himself what was the most efficacious form of assistance. Should he turn the leader's head, or would that mean broken legs for the leader, cannoned athwart by the following horse, and the overtoppling of the cart? Should he grasp the leader, face to face, and hold him straight—with exceeding probability of being knocked down and run over? The hoofs, repeated incessantly on the sodden ground, were making faint thunder in his ears, as Norman stood there, exhausting possibilities; and then the question solved itself. Tamed at the sight of his inexorable figure, the leader stopped suddenly on his haunches, three feet from Norman's nose. The jerk must have been tremendous, and the Madonna for the first time dropped the reins.

"Tha-ank you," she said, panting.

Norman soothed the horses and admired her almost imperceptible accent.

"*Please* don't," he said. "I am afraid *I was unlucky enough* to do nothing."

"You might have been knocked flat and run over," she said gratefully, "and—and—killed."

Norman did not wish he had been run over, certainly not killed, at a time when the mire of this German lane had turned suddenly to pavements of gold, and the damp atmosphere had become rare as ether, and he was stroking the horses down with a half-expectation of discovering wings. But he did feel for the moment an incompleteness in the state of circumstances, which did not allow him to declare that he had resolved to risk all things, and found most supreme happiness in the resolve. The Madonna was looking at him curiously.

"They stopped as good as gold," was what he said, laughing, "long before they reached me. But what of your companion?"

"Mr. Nathaniel P. Riney?" she said, the corners of her mouth twitching with laughter. "He's got nervous dyspepsia, you know. At least, he had. I don't know what he hasn't got now."

"A broken leg, I should think," said Norman delightedly.

"It would serve him right away as he deserves," she said in very severe tones, "for getting out like that and leaving me alone. I'm sure he hasn't, though, because he fell slick into that bog along the way. Oh!"—she rang with laughter—"Oh, but I should like to see him chokefull of mud!"

"Shall I lead the horses back?" asked Norman, joining her in merriment.

"I'd much rather, if you don't mind," she said frankly—"I'd much rather you drove me home; because, you see, Fritz is all right—Fritz is my Tiger—and Sammy just knocked him in the ditch, though I did think at first that the wheels were going over him, and Fritz does look exactly like a roller. He'll be so muddy now that I don't want him in the cart, 'specially as he can't drive, b'cause he's so frightened of Sammy. Only, I'm rather nervous myself now—so if you wouldn't mind——"

Norman would have minded any other proposal, but he got up into the cart

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The Madonna tugging at the reins.

instead of saying so. She made room for him beside her smilingly. "And we're to leave Mr. Riney?" he said.

Madonna's lips twitched again. "He'd like to walk, I think. It'll compose his nerves. Let's get, before these Germans come and stare—they're so goggly."

The mob of onlookers, all eyes, was coming up eagerly, for the hunt had disappeared, and they wanted to see something.

"To Hansberg, I suppose?" asked Norman.

"Königstrasse 22," she said briefly. With a touch of the whip Norman had left the mob and Fritz and Mr. Nathaniel behind, and was speeding to Hansberg, seated by the Madonna. He had left more than these things behind, if he had but known it. But he did not know, though he wondered to find himself thinking that a noonday sun, assisted by the moon and stars and all manner of electric lights, could not make things brighter than they had become on that sullen, misty morning.

In the distance, across the levels of the marshland, they saw the huntsmen, to all appearance close upon the boar.

"Poor old pig!" said the Madonna. "He won't run far before he gets what they call the merciful thrust. Do you know those Germans made the piqueurs—who, I guess, are men with picks—chase him round a field all the time they were having breakfast at the inn? Fritz told me the poor pig would then be tired, and more easily captured. And they brought him here in a hamper or a tin, as if he were a sardine. German sport!"

She sniffed contemptuously. "You're not German, are you?" she said.

"Do I look it?" said Norman, fishing.

"No. You look English, and you talk it, too." It was possible that there was a slight tone of admiration in the Madonna's voice.

"I'm Murr'can"—the accent came out strong—"so's Mr. Riney."

"Are you engaged to Mr. Riney?" said Norman, and started to hear himself ask the question, for he was a young man *of politeness, and this question verged on familiarity. But new times bring new* manners, and Norman had just attained the season which is always new.

"Oh no, I'm not," she said, quite unaffectedly. "Step-poppa's a German, you see. He's a German Graf, and that's why momma had him, I s'pose; and Mr. Nathaniel P. Riney's a rich fellow, and that's why step-poppa wants me to have him."

"It's not nice marrying for money," said Norman.

He found himself giving sententious advice in the most friendly manner.

The girl lifted her eyes at him. "You mustn't say that," she said, "because I've got lots of my own, and I shan't get anyone nice."

"But no one will marry you for your money," said Norman, "unless he's blind."

"Why not?" she said.

"Because," said Norman, cornered, "there are some things that make a man forget even money."

"What things?" she asked. Here was fishing with a vengeance; but since he had gone so far, Norman saw no reason why he should not go further.

"Loveliness," he said gravely.

There was silence for a moment, except for the rattle of the wheels. Then she turned to him with the shadow of a blush upon her.

"I'm not sure that you ought to have said that," she began; "but it was my fault for asking. I wasn't sure—what you meant. Of course"—she went on—"no girl minds a man thinking it, but it's not proper for them to want to hear it. You see—I—I generally meet Germans or Mr. Riney."

It was as well for Norman that they were entering Hansberg; for he had a theory—not uncommon—that it was folly to fall in love at first sight, and he was uncertain if the Madonna might not perhaps think the same. So he gave his attention to Sammy, until they had entered the drive of Königstrasse 22, and a groom came out to relieve him. Then there was nothing to do but go. She thanked him again in all simplicity.

"Will you by any chance be at the Stadtpark dance to-night?" he asked.

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"Why, yes," she said. "Are you going?" It seemed to strike her as a coincidence. Norman knew, on the other hand, that if she were going to the gates of hell that night he would be there—and it would be more than a coincidence.

"Yes," he said; "may I hope for the pleasure of some dances?"

"If you 'll come in time," she said, laughing, "you may do what you like with my card. I 'm tired of two-step valsing with Germans, and out of step convulsing with Mr. Nathaniel P."

* * * *

It was perfectly without point, as Nina Victorina showed, to pretend that it was not a case of love at first sight, for at the end of the third dance at the Stadtpark—with Mr. Riney whipping round in vain for his partner—Norman had engaged her to marry him.

"You see, Norm," she said, with her perfect straightforwardness, "it is pleasant for a woman to know that she can attract. I expect now pretty girls are not all nice to marry, but it 's rather hard to find out their secret thoughts and all that they are—even if you have months for it—with a *chaperon careering about*, isn't it?"

Mr. Nathaniel P. Rincy.

Norman said there were no pretty girls except one.

"No; but what I mean, Norm," she said, "is, suppose you find out afterwards that you made a mistake by being in such a hurry, and that you 've wasted your time and trouble, you can say, 'Well, she had a pretty face! Other men would have been as great fools if they 'd had the chance.'

"But," went on Nina Victorina, "I don't know what step-poppa won't say. He 'll be very rude. I daresay he 'll challenge you to a duel."

"I can hit a barn-door with anyone," said Norman gaily, referring to the Graf's unwieldy proportions; "but I 'll try to smooth him down."

"Oh, dear," said Nina, sighing, "I hope you will."

"It sounds as if 'Graf' were the masculine of 'Griffin,'" said Norman as they parted. He said it laughingly, for he liked Germans, and made friends easily. But here was to be an exception.

* * * *

The interview with the Graf could not by any stretch of language be termed

satisfactory. The Graf was a stout man, heavy-bearded and tempestuous-minded. He combined the appearance of a walrus with the prejudices of an Anglophobe, and spoke English emphatically but not purely.

Norman explained the situation, and the Graf, not thinking it worth while at first to rouse himself, opened with rhinocerine badinage.

"So-o-o?" he exclaimed, throwing up podgy hands in an affectation of surprise. "You would marry my doter? Vat?"

"I would certainly," said Norman; "it is, in fact, what I wish to do."

"It ees vat he veeshes to do!" echoed the Graf, rolling his eyes whitely with intelligent raillery. "And ees it, perhaps, that he has a little monnaie that he veeshes to marry a Graf's doter? Ees Mistaire a Dook?"

Norman intimated that he was not a Duke, but had enough money to marry on. This in no way tended to ease matters.

"Enof!" said the Graf, drawing guttural fury from the deeps of his stomach. "It is unsinn—nonsense; vat you call blackguard nonsense."

"We don't pronounce it quite like that," suggested Norman; "and the use of it is in any case uncommon."

"Shuh!" said the Graf, as though he were intimidating a hen-yard. "My doter veel not haf you—never. She ees to Mr. Riney fiancée—vat you call it—engajjed—Englisch oder Franzosisch—alles verdammt. Ach yiss, I know"—he went on, as Norman endeavoured to stay the torrent—"she ees yet not, but she veel it gleich—immedjit."

"I hope not," said Norman.

"Avay!" said the Graf. He escorted Norman to the hall-door, invoking the lightning as he went, and stood upon the threshold, shaking all over with the vehemence of his prayers for thunder-weather.

A fluttering handkerchief showed Nina Victorina to be in the garden-arbour, and Norman went straight over to it in defiance of the Graf. Her eyes were very near to tears when she heard the news.

"Not that I didn't expect it, Norm," *she said, clinging to him*; "but, oh, I *did so hope*—— *It's* three years till I'm of age, and I reckon he can have his own way till then."

"Legally, I suppose he can," said Norman lugubriously; "the law always backs second childhood against first, which has resulted in the invention of rope-ladders and Gretna Green. I think I'll go and see your mother."

"It's no good asking momma. She gave up everything for the Graf, and she hasn't even got an opinion of her own now. And it's not as if the Graf were only a Graf, but he gets gout as well——"

Norman raged at all things German. "What business has an old man like that to come between us with his tempers? He's as great a fool as his Ruler, who gets a sore throat and goes raving about like a child, trying to be dignified, with the Black Dog on his back."

At this moment there arose a snort outside the arbour, followed by a triumphant growl—

"Ach, Lèse Majesté! Heinrich, you understand ze English. You hear vat he has say. You also, Fritz, onderstand a leetle—ze Kaiser mit a Black Dog on his back—do not forget it——"

And the Graf stepped forward, accompanied by Heinrich, the groom, and the young barrel-bodied Tiger.

"May I inquire"—began Norman, at a loss to understand this strategy. The Graf continued to address Heinrich: "You veel take a leetle letter to the Polizei—police—that I shall gif you, Heinrich. It veel say an Englishman of six feet, of fair hair, of blau eyes, is to arrest on charge of Lèse Majesté."

Norman began to resent this personal description, which appeared to reduce him to the commonplace type of Englishman.

"Do the police tell your character from the colour of your eyes?" he asked. This phase of Germany was new to him.

"Hear me, mein Herr," said the Graf imposingly. "A train goes in your direction avay from Hansberg at three of the clock—that is, from now two hours. At three of the clock the police-officierzs kom to your rooms to arrest you—on charge of Lèse Majesté. See, then, either you are gone from Hansberg, or you are to prison for seex—nine—twalf months."

The Graf turned on his heel, and walked away with gouty but inexorable knees.

"I suppose I 'm a fool," said Norman. "But can they really do anything?"

"Oh yes," Nina said, "they 'll do it without winking. Someone 's convicted every other week for calling Willy Nilly bad names. It 's col—oss—al of the Graf! I never knew he could be so smart!"

"It was smart," conceded Norman unwillingly.

"And your train goes in two hours!"

"Ach, Lèse Majesté! Heinrich, you understand ze English."

"And you won't be of age for three years? I wonder what a German prison 's like," said Norman.

Nina looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"You mustn't stop," she said decisively. "It would be awful."

"Cigars at fifteen a penny to smoke, probably," said Norman musingly, "which would be equivalent to a death sentence. But stone walls do not a prison make, my dear."

"Yes they do," said Nina; "and you wouldn't be able to see me."

"In that case," said Norman, "I refuse to be locked up."

A thought had struck him, born of necessity, or maybe it was the result of elimination. The invariable residuum in the minds of young couples thus situated is a determination not to be parted.

"Do you suppose, Nina, that if you were shopping in the neighbourhood of the station about three o'clock, you could come and see me off?"

She looked at him wonderingly, and thought she could.

As Norman was hurrying through the gate, he was encountered by Mr. Nathaniel P. Riney, in whose countenance there burnt a sickly bellicosity. His long jaws were being worked up and down, as though inside his teeth were chattering.

"See hyer, Mister," he began, deferentially aggressive, "'bout Miss Kinley now."

It was plain to Norman what had occurred. The pale lover had met the ferocious Graf, and been fired, in accordance with the customs of Germany, to fling his gauntlet, so to speak, in the face of his rival. But, as an individual not prone to war, and as a citizen of a country where the promptings of personal honour are not oppressively dictatorial, uncertain

as to the correct method of procedure in the case of a duel, Mr. Nathaniel P. Riney found himself gaping for words.

"How d' you do, Riney?" said Norman affably. "What about Miss Kinley?"

"The Grafe tells me——"

"Not that we are engaged, I hope," said Norman mercilessly; "we wanted to keep it quiet for a time?"

"Nawt at all," said Mr. Riney angrily; "that is nawt at all what the Grafe has in-formed me. I should like now——"

"Look here, my dear Sir," said Norman, lighting upon yet another idea. "I simply can't stop now. Come round to my rooms at three o'clock."

"Vury well, Sir!" said the American with dignity. "I will in-spect you at three."

"Delighted to see you," said Norman.

"A friend of mine will follow," said the American, with gloomy warning in his tones.

"Any friend of yours," said Norman, stepping into a cab, "will be a friend indeed."

Norman went straight to his hotel, and having paid his bills, gave special orders that any gentleman who called for him should be asked to wait in his rooms until his return.

"I particularly expect a fair-haired gentleman," said Norman. "He has blue eyes and is about six feet tall. Ask him to wait, and if some other people should come and inquire for him under my name, show them in too."

The hotel-proprietor, urbane with cash received, promised obedience. Norman stated his intention of leaving Hansberg, but as the hour of his departure was doubtful, asked that his luggage should be packed, ready to be forwarded. Then he went off to the station and Nina Victorina. The sight of her with the sorrow of parting in her eyes decided Norman.

"The train goes in three minutes," he said, "and it will be three years before you are of age."

"Norm," she said appealingly, "how can we wait so long?"

"The train," said Norman, in his most *matter-of-fact voice*, "reaches Klopdorf, *which is over the borders* of Germany, *in two hours. The English* chaplain of Klopdorf is my greatest friend. He has a most charming wife."

Nina drew up her heavy veil and looked at him with a light in her eyes.

"I have just got this telegram from her," said Norman.

The telegram was brief, and stated that it would give the chaplain and his wife the greatest pleasure in the world if Miss Kinley would stay with them for as long as she pleased. The answer had come just in time.

"The chaplain's wife is an excellent hostess," said Norman.

"I should like to meet her," said Nina.

"The chaplain performs the wedding ceremony with intelligence and dispatch."

"I should like to meet him," said Nina.

"I bought a couple of tickets," said Norman, "to—to encourage the railway officials." The guard was calling to all passengers to enter the train.

"I tipped the guard so well that he has reserved me a carriage," said Norman. "This is the carriage."

"How nice!" said Nina, and she got in to examine it as though she had never seen a reserved railway-carriage before. A whistle blew, and the station-master raved noisily, as German station-masters do before a train starts. "Will you come," said Norman, "to be my wife?"

"Yes," she said. The train began to move slowly down the platform.

"It 's a funny thing," said Norman, still matter-of-fact, since the platform was still in view, "that Mr. Nathaniel P. Riney has blue eyes and fair hair like mine."

"Not a bit like yours," said Nina firmly.

"He is also six feet in height," said Norman.

"But he 's got such a crinkly back," Nina protested.

"He can't speak German, can he?"

"Not to be understood." Nina Victorina smiled at recollections of it.

"It 's now three o'clock," said Norman. "Mr. Riney was going to call at my rooms at three. So were the police. Do you think they will understand one another?"

"Poor Mr. Riney!" said Nina, smitten with sudden laughter. The train was clear of the station now, and Nina Victorina lay back in his arms and laughed like an eloping angel.

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OUTDOOR SCHOOL AT HAWORTH.

By KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Photographs by Thomas Dawson.

AT Stanbury, in Brontëland, one may see school taught out of doors. Not that youngsters sit on the grass and do their lessons on their knees like eating at a picnic. The first impression you get is, in fact, that they are running wild. In that charming book, "Eyes and No Eyes," Grant Allen said that one should "never let schooling interfere with education," so off they go bird-nesting and botanising, getting on terms with Nature.

In Board schools, at all events, that is a novel way of teaching. How my Lords at Whitehall were brought to allow it might be an interesting story with a moral; but they not only do so, they are now giving leave to country schools everywhere to follow this excellent example. Other schools here and there helped to set it, but this school is one of the most original pioneers.

Although it looks as if master, boys, and girls were all in a conspiracy to play truant, you must not run away with the idea that they are wasting time. They are naturalists. This is what has opened the eyes of my Lords, for one thing. The little folk at Stanbury began to learn from Nature just five years ago; and though they all wear clogs, and the lasses shawls instead of hats, and talk a dialect of Anglo-Danish strange to Southern ears, some not yet in their teens know what to seek afield in all seasons of the year. What is more, they know the elementary science of it. Impossible for this country to produce Haretons and Heathcliffs any more—if, indeed, it ever did so!

One afternoon a week is the limit of such rational learning. But unofficially, there are "wick things" in the school itself — tadpoles and pond snails, and water-flies hatching out in big bell-jars, chrysalids from which they will watch the butterflies push out, to flutter with instant eagerness at sight of the first flowers, and most miraculously begin to feed and fertilise. These and a small museum of mosses, ferns, the twigs of flowering trees, rare plants, winged seeds, and local fossils are all the children's own collecting. They have microscopes to see with. At playtime there are always some who crowd about the bell-jars with microscopes instead of running out. And each has a pair of home-made dissecting-needles for the examination of leaf-buds and seed-cases—sewing-needles stuck into bits of wood. It seems they took to the science of natural history like ducks to water, and Mr. Edgar Fear, who is one of his Majesty's Inspectors of Schools for the West Riding, got the master to make a sketch of his methods for the Duke of Devonshire's department.

On an April Friday while the trees were bare we saw the school go down to a beck-side under Wuthering Heights. In the second picture Stanbury crests the middle hill and Heathcliff's house is up on the moors behind it to the left.

They were not in procession like a young ladies' seminary, but trotting away and scattering as they pleased with laughing faces — happy youngsters, nine to thirteen years of age, the older ones "half-timers"—a typical Haworth troop of these days, when mills are smoking. By the beck the master blew a whistle, and they flocked about him.

"I came down here this morning before breakfast," he said, "and found some

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birds' nests. If I showed you where they are, how then? Would you all keep slipping away to see how they were getting on, and make a regular track, and scare the birds?"

Chorus of "No, Sir!" naturally. He led the way. It looked like flying in the face of the Wild Birds Protection Act.

As the boys thronged about the first nest eagerly, I said to him, "You don't seem to think they'll take the eggs?"

THE ROAD TO STANBURY.

Mr. Bradley gave an odd little happy laugh. "They'll see that the eggs are never touched," he said. "When lads come up collecting out of Keighley, these of mine hang about and threaten to tell the police."

I admired, and the lesson began.

"What is the nest lined with?"

"Plaster." In the North we don't often say "Sir."

"Eggs of that colour in a nest made like that are laid by a certain bird. What bird do you think it is?"

"A thrush!"

"There are several kinds of thrushes."

"A song thrush!"

That is the right answer, but only one boy speaks. It appears that this is the first lesson on the subject; and so the master goes on, telling them how to know one kind from another. Two more nests are inspected.

"Now," he says, "you will see what you can find as we go up the beck, and I'll call you together somewhere by the mill." And away they go, botanising on their own accounts.

The Brontës were not so much in sympathy with the rude society about them as to be aware of a deep-seated love of Nature in the West Riding people. There is less rudeness already than in their day, no doubt; Methodism and education have done wonders; but I have found an almost

TO A BECK-SIDE UNDER WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

poetic attitude towards all beauty of landscape, and a genuine affection for living things, in many a countryman for whom neither education nor Methodism had done anything. Mr. Bradley himself was a naturalist born. He is a nephew of the old poacher who figures in a tale of mine about the handloom days, and he worked in the mill until he was seventeen. I have no doubt that this new teaching of which he is a pioneer will easily, and by a natural appeal, do much to civilise rural England, if it cannot arrest the townward drift of population.

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THEY THRONGED ABOUT THE NEST EAGERLY.

We scrambled up the beck-side. The children seemed to be finding things everywhere, although there were neither opening buds on the trees nor many flowers in the grass. They called to one another in the dialect. Its use is not discouraged; plants are allowed their common names as well as their scientific ones.

By the mill—a ruin in which looms were driven by water-power in Charlotte's day—we had a taste of what the children really knew. Some visiting teachers were as much gratified as we who looked on idly. The treasure-trove included catkins of alder, and larch, and willow palm, flowers of coltsfoot and dandelion, frog spawn, seed of the sycamore germinating, mat moss, wild sage, polypod fern, skeleton leaves from a couch where the snows had newly melted, and by some chance a caterpillar. The youngsters huddled round in a picturesque group—it might have been one of the old Irish hedge-schools—and one by one the master called for specimens and asked for facts about them. Here is a shorthand record of part of the talk—

"Ah, here 's a lovely thing—Herbert can always find something choice. What is it?"

"This is the hazel in flower."

"How do you know it?"

"By the pink brush. It has a smooth stem."

"And if it were alder, what difference

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"THEY WILL SEE THAT THE EGGS ARE NEVER TOUCHED."

would you notice? Why has some alder? Tell me how you know it."

"The pistillate catkin grows at the back of the staminate."

"Point out the parts of the twig you have." And a small child of twelve indicates this year's and last year's seed-cones, the points where there will be leaf-buds, the catkins, tells about fertilisation and how the seed forms, and so led on with rapid questions.

"Where are the seeds from this cone?"

"Scattered, perhaps, into the beck."

"No good any more, do you mean?"

"Yes, if they get carried down and left in the damp soil somewhere."

"How do you know they are carried down?"

"We've seen corky seeds floating."

"There is a very big seed we have at school that does the same thing."

"The cocoanut."

So it went on. They seemed to know a marvellous deal of science of the right *elementary* kind, typical, leading on to a *study of Nature's great* variety of methods, *and it interested them.* There had been live and pleasant teaching, doubtless; if a child confused staminate and pistillate, it was "Never mind the hard words now; tell us which bears the pollen," and what they knew was always the interesting fact. Life is so much more real than books that this kind of teaching only needs to be kept simple and it fascinates. They go out of doors, too, to learn geography, and to measure land and haystacks.

Who would not be a country schoolboy?

WE SCRAMBLED UP THE BECK-SIDE.

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A TASTE OF WHAT THE CHILDREN KNEW.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE OLD IRISH HEDGE-SCHOOLS.

FOR THE LIFE OF A KING

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by H. A. HINKSON

'TWAS chance, and that scarce a lucky one, seeing how it turned out, that made me a courtier instead of a plain, blunt soldier as my father was.

But one day, as I gathered wild flowers in the woods which lay to the north of my home, I looked up suddenly into the most beautiful face that I had ever seen. The lady was on horseback, and more richly dressed than any I had beheld before. Jewels sparkled about her throat, and she wore a great Spanish hat with a black feather fastened by a brooch of diamonds. Her saddle was covered with purple cloth sewn with threads of gold, and in her girdle she carried a hunting-knife, the haft of which glittered like stars on a winter night.

For some moments I stood looking up into her face with awe and wonder; then, remembering my breeding, I took my hat from my head awkwardly enough and bowed.

She smiled, and her teeth were whiter than a hound's. I could have looked at her face for ever.

"I have lost my way," she said sweetly and with no concern, "and my poor beast is fallen lame, so that I must ride slowly. How do you call this wood?"

"It is the Wood of Arlon," I returned.

"Ah! then the town is not far distant?"

"My father's house is nearer," I broke out eagerly.

She smiled again.

"And will he give me welcome?" she asked.

"That he will," I cried out, "since he refuses it to no one!"

"What is his name, Monsieur?"

"*Gaston de Ruvigny.*"

"'Tis a pretty name," she said, musing.

"My father is a soldier, Madame," I said proudly.

"Ah! then I will come."

So I took the rein and led the horse through the wood, turning as often as I dared to look into her face. But now she was grown thoughtful and seemed to have forgotten me. The horse was indeed lame, and I wondered if he had been hard-ridden. So I went slowly.

"My poor Piers suffers," the lady said, as though she knew what was in my mind.

"He will soon mend," I made answer, "since my father is skilled in such matters. See, Madame, there is my home," as my eye caught the gable.

"It is charming," she returned, scarce looking at it, as I thought, "and doubtless you would find it no easy matter to leave it."

But at that I was silent, for I was fifteen years old and had not yet seen the world.

"You would see the world, Monsieur, would you not?" she went on, reading my thoughts, "so that you might return and love your home better. How would it please you to go to the Court?"

"I would be a soldier, like my father," I returned, not daring to look at her lest she should read the hope in my eyes.

"Yet there are many soldiers at the Court."

Before I could answer her, my father stood bowing upon the terrace.

"The little Monsieur bade me welcome," said the lady.

"He has been happy in the opportunity."

"You are M. Gaston de Ruvigny?"

My father bowed.

"And I am the Countess de la Tour, sorely in need of a little rest for my poor beast."

"My home and everything that I have
e at your service, Madame," said he.
Then he lifted her from the saddle
ith as much gallantry as though he
leaving my father and the lady together. When I had seen to his stabling, I returned to the house. The lady was seated by the window. She had drawn off her

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"See, Madame, there is my home."

ıd been bred at Court and had not
ed near all his life in camps and
ı battlefields.
"Gaston will see to your horse,
adame."
So I led the horse away to the stables,
gloves, and her jewelled fingers played with her riding-whip.
"I would have my son a soldier," said my father.
"So he shall be, and draw his sword for the King."

"For the King!" he exclaimed.

The smile left the lady's lips an instant, and her voice was cold as she answered—

"He shall be a soldier of France. What more would you have?"

"Bear with me, Madame," he said, "for I am but a plain, blunt soldier, and unused to the ways of the Court, and so I am like a child, fearing the thing I do not know."

"He shall learn no dishonour in the service of the Count de la Tour," she answered, a little haughtily.

"'Twere treason to name dishonour and the Count together," my father made answer, "and that he loves France I would pledge my honour."

A shadow fell an instant on the lady's face.

"Aye, he loves France," she answered slowly; "but what of the boy?"

"He is very young," my father began.

"I am fifteen!" I burst out.

He looked at me sadly.

"Since he is fifteen," he said, "why, let him answer. Gaston, will you go to the Court to serve this lady?"

"And wear fine clothes—a suit of blue velvet with gold embroidery?" said the lady.

"And a sword?" I cried.

"Aye, and a sword to protect me from my enemies."

At that I would have shouted for joy, but I caught sight of my father's face, and the sorrow in it struck my heart. So I hung my head in silence.

"What is your answer, M. Gaston?" the lady asked gently.

"I will stay with my father," I murmured.

Then my father caught me in his arms and kissed my cheek.

"See, Madame," he cried proudly, "the boy will be a soldier, like his father. The Court is no place for him, yet I dare swear that, if need be, which God forbid, he will draw a good sword in defence of the Countess de la Tour."

The lady rose and made him a courtesy.

"Since the little Monsieur has made his choice, there is no more to be said. I thank you for your kindness, and if he should ever need a friend, why, for the love he bears his father, he shall never want for one while Lucille de la Tour lives."

There was no anger in her voice, albeit she was somewhat disconcerted, I think, not being used to have her wishes disregarded. And I could not think why she should desire the poor services of a country lad when there were many brave nobles ready to die for her.

So she called for her horse, and my father had her saddle set upon his own charger, telling her that he would cure her poor beast of his lameness. Then he bade me mount my pony and ride with the lady to the town of Arlon, where her servants were, begging her to forgive him for so poor an escort.

"I want no better," said she; "and so I would keep him, for his blue eyes have taken me captive, since their colour speaks honesty and truth, like a blade of Toledo. Adieu, M. de Ruvigny!"

So, with a strange tumult in my heart, I went with her, leading her through the forest toward the town of Arlon. She was very silent, and I wondered that she was grave, seeing how fair she was and that she had all things that a woman could desire. And I, too, had no desire of speech, since my heart was heavy because I must wait to be a soldier, and had now no hope of a velvet doublet and silken hose, with silver buckles to my shoes, as I had dreamed.

When we came to the stream where the shepherds were wont to water their flocks, and entered the Glade of Sycamores, I caught sight of the towers of Arlon.

"See, Madame!" I cried, "there are the towers of Arlon, and the sun is near its setting."

"Then I have little time to lose," she returned, "since I must be in Paris to-night."

Then she rode on quickly, so that I had some ado to keep level with her. When we came to the town, I saw in front of the inn a beautiful coach, to which four splendidly caparisoned horses were harnessed. A group of gentlemen stood by, and, seeing us approach, one of them came forward eagerly.

"At last you are come," he cried, lifting her from the saddle.

"I lost my way in the wood, and poor Piers fell lame," she returned. "If it had not been for the services of this gentleman, I should still be wandering in the Wood of Arlon. M. Gaston de Ruvigny, the Count de la Tour."

I swept off my hat and made him a low bow.

"Permit me to thank you, Monsieur, for your services," he said gravely, "and I would that our business allowed us to remain longer in your company, so that we might convince you how grateful we are; but the matter is urgent."

At that I bowed again, thinking how agreeable it would have been to spend longer in their company, for the Count's face was singularly handsome and sweet, seeming, indeed, as though it were made for laughter.

"Adieu," I said, kissing the lady's hand.

"Nay, not adieu," she cried, "but au revoir, since I have hope that you will serve me yet and be my friend."

"I would set my life against your danger, Madame!" I burst out.

Then she drew a ring from her finger and gave it to me.

"Wear this in memory of our friendship, and when you need anything I shall remember," she said.

The next moment she was gone, and I stood with the ring in my hand, watching the coach rolling swiftly along the road to Paris. Then, lifting my eyes suddenly, I saw a dark face peering from the window of the inn. Our eyes met for an instant, and then the face was withdrawn. Yet a strange throb of apprehension thrilled me, as though some unknown danger threatened. The sleepy town of Arlon cared little whether King or Emperor reigned in Paris, but, albeit my father was silent, I could not be ignorant that men's minds were mightily perturbed in the capital, and this it may have been that caused him to set himself resolutely against my going to the Court in the service of the Countess de la Tour.

I looked at the window again, but the face did not reappear. Then I thrust the ring into my bosom, and, bidding a servant see to my pony, I entered the inn, being of a mind to sup while my beast rested. So, having done this, I went up the narrow stairway to the chamber in which I had seen the stranger. There was no door, but a heavy curtain hung between the door-posts, shutting off the chamber from the stair. I was about to thrust it aside and enter, when I heard voices; so I drew back and listened, thinking it was no dishonourable thing, because my mind was become suddenly filled with suspicion, and some fear also for the lady to whom I had but lately refused my company.

"I tell you, de Berthe," exclaimed a rough, impatient voice, "that the bird is in the net, notwithstanding that part of our plan has miscarried through a plaguey boy that went gathering wild flowers in the Wood of Arlon."

"A boy!" ejaculated the other. "What has a boy to do with our enterprise?"

I drew the curtain a little aside and peeped into the chamber. There was wine on the table, and each side of it two men sat drinking. One was of great stature, heavy and dark, with frowning brows and gloomy eyes, such as I had seen at the window. The other was scarce more than a stripling, with a pale, handsome face, lean body, and restless eyes.

"Tell me, Fabregue, what have wild flowers and a boy to do with our enterprise?"

"Why, then, I will tell you. Before the Countess went hunting, Jean drove a nail into the horse's hoof, so that after a time he should fall lame and the lady be left behind to return alone. So it fell out. She inquired the shortest way to the town of Arlon, and one of my fellows bade her go through the wood, where she might be now but that she met a boy, and he led her out of the wood to his home, provided her with a fresh horse, and rode with her hither."

"And you were witness of it," said the other, tapping the hilt of his sword, "and yet the boy lives."

"He was near death," returned Fabregue. "Three times my pistol covered him, my finger on the trigger; but his

name saved him, because Gaston de Ruvigny saved my life at the battle of Aix, and the lad is his son."

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De Berthe shrugged his shoulders scornfully.

"I would have killed him," he exclaimed, "had my own mother given him life. Fabregue, such weakness will ruin our cause. A conspirator——"

"I hate the word," cried Fabregue angrily. "And look you here, M. de Berthe, if I find myself in your company, 'tis because I am poor and have a sword to sell."

"Why not sell it to the King?" the other asked with a sneer. "But 'tis no time for quarrelling; so let the boy be, since he is little like to hinder us further. Go on, Fabregue; what of the plan?"

"To-night the King sups at the house of the Count de la Tour in the Avenue des Arts," Fabregue went on. "He will come in secret and unattended to meet his nobles, and Lindermann will drive his coach."

"Ho, ho!" cried out de Berthe; "Lindermann will drive! Excellent, M. Fabregue!"

"His nobles will not come."

"Why will they not?"

"Because, after nine o'clock, all the roads leading to Paris will be held by the friends of the people, and only those who know the password will be allowed to proceed."

"Excellent! excellent!" broke out de Berthe. "Forgive me, Fabregue; you are a prince of conspirators!"

"The sign is, 'For whom do you draw?' The answer, 'For France and Liberty,'" Fabregue went on calmly, while I crouched low by the curtain, drinking in every word. "At midnight his Majesty will take his leave, and Lindermann will drive the coach, as before."

"Whither?"

Try as I might, I could not catch the words that followed. Then again I heard de Berthe's voice—

"And the Countess. Why did you desire to delay her return to Paris?"

"*The Count* would have despatched *his servants to seek* for her," Fabregue returned slowly, "and so we should have found fewer defenders, since the Count's servants are good fighters."

"Was that the only reason?" the other asked suspiciously.

"I have given my reason," Fabregue answered haughtily.

"Let us drink, then," cried de Berthe, "to France and Liberty!" and I heard the chink of their glasses.

Then, trembling with fear and alarm in every limb, I crept down the stair. If the King was to be saved, the Count de la Tour must be warned at once of the plot against his Majesty; but how was it to be done? It was now nine o'clock, and Paris was two hours' ride from Arlon. I had little love for the King, seeing that I had never been taught it by my father; but the remembrance of the lady's face, and how I had promised to defend her, steeled my heart against the danger.

So I came to a sudden resolve. When I reached the stable-yard, the night was dark and the clouds heavy, which was all the better for my enterprise, since I had hope to escape notice. I went swiftly and stealthily to the stable where my pony was. Beside him were two other horses, ready harnessed, and I did not doubt that they belonged to the two conspirators.

Saddling my pony quickly, I was about to lead him forth when a sudden thought struck me that I might delay their purpose. I drew my knife and proceeded as quickly as possible to take a shoe from a hoof of each. This done, I led my own horse from the stable, and in a few moments I had reached the road unobserved and was making for Paris. I scarce thought of my father's distress when he noted my long absence, and the fear that had shaken me while I listened on the stair gave place to a new feeling of joy in the adventure.

I had not ridden very far when rain began to fall in great, sullen drops, but I spurred on the faster. At times, as I passed through the villages, folk shouted after me, and once a bullet whizzed past my head. This made me careful of my life, since I desired to reach Paris with a

whole skin. Before me I could see the lights of the city reflected upon the clouds above, and the sight gave me comfort, for the rain had wet me to the skin. I mounted the hill slowly, for my poor beast was failing, and I was yet some miles from the city.

But suddenly I fancied I heard the thud of hoofs behind me, so I spurred on again. The road was now very dark, and the trees on both sides shut out the lights of Paris. I drew rein a moment and listened, but I could hear nothing; then I rode on again. My eyes were keen, and I peered

Guarding the approaches to Paris.

eagerly into the darkness. At times, I thought I could discern dark forms moving about me silently, and I had begun to fear the stillness.

Turning a bend in the road, I saw the light of the city again, but silhouetted against it were two dark forms on horseback, facing each other, so that there was but a narrow space between the horses' heads. I felt at my side for my sword; then I remembered that I was unarmed, having neither sword nor pistol.

As I came nearer, the horsemen wheeled round, facing me, and I caught the glint of steel. My heart beat fast, but still I went on slowly, until I could almost feel the hot breath of the horses. Then suddenly I felt the point of a sword at my throat.

"You have missed your way, friend," said a deep voice.

"Nay, Monsieur," I returned, with what heart I could, "for I go to Paris."

"To Paris!" he repeated.

"Aye, and my business is urgent," I went on.

"Why, 'tis a child," said the other.

"My eyes are dim to-night," broke out he who had first spoken, "but, whether he is young or as old as my father, he shall not pass this way to-night."

Now I was in sore perplexity, for the password that I had heard had clean left my memory.

"I pray you, Monsieur, to let me pass on my way," I said, "for, indeed, my business is urgent."

"Paris is no place for you to-night," he made answer.

"I carry no arms."

"Then return and thank the good God for your safety."

The blood stirred in me.

"Monsieur," I said slowly, "if I do not reach Paris to-night, a great enterprise will fail, and woe to them that bring it to naught."

Of a sudden the point of his sword fell from my breast.

"For whom do you draw?" he whispered.

"*For France* and Liberty!" I cried, *suddenly remembering* the countersign.

At that he bowed low in the saddle.

"Pass on, friend of the Cause, and good luck to your riding!" and he drew back, leaving the road clear.

So, without a word, I rode on, leaving them behind in the shadow of the trees.

I had no longer any difficulty to find my way, for, as I came nearer to the city, the darkness grew less; but my poor beast was well-nigh spent, so that I must needs go slowly.

I was not new to the city, for I had gone thither at times with my father, but not often. Now it was strangely deserted, and lonely as only a great city can be when its pulse is still. The rain continued to fall pitilessly, and even the gaiety of Paris was quenched. As I crossed the Seine and looked into its yellow, turbid stream, I shuddered and spurred my jaded beast quickly from it. Now and again I caught the snatch of a song or the sound of reckless laughter from the cabarets.

At last I reached the Place de la Reine, and rode from it into the Avenue des Arts. A sudden blaze of light almost blinded me. I threw myself from the saddle and mounted the steps of the Count de la Tour's mansion. Servants in gorgeous livery stood about the door. In my eagerness, I would have passed them, but they barred my way.

"What do you want, Monsieur?" one of them asked insolently.

"I seek the Countess de la Tour," I answered breathlessly.

The fellow struggled with his laughter, while his eyes made me aware that I cut a poor figure, drenched with rain and covered with mud.

"It is impossible, Monsieur," he said, with mock politeness. "The Countess receives to-night and has no leisure for those who are not her guests."

"I tell you my business is urgent!" I cried passionately; and, indeed, I was not far off tears for my disappointment at having ridden so far and in the teeth of so much danger to be flouted by a menial. "I must see Madame, if I lose my life for it!"

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But he was about to shut the door against me, when an old man in richer livery than the rest came forward.

"What is it, Jacques?" he inquired, peering out at me with winking eyes.

"A beggar, I think, to judge by his dress," the fellow answered.

"I am no beggar," I burst out in a fury of rage, "but a friend of the Countess, and I bring her news of great importance! See here," and I drew the ring from my breast and held it out to the old man; "is a beggar like to possess a ring like that?"

He took the ring and glanced at it. Then, throwing open the door, he made me a low bow.

"Will Monsieur be pleased to enter?" he said, while the lackeys drew back in surprise and no little fear. "Whom have I the honour to announce?"

"M. Gaston de Ruvigny," I answered proudly.

Then I followed him from the vestibule and up the stairway, which many coloured lamps made seem like fairy-land. From above I heard the buzz of voices and the sounds of laughter.

"M. Gaston de Ruvigny!"

The lights dazzled my eyes and my head swam. About me I could see the moving masses of colour, but nothing clearly.

Then a sweet voice fell upon my ear—

"Mon petit Monsieur, so you have come to serve me, after all?"

Looking up into her eyes, I felt my brain clear again, and the sense of peril quickened my wits. I knelt and kissed her hand.

"Madame," I whispered, "there is danger."

"Danger!" she repeated, and her face grew white. Then she caught my hand, drawing me aside from the company.

"Quick! What is the danger?" she asked breathlessly.

"There is a plot to seize the King, when he takes his leave. The roads are beset with enemies, so that there may be few to protect his Majesty. Lindermann is a traitor, and he will drive the King's coach."

"Whence have you the news?" she inquired, while doubt and alarm struggled in her face.

"He begins well indeed," the King replied.

"Not three hours ago, at Arlon, where de Berthe and Fabregue spoke together, not knowing that anyone listened. When I had heard their plans I rode hither."

"Fabregue!" she murmured, and the jewels trembled on her neck. "Fabregue a traitor! But he shall be foiled and punished. Come, my friend, the King himself shall thank you."

So I followed her up the chamber, and the company made way for us, until we came to a group standing about one that was seated. He was dressed more plainly than the others, and his face seemed tired, as though he found it no good thing to be a King.

The Countess knelt before him.

"Sire," she said, "permit me to present to you one of your Majesty's most faithful servants, who has to-day done us good service."

"He begins well indeed," the King replied, smiling, a little wearily as I thought, whilst I knelt awkwardly enough in my sodden clothes to do him reverence. "Will not Madame thank him for her liege?"

Then the Countess bent her head and kissed me on the cheek.

"Your Majesty has won a faithful servant," she said, "who has, in the face of great danger, brought us news of mighty import."

"He shall not go unrewarded," the King replied; "but he seems weary, and now I dare swear that a cup of Rhenish would please him better than a King's crown."

At that, the Count came forward, smiling very sweetly, and, taking my hand, led me to a chamber where food and wine were set. When I had eaten and drunk, a servant brought me a change of clothing—a suit of blue velvet with rich lace, silken hose, and shoes with silver buckles, as the Countess had promised.

When I was dressed, I returned to the chamber where the company was; but the King was no longer there and most of the gentlemen were gone. But, seeing me, the Countess approached and made me a courtesy.

"Must I lose so brave a defender?" she asked.

"Never while Madame has need of me," I returned.

"Then you will stay with us?"

"I will stay, Madame."

So it came about that I entered the service of the Countess de la Tour, reaping many honours and meeting with many vicissitudes of fortune. And how Lindermann, the King's treacherous coachman, was cast, gagged and bound, into the coach, and how his body was found in the Seine three days later, there is no need to tell, since all the world knows how the King escaped, and how Fabregue, when he came to the block, confessed his share in the matter, blaming de Berthe because he filled an empty purse to a beggar's undoing, and cursing the rogue that lamed his horse so that he arrived in Paris only to find the King's guards seeking him.

And as for me, albeit I have at times wished that I had never left my father's home at Arlon, yet I have done nothing since that pleases me so well to think on as that ride to Paris through darkness and rain for the life of a King.

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WHAT WAS THE ARK REALLY LIKE?

By W. A. MACKENZIE.

MARK TWAIN has recently introduced us to the Diary of Adam (presumably expurgated for the modern reader), in which hundreds of hitherto obscure points have been cleared, and made to sparkle against the sombre background of prediluvian history like so many diamond pinnacles. May it not be hoped that this profound and original antiquarian, now that he has illuminated the dark times when Adam delved and Eve span, will come down to the damp days of Noah? There, surely, he will find such material of interest as may well furnish forth a fascinating volume, to be called—dare it be ventured?—"The Archives of the Ark." The theme clamours for treatment at a Transatlantic hand: first, because it is so big; and secondly, because it demands that audaciously irreverent humour which is as purely American as are wooden nutmegs, Pierpont morganatics, and canned goods.

Other writers have attempted the task;

PLATE I.—NOAH DIRECTING THE BUILDING OF THE ARK.

their researches have been ditch-water affairs. Only the artists have produced anything that gives satisfaction. They have pictured for us the building of the first floating hotel the world ever saw; the entrance into it of the first monopolists; the manner in which the beasts of the field and the birds of the air were embarked and housed; the raging of the deluge; and the final "Land ho!" But after all

their efforts to convince, we only find ourselves bewildered with the variety of their imaginings.

Here, for instance, we have "H. B." of the seventeenth century giving us his notion of how the Ark was built (Plate I.). Noah acts as the foreman of works; one of the sons wields an axe, a second (in a most uncomfortable posture) plies an old-fashioned string-saw, while the third is about to bring down on a brother's head an adze, which the artist evidently intended to fall on one of the Ark's ribs. The Ark itself, a mere skeleton, looks like shaping into a gigantic coracle, and is propped by three stays only. All that can be said of this is that Noah's sons were fine figures of men.

A more dignified rendering, almost Roman in its stately severity, is that shown in Plate II. Here Noah's wife and his sons' wives take active part, two handling mallet and chisel in true workmanly fashion, while another attends to the pot of pitch necessary for caulking. In the background lurk deriding heathens, to whom Japhet (it must be Japhet) calls the patriarch's attention.

From these two pictures it is difficult to draw any definite conception of the Ark and its capacity. Turn we, therefore, to the less artistic, but more precise mechanical plans of Arias Montanas (evidently a Spanish enthusiast), dedicated "To Her Highness the Princess Amelia" by Laurence Clarke, the publisher. Who can doubt the authenticity, the absolute accuracy, of Montanas' plans issued under such favourable patronage? First we have "the structure"—a somewhat angular affair not unworthy of Euclid the morning after a dinner of the Royal Society of his day. The description runs as follows (*punctuated*): "The Ark consisted of three stories. In the first, which was under Water, quite close and dark, were such Animalls as shun the Light, live in Burroughs, and feed on Earth, there being some Earth placed for Ballast. In the second, which was open and exposed to the Weather by removing the covering with Skins, were placed all other Animalls,

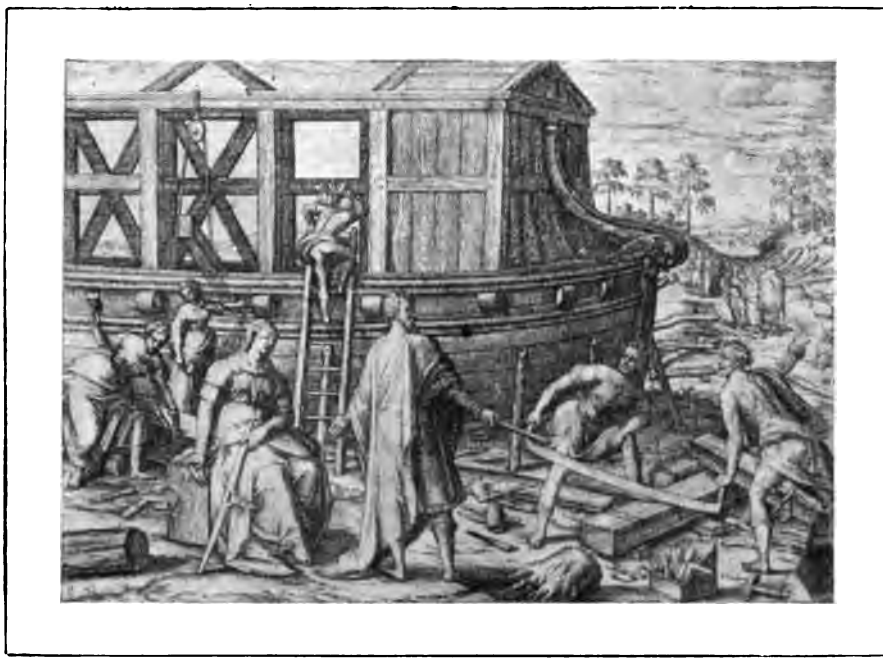

PLATE II.—BUILDING OF THE ARK BY NOAH'S SONS AND THEIR WIVES.

the wild ones and Birds in Stalls with cross-barr'd Windows. In the third was NOAH and his FAMILY, with provisions for themselves and the living Creatures. The Roof was covered with Skins sowed close together, so as to keep out the Weather [Montanas had British meteorology in his eye, surely], and hanging over the sides of the Ark to be rowl'd up as occasion required." Now, this one may call thoroughly Rougemontic. The reader need exercise no imagination: Montanas has enough and to spare.

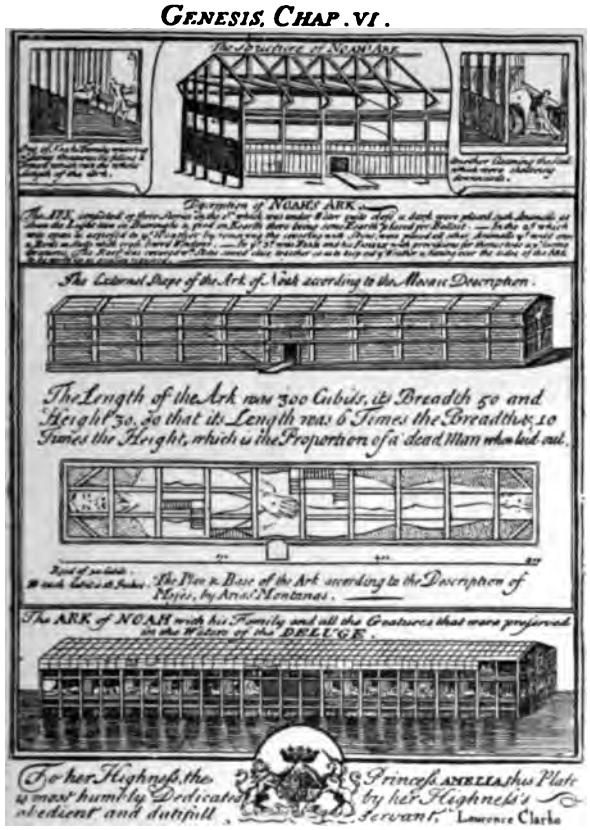

PLATE III.—MONTANAS' IDEAS OF THE ARK.

But we go on to finer flights. In the top left-hand corner we are faced by "one of Noah's Family [look at him with a magnifying-glass, and note that he is habited in one of those charming eighteenth-century full-dress coats!] watering the Living Creatures by filling a Trough which ran the whole Length of the Ark." Montanas could not have been a Spaniard, after all, for we have always regarded the "haughty Castile" as the very pink of chivalry; and here, in the right-hand top corner, although he says "another cleaning the Stalls which were shelveing downwards" (meaning us to understand "another *son*"), we find a lady engaged in the Augean task. Fie! fie! Señor Montanas!

"The External Shape of the Ark, according to the Mosaic Description," leads one to believe that the architects of model dwellings for the working classes are unblushing plagiarists. To the present writer this picture suggests Saltaire, only he misses the grass plats of saucer size and the toy steamboat! The next section is reminiscent of the mortuary. "The Length of the Ark was 300 Cubits, its Breadth 50, and Height 30, so that its Length was six Times the Breadth and ten Times the Height, which is the Proportion of a dead Man when laid out." Behold the dead man—"laid out," says Montanas. Montanas could

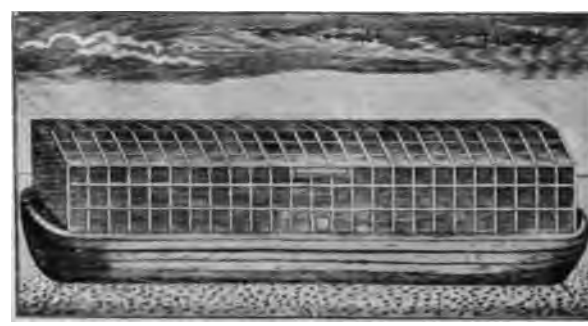

PLATE IV.—THE COMPLETED ARK.

"stretch"—the dead man is certainly stretched.

The last illustration in this plate, "The ARK of NOAH, with his Family, and all the Creatures that were preserved in the Waters of the DELUGE," is perhaps the best and the most amusing of all. The skin curtains have been graciously rolled up, so that we may have a full view of the "greatest show on earth"; Noah and his family are exhibited in the right-hand corner, as if waiting for the plaudits of a wondering audience; and the cross-barred cages take the centre of the stage. Looked at as a whole, the Ark does not strike us—and we are but dabblers in naval architecture—as a particularly seaworthy erection: indeed, we dare swear *this* Ark never touched port on Ararat's sharp peak.

PLATE V.—"THE ANIMALS WENT IN TWO BY TWO."

Much more convincing is the barge-like structure presented in Plate IV., which shows "The External Prospects of the Ark, as floating upon the Waters of the Deluge. To the Rt. Rev'd. Father in God, Richd.

PLATE VI.—NOAH'S SONS AND THEIR WIVES PROVISIONING THE ARK.

PLATE VII.—NOAH ENTERING THE ARK.

Ld. Bishop of Winchester.—This Plate is most Humbly Inscrib'd, by his Lordship's most Dutyfull and Obedient Son and Servt., Thos. Stackhouse." This (from Hamley's), at least, seems seaworthy; yet we wonder what the present occupant of the see of Winchester (*homo eruditissimus et dulcissimus*) would say to it. His Lordship of Rochester, the haven of bargees, might like it better.

What strikes one most about the next three plates (V., VI., and VII.) is the almost Drury Lane pantomime symmetry of the procession of animals into the Ark. Song, which is ever the truest preserver of events, the grand antiseptic of history, has it that "The animals went in two by two"; and Song's sweet sister, Pictorial Art, backs her up. In each of these plates the *pares cum paribus* notion is deliciously underlined. Two by two they go (elephants and lions, and camels and zebras, horses and dogs, and giraffes and rhinoceroses, needing no human hand for guidance),

PLATE IX.—THE SCOFFERS OVERTAKEN BY THE FLOOD.

PLATE VIII.—THE ARK UPON THE WATERS.

in perfect friendship that betters Cicero's lordliest ideas, and in symmetry that recalls the old Scots gardener, who, when he had impounded the laird's trespassing son in a summer-house at one end of the pleasaunce, was not content until he had cribbed his own son in a similar summer-house at t'other end! And over all looms the figure of Noah, directing with simple gestures the zoological parade.

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But it is when we come to the actual representations of the Deluge that we get our finest notions of the Ark. In Plate VIII., entitled "Diluvium Universam terram submergit," or (in Spanish) "El Diluvio Ahoga toda la tierra," we get an Ark which, considering that it was intended for the Spanish market, is strangely Dutch. Where but in Holland could have been constructed such rounded

PLATE X.—A FRENCH IDEA OF THE DELUGE.

Barnum was a mere echo: Noah was the original.

While our artists are at one as regards the beasts and birds, they are at variance as regards the Ark and its shape. Plate V. gives us curving stern and prow, ornamental and picturesque; Plate VII., a more or less Scandinavian galley, with figurehead and stern-tower; while Plate VI. shows a rectangular edifice like nothing but a universal repository *(and what else was it?)*.

bows, such swelling curves, such a rotund contour? Why, all these characteristics you may find to-day, and any day, on the beach at Scheveningen, or haply even in our own Thames. As to the Rubens-like mortals, with colossal calves and Sandow-like fore-arms and shoulders (miraculously out of drawing), whence come they? As for the floating corpse and the partially submerged church, lacking not its regulation cross—these are things supreme in imaginative art.

In Plate IX., "The Ark and Flood," we come on an edifice more like a Disruption Free Church in the Highlands of Scotland than anything else. With sloping base and angular roof, it braves the pouring rain and the not too stormy waters; while in the middle ground (sea, we should say) a boat-load of terror-stricken heathen and a few hardy swimmers seek the not less inhospitable shore. As a sea-going bottom, we fear that this Free Kirk Ark would have small chances among the brokers and

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PLATE XII.—THE RETURN OF THE DOVE TO THE ARK.

PLATE XI.—A GERMAN IDEA OF THE DELUGE.

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underwriters at Lloyds, even in face of Arbuthnot's computation of her tonnage at 81,062 tons. Harland and Wolff have never touched this.

Plate X., of French origin, is thoroughly dramatic. Infinitely touching are the attitudes of the praying mothers, with hands folded and eyes upturned; heroic are the horses seeking safety; magnificently pathetic is the swimming ox (we look, however, in vain for the magic word *Bovril* on its heaving flank); supremely up-to-date is the faithful steed dragging to the last inch of land his turbaned master. All we want here is the orchestra, and we are at a "twen-cent" café somewhere in Montmartre.

But in "The Return of the Dove to the Ark" (Plate XII.), from a Bible printed in Nuremberg by Antony Coburger in 1467, we touch the high-water mark of art. Nuremberg has long been famous for its houses, all peaks and points, tiny turrets and quaint corners. Nurembergian indeed is this Ark. No skins for roofing have we

PLATE XIII.—NEARING MOUNT ARARAT.

here, but solid German tiles, applied as regularly as fish-scales. A merman and a mermaid add a touch of poetry to a scene which submerged churches, rath-houses, and well-curled waves make all too realistic. Noah's look of agonised excitement, as he hails the branch-bearing pigeon, gives him a strange likeness to

PLATE XIV.—TOUCHING MOUNT ARARAT.

the late President of the late South African Republic. Thus, as we lately heard the saying quoted, do "coming shadows cast their forerunners behind."

In Plates XIII. and XIV., also of Teutonic origin (1476), representing the Ark touching Mount Ararat, we find sails and mediæval crow's-nests. In Plate XIV. the crow's-nest resembles strangely the fighting-top of a modern man-o'-war; and if we mistake not, the mainsail carries a device that might well be a Union Jack, thus foretelling, even in these early days, British supremacy on the seas. If the Union Jack had a definite Scots origin, we would incline to the belief that *this* was the original boat used by a certain Highland clan. There has been much dispute over the name of the clan thus distinguished: some say it was the Maclean, some the Macleod: ourselves plump for the Mackenzie clan, whose crest is a stag's head; and if these *feræ naturæ* in Plates XIII. and XIV. are not stags, we should like to know what they are. And at this juncture, too, comes the remembrance of that temerarious son of the unfortunate Phairson, "who married Noah's daughter, and would have spoiled the Flood by

drinking all the water—which he would have done—I for one believe it—had the mixture been but half and half Glenlivet!" But of him we find no record in these naïve panoramas.

The Flood still lacks its laureate. A certain Ecclestone attempted the task in "Noah's Flood; or, the History of the Archangel Gabriel talk to Moses like a grocer's assistant—

Be sure yourself and yours be ready there,
And of each Fowl, and of each Beast a pair;
Of the Clean Beasts, the Ark must seven contain,
But of Unclean, he doth but two ordain;
Take heed you fail not to perform his Will.

The opera was not staged, we believe—

PLATE XV.—SERIES OF FOUR PICTURES DEPICTING EVENTS FROM THE EMBARKATION INTO THE ARK TO THE FINAL SCENE ON MOUNT ARARAT (LEGENDS IN LATIN, GREEK, AND HEBREW).

General Deluge. An Opera. Being the Sequel to Mr. Dryden's 'Fall of Man.'" But he had neither Dryden's genius nor his power of expression. In "and all must wallow in the wat'ry grave!" he utters a sort of prophetic echo of Swinburne's "Wet weight of the wallowing wave": otherwise he is banal, making the chiefly on account of the difficulty of setting the fourth act, which represents "Men and Beasts of all Sorts Promiscuously Swimming together; Only one Hill remaining above the Waves, and the Ark is discover'd on the Surface of the Waters." It might be done now at the Hippodrome if Mr. Redford permitted.

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"HONOURS DIVIDED."

By E. M. JAMESON.

MATTERS had come to a climax. Teddy Wynn and his chum, Bob Nethway, were settling scores in the potting-shed, while the tyke looked on from an adjacent hamper and longed to join the fray. It was hard on a dog with pugilistic instincts, but the tyke was just old enough to know better than to disobey his master.

It was all owing to Bob's having made a slighting allusion to Teddy's lack of relatives, and the latter, with whom this was a sore point, felt that only blood could wipe out the insult. Now that Bob's father was returning from the wars, covered with glory and ready to be made a "C.B." on the earliest opportunity, his youthful son's pride became too overweening even for Teddy, and he grew tired of meeting Bob round every corner flourishing the newspaper when Colonel Nethway's name figured therein. It was the announcement of the coming honour that had brought matters to a climax.

Bob was simply insufferable in his sympathy for boys who had not a "C.B." for a father, and to Teddy this sympathy was the last straw.

He remembered the Colonel's erect, soldierly bearing, and had longed inexpressibly for a father of whom he too could be proud. The Colonel was kind to his son's little chum, but he never guessed how Teddy's throat swelled on seeing him go past with Bob, Bob hanging on his father's arm and drinking in every word he uttered. And though the Colonel might be as kind as possible, it was not, *Teddy* told himself, like having a father of *his very own.*

A mystery, however well veiled, can sadden a thoughtful child's existence, and there had always been a mystery round the fate of Gerald Wynn, though Teddy did not actually know it. Still, he often thought of his father, and wondered why his portrait should be hung in an out-of-the-way place on the staircase where no one would be likely to see it, and why, when Bob had father and mother, aunts and uncles galore, and a terrier-pup in addition, he himself should only be the possessor of a granny, and that a stern one. So that Teddy's sore heart found a balm in blows. The conflict was over, and, to his infinite relief, he found himself the victor.

The combatants sat, each on an inverted flower-pot, crimson in the face and breathing hard. It had been a fair fight, and Bob acknowledged defeat like a man and a gentleman. His brow was crimsoning darkly, but he knew enough of the science of war to borrow a penny from his adversary with which to subdue the swelling. In the magnanimity of his heart, Teddy felt half inclined to bid him keep it for his trouble, until he recollected that it was badly needed for another purpose and refrained.

"Shake hands," said Bob, the vanquished.

Teddy held out a begrimed fist of which the knuckles were bruised and bleeding.

Bob chuckled at the sight, and felt his own bump, looking somewhat ruefully, it must be owned, at his torn coat-sleeve.

"Does it hurt much?" he asked, alluding to the knuckles, his handiwork.

"Nothing to speak of," replied Teddy, whose bruised heart felt lighter now that

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Hanging on his father's arm.

he had more tangible wounds to show. "And—and—I say, Bob, a chap can't help having a 'C.B.' for a father."

Bob recognised that the apology was meant to be handsome, but its ambiguity puzzled him a little.

"Well, of course he can't, and I don't suppose he wants to; but, look here, Ted"—a brilliant idea striking him—"perhaps your father was a 'C.B.' or something? You don't really know, do you?"

Teddy shook his head with such mournful emphasis that the flower-pot gave an ominous creak.

"I guess I'd know soon enough if he was."

"Can't you find out?" urged Bob. "Ask your granny."

Teddy gasped; his ruddy face grew almost pale and his blue eyes widened.

"I daren't," he said.

"I should," maintained Bob stoutly.

But in his heart of hearts he knew he would not. In his estimation, Mrs. Wynn was a very terrible old lady.

"Should you?" asked Teddy admiringly. "I guess I 'll wait a little longer, until I 'm a man and can go and look for him. I 'd rather wait than ask granny."

"You 'll have to wait such a long time," said Bob regretfully, stroking the tyke's soft ears. "Why, I 'm a bit older than you, ain't I?"

"Two months and six days." Teddy gloomily dug up the ground with his heel as he spoke. "You 'll be nine two months six days before me."

"And father's promised me a pony," soliloquised Bob. "I 'll let you ride him sometimes, Ted."

Teddy tried to force a smile meet for the occasion.

It was always the same, he thought. He was to have little shares of everything belonging to other people—father, terrier-pup, and pony—while his childlike heart ached for someone he could love and have for his very own. Granny would not even let him have a dog, or, in fact, anything that the heart of a boy delights in.

He said good-bye to Bob, and presently *went home, thinking* of Bob's splendid luck in having a father he could brag about, whose name was in the papers, and whose deeds were worthy of acknowledgment from Queen and country.

He was very quiet at tea-time, and, later in the evening, when the clock wanted only five minutes of his bed-time, he put away the book he was reading and grew thoughtful.

Granny was dozing in her chair, he imagined; but her eyes were regarding him from her corner, tracing the likeness between the little, frank-faced lad and another of many years ago—a likeness which to-night seemed more than usually noticeable.

The coals fell with a crash, destroying Ted's Castle in Spain, and suddenly he formed a desperate resolve.

There were only three minutes left now, and if granny were very stern, he could go to bed. He leaned forward until the firelight disclosed the eagerness in his face, and he looked across the hearth-rug at his grandmother.

"Granny," he said, "will you please tell me where my father is?"

Mrs. Wynn sat upright, her pale face and snowy hair outlined like a cameo against the darkness of the chair-back.

Teddy felt terribly frightened, but returned her gaze unflinchingly. She could not meet the childish, direct gaze for long.

"My dear child," she said coldly, "what has put such a question in your head to-night?"

Teddy drew a deep breath and looked into the depths of the fire again.

"It isn't only to-night, granny; it 's been in my head for lots of nights. Do, please, tell me! If you could only hear Bob about *his* father!"

The old lady's delicate hand tightened on the newspaper she held on her knee.

"Your father is abroad," she said reluctantly.

"Fighting?" asked Teddy, with tightening eyes and a gasp of interest.

She started.

"Nonsense, child! Go to bed, and don't ask any more questions."

Teddy was desperate in his earnestness, and for once in his life dared to parley with her.

"Just one, granny! Do you think he could ever be made into a 'C.B.,' like Bob's father?"

Mrs. Wynn looked into the fire, and Teddy took heart of grace and approached a little nearer.

"I do wish he'd do something grand, like the Colonel, and that I could talk about him and be proud of him, like Bob."

brief fact that he had been dangerously wounded.

Private Gerald Aglionby's mother leaned back in her chair and covered her face with her hands. All the hard selfishness of years was giving way to those two words—"dangerously wounded."

Perhaps even now her repentance had come too late. . . . Tears trickled slowly down the furrows of her cheeks and fell upon the newspaper. He was her Benjamin, her dearly loved youngest son,

He looked across at his grandmother.

He spoke so wistfully that the old lady's face softened imperceptibly.

"Go to bed, Teddy, and you may ask Elizabeth to give you a piece of cake."

When the eager, searching eyes were no longer there to read her face, the old lady sank back in her chair and there was a long silence in the room.

Then she turned nearer to the lamp and unfolded the newspaper, looking with dim gaze at the paragraph which announced that Private Gerald Aglionby had been mentioned in the despatches for conspicuous bravery, and that he was likely to get the "V.C." It also volunteered the

and all her pride in him had come to this! His words on the day they parted in anger rang in her ears afresh: "I will never come back to you, mother, until you send for me."

And, after all, what a trifle had occasioned the quarrel! She had set her face against his marriage with a girl whom he loved as well in adversity as when prosperity had made her, in the eyes of the worldly mother, worth having.

She had died when Teddy was a year old, and only necessity, Mrs. Wynn knew, had compelled Gerald to send the boy to her, for he had been dependent on her and would never take a penny from her

after his marriage. Then he had enlisted. She had spoilt her youngest son, and she determined never to spoil her grandson, and Teddy had been brought up in an atmosphere in which affection did not form a noticeable part.

Mrs. Wynn sat up far into the night writing, and Teddy, when he turned in his sleep, dreamed that his granny stood over him with tears shining in her eyes. He confided his dream to Bob the next day, who, thinking that he knew Mrs. Wynn intimately, scouted the idea as being utterly impossible.

It was only a short time afterwards, however, that Bob's theories were shattered by an invitation to take tea with Teddy—an altogether unheard-of event.

Mrs. Wynn was so kind and plied them so lavishly with cake and jam that Bob forgot his fears to the extent of telling her all about his father's achievements, and, later in the evening, proceeded homeward in a state bordering on bewilderment.

He was meditating on these matters one afternoon in his favourite retreat, the potting-shed, trying between-times to teach the tyke to salute, when suddenly Teddy, a metamorphosed, radiant Teddy, burst in upon him. The tyke was highly delighted at the interruption to his military exercises, and hailed Teddy with so many manifestations of joy that they fell in a heap together among the pots.

Bob surveyed his chum with amazement, and felt that it behoved him to administer a cold douche by way of bringing him round.

A cab containing Colonel Nethway, C.B., and Private Gerald Aglionby Wynn, V.C.

"*Won't* Sanders give it you for smashing two of his pots!" he remarked.

Sanders was ordinarily a terror to both, but Bob noticed with increased wonder that to-day Teddy positively did not care a jot for that autocrat's righteous wrath. His curiosity overpowered him.

"What 's up, Ted?"

Teddy subsided among the débris and wiped his heated brow.

"Granny's just told me something splendid!" he said.

"About your father?"

Bob felt that only the glories of a parent could account for these transports. A

thrill of fear ran through him. Suppose—it was very unlikely, of course—suppose that by any possibility Teddy had found out that his father was a "*K*.C.B."! Bob's heart sank, and he fixed an anxious gaze on Teddy.

"Is he a 'C.B.'?" he asked.

Teddy smiled patronisingly.

"Something much better than that!"

The blow had fallen. There was a pause.

"I shan't believe he's a 'K.C.B.' even if you tell me," Bob said defiantly.

"A 'K.C.B.'!" Teddy's voice breathed an ineffable contempt for those hitherto magic initials. "Not likely!"

He dallied with the great news and Bob's heart sank. He tried to whistle unconcernedly.

"He's a 'V.C.'!" said Teddy, unable to restrain himself a moment longer; "and he's coming home soon, the same time as the Colonel perhaps, if he's well enough. And granny is having his room got ready, though he can't come for ever so long yet; and she talks of father all day long, and tells me all the things he used to do when he was a little boy. He must have been brave! He fought a whole lot of the enemy all alone to save the life of a lieutenant; and, oh, Bob! he's had to have his a-a-arm c-cut off to save the—the rest of him!"

Teddy's voice quavered in its pride, and he furtively rubbed his coat-cuff across his eyes and hoped Bob would not notice. Bob's brow darkened. He came of fighting stock, and in his eyes this was but an added glory. His father possessed the full complement of limbs. He little thought a day would come when he would envy Teddy. A comforting thought occurred to him.

"Is he a full Colonel?" he asked.

"He's only a private," admitted Teddy. "He enlisted because he was very unhappy and very cruelly treated, granny says."

Bob felt that he could again raise his head.

"I believe we're about equal, after all," he said, by way of clinching the argument. "You see, Ted, a private who gets the 'V.C.' isn't really any better than a Colonel who gets the 'C.B.' Now is he?"

"I should say they were exactly equal," replied Teddy, nodding gravely. "But, anyhow, they're both very splendid fathers to have. Oh, Bob! won't it seem ages and ages before they come?"

But one never-to-be-forgotten day a cab drove up containing Colonel Nethway, C.B., and Private Gerald Aglionby Wynn, V.C., who were old friends. And Bob and Teddy divided the honours between them.

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FAMOUS CHIMES.

By WILFRED MARK WEBB.

When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling,
When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime.
W. S. GILBERT.

NEVERY sooth must we agree with the stalwart policeman of "The Pirates of Penzance" that the musical efforts of our public clocks may add greatly to the sum total of "innocent enjoyment." There are, of course, a few occasions when one does not want to be unfailingly reminded every quarter of an hour that the time is slowly dragging on, or that the minutes are quickly slipping away. Should sleep, indeed, need wooing, or brainwork be the order of the day, the beauty of the chimes may not be apparent, and their constant repetition may induce a state of mind that borders closely upon exasperation. Nevertheless, at the very same time, the mellow tones may act as a useful reminder to some, may be—nay, are—a source of real pleasure to many. Moreover, the bells themselves—their antiquity, as well as the various ways in which they are made to sound—are matters that are full of interest, and these can well claim our attention here.

It goes without saying that the striking of the hour is the most important part of the proceedings from a utilitarian point of view. Only a single bell is needed for this purpose, but even then, if it be one of the many giants harnessed to this end, the mighty volume of sound sent forth *at each stroke will thrill through the listener.*

The distance over which the notes of a big bell may travel is instanced by the story of James Hadfield. He, when a soldier in the reign of William and Mary, was condemned to death by court-martial for sleeping when on sentry duty at Windsor Castle. The accused man, however, stoutly maintained that he was wide awake upon the occasion in question, and, what is more, heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen instead of twelve times at midnight.

Several witnesses subsequently swore that "Great Tom" at Westminster, the only bell in London then likely to be heard so far off, did actually exceed its duty at the time mentioned to the extent of one stroke. The sentry was therefore pardoned by the King, and lived, it is chronicled, to the ripe age of one hundred and two years.

"Great Tom," whose name is supposed to be a corruption of *grand ton*, dated from pre-Reformation days, and weighed several tons. Its metal now forms a part of the new "Great Paul" at our Metropolitan Cathedral, which turns the scale at sixteen tons fourteen hundredweight.

Some idea of the dimensions of these heavy bells may be gained from the Illustration on page 521. This picture shows the hour bell, containing five tons seven hundredweight of metal, which Messrs. Gillett and Johnston have recently cast for the Town Hall at Toronto. In determining the size of bells to be used, several things have to be taken into consideration. There is the height from the ground at which the instrument is to be suspended, the noise of the busy streets

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below, which tends to drown the most sonorous note, and the distance to which news of the time is to be carried. The Toronto bell is borne two hundred and fifty feet from the ground in the splendid building depicted in the Illustration, and the sound has been heard no less than twenty miles away.

TORONTO TOWN HALL.
The clock is 250 feet from the ground.

We may contrast with this the elegant clock-tower the photograph of which has been used as an initial letter at the head of this article. The height of this is but fifty feet, and seven hundred and eighty-four pounds has been deemed a sufficient weight for the hour bell.

Sometimes an interest is given to a clock by its bells being visible and being struck by hammers which are wielded by special mechanically worked figures. All Londoners know the Gog and Magog at Sir John Bennett's place of business in Cheapside; while in one of our Illustrations is shown the amplification of a

THE HOUR BELL OF TORONTO TOWN HALL.
The Mayor of the City is about to sound the bell with a hammer upon its being hoisted.

clockmaker's sign at Russell's Observatory, Liverpool. The introduction of figures into clocks is by no means a new one, as is instanced in this country by the knights in armour who used to strike the hours at Wells Cathedral with their battle-axes. In the celebrated clock at Strasburg, among a host of figures, a presentiment of Death is allowed to strike the hour on the bell, using a human bone for the purpose. While upon this subject, we might recall a decision which an eminent barrister was invited to make. A young lady with expectations was born on the night of January 4 after the house clock had struck twelve, while the parish clock was striking, and before St. Paul's clock had struck.

THE FIGURES WHICH STRIKE THE CLOCK BELLS AT RUSSELL'S OBSERVATORY, LIVERPOOL.

Which day—January 4 or 5—was her birthday? Counsel said that the house clock was all right for timing meals, the parish clock was more important, but St. Paul's clock gave the time to the Metropolis, and should be taken as correct. Therefore, the young lady was born on the 4th.

The real work of striking in large clocks is done by a special part quite separate from the time-keeping portion. In the mechanism, the most important arrangement is a barrel after the fashion of that in a musical-box, while outside the frame-

THE KNIGHTS WHO USED TO STRIKE THE HOUR AT WELLS CATHEDRAL.

work is placed a wheel with slots at varying intervals corresponding in length with the time taken up in striking one, two, three, and so on up to twelve (see the Illustration on page 523).

A visit to a factory where turret-clocks are made, such as the celebrated works of Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, at Croydon, is fraught with much interest. Not the least attractive of the special machinery required is that which cuts out perfectly truly the teeth upon the variously sized cog-wheels of gun-metal that form such an important part of clocks.

On the side of the actual timepiece, away from the striking part, there will be seen on the next Illustration (which shows the great Toronto clock in its tower) a

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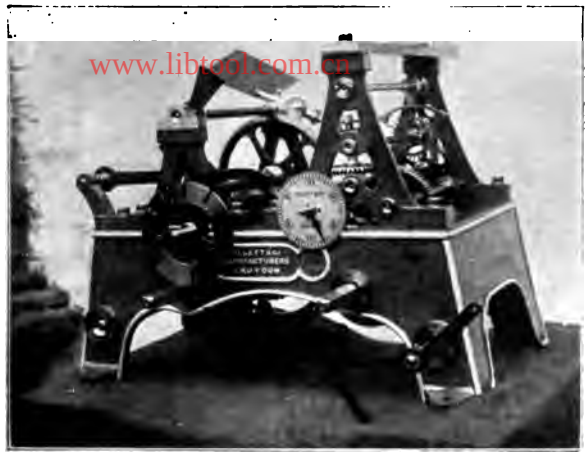
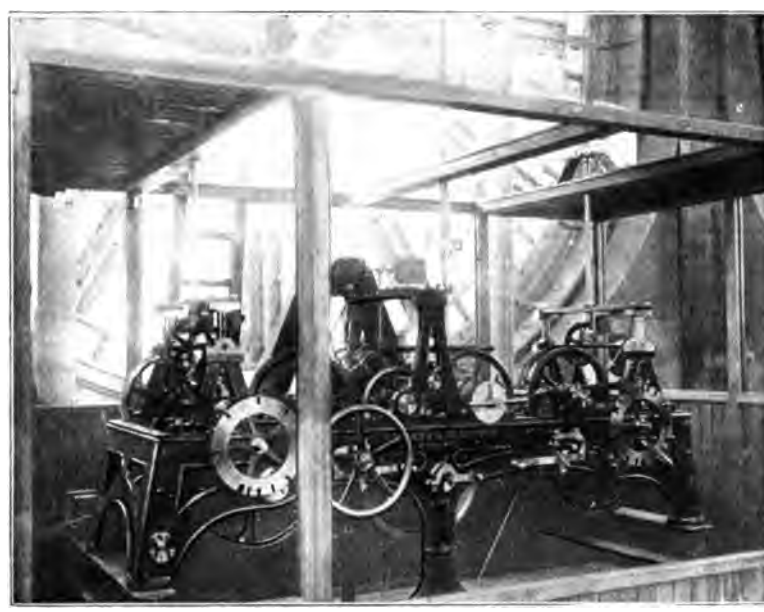


THE WORKS OF A STRIKING-CLOCK.
The mechanism for sounding the hours is on the left-hand side.

somewhat similar one, also furnished with a barrel, but in this case providing for the chiming of the quarters upon other bells. In one old-fashioned arrangement two bells only are used for this purpose, producing one "ding-dong" or "ting-tang" for the first quarter, two for the second, and so on, the fourth at the hour being with advantage omitted. In most cases the musical interval between the notes is a "fourth," though in some clocks, like the old one at York Minster, the larger interval of a "fifth" was provided.

The most famous music of this kind is the arrangement known as the Cambridge chimes, and for these four bells are necessary. The name is taken from the fact that they were first put up at the University church of St. Mary at Cambridge in 1794. At first the chimes were nicknamed "Jowett's Hornpipe," because the celebrated professor of law was in a measure responsible for them. The real author of the tune was, however, Dr. Crotch, a musician, who took his idea from the fifth bar of the opening symphony of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by Handel.

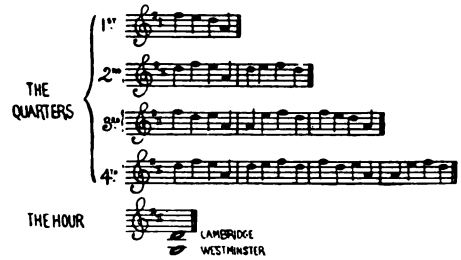
These chimes were not duplicated until sixty years after, when Sir Edmund Beckett, now Lord Grimthorpe, chose them for his celebrated clock devised for the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. Lord Grimthorpe records the fact that one of Lord Lansdowne's predecessors desired to have a clock with these chimes, but that his clockmaker put up four bells that were not of the right notes, which should run, descending the scale, in some similar sequence to E, D, C, G. At the Royal Exchange a modification of the Cambridge



A CLOCK THAT STRIKES THE HOURS AND CHIMES THE QUARTERS.
This is the clock of Toronto Town Hall. On the dial—seen behind it—the minutes are 6 inches long, and the figures for the hours 2 feet 9 inches long.

chimes was introduced when it was rebuilt at the beginning of the last reign; it is not, however, so pleasing as the original.

To return, however, to the Westminster clock, the chimes of which have been repeated far and wide. The hour bell is, of course, "Big Ben," which originally weighed sixteen tons, and cracked. When recast, the weight was decreased by about two tons, and, sad to say, the bell has been cracked for the second time this many years. The quarter bells range from about four to a single ton, and are in very good tune. The note struck at the hour is deeper than that in connection with the original Cambridge chimes.



THE WESTMINSTER CHIMES.

Our Illustration shows the hour bell (3 tons 8 cwt.) of the Royal Courts of Justice, which, with the clock itself, was made at the factory previously alluded to. Round it are its attendant quarters, which collectively weigh five tons, and yet can barely be heard, so great is the traffic that runs beneath them.

The Doncaster or Scarborough chimes are practically the same as those that we have last described, but they do not sound at the hours.

The way in which the bells are hung and the arrangement of the hammers are well seen in the picture of the belfry of Pietermaritzburg Town Hall. It was this building which was nearly destroyed by fire not long after its completion, and our Illustration shows it as it first appeared. It has now been practically rebuilt.

In the belfry it will be seen that two

THE HOUR AND QUARTER BELLS OF THE CLOCK OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

hammers are arranged to strike one of the bells. This is necessary when the same note is repeated quickly, and, in the case of bells which are used for playing tunes in connection with a clock or from a keyboard, even more than two hammers may be a decided advantage. The Pietermaritzburg clock repeats once more the celebrated Westminster quarters, and produces also a number of well-known airs.

THE BELFRY OF THE TOWN HALL, PIETERMARITZBURG.

We depict an old-fashioned one with a wooden barrel: in some cases even a more primitive arrangement, consisting of a piece of the trunk of a tree with iron spikes knocked into it, does duty. In the Bromsgrove carillon the barrel is well shown, and it will be noted that the hammers are lifted directly by the pins in it; and this may cause the tune to drag and to be out of proper time. In the modern pieces of machinery elaborated by Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, the hammers are merely

For chiming tunes a carillon machine, in addition to the clock, is a necessity.

PIETERMARITZBURG TOWN HALL BEFORE IT WAS BURNED DOWN.

released by the barrel being brought into place by a very ingenious contrivance.

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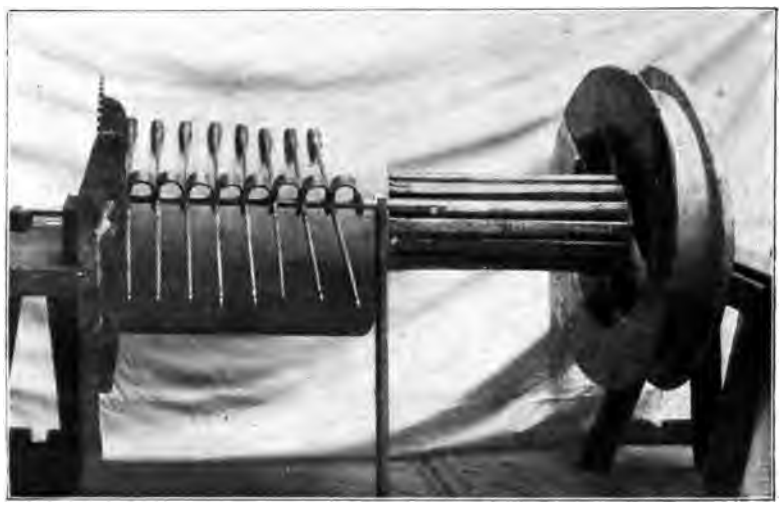
We show the first improved carillon machine put up to play the well-known bells at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1868, and one of the very latest pieces of apparatus.

The tunes which can be successfully played in this way depend upon several conditions. First of all, the most suitable music is that which goes smoothly on its way, and in which the same note is not required to be repeated too quickly. The number of bells available is, however, the most important consideration; if there are enough of these, by the substitution of one barrel for another a great variety of airs can be produced.

Some months ago Mr. Johnston played through the whole six hundred and fifty tunes in "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," to test their suitability for chimes. Bells, be it remembered, are tuned to the diatonic scale. Only two of the hymns could be reproduced on five bells; one more bell added fourteen more tunes; with eight bells the number increased to sixty-five, and with ten to ninety-six.

Among secular tunes, "Home, Sweet Home," "Caller Herrin'," and the "Old Folks at Home" are often chosen. The chimes of the old Royal Exchange, among other things, played "There is nae luck about the house," and we may recall the fact that when the historic building was burned in 1838, and while the flames were at their height, the bells rendered the melody and then fell with a crash among the blazing ruins.

As a rule seven tunes are arranged on a barrel, six being secular and one sacred, suitable for six week-days and a Sunday. At Sligo Cathedral, for instance, a tune is played four times during the day on the nine bells, and as the carillon is furnished with seven barrels, a different tune is provided for seven times seven, or forty-nine days.



AN OLD-FASHIONED CARILLON MACHINE.

The wheel is used in the winding-up of the apparatus.

At Worcester, where there is a splendid peal of bells, thirty-five tunes are played; Manchester Town Hall has twenty-one bells, and thirty-one tunes are provided.

Several London churches still enliven their surroundings with their chimes—for instance, St. Giles', St. Bride's, St. Dionis', and St. Clement Danes. The clock at the last-mentioned building is peculiar insomuch as it strikes the hour twice: once on the tenor, or largest, bell of the peal, and then on a small bell at the very top of the tower.

THE CARILLON AT BROMSGROVE.
The pins in the barrel lift the hammers that strike the bells

Some years ago, the late Rev. H. R. Haweis used all his influence in favour of the adoption in this country of elaborate carillons, such as are found on the Continent, more especially in Belgium.

In these there is a large series of bells which are chimed automatically, or by a musician called a carillonneur, who manipulates a keyboard attached to the machine with his fists and a row of pedals with his feet.

The author of "Music and Morals" would have evoked more sympathy if he had not tried to advance the cause of his favourites by abusing our familiar peals of bells, and the peculiarly British exercise of change-ringing.

At Antwerp there are two carillons, with forty and forty-three bells respectively — one which plays mechanically every seven minutes and a half; while both can be worked from keyboards. Mr. Haweis speaks of these when describing the carillons of the Low Countries, and claims that "fine music can be played, fugues can be worked out, intricate improvisations and passionate cadences can be executed upon these bells, for every semi-tone is there."

The fact remains, however, that such arrangements of bells are not a success in this country; for some unexplained reason small bells and large ones cannot be made to sound "homogeneously together," as Lord Grimthorpe calls it. Mr. Haweis owned that the difficulties of tuning increase with the number of bells, and in an apologetic lecture at Aberdeen, where a carillon of the Continental type had been put up

THE FIRST IMPROVED CARILLON MACHINE CONSTRUCTED IN THIS COUNTRY.
It was put up in Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1868, and was photographed before being taken up into the tower.

at his suggestion and, like several others for which he was responsible, found wanting, he said that we could only hope for a large number of bells to be approximately in tune, and that to appreciate carillon music the ear must be trained. This, on the face of it, means that we must learn a bell is to be heard properly it must be rung—that is, it must be hit by its clapper when swung, and caused to describe a circle through the air. Chiming a bell by attaching the rope to the clapper is to be condemned as likely to crack the bell, but there does not seem to be any

A MODERN CARILLON MACHINE.

Here the barrel is of metal, and it merely releases the hammers, the lifting being done by other parts of the mechanism.

to like what is really discord, and that we shall never do. Simple tunes on a few bells may sound better when played by hand, but to attempt chords is to court a chaos of sound worse than that which Mr. Haweis professed to find in change-ringing, and which may be produced when an imitation of this is attempted *by machinery.*

There is no doubt that if the sound of reason why church bells should not merely be rung, but have tunes "thumped out" from them, as ringers would put it, at other times.

To the courtesy of Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, we owe the photographs from which our Illustrations were made, and thanks are due to them also for permission to "go over" their factory, as well as for many interesting details.

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THE WILLIAM TELL FESTIVAL PLAY AT ALTDORF.

By DORA M. JONES

THE interest aroused by the Passion play of Oberammergau in recent years seems to have directed general attention to the capabilities of the drama on its religious and patriotic side, when it becomes not merely an amusement, but a solemn commemoration. The play of "William Tell," as given this summer at Altdorf by the people of the place, is as noble an expression of the national consciousness of the Swiss as the Oberammergau Passionspiel is of the religious faith of the Bavarian peasant.

ALTDORF.

Altdorf lies in a valley of green pastures shut in by magnificent mountains, about half-an-hour's walk from Fluelen, the terminus of the boats that ply along the lake from Lucerne. No spot in Switzerland is more sacred to the lovers of freedom. Here, in the market-place of the quaint little town, on the site of the fine monument that shows Tell bearing his crossbow, with one hand on the shoulder of his child, the hero went through his terrible ordeal before the Austrian tyrant. A short distance away is Burglen, where he was born. On the shore of the lake, a little below Fluelen,

stands the chapel which marks the spot where he escaped, during a terrible storm, from the boat which was taking him to captivity; and at Rütli, also on the lake-shore near at hand, tradition points out

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by Schiller in the noblest of his dramas, should be presented on the very spot on which it first occurred.

The idea took definite shape when the Tell Monument was erected in

ALTDORF MARKET-PLACE AND THE TELL MONUMENT.

the green meadow where Walter Furst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz, and Arnold von Melchthal of Unterwalden swore the oath that laid the foundation of Swiss liberties. Nothing surely could be fitter than that the heroic story, as rendered

1895, and was not so ambitious as it might appear to the community of an English town. The people of Altdorf have long been accustomed to form societies among themselves for glee and chorus singing and amateur acting. A

committee was soon formed, the parts were cast, and Herr Gustav Thiess, Director of the State Theatre at Lucerne, undertook to train the performers. These are almost all residents in Altdorf and the neighbourhood.

THE TELL MONUMENT AT ALTDORF.

The part of William Tell is taken by Herr Huber, one of the leading local tradesmen, who has held high office in the Commune. He is a fine-looking man of middle age, who realises with wonderful success the simple dignity and pathos of the part. Gessler, the Austrian agent, is represented by Herr Arnold, a hotel-keeper; and the schoolmaster takes the part of the brave old Baron of Attinghausen. Clerks, printers, artisans, a hairdresser, and a veterinary surgeon figure in the list of the performers.

The play has been described as an open-air performance. This is not correct. The new theatre, opened in 1899, although

merely put together with rough, unpainted boards, affords sufficient protection from the weather. The seats are so arranged that each place commands a good view of the stage, and the building is lighted with electricity. The scenery and costumes would do credit to many London theatres. I have certainly seen worse at Covent Garden. There is no buffet, but between the acts the doors are opened, and the people stream out to eat fruit and cakes and drink Pilsener beer at tables under the trees close by.

The performance begins at half-past one, and long before that the procession of men, women, and children from the neighbouring villages begins to stream up the road from Fluelen. There is something of a Sunday manner about the people; you feel that they are coming to be present at a performance which has almost a religious significance for them. On entering the area it is obvious that by far the larger part of the audience consists of natives of the district. Little family parties come in and take up their places on the benches. Friends nod to one another across the rapidly filling space. One or two priests may be seen, and a Franciscan friar in his brown gown and cowl. The sunlight streams in through the open doors, and without one catches glimpses of pastures and trees and the steep, rocky slopes of the mountains beyond.

One cannot but be struck with the beauty and dignity of the popular types exhibited during the performance. The young lady (in private life, I believe, assistant in a stationer's shop) who acted Gertrude, Stauffacher's brave wife, was a most beautiful and noble figure in her blue dress and white sleeves. The handsome brunette who acted Bertha von Bruneck rebuked her wavering lover with much spirit, and managed her charger better than he did. Fräulein Angele, daughter of the conductor of the orchestra, played the part of Tell's wife with a tender pathos and grace that captivated the audience. The impersonators of *Furst, Attinghausen,* Melchthal, were *noble and stately figures,* fully worthy to embody the poet's dream. The actors, almost without exception, spoke Schiller's noble lines as if they felt them, and any allusion to the scenery of their native land, its rocks, its snows, and the inviolate freedom of its children, woke the delighted enthusiasm of the audience.

The climax of interest is of course to be found in the scene in the third act of the play, in which Tell, who has declined to do homage to Gessler's hat, erected on a pole, is commanded to ransom his child's life and his own by shooting an apple off the boy's head. Here the management of the crowd was excellent, and the picturesque throngs who crowded the market-place (and who on week-days may be seen pursuing their ordinary avocations in the streets and shops of Altdorf) had evidently been drilled with great care. In this scene Herr Huber, who acted Tell, won his greatest triumph. He realised the poet's conception of the simple, silent, home-loving man, transformed into the terrible minister of vengeance by a cruel wound to his own affections. Tell's anguish when the ordeal is forced upon him; his passionate embrace of his son when the venture is over and he clasps the child alive in his arms; his desperate defiance of the tyrant, when Gessler commands him to tell the purport of the second arrow concealed in his garment—these were the salient points in an impersonation of great power.

Altogether, the play at Altdorf gives an example of what a national theatre may be among a people of natural artistic gifts, and moved by a noble enthusiasm for the great traditions of their land. The whole thing was so simple, so idyllic, so removed from the unclean associations that infest the stage in great cities, that one could not but sigh and think, "*O si sic omnia.*" It will be long, I am afraid, before we see a company of Lancashire operatives or Kentish farmers or shopkeepers rendering one of the historical plays of Shakspere with one tithe of the grace and dignity, the artistic feeling, or the patriotic passion of the good people of Altdorf.

A few practical hints for those who wish to witness the performance. It is held on Sundays throughout the summer. Seats may be booked in advance from the Tells-Comite, the price ranging from two to eight francs. The play begins at half-past one, and finishes at half-past five, so that the steam-boat leaving Lucerne at 9.20 a.m. and returning at 7 p.m. serves the turn of the visitor perfectly. These steamers are very comfortable, and passengers may lunch and dine on board while enjoying the unrivalled panorama of the lake shores. After seeing the play there is time for a walk through Altdorf before the boat starts. The most notable feature of the place after the Tell Monument is the Capuchin convent, the oldest in Switzerland, near which is the spot where the tyrant Gessler proposed to build the fortress of Zwing Uri, which was to cow the Swiss into subjection. The church and the Rathhaus are worth visiting, and contain some fine pictures. Altdorf is one of the stations on the St. Gothard Railway, and travellers may reach it by train from Zurich or Lucerne if they wish. For our part, we should have been sorry to miss that voyage along the loveliest of lakes, where every crag and steep and wooded inlet seemed to hold some echo of the old heroic story, which was so soon to live and move before our eyes once more.

BÜRGLEN AND THE SCHÄCHENTHAL.

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THE GARDENER.

By ETTA COURTNEY.

"MY LORD," said Mr. Asquith, "when a woman meddles with politics, she stretches the limits of privilege, and puts herself without her sphere."

"You speak with rare wisdom," assented my Lord, closing the casement. Though his head was by this means averted, Mr. Asquith, with a sense of irritation, felt tolerably sure that my Lord's cheek twitched. Himself a man of the most reasonable habit of mind, it was intolerable to him to be met in any spirit save that of seriousness. He therefore continued with some aspersion—

"You will allow that if my Lady Clementina has much discernment, at the same time — since she is of the volatile sex—'tis not of the wisest she should hold our secret."

My Lord clicked to the latchet of the casement.

"What mean you?" he cried out in a different manner.

"Merely this," says Mr. Asquith, now grown very quiet, but smiling a little about the mouth, "that as I came along the gallery ten minutes ago, what should my Lady Clem do but run out of the drawing-room, and, catching me by the arm, cry: 'What is this about his ugly, sly Highness of Orange, Mr. Asquith? Surely our people will never suffer him to be King over here!—a man that kicks his wife's own private altar, and calls her a Papist to her face, because she likes to sing a psalm, and not snuffle it?'"

My Lord pulled straight the ruffle of his left wrist.

"Said she so much?" he mused. *Though he spoke* lightly, nevertheless it was plain to be seen that he was discomposed.

Mr. Asquith watched him attentively; he was aware of my Lady Clementina's love of politics, and of her distaste for Orange; moreover, his own ears bore testimony to the fact that she had been more than once on the point of changing even her faith out of compliment to a sovereign whom she most passionately accredited with as many virtues as a man may have; and for whom she forswore every likely vice.

My Lord was arranging his second ruffle.

"What folly hath the chit conceived in her silly brain?" quoth he at length. "What should we do with his Highness of Orange here? Have we not an excellent Constitution, Asquith, an excellent Constitution? Likewise a most foreseeing, devout, and tactful sovereign, whose hand is upon the nation's heart? 'Tis plain the maid needs change of air; she is surely a little fevered, Asquith. I am grateful, deeply grateful, for your observance of her health."

Mr. Asquith bowed. His eyes and my Lord's met.

And in that look's meaning lay the reason of Clementina's coming to Bovey.

Her coach lobbed up to the manor house at the height of a June moon.

My Lady must needs dismount at the gate, seeing that it was not wide enough for admitting the chariot, which drove away to the left through the farmyard to the stables. Wherefore Clementina lifted her little head very high, sailing up the broad straight path with her finest air.

Having observed the proximity of the cow-barns, she was at the pains of pressing a foolish bit of cambric to her nose in a charming affectation.

Yet the place was rarely sweet—sweeter far than the town—with hay scent and warm odour of dew-freshened flowers; it was like a beautiful surprise folded away there among the hills. You came with a start of astonishment upon its grey gables, rose-wreathed about stone-set deep lattices, and the long right angle of the ball-room the last Lord had added, hooded in climbing greeneries.

Yet my Lady Clem, dropped into the midst of so much contentment, was inclined to be peevish next morning. She wore a new gown of lovely useless frippery, and missed my Lord Arbuthnot's commendation of the same. He was used to speak freely touching my Lady Clem's taste, and seldom in its disparagement.

The situation for proper picturesqueness was complete. Behold my Lady on a rustic seat under the great stone gateway, two peacocks preening at her feet, while she fed daintily on Devon cream from a little blue bowl on her lap.

A shadow across the warm grass roused her from a reverie of regret. A man, who looked from his implements to be a gardener, stood a pace or two away watching my Lady.

Her accustomed eye caught the reflection on his face of a commodity she fancied to have left behind her in the town. She was lifted immediately to a delightful cheerfulness.

"Good-morning," said she very sweetly, "do you wish to tend the beds behind me? Am I hindering you?"

His answer declared an unexpected nicety of manner. A great admiration shone out over his face. Clementina warmed with approval towards him. He was a lean, sparish man, not over young, with a long head, and a blue insistent eye.

"My Lady, I would not disturb you for the world. I did but pass round the house this way," quoth he, in a fine manner he must assuredly have learned of his betters. Suddenly bending to a basket he carried, he selected a fine damask rose, and proffered it diffidently.

"'Tis the finest the garden hath, Madame."

Clem took it with her prettiest smile; she held it to her bosom, and said softly—

"'Tis his Majesty's favourite flower and his favourite colour; I shall wear it and think of him."

The gardener's face was empty of proper response to this effusement of loyalty; perhaps it required too much of humanity to expect it otherwise.

After a pause says he—

"What think you of yonder lilies, my Lady?"

A great bank of orange flowering tigers stood handsomely around an ancient leaden cistern, which bore on its full-bellied frontal embellishments of Tudor times, the rose of England scrolled finely around a centre figure holding the orb and mace of royalty, and borrowed an ornate grace from these royal flowers. My Lady caught the symbol of their flaring hue—or the symbol as she took it. Up went her nose disdainfully.

"'Tis a vile colour, my good man, and jaundices the eye; by to-morrow you will have the flowers removed, and yonder fine workmanship given daylight."

"But, my Lady, the flowers have taken a spring to tend."

Clementina waved her hand. It was a finite gesture: it signified disdain, it commanded obedience, it dismissed the matter. During the moment of its endurance the lady was ravishingly beautiful. The gardener looked at her with undisguised admiration, and Clementina blushed. Now to blush like a school-room miss when you are playing Queen is disconcerting. So ill-pleased was Clem with herself that she rose, and, sailing past the menial, went rapidly towards the house.

He watched the swish of her skirts bending the glistening grassblades till the portico swallowed her shape; and 'tis not to be questioned that as he did so he smiled.

You come difficultly upon Bovey House from coastwards, which is its most usual

approach, for it lieth too hill-bound on the land side. The way begins, then, by a long and straggling street, winding like a white ribbon up from the violet sea among deep thatches. Up goes the road, needing good wind every inch of the way; and presently turns off secretively into a deep-bellied lane, shouldered by great trees, to the cross-roads, where, if you be not wary, you may find yourself dropping to the sea again, or going Honiton ways. If you choose aright, a carpet of smooth turf lies before you, and the long shoulder—ivy-wrapped—of some sort of habitation. The place hath a great seclusion but no prettiness, till round the corner of this wing the gables of the manor house smile suddenly down at you: it hath not a neighbour, saving such humble dependencies as belong to the hinds.

In three days Clem had filled the place with roses and garlands of her own plucking; she knew every lane and every turning within a woman's power of walking, had stained her hands red with fruit; nay, she had even made a pasty of raspberries, and partaken of it. And after three days the orange lilies still fronted that ancient cistern spoken of, and were trained with an assumption of still greater care to protecting sticks: thus they stood up like valiant soldiers, and bore their colours bravely. Clem, summing a vasty power of imagination, used in passing these assertive flowers to persuade herself that she did not so much as observe them; that she had forgot they should not be there—so facile may be a maid's brain.

On a Saturday evening, crossing the lawn, she met the gardener. He stood aside and bowed, his hat swept the ground.

"What an assumption of his betters! Where did he get his air?" thought Lady Clem, and upon an impulse stopped. Said she—

"My good man, can you tell me if there be any Catholic place of worship where on the morrow I may go?"

"In these parts, Madame, we be sound Protestants, and there be none of that dangerous persuasion."

"Hold!" cried out Clem. "'Tis his *Majesty's religion you* disparage; it is not for your ignorance to cast aspersion upon it!"

"My Lady, you cannot make me believe that his Majesty should be supreme over a man's conscience, or that the Pope is absolute!"

"I acknowledge that the Pope is my supreme head," returned Clementina tartly.

"Pardon, Madame," spoke the quiet voice of the gardener; "you have not yet found your supreme head. It will be your husband—when you take him."

The white and red fought in Clem's cheeks. She endeavoured to look an anger proper to the occasion, though in reality her mind stood still at the cool assumption of this speech; yet so courteously was it said, with such properly quiet assurance, that it carried along with it no insolence, but only conviction. Therefore Clementina fixed her look away from him, and away from the lilies, near which they chanced to be standing, and spoke in an admonishing manner, and with her grandest air.

"It seems that your loyalty stands in need of furbishing; or else you live so remote that you have no notion of what manner of Sovereign yours is the good fortune to live under. You have a King who should be a pattern to most: he is a brave man, a good husband, and sincerely religious. His sincerity of faith might indeed put some of us to shame."

"He hath done some desperate things for his creed, to be sure; but 'tis at best a 'back-door, kind of pay-the-most' fashion of reaching heaven, and to my mind, heaven—as they paint it—isn't worth all the trouble of squaring the priests and the Pope to get into. I never heard, Madame, that you could find there any but ready-made flowers; and a flower, to my manner of thinking, is the more the flower for your having grown it, and not much without. Therefore, with a ready-made flower in the one hand, and a harp in the other, surely time would hang?"

Her Ladyship showed that she was aghast at such irrelevant views of a convention she had been bred to: the King's religion and her own were alike, in that

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Behold my Lady on a rustic seat under the great stone gateway, two peacocks preening at her feet.

both admitted the bliss of a calm, stilly, and, before all things, musical Paradise. Palms, too, were a necessity. Observing her discomfiture, said he—

"Perhaps I spoke unadvisedly; but did it never occur to you, Madame, that our life here is so excellently full that by contrast all that is offered us in the next must needs—at least, in the notion of it—fall short? You may never yet have felt how one life can touch other lives, and if it be but of set purpose enough—stubborn enough—bring about weighty issues.

"It is my privilege," said he, speaking with a suppressed eagerness, "to touch actually one such life at the present; 'tis a quiet man, yet others far robuster than himself are content to let his destiny shape theirs. He——"

"Such a man is his Majesty," interrupted Clem; "doubtless you had his Majesty in your mind?"

"God forbid!" the other cried out; and then, as one guilty of an unwariness, and drawing back from it, said—

"James hath my hearty pity; but a man—and a King, moreover—who is of two opinions in an hour showeth an uncertainty of mind that Fortune will be chary of; for she, for all that she is a goddess, hath her good repute to maintain, and can ill afford to wanton with it."

Clementina was furiously red, and her lips opened and shut upon some sort of unframed reproach. She was in reality moved to a very deep indignation, yet doubtful how she should convey it to this man, who stood there before her with an air of supremest conviction, withal an unassumedness that put the bolt upon her tongue. Presently he spoke again, and to the purpose which plainly held his mind, so that he had forgot his environment, the lady, likewise the office in which he stood to her.

"All that family," said he, "hath so ill assorted a notion of honour that the rottenness thereof is come to stick in an Englishman's gorge, and hath done so from the time James's father sold Strafford *to the Commons*, to his own recent tampering *with those rights* of conscience we have spilt much good blood for; nathless, James is true to his purpose, but that he may be true to it is traitor to the rest; and to save his own soul and win the Pope's smile, he is willing to send all England packing to the Devil."

"I have heard my father say," says Clementina very eagerly, "that in the old King's time the Duke of York, that was then Admiral, saved the Navy, and hath since put down the National Debt as none other Sovereign could or would; that he is even avaricious for the nation. Surely all this should throw some weight into the other scale; and because he hath a holier religion than yours, how——"

"Madame, believe me," he interrupted her, "I have in my life seen some other things than gardening—which is a good enough calling when a man quiets him down to middle life."

Unconsciously Clementina scanned him. True that his hair was grown a trifle thin on the temples, otherwise there was a vitality of eye and mien that disparaged old age. He continued, speaking very sensibly—

"I have seen Catholic Europe, and I have seen Protestant Europe; and it ever needed but the most casual observation to discover when you were come into Protestant lands—'twas as plainly to be perceived as if a sign had been set up to announce it: the people held their heads in a different fashion; they answered to none but themselves—each man to his own conscience; there was no tribute to the priest; thrift and well-being were ever a rule and no exception. To be sure, your Catholic priest may like right better than wrong; but human nature is but human nature, and he knows himself but a tool, and the old man in Rome absolute. . . . He seeks universal dominion—your Pope—and it's part of his remarkable religious organisation that it has been realised from the beginning how great things are built up of matters so small as to pass with the unobservant for nothings; wherefore the priest, obeying his master, despises nothing less than those nothings. It is tribute that rich and poor must pay alike, tribute of body, soul, and substance."

The last of the sunlight was fallen in a golden band across the two on the sward.

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Clementina, dumbfounded before the rapid eloquence of the gardener, looked again, and wonderingly, at him. His bronzed and resolute face burned with a ruddy light, his eyes were very eloquent; she had forgot that he was a clod, and liked him the more that he should discourse of deep matters with her in an earnestness of manner that proved an appreciation of her own intelligence. She had not been a woman if she had not felt thus. He had found an adroiter way than flattery to her favour, had this been the goal of his intentions. My Lady spread her hands to the sunlight.

"I never was in a Catholic country," said she rather weakly; and added, "But it is a brave faith, and more likely with its music and colour to draw the people than your cold and whitewashed fashion of worshipping."

To this he made no answer; and she, perceiving how much at variance their difference of opinion was likely to place them, and following a new and strange impulse, dropped the argument, and very shortly went in.

With the new moon came wet and that humidness which lies too frequently like a cloak about the green loveliness of Devon Time crept with leaden footsteps to Clementina, chained to the house.

She found herself very often considering the gardener, who, by an accident, had given her much that was new to consider. He seemed, too, the only living thing about the place; the rest with her haughty habit of unobservance she scarce distinguished one from the other; and from a casement window, where she sat during long mornings, longer afternoons, and most doleful evenings, she was accustomed to keep an observance if he should pass that way. But this he seldom did, seeing that the most of the garden lay behind the house, and that fronting it was but a pleasaunce. Yet twice or thrice in a pair of days he would pass, yet never turned his head towards the windows, nor seemed so much as to think of the house or its proximity. It was a sodden time, and Clementina reduced to dolefullest straits. The rain made vague the faces of the cottages across the green, and out of a steaming atmosphere the monstrous great barns to the right of the garden rose like spectres of a life long sped this deserted spot.

Clementina grew nervous; shrugged herself together in her bed at night, with the clothes drawn tight about her, and fancied noises; nor did she find that comfort—formerly hers—in a silver crucifix she had, and which hung on the panel above her head, and had often been a talisman for smoothing the rucks of life. So solitary an existence engendered thought in my Lady, whose past life now appeared so facile a thing to her that she wondered at the fancied needs that had sent her to the crucifix, while she half smiled to herself how an image fashioned of bone should give her consolation in the grievousness of spirit she now endured. Moreover, the words of the hind, my Lord's gardener, were sunk very deep into her mind; and of the imagination bred of solitude, she was at a time half tempted to believe him a prophet — not barren of some share of inspiration — of that religion and that confraternity which for his Majesty's sake she despised. His Majesty's picture which she wore on her bosom, mighty elegantly fashioned about with pearls, became in those days very much of a dead thing likewise; it seemed all peruke and point lace, and she discovered how much the artist had lapsed in setting the eyes so near together in the painting: such disposition of the eyes belongeth to a sinister and narrow nature, such as his Majesty had not. At length, being wholly ill-at-ease, and afraid of her own paleness of spirit, Clementina wrote to London—

"My Lord, I pray you remove me speedily from this environ, else shall I lose my wits. I be come to fancy strange noises in this house, for which I cannot sleep at nights."

But before the answer to this might reach Bovey, Clementina—to escape the shadows of the house and the stillness, which her phantasy began sometimes to

believe the stillness of hushed life and muffled breathing, not the stillness of emptiness—wrapped herself one evening in a great cloak, and, going through the farm, followed the road which goeth up very quickly to the moor. To do this she had escaped the vigilance of her maid Jocelyn, for rainy dank still hung clammy to the trees, while sea-mist rolled restlessly about the upper lands. Clem spent an hour gazing out at the blurred motion of the sea before she turned homewards, taking the steep road by the quarries. Herself was become an unreality to herself, no more to be understood than the strange existence and environ through which, rudderless, she now drifted; she felt herself callous, yet very sensitive of spirit too; perturbed, yet strangely content.

The cavernous dark of the quarry entrance invited her in her strange temper; nor did the growing dusk, nor the now settled sea-mist, deter her in a curiosity which was yet no more than an outside accident of action. Yet 'twas a rash act to attempt penetrating a place spread out in bewildering arteries threading the bowels of the moor. And, indeed, two yards from the entrance she stopped, a sudden paralysis of fear leaping upon her, so that every nerve in her body was knotted, and her tongue stricken with dumbness. She could neither move nor cry out. Facing her in the dank and earthy obscurity, so close that she verily seemed to feel upon her mouth the swish of his startled breath, stood the lean buff-clad figure of a man. So much saw Clementina in her terror, so much could swear to, nor ever in after life forgot the certainty of that buff impression; yet surely 'twas no man, for in this second of his appearing he was even disappeared, and too quietly in that vault-like silence than might any mortal man, picking over broken chalk and stones in horseman's boots such as must have finished his riding attire.

Providence is so kind in emergency that my Lady, turning half swooning to the cavern's mouth, encountered a creature as human as herself; and stretched out her hands to the Bovey gardener for succour, and cried out incoherently, nor so much as thought of the incongruity of his being there, nor of the strangeness thereof. Neither did he offer any counter astonishment to my Lady; but took her gently by the arm, and led her out of that uncouth obscurity. And the fresh air reviving her, Clementina began to walk very swiftly towards Bovey, looking straight ahead; nor did she speak to him, or he to her; only once, walking side by side over that rough road, their hands touched.

The morrow brought a letter from my Lord. It was terse, he being, unless at some great pains, no scribe.

"'Tis too solitary for thee, Clem, at Bovey, I see, so prepare you to leave in twelve hours from getting this; and, once on the journey, push on as quick as may be through the ruts and mire of those evil Devon roads of ours."

But Clem, it seemed, had gotten a kind of chill and nervous distemper — either from that escapade of hers or from so much solitariness and continued damp in the atmosphere, and was able to do no more than rise at midday and crawl through some weary hours, and back to bed again; and the news of this was posted to my Lord.

A fevered imagination and sickish feeling made Clem's face to grow white and sharp, so much so that the gardener—who if he were unobtrusive was by no means unobservant, and was, moreover, a man of more experience than may be gained out of horticulture—asked audience one day of my Lady; and come into the red parlour, stood there with his indomitable grace, in no wise disconcerted, and declaring himself somewhat of a leech, craved permission of my Lady Clementina to prescribe for her.

Lassitude had my little Lady fast bound, but she managed something of a smile, looking up from her great chair, and said—

"Yes, if you won't make me turn Protestant."

"'Tis the body, not the soul, hath need of medicine just now," says he, feeling

her pulse, "and I cannot make you what you already are."

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She gave no more answer to this than a look. He counted the pulse-beats, holding her little hand very comfortably in his brown one—a smallish man's hand with

He raised that little hand on the sill in his own.

lean, long fingers, but one, nevertheless, to give assurance of some things a woman loves.

The gardener had not been very long in his new position of leech before he ordered my Lady to change her chamber; so they put her from over the ball-room into an oak-panelled vasty apartment with a great window looking over the pleasaunce: the long spur of the ball-room was like a garland hung out for Clementina's delighting, with its wreaths of honeysuckle and roses. Only, she was fuller of her own sick mind's distortion than of the daily sweetness of these garlanded flowers; a strange thing was grown up in her thoughts, a certainty out of the medley of imaginings incepted by the strange and solitary house. It was no less a knowledge than that those hours were empty which brought not the gardener; while her own complacency,

politics—nay, even consideration of the world—were weightless with her in face of his; which felt, divined more than—of late—tangibly received from his lips, were in her present mind as difficultly ousted as any other stage of Nature's development. Yet Clem was no fool, and knew this bubble must speedily burst. Her uncertainty was grievous. One moment she had no mind to be well, the next she vowed on the morrow to be preparing at sunrise for that journey Londonwards that must one day be undertaken.

My Lady was dozing on the parlour window-seat.

Her face gleamed like a white pearl out of the room's dimness, a fluff of hair was blown downwards from her modish coiffure; she looked like a young, slim child.

She awoke suddenly to find those eyes of which she had very consistently dreamed fixed upon her own from without the casement. The gardener stood there, a kind of silence in his face, yet his eyes had it not.

Clem pulled herself up by the ledge of the window; she was rosy with a great blush—but the gardener observed the whiteness and intersecting lines of blue in her hand that told their proper tale of debility.

"I am much better," says Clem quickly. "To-morrow I mean to ride before breakfast over the moor Honiton ways."

'Twas then he showed the first familiarity of their intercourse, and raised that little hand on the sill in his own, and holding it, said sternly—

"I beg you will do no such thing. 'Tis a folly, an indiscretion which would lessen your chance of seeing London these two months, and give the laugh to my doctoring besides."

Unconsciously it seemed his fingers curled about those other fingers, and the touch was a caress, and as such conveyed itself with an entrancing sweetness to Clementina. Their eyes met, and each in the eyes of the other found Paradise.

"I am going away," Clem whispered at *length; "my* father has grown tired of *waiting."*

"No!" answers he, dropping her hand, "that cannot be; you will stay here, Madame—now 'tis gone so far you will stay here; you are safe. I can trust you!" he added under his breath.

"I can travel to-morrow, or, at most, the day after, certainly the day after that. And—what do you mean by trusting me?"

"My Lady, I trust in the inviolate grace of woman."

"Of all women?"

"Of some women."

"Of some, or one or two in particular? Had you perhaps one or two whom you may know the more intimately in your mind's eye?"

"I had but one in my mind's eye, nor ever can have more," he answered her at once, and very seriously. Then as one that recalls himself, he added—

"To-morrow, Madame, business takes me away. 'Tis a matter of my master's. Promise me I shall find you here on my return; obey me, Madame, in this as your strict leech, and give me your promise."

She promised him.

The sting of near absence brought truth home; she would have promised him anything.

When he was gone, her ease of mind was hence also, and present matters began to shape out of a chaos of irresponsible sweetness into due proportions of difficulty. His Majesty's miniature no longer rose and fell on Clementina's bosom; the air of the parlour was frequently heavy with the scent of those same flowers she once had eschewed; love reigned in her heart, and, grappling with the habit of a lifetime and another kind of affection, drove itself but the deeper. It was curious that Clementina had left a dozen swains behind her in the town, and not one powerful enough to make her sigh for a love-letter; yet—such strange complexities be women's hearts—here was a serious, silent fellow, a score of years older than herself, who, without one actual word of love, with nothing more on another hand than a certain hardihood of spirit, counterbalanced by a ridiculous

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incongruity of estate, had rung a death-knell to Clem's indifference.

With him in her heart, and the frequent echo of his conversation in her ears, my Lady had not that observance of the quietude around her which would ordinarily have been the case. 'Tis true, an old habit prevailed o' nights, and, once betwixt the sheets, she covered her little ears well away from some sounds there were to trouble the quietude of that ancient bed-chamber. Yet, he having said they were but noises incidental to a structure which had not seen its foundation either in that century or the previous one, she, like a child for implicit trust, accepted his words even while, at intervals, the vagaries of these ancient timbers, these drying mortars and cements, were inexplicable. Nevertheless, because love is confidence, actual fear was quenched in Clem, though 'tis not to be denied that its absence begat another quality in my Lady's breast. She grew curious, so curious that one night, lying broad awake and alert, when that now familiar brushing came on the wrong side of her own wainscot, and in quick duet the tweak of a troubled board, Clementina—whose eyes leapt to the region of the sound, or were there by habit, locating it precisely — waited a space, and then left her bed. Her little chin declared for "conquer or die"; her lips were firm, and she drew on a long white wrapper with an unhesitancy of mien proclaiming that the Rubicon of indecision was past.

She lifted the little bow.

Something formerly infrequent, savouring of chance, was grown since the gardener's absence into a nightly occurrence. Clem was convinced that it was owing to his absence that there was some matter afoot that he was not cognisant of, and she had a loyalty to him more than a little inclined to divine, for him, some injury therein.

When a finger slid back easily the Tudor rose third from the edge of the panel, she only wondered why she had

not pushed it before; and was aware, as the entire panel began to slide, that she had all along been cognisant of its mechanism behind a dull withholding of thought.

The panel dovetailed into its own hiding-place, to disclose a square, smallish room to which there were both ingress and egress apart from my Lady's wainscot. It was no more than a cupboard at best, and the door that was ajar in it—t' other was pulled-to and fastened, and a key stood in the lock—was the beginning of a long, low, uneven passage, where a short man must needs bend him. My Lady, very valiant, began to grope along this ill-devised place; and followed it even to its turning to the left, where it began gradually to descend. Now, at this almost imperceptible alteration Clem's courage suddenly oozed. It was, no doubt, the very slightness of the change that lent a sense of sly, insidious danger; besides, the place grew more confined—indeed, a breathless environ. My Lady was clean worsted of her bravery, and had displayed so much of the white feather as to be already turned back—that former episode of the quarry was in her mind, though it was no doubt only the breathlessness which in reality dismayed her, for she was, for a woman, of sterling spirit—when her eyes chanced to find on the ground at her feet a little knot of orange ribbon. This, being precisely the hue of the lilies now bending to the moon in the pleasaunce below, did stimulate her to some new thought; and, stooping, she lifted the little bow and found it to be of that soft sarcenet which our gallants fashion their rosettes of, and those knots they do have betwixt the feathers of their hats.

It was of so familiar and friendly a texture that from association's magic my Lady's tremours forsook her with a kind of enlightenment that was yet no enlightenment. She pondered, holding her candle to the bit of silk.

A thin-lipped man with a prominent forehead sat at the end of a table improvised with trestles and planks; and half-a-dozen or so gentlemen lounged around it with an air of sitting at ease after the achievement of business. There were thin red and yellow flickerings from candles stuck into bottles, and burnt low, and a brazier that helped to warm an apartment as cold and vaulty as the grave, full of shadows that rejected the light.

"Then your Highness allows that the will of the most despotic monarch yields on rare occasions?" laughed Mr. Asquith.

The man with the thin lips shrugged his shoulders.

"Frequently, Sir, if he be an English monarch; and in that case to a still more despotic will—that of your Parliament. Know you," he continued, with half a gleam of amusement lighting his grave face, "what the French King saith? I heard it of C——, that was once his Ambassador at St. James's: 'Hein! 'tis a strange thing,' observed my cousin Louis, 'this English Parliament. 'Tis an assemblage of three peoples' delegates—each naturally at deadly feud with the other; yet all three are bound closely together in one unbendable resolve of leaving the smallest possible amount of power in the hands of the King.' Poor King! He is no more than the Polichinelle of their show," the Prince concluded whimsically. A laugh ran in and out of the shadows at his Highness's humour; but my Lord, who never saw a joke, said, leaning his own hands on the table—

"A common danger links enemies, and will make brothers-in-arms of antipathies and hostile races; yet, at the same time, this patchwork of inclinations menaces their future, because, while each gains so intimate a knowledge of the temper of the other, their natural enmity is becoming the better armed, till presently 'tis for all the world like treading on a mine."

"My Lord, no man has weighed that more than I," said the Prince shortly: he had read my Lord's meaning, and my Lord was fond of having his conversation doubled-barrelled at that time, being under some delusion that his patriotism demanded it. "And no one knows better than I that you can no more move the temper of a people than of an individual:

this can be no question of a fusion of race."

A thin stream of light ran suddenly down the narrow aisle of the chamber, and the doorway being filled by a white and luminous form, each man looked with dread and apprehension at his neighbour.

My Lady, carrying her candle, came on into the apartment; and withal she trembled mightily and was at her wit's end with

there no other way out of this chamber except that I have come?"

None leapt forward to enlighten her; instead, all continued staring at her in silence, as if she had been an apparition. And saving that the eyes of the gardener kindled, and with their leap of flame held Clem's, there was no motion, even on his part, of lightening her strange accident.

My Lord spake first, with the steely ring of his habitual sneer in the words—

My Lady, carrying her candle, came on into the apartment.

amazement, courtesied—out of the grace of habit—to the assembled gentlemen.

The silence that succeeded was heavier than the shadows. Consternation gripped my Lady, whose eyes, travelling in dismay among the company, encountered those of the man who seemed ever ready in the emergencies of that strange, most secretive place. Her heart leapt after its first tight breathlessness, but with pretty dignity covering confusion, she, stepping up to him, saith—

"Sir, I do fear that I am intruding. Is

"Has your Highness ever chanced to hear of John Knox's 'Monstrous Regimen of Women'? Begad, go where you will, there 's always a woman to have her finger in the pie: trust a woman to sniff a secret!"

Clementina flashed a look of recognition and scorn at my Lord—a withering look, her thin little nostrils quivered—but my Lord, with his smile that was no smile, continued—

"It seems that my daughter, whom I fancied in solitude, hath acquaintance

here; my Lady and the gardener are, it appears, previously met!"

Clem, very red, with her head held high, took the gardener by the hand. Says she very spiritedly, owing my Lord something for his last gibe, and brought fully to self-possession by some womanly instinct of protection—

"Your gardener perhaps, my Lord—and he hath an inordinate love of orange tigers—but my good physician. He has cured me from a distemper when you had forgot me in my 'solitude'; and from no necessity this, but out of his heart's good-will."

"Men were ever disinterested in all that they do," returned my Lord; "'tis the pure spring of all their actions. We are all disinterested, your Highness, else should we not be met here to-night. But since there happens to be both a woman and a secret at Bovey, why put them both in a situation so adjacent? Her Ladyship must have heard the rustle of our great skirted coats at midnight every night for a week through the chamber wainscot. My Lady has well employed her time here in growing intimate with conspiracies, my gardener, and doubtless in studying horticulture."

William came up to Clementina.

"My Lady," says he, bowing low and interrupting the gardener's "south aspect," "ague," and "cheerfulness," "if this study pleases you, and you will one day come to Holland, I will show you tulips such as I'll swear never were in this country." Then, turning to the gardener, said he, "Dr. Cuthbertson, present me formally to your patient, if you please."

Thus was Clementina made first acquaint with his Highness of Orange, and was the first lady in Great Britain to have that honour.

"Gardener, physician, and White Wand," my Lord put in on his breath to Mr. Asquith, "and a most excellent evangelist. There could have been no better means for the lady's conversion. You can't hoodwink a woman, though, quite, Mr. Asquith; and begad, she hath some spirit, too. Saw you how she stood up to the 'Gardener'?"

The Prince was speaking to my Lady. His manner bespoke great deference.

"Perhaps, Madame, you resent my presence here?" said he.

Clem made her prettiest curtsey.

"I regard your Highness as the champion of the true religion," was her reply, "and I am the gratefullest of your future subjects."

EPILOGUE.

'Tis not commonly known that the Prince of Orange, previous to his invasion of this country, was himself come into England secretly on a visit of some length to supervise personally those arrangements for his coming which took place in October 1688, and to ascertain himself the temper of the people who were inviting him. During this time he lay hid at my Lord's manor house of Bovey, and was used to receive there—and likewise in the ancient Roman Quarries hard by—the delegates of the county of Devon.

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CHARLES DICKENS'S LONDON.

By WALTER DEXTER.

Illustrated by the Author.

THE name of Charles Dickens, associated as it is with the characters of Sam Weller, Mrs. Gamp, Bill Sikes, Micawber, and Pickwick, will live for many generations. Dickens created not only these characters, but he immortalised many spots in London and elsewhere which are visited by some thousands of his devotees during the course of the year.

But whereas his characters will be handed down from generation to generation as the most realistic pen-portraits ever written, yet his landmarks are not destined to enjoy the same distinction.

Dickens's London has suffered greatly during the last few years, and but a small number of the places he has described so vividly are now left standing. The hand of the "improver" has been very heavy of late on the old spots of London. To make London a city of wider streets and a healthier dwelling-place for its toiling millions, old buildings and narrow streets are being ruthlessly swept away.

The new thoroughfare from Holborn to the Strand is necessitating the removal of many historic spots, and in a very short time London will be the poorer by at least two places of interest to the readers of Dickens.

It is our intention, therefore, to conduct our readers on a short tour to the principal places made famous by the novelist's facile pen. Let us call photography to our aid in order to make a more permanent record of the places we visit ere they are "picked down" and shovelled up by the hands of the "improver."

Excluding the City, London south of the Thames contains more places mentioned by Dickens than the north of the Metropolis. The high road through London to Dover, part of which is the famous Old Kent Road, was his especial favourite, perhaps because it was the first stage of the journey to Gad's Hill and to Rochester, perhaps because some of his earliest recollections were centred in its vicinity. The Borough, in particular, will long live, coupled with the names of Little Dorrit, Pickwick, and Sam Weller; but, unfortunately, many places of interest once there are now no longer easily recognised.

The White Hart Inn, where Mr. Pickwick met the inimitable Sam Weller brushing boots, was pulled down and rebuilt a quarter of a century ago. There is a new White Hart on the spot now, but all the old associations connected with the hostelry vanished when the old galleried courtyard disappeared.

Although never mentioned by Dickens, the George Hotel, a few yards further on, is worth a visit. It is the last old inn in the Borough, perhaps in London. Down a side turning, now used as a goods depôt for a railway company, one finds on the right a portion of an old galleried courtyard, and, supposing the George to be the White Hart, one can see in all reality the scene of Sam Weller's advent.

As we near the church at the end of the Borough, we reach the site of the Marshalsea Prison, immortalised in "Little Dorrit"—

"Thirty years ago," said Dickens, "there stood, a few doors short of the Church of St. George, in the borough of Southwark, on the left-hand side of the way going southward, the Marshalsea

Prison; but it is gone now, and the world is none the worse without it."

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Dickens says "it is gone now," but this was not exactly the case. It is true that at the time of writing the Marshalsea was no longer a prison, but a part of the building was still standing. See what he says about it in his preface to the novel—

> Some of my readers may have an interest in being informed whether or no any portions of the Marshalsea Prison are yet standing. I myself did not know until I was approaching the end of this story, when I went to look. I found the outer front courtyard metamorphosed into a butter-shop; and I then almost gave up every brick of the jail for lost. Wandering, however, down a certain adjacent "Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey," I came to "Marshalsea Place," the houses of which I recognised, not only as the great block of the former prison, but as preserving the rooms that arose in my mind's eye when I became Little Dorrit's biographer.

But Dickens saw the remains of the Marshalsea nearly half a century ago, and now all that is left is the lower portion of the wall shown in the accompanying photo. This wall formed the boundary of the prison, and divided it from the churchyard. It can be seen by entering the churchyard and bearing to the left. The buildings behind the wall are factories, and modern.

St. George's Church will ever be remembered as the resting-place of Little Dorrit on the night of "Little Dorrit's Party." She was married there, too, to Arthur Clennam; and the clerk then informed those present—

> "You see, this young lady is one of our curiosities, and has come now to the third volume of our Registers. Her birth is in what I call the first volume: she lay asleep on this very floor, with her pretty head on what I call the second volume, and now she's a-writing her little name as a bride in what I call the third volume."

Let us name one more link between Little Dorrit and Southwark—Southwark Bridge, the favourite walk of Little Dorrit and the scene of the tender interview between her and the lovesick John Chivery. The Iron Bridge is mentioned in other of Dickens's novels, notably in "Our Mutual Friend."

"There is a repose about Lant Street in the Borough." Who does not know this as the commencement to that most interesting, and most often publicly read chapter in the "Pickwick Papers"—"Bob Sawyer's Party"? Lant Street is still as Dickens knew it. "A house in Lant Street would not come within the denomination of a first-class residence, but it is a most desirable spot nevertheless." "It is a by-street too, and its dullness is soothing." Dickens knew a great deal of Lant Street, for he lived in it as a boy whilst his father was in the Marshalsea.

Except that it has declined a little in respectability, nevertheless even to-day "there is a repose about Lant Street in the Borough which sheds a gentle melancholy upon the soul." We will now retrace our steps to London Bridge. Crossing it by the left-hand side, we see the steps—

> which, on the Surrey bank and on the same side of the bridge as St. Saviour's Church, form a landing-stairs from the river. . . . These stairs are a part of the bridge: they consist of three flights. Just below the end of the second, going down, the stone wall on the left terminates in an ornamental pilaster facing towards the Thames. At this point the lower steps widen: so that a person turning that angle of the wall is necessarily unseen by any others on the stairs who chance to be above him, if only a step.

It was here that Nancy had that memorable meeting with Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow ("Oliver Twist"): the eavesdropper, it will be remembered, was Noah Claypole. Cruikshank drew an admirable picture of these steps.

Jacob's Island, beyond Dockhead, the tragic scene of Bill Sikes's death, has been much changed since then, and would be unrecognisable to the Dickens devotee who should visit it.

In Lombard Street we still have the George and Vulture, now quite hidden by the tall offices that surround it; but the narrow courts hard by enable the visitor to see that the old coaching inn beloved of Mr. Weller senior, and so often mentioned in the "Pickwick Papers," is just as Dickens pictured it. The George and Vulture is so hemmed in that it is very difficult to take a photograph of even a part of it, but the one here reproduced is the best that could be obtained under the circumstances.

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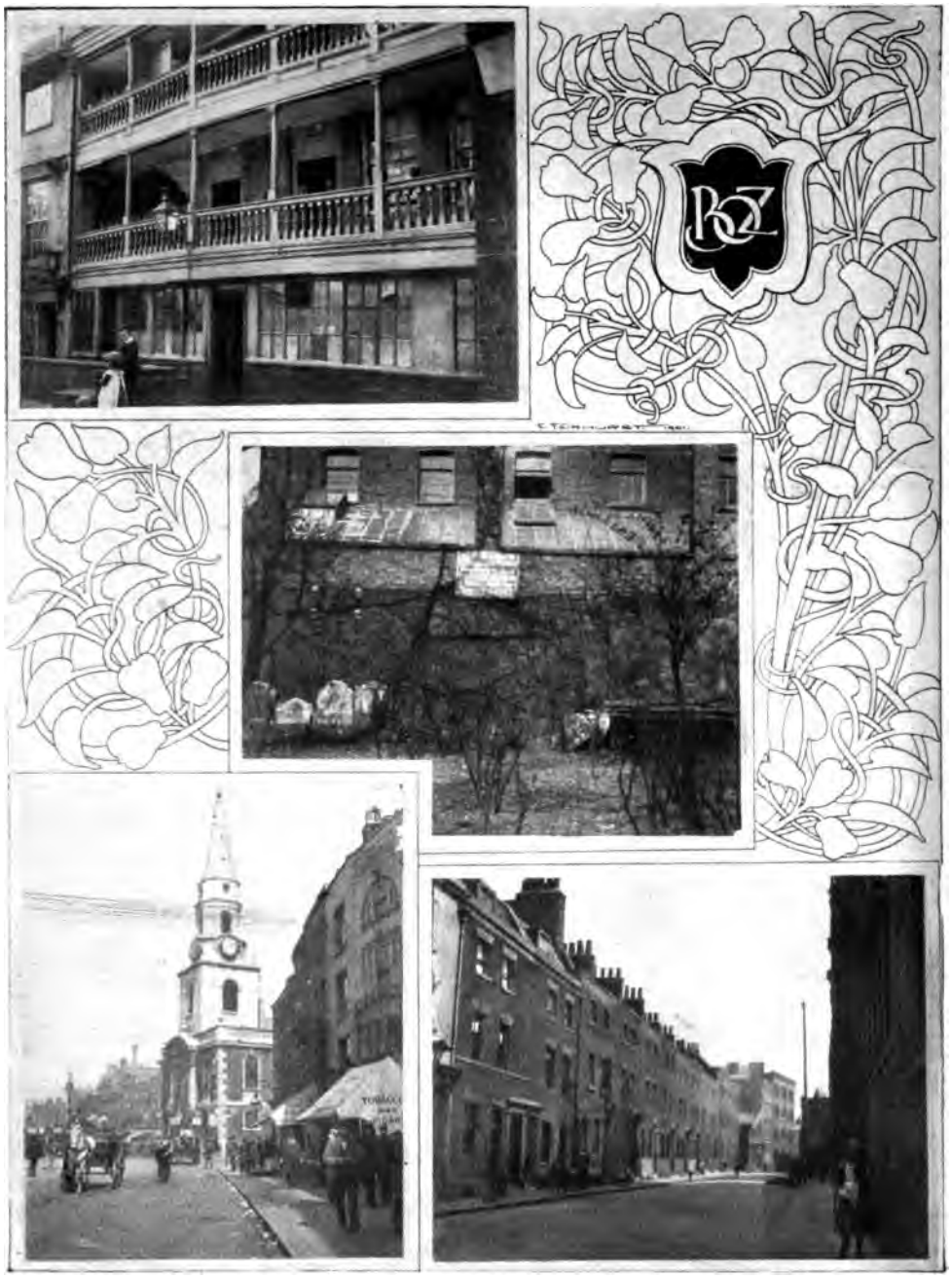

THE GEORGE INN, BOROUGH. THE LAST OF THE MARSHALSEA PRISON ("Little Dorrit").

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BOROUGH HIGH STREET ("Little Dorrit"). "THERE IS A REPOSE ABOUT LANT STREET" ("Pickwick Papers").

CHARLES DICKENS'S LONDON.

From the George and Vulture it is not far to Cornhill; but one will search in vain for the office of Dodson and Fogg, Freeman's Court, Cornhill, for the simple reason that there *is* no Freeman's Court, Cornhill. Freeman's Court is in Cheapside. The nearest approach to Freeman's Court in *Cornhill* is Newman's Court, and this was undoubtedly what Dickens described as Freeman's Court, altering the name a little, for reasons best known to himself.

In Holborn we arrive in the very midst of London's Dickensland. Holborn to the right and Holborn to the left regularly teems with Dickens recollections. First let us take the Inns—not the hostelries, but the Inns of Court.

"Curious little nooks in a great place like London, these old Inns are," says Dickens in "Pickwick"; and there is no doubt at all about it. One seems in another world entirely on leaving the noisy streets for the quiet corners of the various Inns on either side of Holborn, and it would be hard to equal anywhere these picturesque bits of Old London. Dickens forestalls us in reference to the above remarks as to the great change noticed on leaving the noisy streets for the solitude of the Inns, for in "Edwin Drood" we read—

> Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way . . . is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton-wool into his ears, and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees as though they called to one another, "Let us play at country!" and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings.

Staple Inn is in a very fine state of preservation. In the outer quadrangle the birds still play at country around the tree which has a seat encircling it, and on a summer's day no pleasanter or quieter spot than this can be found so near to the hustle and bustle of a noisy thoroughfare. Passing through the outer quadrangle, we

Cook's Court, Cursitor Street ("Bleak House")

Lincoln's Inn ("Bleak House").

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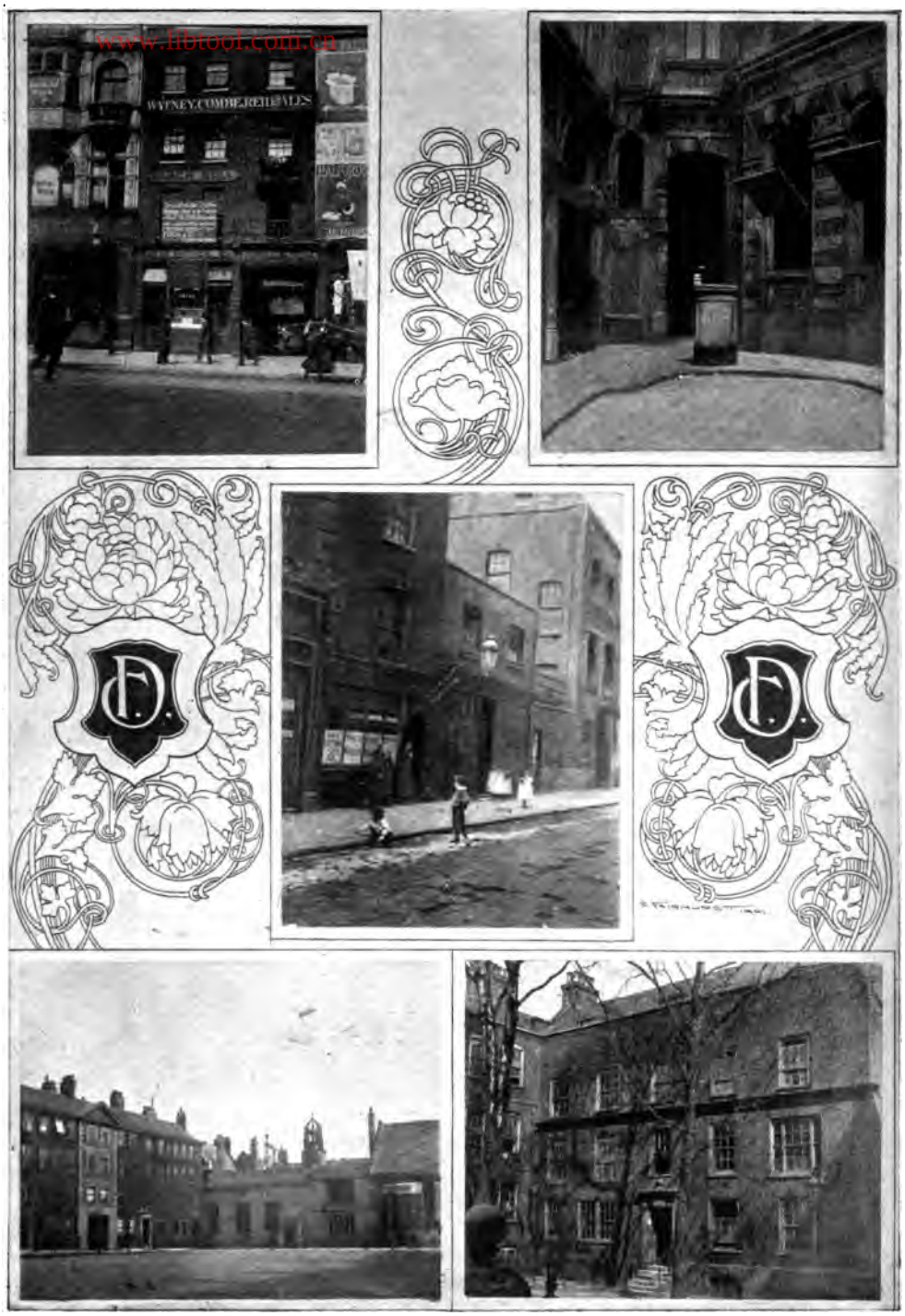

THE BLACK BULL, HOLBORN ("Martin Chuzzlewit"). GEORGE YARD, LOMBARD STREET ("Pickwick Papers").

MRS. GAMP'S HOUSE, KINGSGATE STREET, HOLBORN ("Martin Chuzzlewit").

GRAY'S INN ("Pickwick Papers"). THE HOUSE OF MR. GREWGIOUS IN STAPLE INN ("Edwin Drood").

CHARLES DICKENS'S LONDON.

immediately notice on the left "a corner house . . . presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription—

P
J T
1747"

This was the house of Mr. Grewgious, the lawyer—the last London house immortalised by Charles Dickens.

Furnivall's Inn, on the opposite side of Holborn, is no more. It was at his chambers in Furnivall's Inn that Dickens wrote "Pickwick Papers." Another Inn is Barnard's Inn, and that too has disappeared, having been reconstructed for the Mercers' School.

Readers of "Great Expectations" will remember that Pip had chambers in Barnard's Inn, and on coming to London for the first time thought "that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit or a fiction, and his Inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom cats."

Gray's Inn was visited by Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by Sam Weller, with the object of calling on Mr. Perker in reference to the famous breach of promise case, and it was here that Mr. Pickwick remarked—

"It 's a curious circumstance, Sam, that they call the old women in these Inns laundresses. I wonder what that 's for?"

"'Cos they has a mortal awersion to washing anythin', I suppose, Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Pickwick, looking at the old woman, whose appearance . . . indicated a rooted antipathy to the application of soap and water.

Before leaving Holborn we must not fail to seek out the Black Bull Hotel, which will very shortly be coming down. Perhaps before this article is in the hands of our readers, the last historic inn in Holborn will be gone. Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig nursed Mr. Lewsome here, as all readers of "Martin Chuzzlewit" will recall. When the Black Bull goes, London will be the poorer by one more Dickens landmark. Mrs. Gamp lived not very far from the Black Bull in Holborn. It was in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, we are told, "at a bird-fancier's, next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cat's-meat warehouse." This is certainly scant information, but the original house is pointed out as being a small shop on the left-hand side of the road from Holborn. Curiously enough, the shop below the famous old lady's rooms is still occupied by a confrère of Poll Sweedlepipe.

Chancery Lane is our next point of interest, and in it we find Cursitor Street. Some old houses in Took's Court, Cursitor Street, are still standing, and no doubt one of them was that occupied by Mr. Snagsby, whose wife was visited by the unctuous Mr. Chadband. But perhaps more than anything else, Took's Court, Cursitor Street, will be connected with the remembrance of Poor Jo. Here, again, Dickens conceals the true name of the court under the thin guise of Cook's Court, no doubt for a special reason, for Cursitor Street abounds now, as it did then, with law stationers. It is not far to Lincoln's Inn, which forms the centre scene of "Bleak House." Kenge and Carboy had their offices in Old Square, Lincoln's Inn. In Lincoln's Inn Fields we find the house of Mr. Tulkinghorn, the lawyer.

"Here, in a large house," says Dickens, "formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; but in these shrunken fragments of its greatness lawyers lie like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages, and ante-chambers still remain." Mr. Tulkinghorn's house is identical with 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, once the residence of Dickens's friend and biographer, Mr. John Forster.

If we trace the footsteps of Poor Jo to the place where Lady Dedlock's husband, and Esther's father, was buried, we shall find that the burying-ground, the tunnelled archway and gate in Russell Court have all disappeared.

Not very far off is Portugal Street, where one finds "The Old Curiosity-Shop," which is said to have given its name to that well-known novel. It is perhaps the best-known landmark of all

the places made famous by Dickens. True to its old name, though much of the building has changed, it is partly a curiosity-shop now, being in the occupation of a waste-paper merchant.

Fountain Court, Temple, that sylvan spot in the midst of busy London, figures in "Martin Chuzzlewit." It concerned Tom Pinch and his sister Ruth mostly—

There was a little plot between them, that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way: and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court, he was just to glance down the steps leading to Garden Court, and to look once all round him: and if Ruth had come to meet him there he would see her: not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain.

Then Dickens goes on to tell in that charming manner of his how one day John Westlock was passing through the Temple just at the time when Ruth was there to meet her brother, and how—but why mention it here at length? Chapter XLV. of "Martin Chuzzlewit" will tell you all about the tiny fountain playing and the merry dimples sparkling on its sunny face, and that chapter bears reading many and many a time.

"The Old Curiosity-Shop."

The Fountain in the Temple ("Martin Chuzzlewit").

Mr. Tulkinghorn's House in Lincoln's Inn Fields ("Bleak House").

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LAVENDER LANE.

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

THE red-brick wall bordering Lavender Lane was very thick and very high, but Medea's clear voice soared like a bird's above these obstacles, and Peter heard quite distinctly what she said.

"If I work my fingers to the bone, and run about till my feet fall off, I will never spend another day in a registry office. There *are* no servants. Unless we say we keep a public-house, it is absolutely useless to try to get one, and I can see that there is only one thing to be done. We shall have to get a chore-boy."

A shocked female voice replied to this desperate resolve—

"We shall have to get a—what?"

The girl laughed merrily.

"Don't be frightened, godmother—it's an American word, and it only means a boy-of-all-work."

Peter couldn't catch the indignant flow of protest which this explanation drew from Medea's godmother, and he had begun to feel a little ashamed of himself and to realise that it would not be honourable to listen any longer, when the younger voice sang out louder than ever, and most defiantly—

"I don't care! I don't care!—you can say what you like. I don't in the very least see that it is unsuitable, and I *will* get a chore-boy!"

Peter laughed softly as he went on his way.

"Darling Medea," he said, "you are a very pretty girl, and have a very pretty will of your own. You *shall* have a chore-boy."

Here was the long-sought opportunity.

"Good heavens!" he said to himself, "*it's three* weeks to-morrow since I first saw Medea in church, and I haven't spoken to her yet! It's almost incredible! But I can't get an introduction when I don't know a soul in this whole beastly village, and the vicar is a bachelor. She never comes outside the gate—except to church, and if by any chance she does, she always has that dragon of a godmother to wheel in her bathchair. And the more I can't see her the more I want to. It is driving me crazy, I think."

Peter was very much in love. The next morning was Sunday, and he went to early service at seven. But Medea didn't; and he sulked over his cold bacon in a most unchristian frame of mind.

But at the half-past-ten service she was there, as usual, two pews in front of him, looking like a beautiful white muslin angel who had lost her way and fluttered into the church by mistake. Peter, of course, didn't notice what was so painfully apparent to the girl members of the congregation—that the dress fitted badly and dragged under the arms, that the pink rosebud pattern was nearly washed out, and that the hat was obviously trimmed at home. He only saw that it turned up at one side, in the most fascinating way, to show that the pale pink roses nestling in her dark brown hair almost matched the pink of her cheeks, and that her eyelashes were the longest and curliest he had ever seen.

"She is distractingly pretty," he told himself for the hundredth time, as he despondently watched them take the turning into Lavender Lane, "and I shall certainly do it. I can always give notice if—if the place doesn't suit."

He was not much above middle height, and very slightly built for a man of

twenty-four; and when he had, with many pangs, shaved off his promising moustache, he looked, to an inexperienced eye, an exceedingly nice boy of nineteen. He bought from the village innkeeper the lady in such a very unbecoming garb. He thought he had never waited so long outside a door in his life, but at last a step sounded in the passage within — innumerable heavy bolts were

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"Who told you we wanted a boy?" she asked suddenly.

second-best suit of "Our Sam," now fighting for his country and his King in a very different suit of stained khaki, and I am ashamed to say that Sam's father made an uncommonly good thing out of the transaction.

Peter put them on, and wondered, as he marched boldly up to the White House, how he could hope to charm his sovereign withdrawn, the ominous clanking of chains almost killed his last dying embers of courage — and Medea, in a faded cotton gown, appeared, as fresh and sweet as the June morning itself, with a look of blank surprise on her charming face.

"Well," she said expectantly, and Peter explained with a rush.

"I 'm a chore-boy," he said. "I have come about the place."

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Medea looked at him for a moment speechless.

"Oh, are you?" she said at last. "A chore-boy! Then if you are, will you kindly go round to the back door and wait till I 'm ready to attend to you? The idea of your coming to the front! And I thought it was the man about the gas at the very least!"

Peter went humbly round, and felt that he had made a bad beginning. The back door was open, and Medea was already in the kitchen, hastily stirring something in a saucepan, and Peter told himself guiltily, as a whiff of its contents came through the door, that it was his fault the beastly stuff had got burnt.

"You had better sit down till I 've finished this," Medea called out over her shoulder, and the applicant obeyed, taking care, however, that he sat down where he could see the side of her face.

"She looks very determined," he said to himself, smiling a little as he watched her. "I hope she won't work me too hard."

When at last the cornflour was made and taken upstairs to the godmother—who was not an early riser, Peter was pleased to see—Medea was at liberty to interview him.

"Who told you we wanted a boy?" she asked suddenly, as she came back into the kitchen.

Peter reddened guiltily. "I — I heard——" he said.

"You heard!" The brown eyes opened very wide. "But nobody knew! Where did you hear?"

The young man hesitated. No lie came readily to his lips, so he was obliged to tell the truth.

"I was in the lane," he said, feeling very uncomfortable, "when you were talking about it."

Medea was very angry, but her conscience told her that she alone was to blame, and that she ought not to have been discussing domestic subjects at the top of her voice so very near a public way; therefore she changed the subject.

"I suppose you could do all the cooking?" *she asked abruptly.*

Poor Peter! He remembered, however, making toffee in the school-room at home.

"I haven't done much at it," he said hopefully, "but I daresay I could cook like anything if I tried."

Then, for the first time, Medea smiled a little.

"I should think very likely you could!" she said. "My good boy, do you think that cooking is a thing which comes by instinct?"

Peter did not reply at once. He had just noticed that the dark hair was more curly over one little pink ear than the other, and he saw in the air an enchanting vision of the two of them bending earnestly over one saucepan; so, beginning to regain a little of his lost courage, he ventured to make a suggestion.

"Don't you think you could teach me?" he said gravely. "I think I should learn very quickly."

"This isn't a school of domestic economy," she said coldly. "If you come here, you will have to work hard—all the time. What *can* you do?"

Peter was at his wits' end. "Good heavens!" he said to himself, "I never knew before what an utterly incapable idiot I was."

"I—can—I——" he began; then suddenly remembering an American story he had been reading—

"I am sure I could chop wood," he said, "and—I can clean boots."

"Ah!" said Medea. "I see you will be extremely useful. Unfortunately we buy all our wood ready chopped—in bundles—and I do the shoes myself with 'Peerless Gloss.'"

Poor Peter sat in despairing silence and gazed round the room, vainly hoping for a mute suggestion from the furniture; but the dresser with its neat shelves of blue plates conveyed no idea, neither did the "grandfather's clock" in the corner. He felt almost inclined to give the whole thing up, when his good angel prompted him to look out of the window, and his eye was caught by the handle of the bath-chair poking out of the open door of a crazy wooden shed. Again dreamy mind-pictures floated before him—this time of

long walks in country lanes with the god-mother asleep in the chair and Medea by his side.

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"I could wheel the bathchair," he said. The girl did not answer, and Peter felt that he had scored a point. "It is too heavy for a lady to push," he went on boldly; "and it would be simply nothing to me. In fact, I feel sure I could push two if it were necessary. You might sprain your ankle at any time, you know, and want to be wheeled yourself."

Medea was evidently considering, but at this she laughed outright.

"That is so very likely!" she said. "I think, perhaps, you might be a help in many ways, though. You could wash up, for instance, while I dried the things."

This was more than he had dared to hope.

"I should rather think I could!" he said.

"And," the girl went on, "you could wait at table."

"Yes." This prospect was not quite so alluring. He hoped they didn't often give dinner-parties.

"And brush the rooms?"

"Ye-es." Peter had always hated kneeling, and even in church he only bent forward; but as he had told himself an hour ago that he would gladly die for the girl before him, he oughtn't to mind a little thing like going down on his knees and brushing dusty carpets.

Medea was warming to her subject.

"Then you could feed the chickens," she said. "I suppose you understand poultry?"

Peter groaned inwardly. All his life he had loathed the very sight of feathers, and the mere conversational "squawking" of the cocks and hens in the yard made him long to wring their necks. Besides which, he knew absolutely nothing about their treatment. He didn't answer this question.

"Have you ever had anything to do with them?" persisted Medea.

"N-n-o—not exactly," he said reluctantly. "But I daresay I should soon get into it. I—er—I used to keep white mice when I was a—when I was a child."

"I don't see the connection," said Medea; "but you will soon get into it, I daresay. And if I can't find you enough work in the house there's always any amount of weeding in the garden."

Peter's heart sank. *Weeding*! He began to see that the prospect before him was not to be all rose-coloured. He thought at first of refusing to do gardener's work, but a look into Medea's brown eyes kept back the words which trembled on his lips. Any place would be Paradise with Medea, he told himself, and any work would be pleasant child's play if Medea looked on, and gave the orders.

The girl herself was evidently beginning to be quite favourably impressed with the clean, "nicely spoken" applicant, and she made up her mind that he should be engaged if possible.

"How old are you?" she asked quickly.

Peter hesitated. How could he stand and tell lies before those clear, truthful eyes?

"Eighteen," he said at last, making a plunge, and feeling rather annoyed that the girl accepted his statement without question.

"What wages will you want?" she went on. "We—er—we can't afford to pay high wages"—colouring a little.

Peter knew what wages would please him the best, and he would have liked to say that, to begin with, ten smiles a week would satisfy him, with the prospect of a speedy rise. But he restrained himself.

"I would rather leave it to you, Miss," he said humbly. "Better wait and see how I get on, and give me what I'm worth."

Medea stared. Was the boy mad, to be so utterly careless of his own interests?

"We'd better say five shillings a week and your meals," she said, smiling a little. "If you work under your own conditions, I should think it is very likely you won't get anything."

And so it was settled, and the chore-boy entered upon his new duties. Part of his work, of course, was unpleasant, and he discovered that his mistress's temper was far from perfect. The day that he basted the meat with a mixture of beeswax and

turpentine under the impression that it was mutton dripping, and spoiled the whole dinner, she fortunately burst out laughing before she had realised the extent of the damage; and the day on which she found him standing in miserable silence in the middle of the hall with the whole of the afternoon tea-service in fragments at his feet, and the carefully saved jug of cream wandering in aimless rivulets over the Turkey rug, she had to restrain her wrath till afterwards, because of the callers in the drawing-room. But there were other times when his mistress was in no laughing humour—when there were no outsiders near to hear her highly pitched tones of admonition, when Peter's ignorance and incapacity had been more evident than usual; and then, indeed, the wretched chore-boy quailed in very earnest under the lash of her tongue.

However, the many calm and sunny days blotted out the memory of the few dark and stormy ones, and Peter grew more in love than ever. Sometimes he wondered that the girl did not guess his secret. She must see, he told himself, that he was no ordinary boy-of-all-work. She must see that he had been educated, and that his manner and accent were those of a gentleman. And yet she didn't see. She treated him exactly as if he had been a naughty child of twelve, and talked to him in her amiable moments with such gentle condescension and tolerance that Peter longed wildly to meet her on her own ground, and "just show her."

Once only were things different — one golden June afternoon, when they had wheeled the bathchair to the woods at the other end of Lavender Lane, and the godmother had fallen asleep under the soothing influence of the sunshine which filled the summer air above the branches of the sheltering trees, and had dreamed away an hour, to a pleasing accompaniment of blackbirds and thrushes.

Then, indeed, for Peter the world was a paradise, and that little wood a forgotten corner of the real Elysian Fields. Medea, strolling along beside him in her white gown, was the angel of that paradise, and *any regret there might* have been in his heart for the part he was playing faded completely away. His mistress, strangely enough, seemed to have forgotten everything except that he was a man and she was a girl, and that the world was a very pleasant place. She talked to him as if he had been her equal about all the things which interested her most, and she did not seem surprised when she found that he had known and loved her favourite books all his life; and when he talked of the countries he had seen and the things he had done, she listened with the prettiest air of interest, and took his statements quite as a matter of course.

Peter couldn't understand it in the least, but he didn't care. He only knew that he was in paradise, and that his angel was very kind, and very, very fair. Of course, it came to an end at last, as all delightful things do, and the impatient voice of the godmother rang through the wood to make the first discordant note in that beautiful symphony.

Medea awoke at once to the reality of the situation. She pointed hastily to an untidy clump of young bracken.

"You might dig that up with your penknife, Peter," she said quickly, "and bring it in"; so giving an air of truth to the explanation she made to the old lady, helpless and impatient in her chair — that Peter was digging up ferns for the garden, and that she had been watching to see that he brought the right ones.

After that Medea was crosser and harder to please than ever, and Peter never had a repetition of those happy hours. She avoided him as much as possible, and she even let him wash the dishes by himself; so, in consequence of that, the next time they were brought to table they were not at all clean, and the places on the teacups where the handles join the cups were shady, to say the least of it.

The godmother was a particular old lady. This was too much!

"Why," he heard her say as he left the room, "why do you insist on keeping that hopelessly incompetent young man?" And, although Peter could not catch the murmured tones of the reply, he felt sure in his inmost heart that Medea was

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defending him and championing his cause.

At last—after three long weeks of this treatment—he saw only too plainly that something would have to be done, and at once. He could not stand this any longer. He knew that he was doing himself no good by staying on. Any approach at conversation after that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in the wood Medea put down with a rod of iron, and her one idea seemed to be to keep him in his place. Besides, he told himself, how could a girl take any notice of a man who habitually went about in his shirt-sleeves with his arms bared to the elbow—a man whose only suit was black and greasy, and who spent most of his time on his knees, either weeding, with red, hot face, or trying vainly to get the dust out of the corners of the dining-room with a small hard brush?

"It's no good going on like this any longer," he said desperately. "The thing has got to come to an end somehow, and it might as well be to-day as not. Besides," he said, looking ruefully at his red, swollen hands, "it's making such an awful-looking yokel of me. I'm gone at the knees already."

So for the first time, to his mistress's great surprise, he asked her for a few hours' holiday, and slunk back to the village inn, to come back two hours later clad once more in comfortable tweeds, and a certain amount of his lost self-respect.

Medea was in the kitchen when he went in, and she gazed at his transformed figure in astonishment.

"I think, Peter," she said severely, "that it is very extravagant of you—not to say vain—to spend all your wages in new clothes."

She listened with the prettiest air of interest.

The young man took no notice of her remark.

"Miss Medea," he said slowly, his voice trembling a little with excitement, "I want to speak to you for a moment. Will you come into the garden?"

Medea looked at him steadily for a minute—then suddenly her face, already pink from the fire, grew crimson.

"Yes," she said, "it is very warm here." And Peter, marvelling a little at the meekness of her tone, led the way down the middle of the garden to the grassy, weed-grown path under the wall at the other end.

There was a little heap of weeds on the path at one end where he had begun to work at it, and the thought that he should never finish it—despite an acute remembrance of aching back and sore knees—made him feel quite unhappy.

In the middle of the path Medea stopped, and waited for him to speak.

"I wanted to tell you," he began nervously, "that I am going to leave. I cannot stay here any longer."

The girl started, and Peter fancied that her face had grown a shade paler at his words.

"To leave!" she said in a low voice. "Do I understand you to mean that you are giving me notice?"

His tone grew more confident as he went on.

"No!" he said; "I can't give you notice, because I am going away to-night. I cannot stay in this house another day."

Medea did not speak for a minute; then—

"Why?" she asked in a low voice. She seemed to have forgotten that she was speaking to the chore-boy.

"Because of you."

The girl's eyes were fixed on the ground, and she played nervously with the lace at the end of her muslin tie.

"I am afraid I have been a hard mistress," she said at last. "I know I am very quick-tempered, and——"

"Good heavens!" Peter cried, "do you think I mind your temper? If you knew how pretty you look when you are in a rage you wouldn't talk about temper! I am driven away, it is true, but not by that. It is not because I don't like you that I am going, but because I like you too much. Because I love you!" he said desperately, and waited for the storm *which surely must* follow this declaration.

With an obvious effort, Medea roused herself to speak in an angry tone.

"How can you—how dare you—speak like that! You!—a servant, a mere household drudge, to say such things to *me*! I suppose it is because we are poor that you have forgotten yourself like this!"

The words were cruel and scathing enough; but, strange to say, they had no effect on Peter. They did not come naturally from the girl's lips, and her anger was evidently forced. He felt that the moment had come for him to play his final card.

"Medea," he said quietly enough, "I am not an ordinary servant. I came here because I fell in love with you; and unworthy as I know I am in most things, by birth and education at least I am your equal. I came here as your servant because I had tried other ways of getting to know you, and had failed in everything, and because I thought that if I was with you all day I might get you to care for me. I know now that it was a ridiculous thing to do, and that it put you farther away from me than ever."

The girl did not speak, and Peter went on—

"It was a very harmless deception, and has hurt no one but myself."

Still Medea did not answer.

He went a little nearer to her, and took her cold hand in his.

"Dearest," he said, trying to look into her eyes, "will you send me away without a word?"

Medea's temper had not deserted her, after all. She tore her hand away from him.

"No!" she said, "I shall not send you away without a word. You will hear a good many words before you have finished. Deception! Good heavens! are you really under the impression that you deceived *me*? Why, a child could have seen through such a paltry disguise as yours. I have known the whole time, from the very beginning, who you were. It was because you were a gentleman that I gave you such horrid things to do, and many and many a time I have laughed to myself to see you washing

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"It's no use going on like this any longer," he said desperately.

greasy plates and doing up the kitchen grate. I saw you in church every time you came, and the landlord of the Honest Man told me your name and all about you. Have you lived in a town all your life, that you expect to keep a secret like yours in a little cackling country village? I knew you again the minute you came to the front door that first day and made me undo the chain and all those bolts."

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Peter was almost speechless. What an utter fool he had been—what a thick-headed, blundering ass!

"Didn't you wonder why I came?" he asked at last, and for an instant Medea's torrent of words was checked, and she actually smiled.

"I guessed," she said. "You see, I've had people in love with me before, and although they have never applied for the situation of 'chore-boy,' I knew the symptoms pretty well."

Peter groaned. He might have known that to a girl so pretty and charming as Medea, he was only one of a long list of suitors. He wondered if any of the others had been more successful than he.

"And now," said Medea, "don't you think you had better go? There is nothing more to be said, is there?"

Peter felt that he could have said a good deal, but he knew that at that moment his words would not do him justice, so he refrained.

Of course, there was no hope for him now. The girl had simply been laughing at him the whole time, and fooling him to the top of his bent. Perhaps he had better go while he could do it with dignity.

"No," he said, "there is nothing more to be said, I think. I seem, with a little assistance from you, to have made a pretty mess of everything, and it appears to me that the best thing I can do is to go away and try to forget all about it."

"Do!" said Medea. "I hope you will find it easy!"

Peter laughed rather bitterly.

"Not as easy as you will find it, I dare say. You see, you happen to be the only girl in the world to me, and I am only one of a crowd of idiots to you."

"Not a very large crowd," said Medea softly, "and they were not all idiots."

This was too much. Peter felt that he was simply staying there as a butt for Medea's insults and tasteless jokes.

"Good-bye!" he said, hesitating a moment before holding out his hand.

The girl did not take it. She even put her own behind her back.

"Good-bye!" she said, still smiling; "I suppose I shall have to get another chore-boy."

Without another word Peter turned and walked slowly round to the side gate leading into the lane.

"I suppose you don't know of one?" called out Medea in her fresh young voice.

Peter shut the door behind him, feeling that he had left all his life's happiness in that weedy garden. But he was mistaken. He had only just turned the corner of Lavender Lane when the sound of light, hasty footsteps on the grass made him stop quickly with a sudden gleam of hope.

It was Medea.

Peter stood pale and silent, and waited for her to speak. Did this mean new insults and recriminations, or did it mean——

"Peter," she said gravely, "it is very unkind of you to leave without giving proper notice."

Peter lifted his head and looked at her with quiet dignity.

"Don't you think you have jeered at me enough?" he said.

"It is most inconvenient——" went on Medea.

But still Peter would not see. Again he turned to go, and a sudden fear of losing him altogether made her lay her hand on his arm.

"Darling Peter," she said, "I know you won't come back and be a chore-boy, but won't you accept a permanent engagement in a different capacity?"

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LEAVES FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE MISSION.

TO the wayfaring man strange sights are vouchsafed from time to time. He may catch glimpses of the working of State affairs or the active development of a political intrigue; he may see something of a game whose ending will be war or an alteration in the maps of the world. The wayfarer sees with interest and attention, but thereafter he passes on in silence, mindful that he has no part in the world's big affairs, that he is merely the spectator free from enthusiasms and responsibility.

This foreword leads me to a leaf in my note-book on which the ink is hardly dry. The pageant it records is quite fresh in men's minds; it is a stage in a game yet unfinished. Being in Tanja of the Nazarenes, called Tangier on our English maps, the Moorish city to which the Ambassadors of the Great Powers gather to wait for the succession to a rich inheritance, I saw a special Mission departing for Marseilles, and I heard the gossip of men.

SIDI ABD-EL-KRIM BIN SLEEMAN,
Head of the Moorish Mission to Paris.

In the bay, the Sultan's war-ship *El Bashir* and the French cruiser *Du Chayla* rode easily at anchor; to the French Embassy M. Paul Révoil, Minister Plenipotentiary of France to Morocco, had just returned in triumph; while the aged Sidi el Hadj Muhammad Torres, Foreign Minister in Tangier of the "Court Elevated by Allah," had also returned from the interior very perplexed. Somewhere on the waters lying between this corner of Africa and England, the four-funnelled cruiser *Diadem* was carrying Kaid M'heddi el Menebhi from Mazagan to London, charged with a delicate mission. London and thence to Berlin was the route laid down by his august master, the boy Sultan; and to counteract the effect of this journey Monsieur Révoil had demanded another mission from the Commander of the Moorish Faithful—one that should go to Paris, and thence to St. Petersburg, not because Russia has any interests in Morocco to protect, but because she is the friend and ally of France, and must make some return for advantages received.

All this, and much more, was said on every side by Moors, Spaniards, Englishmen, and others, who pointed out how France had pushed in the Moorish boundaries on

the south-east; how the tribes were upset and inclined to aggression, and how, in despair, young Mulai Abd-el-Aziz had decided to send a Mission to ask for British assistance.

"They went willingly," said a Moor, who might have stepped out of an age when Abraham tended his flocks in Ur of the Chaldees, "and Sidi Bin Sleeman self-control. In private conversation the leading natives declared that the time of crisis had come, that the Missions held the fate of Morocco in their hands; in public they looked on at the spectacle provided by the entrance and exit of the Mission to France with supreme unconcern.

On the morrow I saw a curious procession on its way from the Bab-el-

SIDI ABD-EL-KRIM BIN SLEEMAN AND HIS MISSION LEAVING TANGIER FOR MARSEILLES, JUNE 1901.

goes because he must; but all is in accordance with Allah's will, and it may be that he will still rescue the Maghreb from the Kaffirs, the children of Unbelief."

If, as they said all round me, the Sultan was yielding to *force majeure*, the truth was concealed wonderfully well. Flags were flying all over the harbour, salutes had been fired, the ships displayed all their bunting, and an immense crowd assembled to watch the arrival of the vessels from the south. Truly, the Moor has a remarkable Sôk to the Mole. It was the Mission to France and Russia, and at its head, on a mule of great worth, rode Sidi el Hadj Abd-el-Krim bin Sleeman, who holds the high office of Foreign Minister at Marrakesh. At the bottom of the hill the road widens and branches off in several directions, and there I found a place to see the Embassy at advantage. In the days of my wandering I have seen many ambassadors—Latins, Teutons, Slavs—but never one who seemed more perfectly restrained in thought and bearing.

Wrapped in a great white haik against the hot sun of Morocco's June, his passionless face seemed to express the convictions of every observer without committing the owner one hand's-breath. Dignity and repose were its characteristics—the dignity that belongs to every pure-bred Moor, whether he be a Minister in a palace or a beggar by the Sultan's highway; the repose born of a faith that teaches its adherents that every event is predestined. The head of the Embassy was going to strange lands on a difficult business, his task to explain away the other Mission to Powers as anxious to uphold Morocco as France is to dismember it. He, like his master, had felt the iron hand of France under the velvet glove of diplomatic usage; he knew how Moorish rights had been violated, Moorish territory acquired, and the Moorish treasury despoiled in a manner that always left Morocco in the wrong in the eyes of the world. He knew that the French cruiser *Du Chayla*, on which he was to embark forthwith, had acted with the other French cruiser *Pothau* very much as the old roving boats of Sallee had acted in days long since forgotten, when European Powers paid tribute to Morocco to have their vessels left alone. But he also knew that what is written is written, and so his face showed no emotion as he led his companions past the Mosque, which no Nazarene dare enter on pain of death, down to the dock where stately Moors sit in receipt of custom, and on to the flag-strewn quay where the boat waited to take him on board the *Du Chayla*. The silent, courteous crowd broke up and went its ways; an hour later the cruiser was beginning to show hull down on the horizon, and the quay was as deserted as the streets.

So it passed, this brief pageant, created by European anxiety to absorb the one corner of Africa that remains intact. As I write, in the torrid July days, the Missions are still at work in London and Paris, the fruits of their work being invisible as yet. But I find myself wondering whether the Moors would be petitioning Europe if they had been equipped in worldly wisdom and the gift of government as well as they are equipped with dignity and pride.

THE TRAVELLER.

IN FIELD AND MEADOW.

Photographs by Reid.

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THE PARK.

THE PLOUGH.

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ROYAL HOLYROOD.

By M. A. BELLOC.

CERTAIN royal palaces belong to the international world of history and romance, and yet the buildings of which that can be said are curiously few: in France, Versailles, about whose stately pile cling a thousand memories of the old régime, of Marie Antoinette, and of the beginnings of the French Revolution. English-speaking folk have only one such shrine, and that situated in Scotland; for Holyrood, the splendid mass of grey building looking even older than it is, which has as background Arthur's Seat and the huge broken line of the Salisbury Craigs, has far greater claims to consideration from an historic and romantic point of view than has Windsor Castle.

To most people, and especially to those foreigners who wend their way to Scotland bound on a Waverley pilgrimage, Holyrood House — to give it its old name — is, above all, associated with Mary Queen of Scots and with Charles Edward Stewart, the Young Pretender, whose brief sojourn in the Palace of his ancestors is so marvellously made to live again in the pages of Sir Walter Scott's most famous novel. But many other events, quite as noteworthy and interesting as any of those connected with the hapless Scottish Queen and with the hero of the '45, are associated with Holyrood, and during the nineteenth century one of the most striking episodes connected with the Scottish Palace was the stay there of the exiled French King, Charles X., and his melancholy meagre Court.

DISTANT VIEW OF HOLYROOD PALACE.

Holyrood, as the modern world knows it, owed its being to Charles II.; for he commissioned Sir William Bruce of

Kinloch to put the Palace in thorough repair, and to efface all traces of Cromwell and his iconoclast Ironsides. But much of the building is of real antiquity, and, according to local tradition, the hunting, and while engaged in the chase was attacked by a wounded hart, who was just about to impale him on its antlers, when suddenly a flaming cross was interposed between them and the King.

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GENERAL VIEW OF HOLYROOD PALACE.

rooms inhabited by Mary Queen of Scots, by Darnley, and by Rizzio are much as they were in the days of John Knox; antiquaries even believe that something remains of the abbey or monastery originally built by David I. of Scotland as a thanksgiving to God for his escape from death while out hunting on Rood Day. Rood Day, or the Day of the Holy Cross, was that consecrated by the Roman Church to the memory of Our Lord's death and passion. Holyrood Day, which was in mediæval Scotland kept as Sunday, should have been so considered by the King; in spite, however, of the advice of his friends and of his confessor — who, by the way, afterwards became first Abbot of Holyrood — he went out

Even as a monastery Holyrood played its part in the history of Scotland; but it was after the erection of the Palace that took place, in the beautiful chapel, of which now only the ruins remain, the marriage of the Thistle and the Rose— in other words, of James IV., King of Scotland, to Margaret Tudor of England, a union which finally led to the merging of the two countries into one. Here also, some sixty years later, in this same chapel of unhappy memories and terrible tragedies, took place the ill-starred wedding of Mary Queen of Scots to Darnley, followed at too short a space of time by the formal marriage of Queen Mary and Bothwell.

Every visitor to Holyrood desires first to

make himself acquainted with the rooms occupied by Queen Mary during her eventful sojourn in the Palace. This suite of apartments is situated on the second floor, and seems curiously small when we remember the splendid French châteaux where the Queen had spent her childhood, youth, and first married life. She seems, however, even according to those who liked her least, to have been touchingly happy during the first part of her stay in her Scottish home; and her quaint, square audience-chamber, scarce as large as many a modern sitting-room, was the scene of numerous bright gatherings, as well as of stormy interviews with John Knox, and later with those of her followers who did not approve of the general conduct of her life. The ceiling of this room is said to be exactly as it was in those days, but more doubt exists concerning the tapestry which now hides the bare walls. As to the bed in Queen Mary's audience-chamber, it is undoubtedly of a later date, though it is equally certain that it was slept in both by Charles I. and by "Bonnie Prince Charlie" during his triumphant but brief stay in Holyrood. In Queen Mary's own bed-chamber, leading out of the audience-room, is the bed said to have been hers, and the tapestry is also believed to date from her day.

Particular interest naturally attaches to the tiny room, situated in the north-west turret of the Castle, and also opening off from the Queen's bed-chamber, where, according to tradition, Queen Mary and her friends were having supper when they were interrupted by the entrance of Darnley, who engaged her attention while a group of his followers, headed by Ruthven, seized the unhappy Rizzio, and hurrying him through the Queen's bed-chamber, out on to the narrow staircase which communicated with Darnley's rooms below, hacked him to death with such savage energy that in doing so they even injured each other. In Queen Mary's room are still shown dark red stains said

A CORNER OF HOLYROOD PALACE.

to have been caused by the blood spurting out from Rizzio's fifty-six wounds.

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The Queen undoubtedly made a determined effort to save her wretched Franco-Italian secretary by entreaties, by commands, and even at last by the interposition of her own person between Rizzio and his murderers; he was first stabbed in her presence, but all contemporary accounts agree in declaring that he was finally despatched on the staircase.

In those days such tragic occurrences were of small account, and Queen Mary went on living in Holyrood after Rizzio's murder, and actually supped each evening

THE INTERIOR OF THE QUADRANGLE, HOLYROOD PALACE.

in the room which had witnessed the terrible scene! She last saw the Palace, which must have held for her such mingled memories of joy and grief, on June 15, 1567, the day on which she was made prisoner and hurried off by her captors to Loch Leven Castle. There is now something melancholy in the thought that immediately after Queen Mary's leaving Holyrood all the articles of value belonging to her were seized by the nobles, and the splendid plate brought by her from France was coined to satisfy their eager demands.

Though James I. (James VI. of Scotland) was not brought up at Holyrood, he seems to have entered into residence there *as soon as he was* able to govern his own actions, and it was thence that he started, a by no means eager wooer, for Denmark, and there he brought home his bride, she being shortly after solemnly crowned in the chapel of the Palace. Two of James's children were born at Holyrood; and even after he had become King of England he seems to have thought a good deal of his Scotch home, though years went by before he returned there, to receive a splendid ovation by the loyal folk of Edinburgh. After James's death, Charles I. journeyed up to Scotland, and was crowned King of Scotland at Holyrood on June 18, 1633.

Evil days then fell on the home of Scotland's Kings. Cromwell, when on his victorious march north, did not himself reside in Holyrood, but he quartered some of his infantry in the Palace, and owing to gross carelessness a fire broke out and did a great deal of damage, though the north-west portion of the building was entirely saved.

Charles II., as we have seen, commissioned Sir William Bruce of Kinloch to restore the Palace to its pristine glory, but the "Merry Monarch" had no desire to hold high revelry at Holyrood, he preferred his London palaces and Hampton Court. As to his successor, one of the many foolish acts of James II. was that of attempting to restore Holyrood to its old position as an ecclesiastical building, greatly to the anger of the Edinburgh populace—indeed, something like a small riot took place, many of the ornamental portions of Holyrood Chapel being destroyed, the Roman Catholic vestments and other church furniture being taken thence into the town, where they were solemnly burnt.

As all the readers of "Waverley" are

well aware, during the '45 "young Chevalier Charles" — as he was still called till comparatively lately — took possession of Holyrood, his army being then encamped near Duddingston. He lived there in great pomp and state, and every evening held a kind of Court, much to the delight of the ladies of the neighbourhood, whom he received with the charming courtesy and gallantry learnt by him at the French Court. He always supped in public, a band playing the while; and frequently he let it be known that a ball would be held in the Great Gallery; and one such entertainment given by him is vividly described by Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley."

How astonished would have been the light-hearted Prince and his guests could they have known that the next royal visitor to the old Scottish palace would be the Duke of Cumberland, who, on his return from the victorious and bloody field of Culloden, made a point of occupying, not only the same rooms, but the very bed in which Prince Charlie had slept while at Holyrood!

Doubtless the sojourn of the Young Pretender in Edinburgh, and the rapture with which he was generally welcomed and entertained there, made the name of the Scotch capital unpleasing to the then British Sovereign. For a long time Holyrood was quite neglected by the royal family, but on the outbreak of the French Revolution, certain apartments were hurriedly made ready for the Comte d'Artois and his sons, as well as a number of the French nobility who had chosen to join in the French Princes' rather undignified emigration. It was while

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The picture beneath the portrait represents John Knox remonstrating with Queen Mary.

at Holyrood that the Comte d'Artois, who afterwards reigned in France as Charles X., heard the terrible news of his brother Louis XVI.'s execution, and also of the death of his nephew, Louis XVII.

The French *émigrés* did not leave Holyrood till the last year of the eighteenth century, and their departure was seen with much regret, for Charles X., as he was now styled by his Court, had dwelt there in great state, holding frequent levées, and giving great receptions to which the Edinburgh burgesses and the Scottish nobility were made equally welcome. It is pleasing to be able to record that Charles X. always remembered with great gratitude the fashion in which he had been welcomed by the warm-hearted Scottish people; and during his brief reign, on hearing that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh happened to be in Paris, he sent for him, and made many inquiries concerning the Scottish capital. Somewhat later, when a great fire destroyed a portion of old Edinburgh, the King showed his gratitude in a still more practical manner by sending a large sum for the relief of those whose homes had been destroyed.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' SECRETARY, DAVID RIZZIO,
Who was assassinated in Holyrood Palace, March 9, 1566.

Till comparatively lately there still survived among the elder inhabitants of Edinburgh worthy folk of both sexes who declared that they could remember quite well the visit of George IV. in 1822. One of those to welcome "the first Gentleman in Europe" was Sir Walter Scott, who quaintly enough, and yet not inaptly, was chosen to present to the British Sovereign a golden cross, the gift of the ladies of Edinburgh. The gallant King was so delighted with the present that he wore it next day when making his public entrance into the city.

Edinburgh has seen some fine pageants, but few to compare in sheer gorgeousness of effect with that which then took place. Many of the great Scottish nobles who formed the King's escort wore the splendid garments ordered by them for the Coronation, and everything was done, as far as was possible, according to precedent, the loyal Scots being naturally very anxious to efface from the Sovereign's mind the recollection of the gallant Stuarts who had such a comparatively short time before held high revelry within the Palace of Holyrood. George IV rose to the occasion, and when holding a Levée in the Palace, he delighted those present by suddenly appearing in Highland costume, and, what is more, wearing the Stuart tartan. A few days later the King held a Drawing-Room, and subsequently expressed himself as much delighted with this pleasing glimpse of Scottish youth and beauty, a glimpse he was able to renew at a great ball given by the peers, and at which appeared "the fair daughters of Scotia in a constellation of unwonted ers and brilliance, their feet already and bounding for the dance, and

their eyes ever and anon turned round in a wistful expectation for the King."

At the present time, knowing all we do of the fourth George, there seems something almost grotesque in the fact that the Edinburgh clergy expressed unbounded joy in the reform which the King's presence brought in the general morals, because the subject of the Drawing-Room, with its jewels and feathers, had become the staple of all tea-tables to the entire exclusion of scandal! The modern world, however, owes a debt of gratitude to George IV., for by his express desire the suite of rooms known as Queen Mary's were kept in their original condition. He also had Holyrood put into good repair, though, again by his express order, none of the historic portions of the Palace were over-restored or allowed to lose their especial character.

Some eight years after the visit of George IV. the Palace was lent to the again exiled Charles X, the King being on this occasion accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême; and there is something curious and pathetic in the thought that in addition to the many other royal memories bound up in the old Scottish Palace is that of having sheltered for some time the daughter of Marie Antoinette.

In this connection it may be stated that not only royal exiles found shelter in Holyrood; for the Palace during many hundreds of years enjoyed, alone in Scotland, the quaint privilege of sanctuary; and even after the abbey completely disappeared, this same privilege existed in connection with debtors. Several famous men, Scots and English, actually availed themselves of the privilege, one of them being De Quincey. The right of affording sanctuary still exists, but now that there is in this country no imprisonment for debt, it is one of which no advantage is ever taken.

Queen Victoria's first visit to Holyrood took place in 1842, when as a young married woman, and accompanied by Prince Albert, she made a Progress through Scotland. The Queen was staying at Dalkeith Palace, and it was while taking a long drive

QUEEN MARY'S SUPPER-ROOM, HOLYROOD PALACE.

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