Title: The Strand Magazine, Vol. 27, February 1904, No. 159

Author: Various

Release date: December 12, 2014 [EBook #47642]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Victorian/Edwardian Pictorial Magazines,
Jonathan Ingram, Jane Robins, sound files by Linda Cantoni,
and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at
http://www.pgdp.net

"I HEARD HIM CHUCKLE AS THE LIGHT FELL UPON A PATCHED DUNLOP TYRE."
(*See page 135.*)

Note: The Table of Contents was added by the Transcriber.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvii. FEBRUARY, 1904. No. 159.

[Pg 123]

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

V.—The Adventure of the Priory School.

WE have had some dramatic entrances and exits upon our small stage at Baker Street, but I cannot recollect anything more sudden and startling than the first appearance of Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable, M.A., Ph.D., etc. His card, which seemed too small to carry the weight of his academic distinctions, preceded him by a few seconds, and then he entered himself—so large, so pompous, and so dignified that he was the very embodiment of self-possession and solidity. And yet his first action when the door had closed behind him was to stagger against the table, whence he slipped down upon the floor, and there was that majestic figure prostrate and insensible upon our bearskin hearthrug.

We had sprung to our feet, and for a few moments we stared in silent amazement at this ponderous piece of wreckage, which told of some sudden and fatal storm far out on the ocean of life. Then Holmes hurried with a cushion for his head and I with brandy for his lips. The heavy white face was seamed with lines of trouble, the hanging pouches under the closed eyes were leaden in colour, the loose mouth drooped dolorously at the corners, the rolling chins were unshaven. Collar and shirt bore the grime of a long journey, and the hair bristled unkempt from the well-shaped head. It was a sorely-stricken man who lay before us.

"What is it, Watson?" asked Holmes.

"Absolute exhaustion—possibly mere hunger and fatigue," said I, with my finger on the thready pulse, where the stream of life trickled thin and small.

"Return ticket from Mackleton, in the North of England," said Holmes, drawing it from the watch-pocket. "It is not twelve o'clock yet. He has certainly been an early starter."

The puckered eyelids had begun to quiver, and now a pair of vacant, grey eyes looked up at us. An instant later the man had scrambled on to his feet, his face crimson with shame.

"Forgive this weakness, Mr. Holmes; I have been a little overwrought. Thank you, if I might have a glass of milk and a biscuit I have no doubt that I should be better. I came personally, Mr. Holmes, in order to ensure that you would return with me. I feared that no telegram would convince you of the absolute urgency of the case."

"When you are quite restored——"

"I am quite well again. I cannot imagine how I came to be so weak. I wish you, Mr. Holmes, to come to Mackleton with me by the next train."

My friend shook his head.

"My colleague, Dr. Watson, could tell you that we are very busy at present. I am retained in this case of the Ferrers Documents, and the Abergavenny murder is coming up for trial. Only a very important issue could call me from London at present."

"Important!" Our visitor threw up his hands. "Have you heard nothing of the abduction of the only son of the Duke of Holdernesse?"

"What! the late Cabinet Minister?"

"Exactly. We had tried to keep it out of the papers, but there was some rumour in the *Globe* last night. I thought it might have reached your ears."

Holmes shot out his long, thin arm and picked out Volume "H" in his encyclopædia of reference.

"'Holdernesse, 6th Duke, K.G., P.C.'—half the alphabet! 'Baron Beverley, Earl of Carston'—dear me, what a list! 'Lord Lieutenant of Hallamshire since 1900. Married Edith, daughter of Sir Charles Appledore, 1888. Heir and only child, Lord Saltire. Owns about two hundred and fifty thousand acres. Minerals in Lancashire and Wales. Address: Carlton House Terrace; Holdernesse Hall, Hallamshire; Carston Castle, Bangor, Wales. Lord of the Admiralty, 1872; Chief Secretary of State for——' Well, well, this man is certainly one of the greatest subjects of the Crown!" [Pg 124]

"THE HEAVY WHITE FACE WAS SEAMED WITH LINES OF TROUBLE."

"The greatest and perhaps the wealthiest. I am aware, Mr. Holmes, that you take a very high line in professional matters, and that you are prepared to work for the work's sake. I may tell you, however, that his Grace has already intimated that a cheque for five thousand pounds will be handed over to the person who can tell him where his son is, and another thousand to him who can name the man, or men, who have taken him."

"It is a princely offer," said Holmes. "Watson, I think that we shall accompany Dr. Huxtable back to the North of England. And now, Dr. Huxtable, when you have consumed that milk you will kindly tell me what has happened, when it happened, how it happened, and, finally, what Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable, of the Priory School, near Mackleton, has to do with the matter, and why he comes three days after an event—the state of your chin gives the date—to ask for my humble services."

Our visitor had consumed his milk and biscuits. The light had come back to his eyes and the colour to his cheeks as he set himself with great vigour and lucidity to explain the situation.

"I must inform you, gentlemen, that the Priory is a preparatory school, of which I am the founder and principal. 'Huxtable's Sidelights on Horace' may possibly recall my name to your memories. The Priory is, without exception, the best and most select preparatory school in England. Lord Leverstoke, the Earl of Blackwater, Sir Cathcart Soames—they all have entrusted their sons to me. But I felt that my school had reached its zenith when, three weeks ago, the Duke of Holdernesse sent Mr. James Wilder, his secretary, with the intimation that young Lord Saltire, ten years old, his only son and heir, was about to be committed to my charge. Little did I think that this would be the prelude to the most crushing misfortune of my life.

"On May 1st the boy arrived, that being the beginning of the summer term. He was a charming youth, and he soon fell into our ways. I may tell you—I trust that I am not indiscreet, but half-confidences are absurd in such a case—that he was not entirely happy at home. It is an open secret that the Duke's married life had not been a peaceful one, and the matter had ended in a separation by mutual consent, the Duchess taking up her residence in the South of France. This had occurred very shortly before, and the boy's sympathies are known to have been strongly with his mother. He moped after her departure from Holdernesse Hall, and it was for this reason that the Duke desired to send him to my establishment. In a fortnight the boy was quite at home with us, and was apparently absolutely happy. [Pg 125]

"He was last seen on the night of May 13th—that is, the night of last Monday. His room was on the second floor, and was approached through another larger room in which two boys were sleeping. These boys saw and heard nothing, so that it is certain that young Saltire did not pass out that way. His window was open, and there is a stout ivy plant leading to the ground. We could trace no footmarks below, but it is sure that this is the only possible exit.

"His absence was discovered at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning. His bed had been slept in. He had dressed himself fully before going off in his usual school suit of black Eton jacket and dark grey trousers. There were no signs that anyone had entered the room, and it is quite certain that anything in the nature of cries, or a struggle, would have been heard, since Caunter, the elder boy in the inner room, is a very light sleeper.

"When Lord Saltire's disappearance was discovered I at once called a roll of the whole establishment, boys, masters, and servants. It was then that we ascertained that Lord Saltire had not been alone in his flight. Heidegger, the German master, was missing. His room was on the

second floor, at the farther end of the building, facing the same way as Lord Saltire's. His bed had also been slept in; but he had apparently gone away partly dressed, since his shirt and socks were lying on the floor. He had undoubtedly let himself down by the ivy, for we could see the marks of his feet where he had landed on the lawn. His bicycle was kept in a small shed beside this lawn, and it also was gone.

"He had been with me for two years, and came with the best references; but he was a silent, morose man, not very popular either with masters or boys. No trace could be found of the fugitives, and now on Thursday morning we are as ignorant as we were on Tuesday. Inquiry was, of course, made at once at Holdernesse Hall. It is only a few miles away, and we imagined that in some sudden attack of home-sickness he had gone back to his father; but nothing had been heard of him. The Duke is greatly agitated—and as to me, you have seen yourselves the state of nervous prostration to which the suspense and the responsibility have reduced me. Mr. Holmes, if ever you put forward your full powers, I implore you to do so now, for never in your life could you have a case which is more worthy of them."

Sherlock Holmes had listened with the utmost intentness to the statement of the unhappy schoolmaster. His drawn brows and the deep furrow between them showed that he needed no exhortation to concentrate all his attention upon a problem which, apart from the tremendous interests involved, must appeal so directly to his love of the complex and the unusual. He now drew out his note-book and jotted down one or two memoranda.

"You have been very remiss in not coming to me sooner," said he, severely. "You start me on my investigation with a very serious handicap. It is inconceivable, for example, that this ivy and this lawn would have yielded nothing to an expert observer."

"I am not to blame, Mr. Holmes. His Grace was extremely desirous to avoid all public scandal. He was afraid of his family unhappiness being dragged before the world. He has a deep horror of anything of the kind."

"But there has been some official investigation?"

"Yes, sir, and it has proved most disappointing. An apparent clue was at once obtained, since a boy and a young man were reported to have been seen leaving a neighbouring station by an early train. Only last night we had news that the couple had been hunted down in Liverpool, and they prove to have no connection whatever with the matter in hand. Then it was that in my despair and disappointment, after a sleepless night, I came straight to you by the early train."

"I suppose the local investigation was relaxed while this false clue was being followed up?"

"It was entirely dropped."

"So that three days have been wasted. The affair has been most deplorably handled."

"I feel it, and admit it."

"And yet the problem should be capable of ultimate solution. I shall be very happy to look into it. Have you been able to trace any connection between the missing boy and this German master?"

"None at all."

"Was he in the master's class?"

"No; he never exchanged a word with him so far as I know."

"That is certainly very singular. Had the boy a bicycle?"

"No."

"Was any other bicycle missing?"

"No."

"Is that certain?" [Pg 126]

"Quite."

"Well, now, you do not mean to seriously suggest that this German rode off upon a bicycle in the dead of the night bearing the boy in his arms?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what is the theory in your mind?"

"The bicycle may have been a blind. It may have been hidden somewhere and the pair gone off on foot."

"Quite so; but it seems rather an absurd blind, does it not? Were there other bicycles in this shed?"

"Several."

"Would he not have hidden *a couple* had he desired to give the idea that they had gone off upon them?"

"I suppose he would."

"Of course he would. The blind theory won't do. But the incident is an admirable starting-point for an investigation. After all, a bicycle is not an easy thing to conceal or to destroy. One other question. Did anyone call to see the boy on the day before he disappeared?"

"No."

"Did he get any letters?"

"Yes; one letter."

"From whom?"

"From his father."

"Do you open the boys' letters?"

"No."

"How do you know it was from the father?"

"The coat of arms was on the envelope, and it was addressed in the Duke's peculiar stiff hand. Besides, the Duke remembers having written."

"When had he a letter before that?"

"Not for several days."

"Had he ever one from France?"

"No; never."

"WHAT IS THE THEORY IN YOUR MIND?"

"You see the point of my questions, of course. Either the boy was carried off by force or he went of his own free will. In the latter case you would expect that some prompting from outside would be needed to make so young a lad do such a thing. If he has had no visitors, that prompting must have come in letters. Hence I try to find out who were his correspondents."

"I fear I cannot help you much. His only correspondent, so far as I know, was his own father."

"Who wrote to him on the very day of his disappearance. Were the relations between father and son very friendly?"

"His Grace is never very friendly with anyone. He is completely immersed in large public questions, and is rather inaccessible to all ordinary emotions. But he was always kind to the boy in his own way."

"But the sympathies of the latter were with the mother?"

"Yes."

"Did he say so?"

"No."

"The Duke, then?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Then how could you know?"

"I have had some confidential talks with Mr. James Wilder, his Grace's secretary. It was he who gave me the information about Lord Saltire's feelings." [Pg 127]

"I see. By the way, that last letter of the Duke's—was it found in the boy's room after he was gone?"

"No; he had taken it with him. I think, Mr. Holmes, it is time that we were leaving for Euston."

"I will order a four-wheeler. In a quarter of an hour we shall be at your service. If you are telegraphing home, Mr. Huxtable, it would be well to allow the people in your neighbourhood to imagine that the inquiry is still going on in Liverpool, or wherever else that red herring led your pack. In the meantime I will do a little quiet work at your own doors, and perhaps the scent is not so cold but that two old hounds like Watson and myself may get a sniff of it."

That evening found us in the cold, bracing atmosphere of the Peak country, in which Dr. Huxtable's famous school is situated. It was already dark when we reached it. A card was lying on the hall table, and the butler whispered something to his master, who turned to us with agitation in every heavy feature.

"The Duke is here," said he. "The Duke and Mr. Wilder are in the study. Come, gentlemen, and I will introduce you."

I was, of course, familiar with the pictures of the famous statesman, but the man himself was very different from his representation. He was a tall and stately person, scrupulously dressed, with a drawn, thin face, and a nose which was grotesquely curved and long. His complexion was of a dead pallor, which was more startling by contrast with a long, dwindling beard of vivid red, which flowed down over his white waistcoat, with his watch-chain gleaming through its fringe. Such was the stately presence who looked stonily at us from the centre of Dr. Huxtable's hearthrug. Beside him stood a very young man, whom I understood to be Wilder, the private

secretary. He was small, nervous, alert, with intelligent, light-blue eyes and mobile features. It was he who at once, in an incisive and positive tone, opened the conversation.

"I called this morning, Dr. Huxtable, too late to prevent you from starting for London. I learned that your object was to invite Mr. Sherlock Holmes to undertake the conduct of this case. His Grace is surprised, Dr. Huxtable, that you should have taken such a step without consulting him."

"When I learned that the police had failed——"

"His Grace is by no means convinced that the police have failed."

"But surely, Mr. Wilder——"

"You are well aware, Dr. Huxtable, that his Grace is particularly anxious to avoid all public scandal. He prefers to take as few people as possible into his confidence."

"The matter can be easily remedied," said the brow-beaten doctor; "Mr. Sherlock Holmes can return to London by the morning train."

"Hardly that, doctor, hardly that," said Holmes, in his blandest voice. "This northern air is invigorating and pleasant, so I propose to spend a few days upon your moors, and to occupy my mind as best I may. Whether I have the shelter of your roof or of the village inn is, of course, for you to decide."

I could see that the unfortunate doctor was in the last stage of indecision, from which he was rescued by the deep, sonorous voice of the red-bearded Duke, which boomed out like a dinner-gong.

"I agree with Mr. Wilder, Dr. Huxtable, that you would have done wisely to consult me. But since Mr. Holmes has already been taken into your confidence, it would indeed be absurd that we should not avail ourselves of his services. Far from going to the inn, Mr. Holmes, I should be pleased if you would come and stay with me at Holdernesse Hall."

"I thank your Grace. For the purposes of my investigation I think that it would be wiser for me to remain at the scene of the mystery."

"Just as you like, Mr. Holmes. Any information which Mr. Wilder or I can give you is, of course, at your disposal."

"It will probably be necessary for me to see you at the Hall," said Holmes. "I would only ask you now, sir, whether you have formed any explanation in your own mind as to the mysterious disappearance of your son?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Excuse me if I allude to that which is painful to you, but I have no alternative. Do you think that the Duchess had anything to do with the matter?"

The great Minister showed perceptible hesitation.

"I do not think so," he said, at last.

"The other most obvious explanation is that the child has been kidnapped for the purpose of levying ransom. You have not had any demand of the sort?"

"No, sir." [Pg 128]

"One more question, your Grace. I understand that you wrote to your son upon the day when this incident occurred."

"No; I wrote upon the day before."

"Exactly. But he received it on that day?"

"Yes."

"Was there anything in your letter which might have unbalanced him or induced him to take such a step?"

"No, sir, certainly not."

"Did you post that letter yourself?"

The nobleman's reply was interrupted by his secretary, who broke in with some heat.

"His Grace is not in the habit of posting letters himself," said he. "This letter was laid with others upon the study table, and I myself put them in the post-bag."

"You are sure this one was among them?"

"Yes; I observed it."

"How many letters did your Grace write that day?"

"Twenty or thirty. I have a large correspondence. But surely this is somewhat irrelevant?"

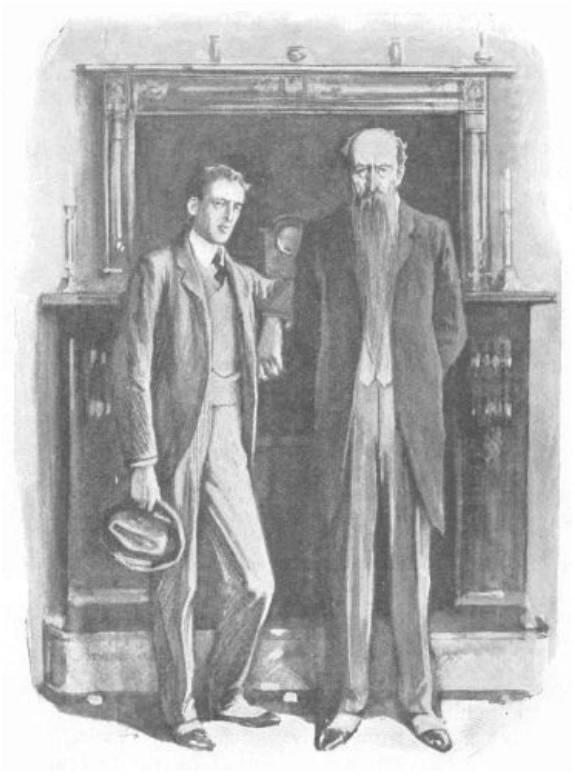
"Not entirely," said Holmes.

"For my own part," the Duke continued, "I have advised the police to turn their attention to the South of France. I have already said that I do not believe that the Duchess would encourage so monstrous an action, but the lad had the most wrong-headed opinions, and it is possible that he may have fled to her, aided and abetted by this German. I think, Dr. Huxtable, that we will now return to the Hall."

I could see that there were other questions which Holmes would have wished to put; but the nobleman's abrupt manner showed that the interview was at an end. It was evident that to his intensely aristocratic nature this discussion of his intimate family affairs with a stranger was most abhorrent, and that he feared lest every fresh question would throw a fiercer light into the discreetly shadowed corners of his ducal history.

When the nobleman and his secretary had left, my friend flung himself at once with characteristic eagerness into the investigation.

The boy's chamber was carefully examined, and yielded nothing save the absolute conviction that it was only through the window that he could have escaped. The German master's room and effects gave no further clue. In his case a trailer of ivy had given way under his weight, and we saw by the light of a lantern the mark on the lawn where his heels had come down. That one dint in the short green grass was the only material witness left of this inexplicable nocturnal flight.



"BESIDE HIM STOOD A VERY YOUNG MAN."

Sherlock Holmes left the house alone, and only returned after eleven. He had obtained a large ordnance map of the neighbourhood, and this he brought into my room, where he laid it out on the bed, and, having balanced the lamp in the middle of it, he began to smoke over it, and occasionally to point out objects of interest with the reeking amber of his pipe.

"This case grows upon me, Watson," said he. "There are decidedly some points of interest in connection with it. In this early stage I want you to realize those geographical features which may have a good deal to do with our investigation.

"Look at this map. This dark square is the Priory School. I'll put a pin in it. Now, this line is the main road. You see that it runs east and west past the school, and you see also that there is no side road for a mile either way. If these two folk passed away by road it was *this* road." [Pg 129]

"Exactly."

"By a singular and happy chance we are able to some extent to check what passed along this road during the night in question. At this point, where my pipe is now resting, a country constable was on duty from twelve to six. It is, as you perceive, the first cross road on the east side. This man declares that he was not absent from his post for an instant, and he is positive that neither boy nor man could have gone that way unseen. I have spoken with this policeman to-night, and he appears to me to be a perfectly reliable person. That blocks this end. We have now to deal with the other. There is an inn here, the Red Bull, the landlady of which was ill. She had sent to Mackleton for a doctor, but he did not arrive until morning, being absent at another case. The people at the inn were alert all night, awaiting his coming, and one or other of them seems to have continually had an eye upon the road. They declare that no one passed. If their evidence is good, then we are fortunate enough to be able to block the west, and also to be able to say that the fugitives did *not* use the road at all."

"But the bicycle?" I objected.

"Quite so. We will come to the bicycle presently. To continue our reasoning: if these people did not go by the road, they must have traversed the country to the north of the house or to the south of the house. That is certain. Let us weigh the one against the other. On the south of the house is, as you perceive, a large district of arable land, cut up into small fields, with stone walls between them. There, I admit that a bicycle is impossible. We can dismiss the idea. We turn to the country on the north. Here there lies a grove of trees, marked as the 'Ragged Shaw,' and on the farther side stretches a great rolling moor, Lower Gill Moor, extending for ten miles and sloping gradually upwards. Here, at one side of this wilderness, is Holdernesse Hall, ten miles by road, but only six across the moor. It is a peculiarly desolate plain. A few moor farmers have small holdings, where they rear sheep and cattle. Except these, the plover and the curlew are the only inhabitants until you come to the Chesterfield high road. There is a church there, you see, a few cottages, and an inn. Beyond that the hills become precipitous. Surely it is here to the north that our quest must lie."

"But the bicycle?" I persisted.

"Well, well!" said Holmes, impatiently. "A good cyclist does not need a high road. The moor is intersected with paths and the moon was at the full. Halloa! what is this?"

There was an agitated knock at the door, and an instant afterwards Dr. Huxtable was in the room. In his hand he held a blue cricket-cap, with a white chevron on the peak.

"At last we have a clue!" he cried. "Thank Heaven! at last we are on the dear boy's track! It is his cap."

"Where was it found?"

"In the van of the gipsies who camped on the moor. They left on Tuesday. To-day the police traced them down and examined their caravan. This was found."

"How do they account for it?"

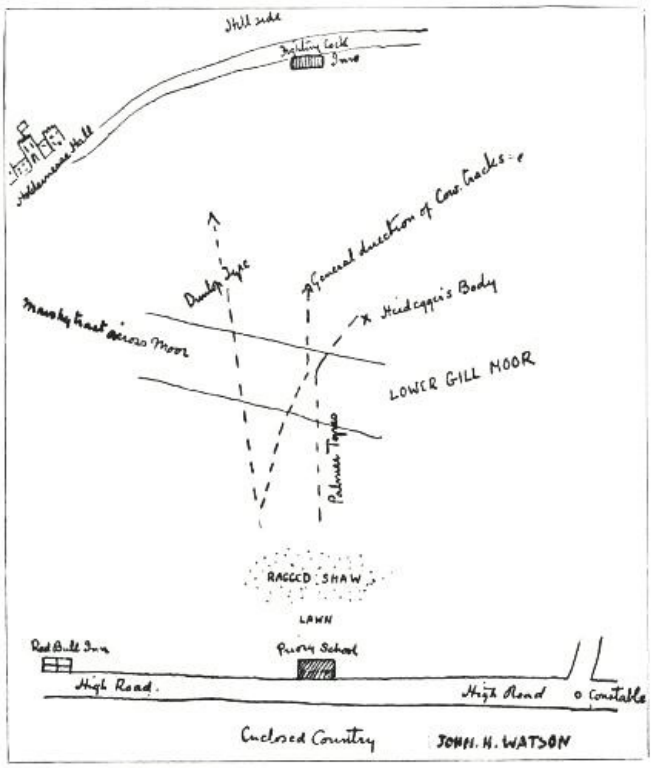
"They shuffled and lied—said that they found it on the moor on Tuesday morning. They know where he is, the rascals! Thank goodness, they are all safe under lock and key. Either the fear of the law or the Duke's purse will certainly get out of them all that they know."

"So far, so good," said Holmes, when the doctor had at last left the room. "It at least bears out the theory that it is on the side of the Lower Gill Moor that we must hope for results. The police have really done nothing locally, save the arrest of these gipsies. Look here, Watson! There is a watercourse across the moor. You see it marked here in the map. In some parts it widens into a morass. This is particularly so in the region between Holdernesse Hall and the school. It is vain to look elsewhere for tracks in this dry weather; but at *that* point there is certainly a chance of some record being left. I will call you early to-morrow morning, and you and I will try if we can throw some little light upon the mystery."

The day was just breaking when I woke to find the long, thin form of Holmes by my bedside. He was fully dressed, and had apparently already been out.

"I have done the lawn and the bicycle shed," said he. "I have also had a ramble through the Ragged Shaw. Now, Watson, there is cocoa ready in the next room. I must beg you to hurry, for we have a great day before us."

His eyes shone, and his cheek was flushed with the exhilaration of the master workman who sees his work lie ready before him. A very different Holmes, this active, alert man, from the introspective and pallid dreamer of Baker Street. I felt, as I looked upon that supple figure, alive with nervous energy, that it was indeed a strenuous day that awaited us. [Pg 130]



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE LOCALITY.

And yet it opened in the blackest disappointment. With high hopes we struck across the peaty, russet moor, intersected with a thousand sheep paths, until we came to the broad, light-green belt which marked the morass between us and Holdernesse. Certainly, if the lad had gone homewards, he must have passed this, and he could not pass it without leaving his traces. But no sign of him or the German could be seen. With a darkening face my friend strode along the margin, eagerly observant of every muddy stain upon the mossy surface. Sheep-marks there were in profusion, and at one place, some miles down, cows had left their tracks. Nothing more.

"Check number one," said Holmes, looking gloomily over the rolling expanse of the moor. "There is another morass down yonder and a narrow neck between. Halloa! halloa! halloa! what have we here?"

We had come on a small black ribbon of pathway. In the middle of it, clearly marked on the sodden soil, was the track of a bicycle.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "We have it."

But Holmes was shaking his head, and his face was puzzled and expectant rather than joyous.

"A bicycle certainly, but not *the* bicycle," said he. "I am familiar with forty-two different impressions left by tyres. This, as you perceive, is a Dunlop, with a patch upon the outer cover. Heidegger's tyres were Palmer's, leaving longitudinal stripes. Aveling, the mathematical master, was sure upon the point. Therefore, it is not Heidegger's track."

"The boy's, then?"

"Possibly, if we could prove a bicycle to have been in his possession. But this we have utterly failed to do. This track, as you perceive, was made by a rider who was going from the direction of the school."

"Or towards it?"

"No, no, my dear Watson. The more deeply sunk impression is, of course, the hind wheel, upon which the weight rests. You perceive several places where it has passed across and obliterated the more shallow mark of the front one. It was undoubtedly heading away from the school. It may

or may not be connected with our inquiry, but we will follow it backwards before we go any farther."

We did so, and at the end of a few hundred yards lost the tracks as we emerged from the boggy portion of the moor. Following the path backwards, we picked out another spot, where a spring trickled across it. Here, once again, was the mark of the bicycle, though nearly obliterated by the hoofs of cows. After that there was no sign, but the path ran right on into Ragged Shaw, the wood which backed on to the school. From this wood the cycle must have emerged. Holmes sat down [Pg 131] on a boulder and rested his chin in his hands. I had smoked two cigarettes before he moved.

"Well, well," said he, at last. "It is, of course, possible that a cunning man might change the tyre of his bicycle in order to leave unfamiliar tracks. A criminal who was capable of such a thought is a man whom I should be proud to do business with. We will leave this question undecided and hark back to our morass again, for we have left a good deal unexplored."

We continued our systematic survey of the edge of the sodden portion of the moor, and soon our perseverance was gloriously rewarded. Right across the lower part of the bog lay a miry path. Holmes gave a cry of delight as he approached it. An impression like a fine bundle of telegraph wires ran down the centre of it. It was the Palmer tyre.

"AN IMPRESSION LIKE A FINE BUNDLE OF TELEGRAPH WIRES RAN DOWN THE CENTRE OF IT."

"Here is Herr Heidegger, sure enough!" cried Holmes, exultantly. "My reasoning seems to have been pretty sound, Watson."

"I congratulate you."

"But we have a long way still to go. Kindly walk clear of the path. Now let us follow the trail. I fear that it will not lead very far."

We found, however, as we advanced that this portion of the moor is intersected with soft patches, and, though we frequently lost sight of the track, we always succeeded in picking it up once more.

"Do you observe," said Holmes, "that the rider is now undoubtedly forcing the pace? There can be no doubt of it. Look at this impression, where you get both tyres clear. The one is as deep as the other. That can only mean that the rider is throwing his weight on to the handle-bar, as a man does when he is sprinting. By Jove! he has had a fall."

There was a broad, irregular smudge covering some yards of the track. Then there were a few footmarks, and the tyre reappeared once more.

"A side-slip," I suggested.

Holmes held up a crumpled branch of flowering gorse. To my horror I perceived that the yellow blossoms were all dabbled with crimson. On the path, too, and among the heather were dark stains of clotted blood.

"Bad!" said Holmes. "Bad! Stand clear, Watson! Not an unnecessary footstep! What do I read here? He fell wounded, he stood up, he remounted, he proceeded. But there is no other track. Cattle on this side path. He was surely not gored by a bull? Impossible! But I see no traces of anyone else. We must push on, Watson. Surely with stains as well as the track to guide us he cannot escape us now."

Our search was not a very long one. The tracks of the tyre began to curve fantastically upon the wet and shining path. Suddenly, as I looked ahead, the gleam of metal caught my eye from amid the thick gorse bushes. Out of them we dragged a bicycle, Palmer-tyred, one pedal bent, and the whole front of it horribly smeared and slobbered with blood. On the other side of the bushes a shoe was projecting. We ran round, and there lay the unfortunate rider. He was a tall man, full [Pg 132] bearded, with spectacles, one glass of which had been knocked out. The cause of his death was a frightful blow upon the head, which had crushed in part of his skull. That he could have gone on after receiving such an injury said much for the vitality and courage of the man. He wore shoes, but no socks, and his open coat disclosed a night-shirt beneath it. It was undoubtedly the German master.

Holmes turned the body over reverently, and examined it with great attention. He then sat in deep thought for a time, and I could see by his ruffled brow that this grim discovery had not, in his opinion, advanced us much in our inquiry.

"It is a little difficult to know what to do, Watson," said he, at last. "My own inclinations are to push this inquiry on, for we have already lost so much time that we cannot afford to waste another hour. On the other hand, we are bound to inform the police of the discovery, and to see that this poor fellow's body is looked after."

"I could take a note back."

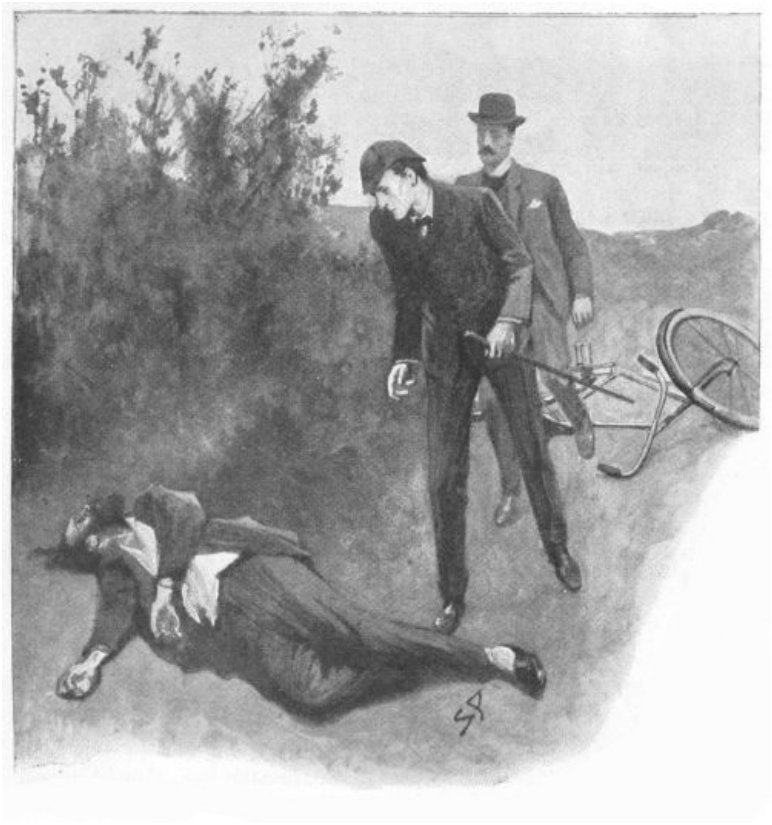
"But I need your company and assistance. Wait a bit! There is a fellow cutting peat up yonder. Bring him over here, and he will guide the police."

I brought the peasant across, and Holmes dispatched the frightened man with a note to Dr. Huxtable.

"Now, Watson," said he, "we have picked up two clues this morning. One is the bicycle with the Palmer tyre, and we see what that has led to. The other is the bicycle with the patched Dunlop. Before we start to investigate that, let us try to realize what we *do* know so as to make the most of it, and to separate the essential from the accidental.

"First of all I wish to impress upon you that the boy certainly left of his own free will. He got down from his window and he went off, either alone or with someone. That is sure."

I assented.



"THERE LAY THE UNFORTUNATE RIDER."

"Well, now, let us turn to this unfortunate German master. The boy was fully dressed when he fled. Therefore, he foresaw what he would do. But the German went without his socks. He certainly acted on very short notice."

"Undoubtedly."

"Why did he go? Because, from his bedroom window, he saw the flight of the boy. Because he wished to overtake him and bring him back. He seized his bicycle, pursued the lad, and in pursuing him met his death."

"So it would seem."

"Now I come to the critical part of my argument. The natural action of a man in pursuing a little boy would be to run after him. He would know that he could overtake him. But the German does not do so. He turns to his bicycle. I am told that he was an excellent cyclist. He would not do this if he did not see that the boy had some swift means of escape." [Pg 133]

"The other bicycle."

"Let us continue our reconstruction. He meets his death five miles from the school—not by a bullet, mark you, which even a lad might conceivably discharge, but by a savage blow dealt by a vigorous arm. The lad, then, *had* a companion in his flight. And the flight was a swift one, since it took five miles before an expert cyclist could overtake them. Yet we survey the ground round the scene of the tragedy. What do we find? A few cattle tracks, nothing more. I took a wide sweep round, and there is no path within fifty yards. Another cyclist could have had nothing to do with the actual murder. Nor were there any human footmarks."

"Holmes," I cried, "this is impossible."

"Admirable!" he said. "A most illuminating remark. It *is* impossible as I state it, and therefore I must in some respect have stated it wrong. Yet you saw for yourself. Can you suggest any fallacy?"

"He could not have fractured his skull in a fall?"

"In a morass, Watson?"

"I am at my wits' end."

"Tut, tut; we have solved some worse problems. At least we have plenty of material, if we can only use it. Come, then, and, having exhausted the Palmer, let us see what the Dunlop with the patched cover has to offer us."

We picked up the track and followed it onwards for some distance; but soon the moor rose into a long, heather-tufted curve, and we left the watercourse behind us. No further help from tracks could be hoped for. At the spot where we saw the last of the Dunlop tyre it might equally have led to Holdernesse Hall, the stately towers of which rose some miles to our left, or to a low, grey village which lay in front of us, and marked the position of the Chesterfield high road.

As we approached the forbidding and squalid inn, with the sign of a game-cock above the door, Holmes gave a sudden groan and clutched me by the shoulder to save himself from falling. He had had one of those violent strains of the ankle which leave a man helpless. With difficulty he

limped up to the door, where a squat, dark, elderly man was smoking a black clay pipe.

"How are you, Mr. Reuben Hayes?" said Holmes.

"Who are you, and how do you get my name so pat?" the countryman answered, with a suspicious flash of a pair of cunning eyes.

"Well, it's printed on the board above your head. It's easy to see a man who is master of his own house. I suppose you haven't such a thing as a carriage in your stables?"

"No; I have not."

"I can hardly put my foot to the ground."

"Don't put it to the ground."

"But I can't walk."

"Well, then, hop."

Mr. Reuben Hayes's manner was far from gracious, but Holmes took it with admirable good-humour.

"Look here, my man," said he. "This is really rather an awkward fix for me. I don't mind how I get on."

"Neither do I," said the morose landlord.

"The matter is very important. I would offer you a sovereign for the use of a bicycle."

The landlord pricked up his ears.

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Holdernesse Hall."

"Pals of the Dook, I suppose?" said the landlord, surveying our mud-stained garments with ironical eyes.

Holmes laughed good-naturedly.

"He'll be glad to see us, anyhow."

"Why?"

"Because we bring him news of his lost son."

The landlord gave a very visible start.

"What, you're on his track?"

"He has been heard of in Liverpool. They expect to get him every hour."

Again a swift change passed over the heavy, unshaven face. His manner was suddenly genial.

"I've less reason to wish the Dook well than most men," said he, "for I was his head coachman once, and cruel had he treated me. It was him that sacked me without a character on the word of a lying corn-chandler. But I'm glad to hear that the young lord was heard of in Liverpool, and I'll help you to take the news to the Hall."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "We'll have some food first. Then you can bring round the bicycle."

"I haven't got a bicycle."

Holmes held up a sovereign.

"I tell you, man, that I haven't got one. I'll let you have two horses as far as the Hall."

"Well, well," said Holmes, "we'll talk about it when we've had something to eat." [Pg 134]

When we were left alone in the stone-flagged kitchen it was astonishing how rapidly that sprained ankle recovered. It was nearly nightfall, and we had eaten nothing since early morning, so that we spent some time over our meal. Holmes was lost in thought, and once or twice he walked over to the window and stared earnestly out. It opened on to a squalid courtyard. In the far corner was a smithy, where a grimy lad was at work. On the other side were the stables. Holmes had sat down again after one of these excursions, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with a loud exclamation.

"By Heaven, Watson, I believe that I've got it!" he cried. "Yes, yes, it must be so. Watson, do you remember seeing any cow-tracks to-day?"

"Yes, several."

"Where?"

"Well, everywhere. They were at the morass, and again on the path, and again near where poor Heidegger met his death."

"Exactly. Well, now, Watson, how many cows did you see on the moor?"

"I don't remember seeing any."

"Strange, Watson, that we should see tracks all along our line, but never a cow on the whole moor; very strange, Watson, eh?"

"Yes, it is strange."

"WITH DIFFICULTY HE LIMPED UP TO THE DOOR."

"Now, Watson, make an effort; throw your mind back! Can you see those tracks upon the path?"

"Yes, I can."

"Can you recall that the tracks were sometimes like that, Watson"—he arranged a number of bread-crumbs in this fashion—: : : : :—"and sometimes like this"—: · : · : · : ·—"and occasionally like this"—. · . · . · . "Can you remember that?"

"No, I cannot."

"But I can. I could swear to it. However, we will go back at our leisure and verify it. What a blind beetle I have been not to draw my conclusion!"

"And what is your conclusion?"

"Only that it is a remarkable cow which walks, canters, and gallops. By George, Watson, it was no brain of a country publican that thought out such a blind as that! The coast seems to be clear, save for that lad in the smithy. Let us slip out and see what we can see."

There were two rough-haired, unkempt horses in the tumble-down stable. Holmes raised the hind leg of one of them and laughed aloud.

"Old shoes, but newly shod—old shoes, but new nails. This case deserves to be a classic. Let us go across to the smithy."

The lad continued his work without regarding us. I saw Holmes's eye darting to right and left among the litter of iron and wood which was scattered about the floor. Suddenly, however, we heard a step behind us, and there was the landlord, his heavy eyebrows drawn down over his savage eyes, his swarthy features convulsed with passion. He held a short, metal-headed stick in his hand, and he advanced in so menacing a fashion that I was right glad to feel the revolver in my pocket. [Pg 135]

"You infernal spies!" the man cried. "What are you doing there?"

"Why, Mr. Reuben Hayes," said Holmes, coolly, "one might think that you were afraid of our finding something out."

The man mastered himself with a violent effort, and his grim mouth loosened into a false laugh, which was more menacing than his frown.

"You're welcome to all you can find out in my smithy," said he. "But look here, mister, I don't care for folk poking about my place without my leave, so the sooner you pay your score and get out of this the better I shall be pleased."

"All right, Mr. Hayes—no harm meant," said Holmes. "We have been having a look at your horses, but I think I'll walk after all. It's not far, I believe."

"Not more than two miles to the Hall gates. That's the road to the left." He watched us with sullen eyes until we had left his premises.

We did not go very far along the road, for Holmes stopped the instant that the curve hid us from the landlord's view.

"We were warm, as the children say, at that inn," said he. "I seem to grow colder every step that I take away from it. No, no; I can't possibly leave it."

"I am convinced," said I, "that this Reuben Hayes knows all about it. A more self-evident villain I never saw."

"Oh! he impressed you in that way, did he? There are the horses, there is the smithy. Yes, it is an interesting place, this Fighting Cock. I think we shall have another look at it in an unobtrusive way."

A long, sloping hillside, dotted with grey limestone boulders, stretched behind us. We had turned off the road, and were making our way up the hill, when, looking in the direction of Holdernesse Hall, I saw a cyclist coming swiftly along.

"Get down, Watson!" cried Holmes, with a heavy hand upon my shoulder. We had hardly sunk from view when the man flew past us on the road. Amid a rolling cloud of dust I caught a glimpse of a pale, agitated face—a face with horror in every lineament, the mouth open, the eyes staring wildly in front. It was like some strange caricature of the dapper James Wilder whom we had seen the night before.

"The Duke's secretary!" cried Holmes. "Come, Watson, let us see what he does."

We scrambled from rock to rock until in a few moments we had made our way to a point from which we could see the front door of the inn. Wilder's bicycle was leaning against the wall beside

it. No one was moving about the house, nor could we catch a glimpse of any faces at the windows. Slowly the twilight crept down as the sun sank behind the high towers of Holdernesse Hall. Then in the gloom we saw the two side-lamps of a trap light up in the stable yard of the inn, and shortly afterwards heard the rattle of hoofs, as it wheeled out into the road and tore off at a furious pace in the direction of Chesterfield.

"What do you make of that, Watson?" Holmes whispered.

"It looks like a flight."

"A single man in a dog-cart, so far as I could see. Well, it certainly was not Mr. James Wilder, for there he is at the door."

A red square of light had sprung out of the darkness. In the middle of it was the black figure of the secretary, his head advanced, peering out into the night. It was evident that he was expecting someone. Then at last there were steps in the road, a second figure was visible for an instant against the light, the door shut, and all was black once more. Five minutes later a lamp was lit in a room upon the first floor.

"It seems to be a curious class of custom that is done by the Fighting Cock," said Holmes.

"The bar is on the other side."

"Quite so. These are what one may call the private guests. Now, what in the world is Mr. James Wilder doing in that den at this hour of night, and who is the companion who comes to meet him there? Come, Watson, we must really take a risk and try to investigate this a little more closely."

Together we stole down to the road and crept across to the door of the inn. The bicycle still leaned against the wall. Holmes struck a match and held it to the back wheel, and I heard him chuckle as the light fell upon a patched Dunlop tyre. Up above us was the lighted window.

"I must have a peep through that, Watson. If you bend your back and support yourself upon the wall, I think that I can manage."

An instant later his feet were on my shoulders. But he was hardly up before he was down again.

[Pg 136]

"THE MAN FLEW PAST US ON THE ROAD."

"Come, my friend," said he, "our day's work has been quite long enough. I think that we have gathered all that we can. It's a long walk to the school, and the sooner we get started the better."

He hardly opened his lips during that weary trudge across the moor, nor would he enter the school when he reached it, but went on to Mackleton Station, whence he could send some telegrams. Late at night I heard him consoling Dr. Huxtable, prostrated by the tragedy of his master's death, and later still he entered my room as alert and vigorous as he had been when he started in the morning. "All goes well, my friend," said he. "I promise that before to-morrow evening we shall have reached the solution of the mystery."

At eleven o'clock next morning my friend and I were walking up the famous yew avenue of Holdernesse Hall. We were ushered through the magnificent Elizabethan doorway and into his Grace's study. There we found Mr. James Wilder, demure and courtly, but with some trace of that wild terror of the night before still lurking in his furtive eyes and in his twitching features.

"You have come to see his Grace? I am sorry; but the fact is that the Duke is far from well. He has been very much upset by the tragic news. We received a telegram from Dr. Huxtable yesterday

afternoon, which told us of your discovery."

"I must see the Duke, Mr. Wilder."

"But he is in his room."

"Then I must go to his room."

"I believe he is in his bed."

"I will see him there."

Holmes's cold and inexorable manner showed the secretary that it was useless to argue with him.

"Very good, Mr. Holmes; I will tell him that you are here."

After half an hour's delay the great nobleman appeared. His face was more cadaverous than ever, his shoulders had rounded, and he seemed to me to be an altogether older man than he had been the morning before. He greeted us with a stately courtesy and seated himself at his desk, his red beard streaming down on to the table.

"Well, Mr. Holmes?" said he.

But my friend's eyes were fixed upon the secretary, who stood by his master's chair.

"I think, your Grace, that I could speak more freely in Mr. Wilder's absence."

The man turned a shade paler and cast a malignant glance at Holmes.

"If your Grace wishes——"

"Yes, yes; you had better go. Now, Mr. Holmes, what have you to say?"

My friend waited until the door had closed behind the retreating secretary. [Pg 137]

"The fact is, your Grace," said he, "that my colleague, Dr. Watson, and myself had an assurance from Dr. Huxtable that a reward had been offered in this case. I should like to have this confirmed from your own lips."

"Certainly, Mr. Holmes."

"It amounted, if I am correctly informed, to five thousand pounds to anyone who will tell you where your son is?"

"Exactly."

"And another thousand to the man who will name the person or persons who keep him in custody?"

"Exactly."

"Under the latter heading is included, no doubt, not only those who may have taken him away, but also those who conspire to keep him in his present position?"

"Yes, yes," cried the Duke, impatiently. "If you do your work well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, you will have no reason to complain of niggardly treatment."

My friend rubbed his thin hands together with an appearance of avidity which was a surprise to me, who knew his frugal tastes.

"I fancy that I see your Grace's cheque-book upon the table," said he. "I should be glad if you would make me out a cheque for six thousand pounds. It would be as well, perhaps, for you to cross it. The Capital and Counties Bank, Oxford Street branch, are my agents."

His Grace sat very stern and upright in his chair, and looked stonily at my friend.

"Is this a joke, Mr. Holmes? It is hardly a subject for pleasantry."

"Not at all, your Grace. I was never more earnest in my life."

"What do you mean, then?"

"I mean that I have earned the reward. I know where your son is, and I know some, at least, of those who are holding him."

The Duke's beard had turned more aggressively red than ever against his ghastly white face.

"Where is he?" he gasped.

"He is, or was last night, at the Fighting Cock Inn, about two miles from your park gate."

The Duke fell back in his chair.

"And whom do you accuse?"

Sherlock Holmes's answer was an astounding one. He stepped swiftly forward and touched the Duke upon the shoulder.

"I accuse *you*," said he. "And now, your Grace, I'll trouble you for that cheque."

Never shall I forget the Duke's appearance as he sprang up and clawed with his hands like one who is sinking into an abyss. Then, with an extraordinary effort of aristocratic self-command, he sat down and sank his face in his hands. It was some minutes before he spoke.

"How much do you know?" he asked at last, without raising his head.

"I saw you together last night."

"Does anyone else besides your friend know?"

"I have spoken to no one."

The Duke took a pen in his quivering fingers and opened his cheque-book.

"I shall be as good as my word, Mr. Holmes. I am about to write your cheque, however unwelcome the information which you have gained may be to me. When the offer was first made I little thought the turn which events might take. But you and your friend are men of discretion, Mr. Holmes?"

"I hardly understand your Grace."

"I must put it plainly, Mr. Holmes. If only you two know of this incident, there is no reason why it should go any farther. I think twelve thousand pounds is the sum that I owe you, is it not?"

But Holmes smiled and shook his head.

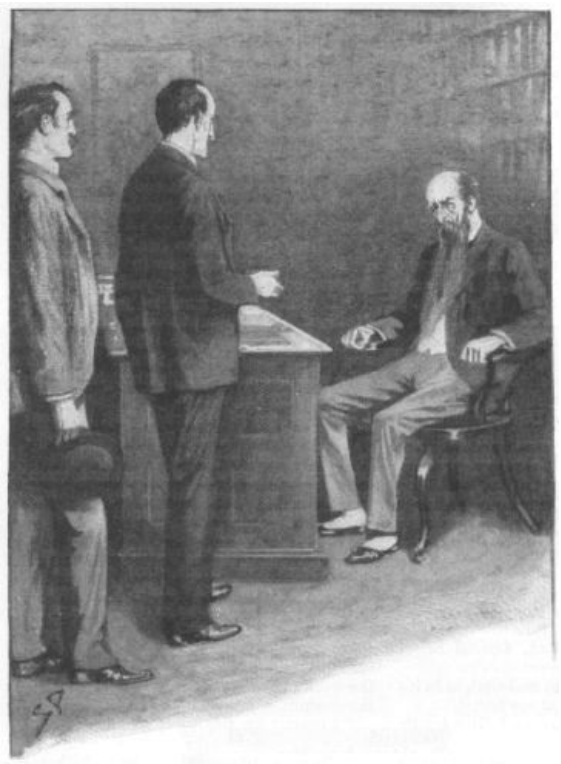
"I fear, your Grace, that matters can hardly be arranged so easily. There is the death of this schoolmaster to be accounted for."

"But James knew nothing of that. You cannot hold him responsible for that. It was the work of this brutal ruffian whom he had the misfortune to employ."

"I must take the view, your Grace, that when a man embarks upon a crime he is morally guilty of any other crime which may spring from it."

"Morally, Mr. Holmes. No doubt you are right. But surely not in the eyes of the law. A man cannot be condemned for a murder at which he was not present, and which he loathes and abhors as much as you do. The instant that he heard of it he made a complete confession to me, so filled was he with horror and remorse. He lost not an hour in breaking entirely with the murderer. Oh, Mr. Holmes, you must save him—you must save him! I tell you that you must save him!" The Duke had dropped the last attempt at self-command, and was pacing the room with a convulsed face and with his clenched hands raving in the air. At last he mastered himself and sat down once more at his desk. "I appreciate your conduct in coming here before you spoke to anyone else," said he. "At least we may take counsel how far we can minimize this hideous scandal." [Pg 138]

"Exactly," said Holmes. "I think, your Grace, that this can only be done by absolute and complete frankness between us. I am disposed to help your Grace to the best of my ability; but in order to do so I must understand to the last detail how the matter stands. I realize that your words applied to Mr. James Wilder, and that he is not the murderer."



"THE MURDERER HAS ESCAPED."

"No; the murderer has escaped."

Sherlock Holmes smiled demurely.

"Your Grace can hardly have heard of any small reputation which I possess, or you would not imagine that it is so easy to escape me. Mr. Reuben Hayes was arrested at Chesterfield on my information at eleven o'clock last night. I had a telegram from the head of the local police before I left the school this morning."

The Duke leaned back in his chair and stared with amazement at my friend.

"You seem to have powers that are hardly human," said he. "So Reuben Hayes is taken? I am right glad to hear it, if it will not react upon the fate of James."

"Your secretary?"

"No, sir; my son."

It was Holmes's turn to look astonished.

"I confess that this is entirely new to me, your Grace. I must beg you to be more explicit."

"I will conceal nothing from you. I agree with you that complete frankness, however painful it may be to me, is the best policy in this desperate situation to which James's folly and jealousy have reduced us. When I was a very young man, Mr. Holmes, I loved with such a love as comes only once in a lifetime. I offered the lady marriage, but she refused it on the grounds that such a match might mar my career. Had she lived I would certainly never have married anyone else. She died, and left this one child, whom for her sake I have cherished and cared for. I could not acknowledge the paternity to the world; but I gave him the best of educations, and since he came to manhood I have kept him near my person. He surprised my secret, and has presumed ever since upon the claim which he has upon me and upon his power of provoking a scandal, which would be abhorrent to me. His presence had something to do with the unhappy issue of my marriage. Above all, he hated my young legitimate heir from the first with a persistent hatred. You may well [Pg 139] ask me why, under these circumstances, I still kept James under my roof. I answer that it was because I could see his mother's face in his, and that for her dear sake there was no end to my

long-suffering. All her pretty ways, too—there was not one of them which he could not suggest and bring back to my memory. I *could* not send him away. But I feared so much lest he should do Arthur—that is, Lord Saltire—a mischief that I dispatched him for safety to Dr. Huxtable's school.

"James came into contact with this fellow Hayes because the man was a tenant of mine, and James acted as agent. The fellow was a rascal from the beginning, but in some extraordinary way James became intimate with him. He had always a taste for low company. When James determined to kidnap Lord Saltire it was of this man's service that he availed himself. You remember that I wrote to Arthur upon that last day. Well, James opened the letter and inserted a note asking Arthur to meet him in a little wood called the Ragged Shaw, which is near to the school. He used the Duchess's name, and in that way got the boy to come. That evening James bicycled over—I am telling you what he has himself confessed to me—and he told Arthur, whom he met in the wood, that his mother longed to see him, that she was awaiting him on the moor, and that if he would come back into the wood at midnight he would find a man with a horse, who would take him to her. Poor Arthur fell into the trap. He came to the appointment and found this fellow Hayes with a led pony. Arthur mounted, and they set off together. It appears—though this James only heard yesterday—that they were pursued, that Hayes struck the pursuer with his stick, and that the man died of his injuries. Hayes brought Arthur to his public-house, the Fighting Cock, where he was confined in an upper room, under the care of Mrs. Hayes, who is a kindly woman, but entirely under the control of her brutal husband.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, that was the state of affairs when I first saw you two days ago. I had no more idea of the truth than you. You will ask me what was James's motive in doing such a deed. I answer that there was a great deal which was unreasoning and fanatical in the hatred which he bore my heir. In his view he should himself have been heir of all my estates, and he deeply resented those social laws which made it impossible. At the same time he had a definite motive also. He was eager that I should break the entail, and he was of opinion that it lay in my power to do so. He intended to make a bargain with me—to restore Arthur if I would break the entail, and so make it possible for the estate to be left to him by will. He knew well that I should never willingly invoke the aid of the police against him. I say that he would have proposed such a bargain to me, but he did not actually do so, for events moved too quickly for him, and he had not time to put his plans into practice.

"What brought all his wicked scheme to wreck was your discovery of this man Heidegger's dead body. James was seized with horror at the news. It came to us yesterday as we sat together in this study. Dr. Huxtable had sent a telegram. James was so overwhelmed with grief and agitation that my suspicions, which had never been entirely absent, rose instantly to a certainty, and I taxed him with the deed. He made a complete voluntary confession. Then he implored me to keep his secret for three days longer, so as to give his wretched accomplice a chance of saving his guilty life. I yielded—as I have always yielded—to his prayers, and instantly James hurried off to the Fighting Cock to warn Hayes and give him the means of flight. I could not go there by daylight without provoking comment, but as soon as night fell I hurried off to see my dear Arthur. I found him safe and well, but horrified beyond expression by the dreadful deed he had witnessed. In deference to my promise, and much against my will, I consented to leave him there for three days under the charge of Mrs. Hayes, since it was evident that it was impossible to inform the police where he was without telling them also who was the murderer, and I could not see how that murderer could be punished without ruin to my unfortunate James. You asked for frankness, Mr. Holmes, and I have taken you at your word, for I have now told you everything without an attempt at circumlocution or concealment. Do you in your turn be as frank with me."

"I will," said Holmes. "In the first place, your Grace, I am bound to tell you that you have placed yourself in a most serious position in the eyes of the law. You have condoned a felony and you have aided the escape of a murderer; for I cannot doubt that any money which was taken by James Wilder to aid his accomplice in his flight came from your Grace's purse."

The Duke bowed his assent. [Pg 140]

"This is indeed a most serious matter. Even more culpable in my opinion, your Grace, is your attitude towards your younger son. You leave him in this den for three days."

"Under solemn promises——"

"What are promises to such people as these? You have no guarantee that he will not be spirited away again. To humour your guilty elder son you have exposed your innocent younger son to imminent and unnecessary danger. It was a most unjustifiable action."

The proud lord of Holdernesse was not accustomed to be so rated in his own ducal hall. The blood flushed into his high forehead, but his conscience held him dumb.

"I will help you, but on one condition only. It is that you ring for the footman and let me give such orders as I like."

Without a word the Duke pressed the electric bell. A servant entered.

"You will be glad to hear," said Holmes, "that your young master is found. It is the Duke's desire that the carriage shall go at once to the Fighting Cock Inn to bring Lord Saltire home.

"Now," said Holmes, when the rejoicing lackey had disappeared, "having secured the future, we can afford to be more lenient with the past. I am not in an official position, and there is no reason, so long as the ends of justice are served, why I should disclose all that I know. As to Hayes I say nothing. The gallows awaits him, and I would do nothing to save him from it. What he will divulge I cannot tell, but I have no doubt that your Grace could make him understand that it

is to his interest to be silent. From the police point of view he will have kidnapped the boy for the purpose of ransom. If they do not themselves find it out I see no reason why I should prompt them to take a broader point of view. I would warn your Grace, however, that the continued presence of Mr. James Wilder in your household can only lead to misfortune."

"I understand that, Mr. Holmes, and it is already settled that he shall leave me for ever and go to seek his fortune in Australia."

"In that case, your Grace, since you have yourself stated that any unhappiness in your married life was caused by his presence, I would suggest that you make such amends as you can to the Duchess, and that you try to resume those relations which have been so unhappily interrupted."

"That also I have arranged, Mr. Holmes. I wrote to the Duchess this morning."

"In that case," said Holmes, rising, "I think that my friend and I can congratulate ourselves upon several most happy results from our little visit to the North. There is one other small point upon which I desire some light. This fellow Hayes had shod his horses with shoes which counterfeited the tracks of cows. Was it from Mr. Wilder that he learned so extraordinary a device?"

The Duke stood in thought for a moment, with a look of intense surprise on his face. Then he opened a door and showed us into a large room furnished as a museum. He led the way to a glass case in a corner, and pointed to the inscription.

"These shoes," it ran, "were dug up in the moat of Holdernesse Hall. They are for the use of horses; but they are shaped below with a cloven foot of iron, so as to throw pursuers off the track. They are supposed to have belonged to some of the marauding Barons of Holdernesse in the Middle Ages."

Holmes opened the case, and moistening his finger he passed it along the shoe. A thin film of recent mud was left upon his skin.

"Thank you," said he, as he replaced the glass. "It is the second most interesting object that I have seen in the North."

"And the first?"

Holmes folded up his cheque and placed it carefully in his note-book. "I am a poor man," said he, as he patted it affectionately and thrust it into the depths of his inner pocket. [Pg 141]

THE more particular object of this article is to describe some of the various styles of Parliamentary speakers, and to give a pictorial presentment of short passages from the speeches of members who participate frequently in the debates, showing the approximate pitch and modulation of the voices. For the latter purpose nearly two hundred different speeches were "sampled."

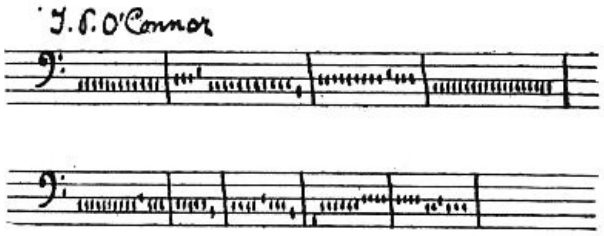
Anyone familiar with the theories and principles of speech sounds knows that it is an impossibility to render accurately the multitude of sounds occurring in even a short typical passage. Different plans for writing speech sounds have been tried with varying success. Any system aiming at scientific accuracy implies a degree of minute analysis which is impracticable in an endeavour to procure an estimate of the pitch and average inflection of numerous voices heard at some distance, and under conditions not favourable to close scrutiny. In speech a single syllable may traverse half an octave, a semitone, or a fraction of a semitone, and it may be jerked out in separate tones, or undulate in portamento. There is usually, however, a prime sound, which may be more prominent and longer sustained than the other sounds that go to round off the syllable. With a succession of those prime sounds, which, for convenience, may be called notes, it is possible to give a rough notion (which is all that is claimed here) of how a speaker's voice rises and falls in the hearing of an ordinary listener.

Each of the samples represents an average bit of speaking. The notes given must not be taken literally. If the speaking tone, for instance, was somewhere about D, and descended to somewhere about A, those notes D and A would be near enough for the purpose of these observations. True musical intervals are out of the question, but the accompanying diagrams have been written on the bass clef in the natural key, this being the most simple and direct way of showing roughly the variation as between different speakers, and the prevailing pitch, as nearly as it has been possible to discover them.

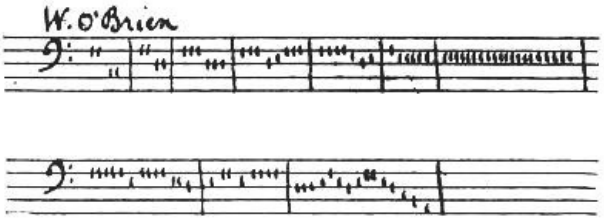
The natural speaking notes of a man's voice vary considerably in different places and in different circumstances. A certain accomplished cathedral singer who has studied this question puts the average pitch of preachers' voices at about F sharp in the bass clef. He has heard preachers ascend to top tenor G and A, descending to C (above the bass clef), improbable though it sounds. Others he has observed speaking effectively from B to F (bass clef), with F as the top tone. He himself, with an exceptionally deep voice, has in speaking an average pitch of low G, with inflections upwards to F and downwards to C below the clef. One acknowledged authority gives the ordinary range of the speaking voice of a man as the notes comprised in the bass clef, *i.e.*, G to A, B flat to F sharp above the clef being occasionally used. Another authority points out that a good tone is desired for singing within two octaves, whereas, in speaking, an audible tone is desired at pitches generally within one-fifth, and only occasionally extending to an octave. Still another authority says that the part of a bass voice most often brought into requisition will consist of the notes D, E, F, G, and in the case of a tenor voice of G, A, B, C, the dominant note for the bass being E or F, and for the tenor A or B. At the same time it is admitted by one of those authorities that great actors have used with best effect their lowest notes, *i.e.*, extending upward from C below the bass clef. Of course, the declamation of the actor as well as that of the clergyman is more favourable to a sustained and singing quality of tone than ordinary speech. The same is true to a certain extent in the case of Parliamentary speaking. [Pg 142]

In the House of Commons there is a good deal of uniformity in the pitch, which is lower than might be expected. The pitch of three-quarters of the speaking tones heard in the House is within one-third, viz., C to E, and the note most frequently used is D. Descents to A and G, and even lower, are frequent, but seldom do voices rise above the top A of the clef. The acoustic properties of the chamber and perhaps the element of imitation, which, after all, is the genesis of speech itself, may account partly for the prevailing similarity in pitch.

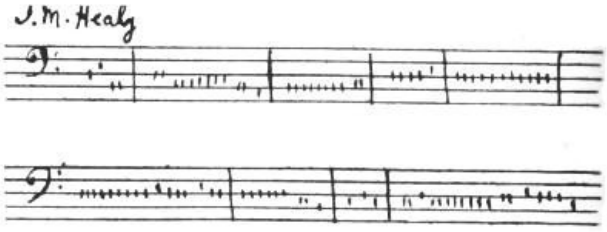
A voice often appears to be jumping a scale when in reality it is sticking to one or two dominant notes. Pronounced accentuation gives the appearance of inflection, and by some people the former is regarded as the more important consideration. The singing voice in a monotone song or a recitative exemplifies the value of emphasis as distinct from modulation.



T. P. O'Connor

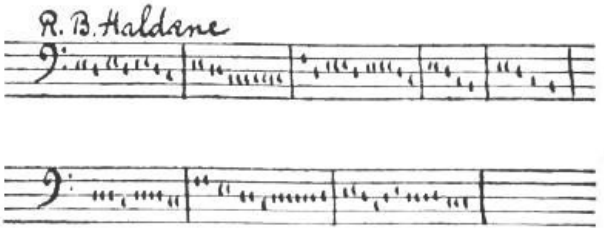


W. O'Brien

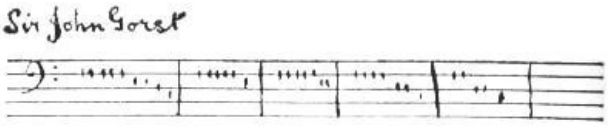


J. M. Healy

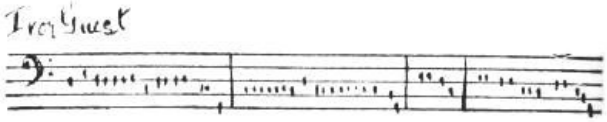
A notable instance of the power of accentuation in speaking is the elocution of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whose brilliancy no one may deny. He often sinks his voice to an almost inaudible whisper, attaining thereby impressiveness, and heightening the effect in the following passage, which receives the strength of loud tones. Mr. W. O'Brien and Mr. T. M. Healy use a similar device, and so do other members. It is telling, but apt to be overdone, words at the end of a sentence being continually lost to some of the audience. Mr. O'Connor's voice is seldom above or below C and D. Mr. O'Brien modulates somewhat more. Both members have good articulation and resonant tones. Mr. Healy has a lower and fuller voice than either of the other two. He has a very decided habit of throwing a point at his opponents with a big, contemptuous shout. The voice often swings into a musical curve when he utters something pithy and amusing, carrying with it the suggestion of a great laugh.



R. B. Haldane



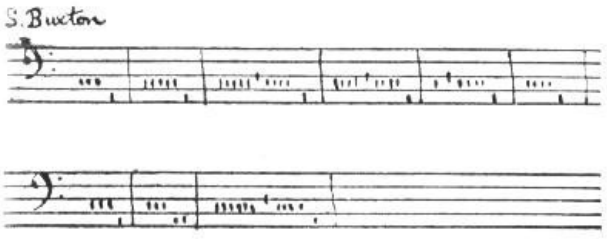
Sir John Gorst



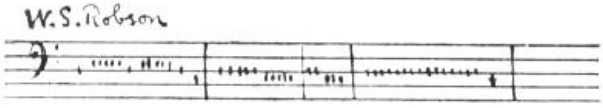
Ivor Guest

Among members whose voices appear to be pitched very high, but are in reality not so, may be mentioned Mr. R. B. Haldane, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Ivor Guest, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Mr. Robson, Mr. Scott Montagu, and several others. In each case the quality is light. Mr. Haldane's voice has no great body in it and does not carry too well. Possibly long practice at the courts induces his rapid utterance. One who appreciates Mr. Haldane's high intellectual level cannot help wishing that Nature had endowed him with the tones of some other public men, whose intensity is rather vocal than intellectual. Sir John Gorst has one of the pleasantest voices in the House and perfect articulation, his chief note being about F, with falls to C. Mr. Guest repeatedly descends to G. Mr. Sydney Buxton speaks often and briefly, but into a short space of time he can cram a wonderful lot of words, being one of the most rapid speakers in the House. The dominant note is about C

sharp, and the modulation seldom varies in character, the speech being broken up into short phrases, with a downward inflection at the end of each. This is a style of speaking characteristic of a great many members. Mr. Robson, one of the most formidable among the younger men of the Opposition, adds to a clever debating power a distinct utterance and an earnest, careful style.

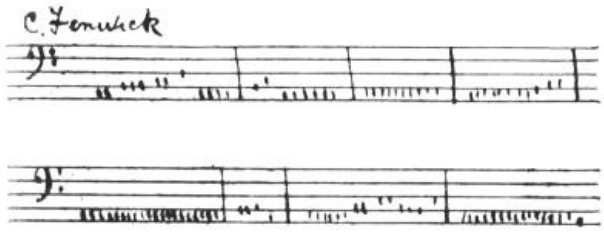


S. Buxton

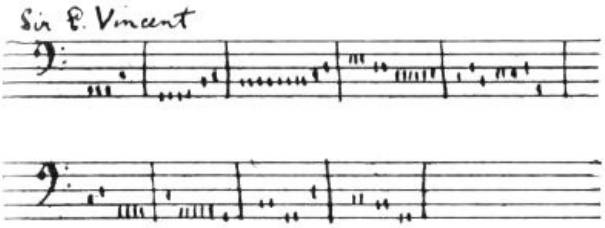


W. S. Robson

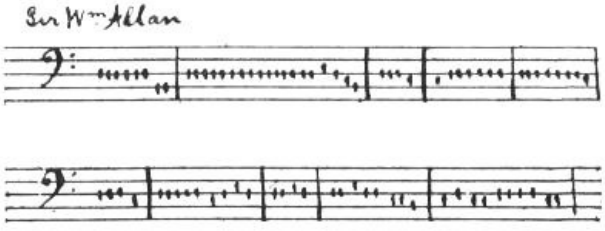
There are few really deep voices in the House. Mr. C. Fenwick may lay claim to the lowest pitch. His strong, vigorous, ringing style is a good index to the character which has raised its owner from work in the collieries to a seat in Parliament. Added to his excellent voice, which fills the House, he has a natural and forcible manner of gesture. The dominant note is somewhere between lower A and B flat. Sir Edgar Vincent also possesses a pronounced bass organ, which is musical, resonant, and full of tone, and which would be even more effective with added "light and shade." Lower G and A occur frequently in his speech. Sir F. Powell, Sir John Brunner, and Sir Samuel Hoare are other deep-voiced members. The late Sir William Allan's speaking suggested that he was trolling out notes impossible to the rest of mankind; but, though he had a big, rugged, splendid voice, in keeping with his handsome stature and leonine head, we find he said the many candid things that helped to stiffen the back of the Admiralty on an average note about D. One good quality of his speaking was the prolonged singing tone which he gave to some syllables. The Welsh members, however, display this peculiarity more than others.



C. Fenwick



Sir E. Vincent

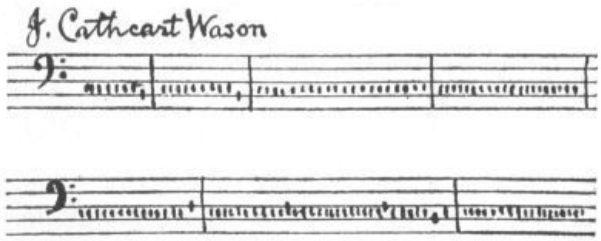


Sir W^{m}. Allan

There are a considerable number of members who vary but little from monotone. That is to say, their speech strikes the ear of the ordinary listener as running along pretty nearly on one tone. As has already been pointed out, there are always considerable variations on single syllables and even on consonants, which are more or less perceptible, and which have their own due effect in rendering a voice agreeable. The existence of a perfect monotone through a passage of spoken sounds, vowels and consonants, in singing or speaking is well-nigh impossible. At all events, the beginning and the end of a spoken sound, unless that sound be a simple vowel, have each a certain twist which may often be detected. In many voices it is very noticeable. But the volume of tone that reaches the ear in a sound that is meant to be sustained overwhelms the little twist at the beginning or the end, and is for all practical purposes one note. In singing that is always true.

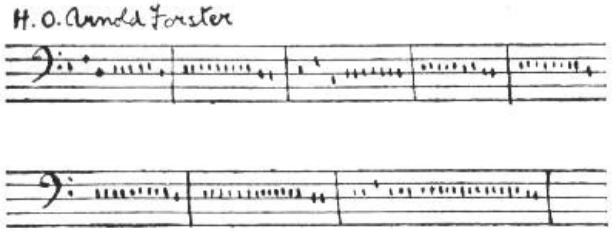
In speaking it is true up to a certain point. Some speaking voices appear to be almost entirely confined to one tone, because to the auditor it is only one dominant note throughout that is appreciable. Many members, designedly and undesignedly, depart but little from this apparent monotone, which is to some extent associated with the dignified and solemn manner, but may be due in some cases to inability to render the delivery responsive to the mood. If there is little inflection and no accentuation the result is bad. But it does not follow that good delivery requires a continual coursing up and down the gamut. [Pg 144]

It has been stated, by one in a position to judge, that Mr. Bright seldom dropped or raised his voice more than a semitone, and everybody has experienced, or heard of, the charm of Bright's delivery. No disrespect is implied, therefore, when the following gentlemen are mentioned as being among those numerous members who depart very little from the one dominant pitch: Mr. Cathcart Wason, Sir W. Holland, Mr. Channing, Mr. Claude Hay, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Arnold-Forster, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Burns, Sir Fortescue Flannery, and Mr. Bryce.



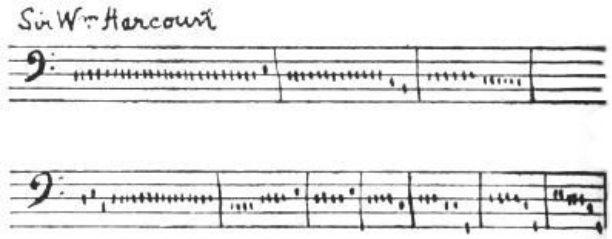
J. Cathcart Wason

Mr. Wason adheres pretty closely to the neighbourhood of C sharp, and combines with a swift utterance an earnest demeanour and a total absence of hesitation. Sir W. Holland, the possessor of a deep, rich vocal organ, seldom goes away from B or C. Mr. Channing gets a good deal said on C sharp, with a slight downward inflection at the end of a sentence. Mr. Claude Hay also adheres pretty generally to C sharp. Sir Samuel Hoare is heard through the medium of full, sonorous tones, his manner being eminently that of a man of ripe experience and practical methods.



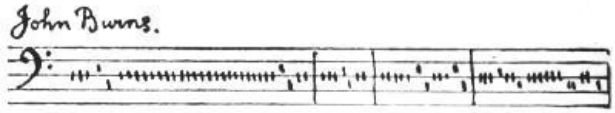
H. O. Arnold-Forster

Mr. Arnold-Forster, the new Secretary of State for War, one of the most serious speakers in the House, has a rather thin voice and a rapid utterance, but he articulates well and reaches his audience in a clear, direct manner.

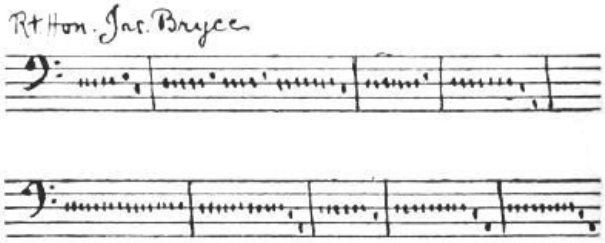


Sir W^{m}. Harcourt

Sir William Harcourt is one of few left belonging to the old school. There is the traditional Parliamentary style—a studied form of oratory—deliberate, lofty, and impressive; the manner that is followed at a considerable distance by some of the younger men. We find in Sir William Harcourt's speech a series of words almost on the one note, uttered in a restrained tone and finishing at each phrase with a characteristic turn of the voice—perhaps, also, a suppressed laugh or a "humph," the meaning of which can never be mistaken. The voice is not so strong as it used to be, but the fine old type of English oratory is still there. The diagrams relating to Mr. Arnold-Forster and Sir William Harcourt, though probably not quite correct in the matter of pitch, give an idea of the modulation.



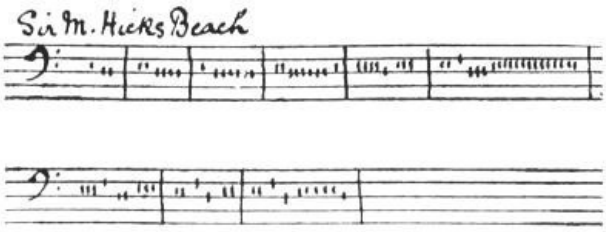
John Burns.



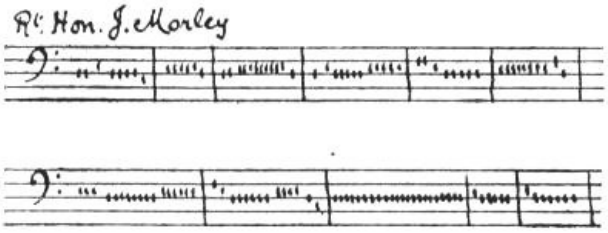
Rt. Hon. Jos. Bryce

Mr. John Burns speaks well within a third, and delivers most of his breezy remarks somewhere about C and D with a musical organ of resonant and robust quality. Sir Fortescue Flannery has a quiet but distinct, full-toned, pleasant voice, which modulates little apart from a pronounced drop at the end of each phrase or sentence. Mr. Bryce's conspicuous quality as a speaker, *qua* speaker, lies in the successful way in which he plans his discourse. Exordium, proposition, division, narration, confirmation, refutation, peroration—he seems to be conscious of all these rhetorical parts in his most casual intervention in debate. His delivery is detached. The frequent pause, cutting off sharply each phrase, is reminiscent of the professor's rostrum. No doubt this device helps the understanding, though it runs the risk of being inelegant. Mr. Bryce talks on D, with constant falls to A. His voice has a good ring and an accent belonging to the North.

[Pg 145]

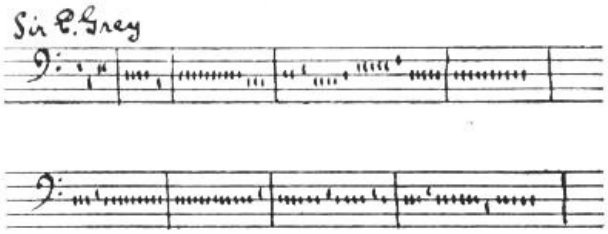


Sir M. Hicks Beach

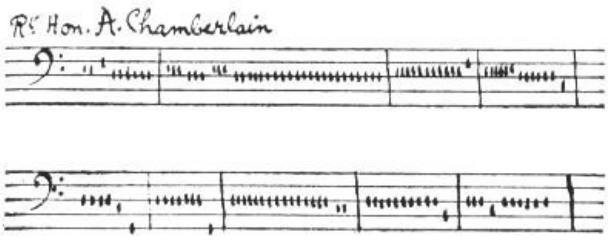


Rt. Hon. J. Morley

Members who have marked inflection, yet do not bridge over a large interval, include Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Mr. John Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. T. W. Russell, Sir William Anson, Mr. Keir Hardie, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Richard Bell, and a host of others. Sir M. Hicks Beach has a calm, deliberate, dignified manner; his voice is clear and distinct, and it flows in easy cadences without effort. Few can compel more easily the attention of their audience. Mr. Morley's delivery is of a different type, and is even more telling on the platform than in the House. When occasionally induced to depart from a restrained attitude—which suits him best and which proves him the possessor of an exceedingly mild, pleasant, and sympathetic voice—his production inclines to "throatiness" and the carrying quality is diminished. Only to this extent is his delivery unequal, but his tones are usually slow and musical. His average notes run about D and E.



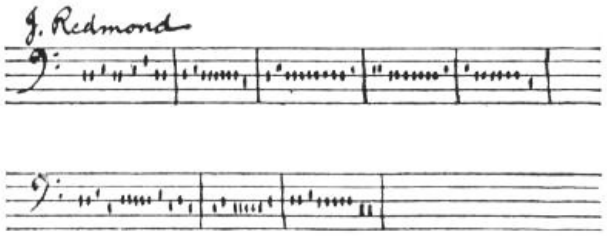
Sir E. Grey



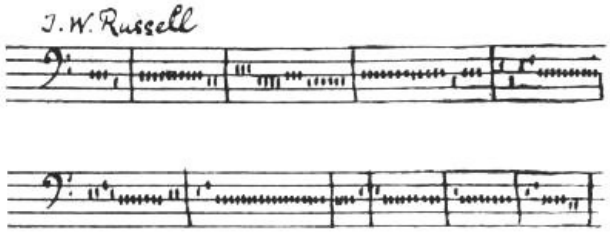
R$^{t.}$ Hon. A. Chamberlain

Sir Edward Grey, the most prominent young man on the Liberal side, has a style of his own. His quiet voice is even more youthful than himself, and is used without forcing or visible effort. One

never hears him "tear a passion to tatters." He reserves most of his speeches for big debates, and these are usually masterpieces of form, well thought out, and arranged in simple, telling language. Many points of resemblance have been discovered between Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his father. The resemblance in mannerism is, perhaps, more pronounced than similarity in voice. There is a distant echo of the elder statesman when the younger speaks, but Mr. A. Chamberlain's tones are not so clear as those of his "right honourable friend." His natural production is not so good; the voice is deeper and the articulation is less distinct. The relationship compels comparison, but that does not prevent the recognition of Mr. Austen Chamberlain as a telling speaker and a powerful debater. His dominant note is seldom much away from somewhere between C and D.

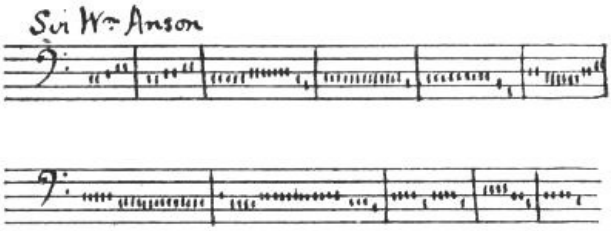


J. Redmond

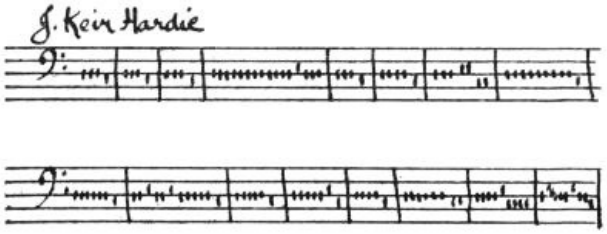


J. W. Russell

Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalist party, has none of those vocal extravagances which frequently characterize some of his followers. He has usually a well-set-out argument to lay before the House, and his full voice and plain utterance hold the attention. Mr. T. W. Russell is so earnest on any theme he attacks that his prevailing mood may be said to be vehemence. This forcible manner accounts for a large measure of his success on the platform, for even an English audience likes to be roused now and again. He separates his syllables after the Scotch fashion, and has thus a very distinct pronunciation, gesticulates a good deal, and rejoices in a clear, ringing voice of an average pitch. [Pg 146]

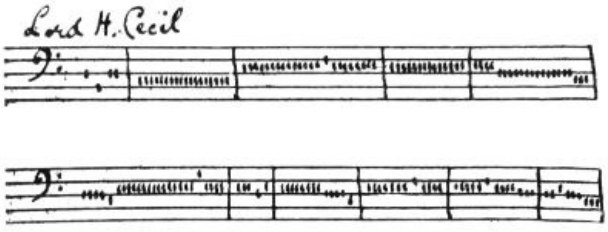


Sir W$^{m.}$ Anson



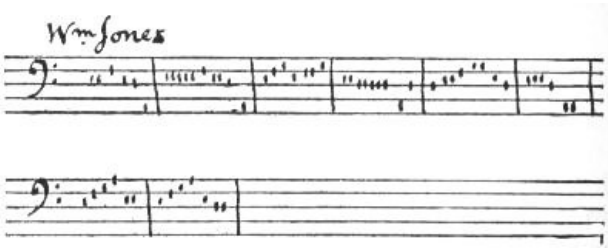
J. Keir Hardie

Sir William Anson is academical in his style, with a rather quiet manner, indulging in little variation of any sort, and delighting in a precise, neatly-rounded sentence. Mr. Keir Hardie is chiefly concerned in saying what he has got to say in an earnest, determined sort of manner. He has a good voice, which he never forces. One peculiarity, which characterizes other speakers also, is the habit of running on with half-a-dozen words, then dropping the voice both in pitch and intensity, pausing, and again proceeding in the same manner. Due regard may not be had either to the conclusion of a sentence or the moods that have their recognised rise or fall. A habit such as this may serve a purpose in arresting the attention, but it is apt to become tiresome. Mr. Hardie speaks usually on D, constantly dropping his pitch a tone or more.



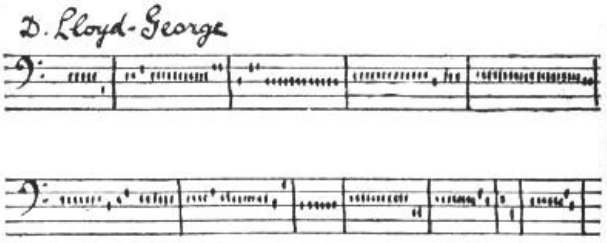
Lord H. Cecil

Lord Hugh Cecil has the voice of the family—clear and ringing. He indulges in occasional upward progressions, on what notes it is impossible to say. Like many more brilliant men he has a number of habits all his own, chief of which is a wringing of the hands while speaking. He commonly adheres to D and E. The Cecils and the Balfours have all voices more or less resembling each other. None is heavy. The quality is resonant and ringing, the articulation in each case being very distinct. The late Marquis of Salisbury had a much mellower voice than his son Lord Hugh, though in later years it weakened very much.



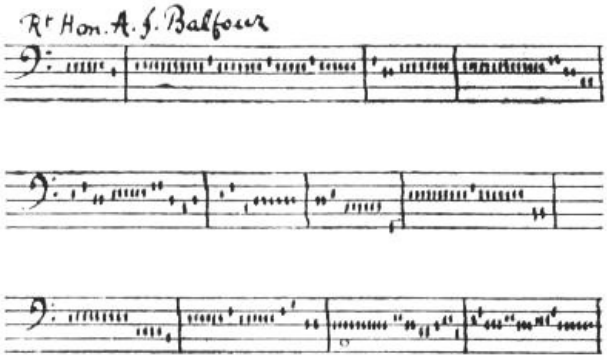
W^m. Jones

Some of the Welsh voices in the House come nearest the singing or sustained manner. We have a notable instance in the speaking of Mr. W. Jones. Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. W. Abraham (Rhondda Valley) display a like characteristic. Mr. Jones speaks less frequently than the House would desire. His Celtic spirit and cultivated intellect find expression in a voice which can go direct to the hearts of his audience. Hear him speak for the Penrhyn miners or champion Welsh nationality and institutions, and you hear the true orator, the man who, with his own soul moved, can move and persuade others. His voice seems to sing in a soft musical cadence, the manner being at the same time earnest, impassioned, and intense. Every syllable reaches his hearers. He roams over many notes, constantly covering an octave, and giving true inflection to every mood, to the accompaniment of natural and eloquent gestures. The above diagram gives a notion of the modulation, his true pitch being perhaps a little higher.



D. Lloyd-George

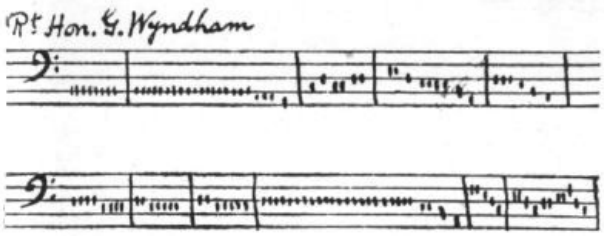
Mr. Lloyd-George, one of the most skilful debaters and word-fencers in the House—a man destined to have a high place in the State, who has the word of the Prime Minister that he has risen high among Parliamentarians—possesses a flexible voice of light, clear, and pleasant quality. He articulates perfectly, and never minces his words one way or another. The voice is admirably adapted to the *rôle* he plays, for he has no need of one to suit a heavy style. When in a practical mood he gets along on D and E, but at other times he bridges a considerable interval. [Pg 147] Mr. Abraham might well be expected to sing a number of notes, seeing that he takes a part in the Eisteddfod. Like his leader, he indulges in a good deal of gesture.



R^t. Hon. A. J. Balfour

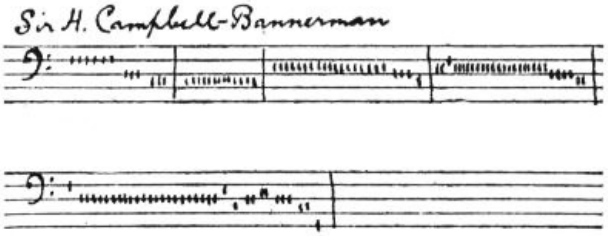
A number of individual styles remain to be mentioned. When the Prime Minister speaks we are conscious of listening to a great personality. His voice fills the chamber, and yet it is not a big,

robust organ. It has that undefinable something in its timbre which one listens for in a first-class baritone's singing. It has the carrying quality in a great degree, and needs but little exertion because of the perfect articulation to which it gives sound. Mr. Balfour seldom speaks rapidly, and when he pauses abruptly his hearers may expect to receive a smart epigram, an ingeniously-turned phrase, or a surprising application of an interruption. He is one of the keenest fencers in the House, delighting to make even a small point against his opponents, though it be at the expense of a great deal of elaboration. He is a skilful reasoner—a dialectician of the highest order. These qualities naturally infer variety in speech, and Mr. Balfour's elocution, in the modern sense of the word, responds to the various moods efficiently, and yet without much overstraining. The note on which he does most speaking is somewhere between D and E, but he frequently ranges the octave from G to G.



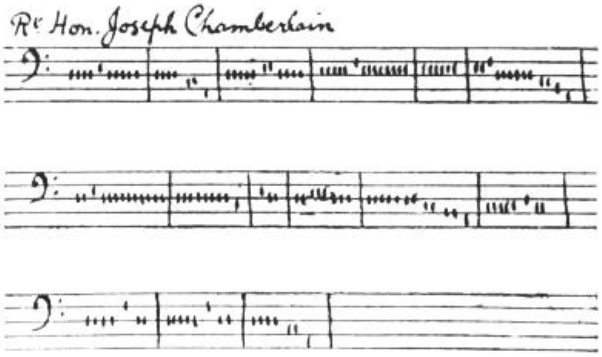
Rt. Hon. G. Wyndham

Mr. George Wyndham, whose name has been cursed and blessed by Irish Nationalists, has great gifts of eloquence and a powerful, clear voice, which he uses with great effect. His delivery seems to improve each Session. The progress of the Irish Land Bill through the House last Session showed him to be master of the most intricate details of his subject, and his lucid expositions gained the admiration of all who heard him. D is the note on which he most frequently speaks, and the diagram illustrates a passage from his speech on the second reading of the Land Bill.



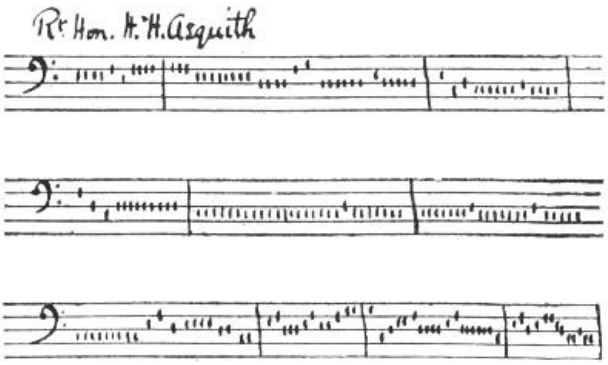
Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman makes himself heard to some effect by means of clear utterance rather than strong tones. Notwithstanding an occasional huskiness he is a pleasant speaker, and the English he uses in debate is above reproach. He is usually heard on E.

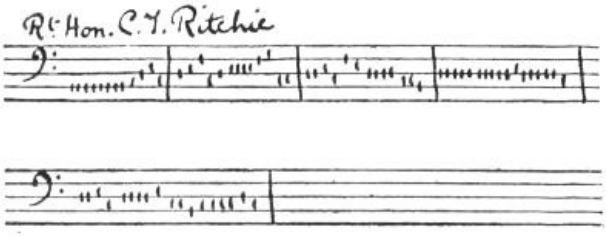


Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain

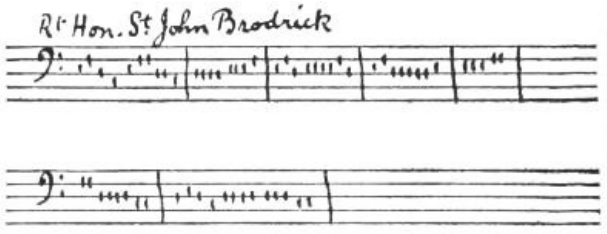
Mr. Chamberlain's triumph is his debating power. The substance of his speeches almost overshadows the manner of delivery. In the case of the Prime Minister the manner, in addition to the substance, engrosses a large share of attention. Mr. Chamberlain is direct, trenchant, unsparing, when the occasion offers. He will not trouble over peddling points for their own sake. He must have a big issue or nothing, and heavy, slashing blows please him best. He is a sure-footed fighter. The manner in which he sometimes springs to the table with a bound proves it, apart from his reputation. To all appearance nervousness is not in his nature. His normal voice is soft, almost inclined to approach a thick quality, yet so admirably does he enunciate, so pleasing a variety is given to its tones, and so perfect a restraint is exercised, that never a syllable is lost in any part of the House. Every mood finds due expression. From vehemence he can return to pleasantry by an easy step.



Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith

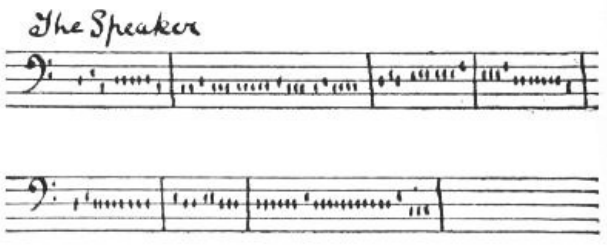


Rt. Hon. C. T. Ritchie



Rt. Hon. Sir John Brodrick

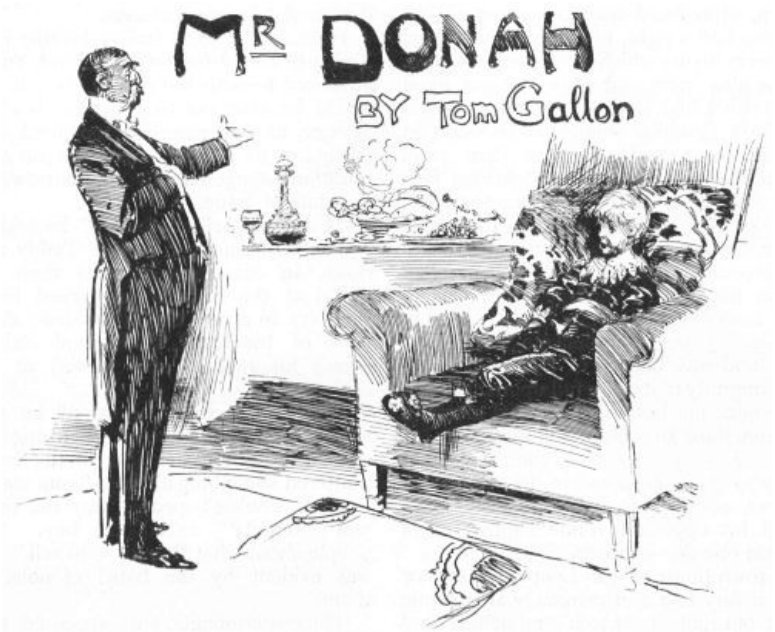
Mr. Asquith modulates his voice a good deal, but largely uses the power of emphasis at the risk of being unheard at the end of occasional sentences. Resonance, vigour, and brevity characterize his speaking. Mr. Gibson Bowles expresses himself rapidly, readily, and wittily, in a good tone, about D and E. His *rôle* of candid friend to the Government lends something to the piquancy of his remarks. Mr. Ritchie, in introducing his first, and perhaps last, Budget, used the modulation represented in the diagram at one part of his speech. He has a hurried, broken-up style of delivery, though the possessor of a good voice. Mr. Brodick's manner is anxious, and distinctness suffers, more especially when the mood is that of indignation. As Secretary for War he rose well to the occasion in the severe ordeals he had to pass through last Session. Mr. Chaplin has a serviceable vocal organ, with which he combines an effective manner. His speeches are perspicuous to a degree. There is a big bit of the old-fashioned, dignified Parliamentarian about him, and he is invariably welcomed in debate. Mr. Dillon's voice is like a clenched fist, ready for the striking blow. His manner is often vehement and always forcible. Few are superior in the expression of passionate bitterness. He is fond of dwelling on differently-pitched strings of notes —viz., C sharp, E, or F.



The Speaker

The last voice to be mentioned here is that of the Speaker (the Right Hon. W. Court Gully). Its tones are, like the manner of the right hon. gentleman, dignified and gracious. Musical and distinct, it is heard with equal force in storm and calm, and when it speaks it carries a persuasion more certain and effective than does the voice of the Prime Minister himself.

[Pg 149]



"IF there is one matter about which I am more particular than another," said Sir Leopold Kershaw, with much emphasis, "it is that due recognition should be given to the absolute equality of man with his fellow-man. Show me my fellow-man"—Sir Leopold was very defiant at this point—"and I will grasp him by the hand and hail him as 'Brother.' And I defy anyone to prevent me!"

Sir Leopold Kershaw—big, portly, and somewhat brow-beating—stood in front of the blazing fire in his comfortable dining-room and addressed these remarks to his son. Some eight or nine winters only having passed over the head of that young gentleman, it must be presumed that his father addressed him for lack of a better audience. Master Teddy Kershaw, for his part, gazed solemnly up at his father from the depths of an easy chair, and took in the ponderous phrases like gospel.

"Then I suppose, papa, that Wilkins is my brother?" said the child, slowly, after some moments of deep thought. Wilkins, it should be said, was the butler.

Sir Leopold Kershaw coughed. "My child, there are certain distinctions absolutely necessary to be observed. Wilkins, although nominally your brother, has already, I am given to understand, an abnormally large following of relatives, and needs no addition to them. When I touched upon the principles of brotherhood just now, I did not speak so much of distinct individuals as of man in the abstract. Wilkins, I trust, knows his place"—Sir Leopold frowned a little, and seemed to suggest that, if Wilkins did not, there were those capable of teaching him—"and is, in a sense, provided for. In an ideal condition of society men would share and share alike: one man would not be permitted to partake of roast pheasant while his less fortunate fellow gnawed the humble trotter; feather beds would be unknown among the classes while the masses continued to court repose upon doorsteps."

Now, the mind of a child is a peculiar thing—having a tendency, by some strange gift of the gods, to retain the true and to cast aside the worthless. So it happened that the mind of little Teddy Kershaw, by some subtle process, eliminated from his father's speech all that was mere verbiage, and began to construct for itself a glorious fabric called Universal Brotherhood. Setting aside [Pg 150] those who were well fed and prosperous, the child came to see in every houseless wanderer of the streets—in every toil-worn, white-faced man or woman—some being who had a right, not only to his pity, but to every luxury which he himself enjoyed. And the idea grew and grew until it filled his childish mind, and until—like a small and gallant Crusader—he began to feel that he must do something, more than mere thoughts and words, to carry the thing into effect. He began for the first time to notice, with a sort of pained wonder, that little children, smaller and weaker even than himself, shivered in the streets while he rolled along in his father's carriage; that women carried heavy baskets, while his own mother would scarce put her delicate feet to the ground and was buried in furs and wraps. The incongruity of it came full upon him; and he determined at last, in an inspired moment, to do something to remedy the matter.

To carry out his desires in the presence of those who were responsible for him was, of course, out of the question; instead, he watched his opportunity, and slipped out of the house one day unobserved.

The town house of Sir Leopold Kershaw was in a very fine and extremely aristocratic square; but quite near to it—crouching and hiding under the wing of its grandeur—was a terrible nest of slums. And into this, by some natural instinct, drifted Master Teddy Kershaw.

With that newly-kindled love of humanity fairly bursting out of him he was prepared to seize the first likely wastrel by the hand and give instant effect to his father's many speeches; and he had not far to seek.

Just on the borderland, where the genteel streets began to grow more shabby and where untidy women and children seemed to be overflowing out of every house, stood a costermonger's

barrow, the proprietor of which was leaning, in a dejected attitude, against it. It was the poorest barrow imaginable, with one of its shafts mended with string, and with a few sorry-looking vegetables, which never by any chance could have grown in any imaginable garden, displayed upon it.

The costermonger himself had evidently come to the conclusion that it was quite useless to attempt to impose his wares, at any price, even in that most poverty-stricken market; despair sat heavily upon him, and lurked even in the empty bowl of his cold pipe. Yet he was comparatively a young man, and not ill-looking; and the woman who leaned near him, with her elbows on the barrow and her chin propped in her hands, had once, and not so long ago, been quite pretty, despite the gaudy hat which drooped disconsolately over her eyes.

Here, surely, was a forlorn brother indeed! Teddy hesitated for but an instant, and then advanced towards the man. He felt that it would be wiser not to shake hands with him at once, as that smacked too much of familiarity; so he merely bowed and put a casual question—suggested by the barrow—as to the state of trade.

"Can't you sell anything?" he asked.

The costermonger looked Teddy up and down in astonishment, and then looked round at the woman and jerked his head sideways in a very curious fashion; drew the back of his hand slowly and elaborately across his mouth, and looked at Teddy again.

"No, yer 'Ighness, I can't," he replied, slowly and emphatically. Turning to the woman, with another jerk of the head, he muttered something about a "rum start."

"But wouldn't people buy the things if you shouted?" asked the boy. "Other people shout what they have to sell." Which was evident by the babel of noise about them.

The costermonger, who appeared to have got over his surprise, and who seemed to be rather a friendly sort of fellow, proceeded to explanations. "You see, yer 'Ighness, it's this 'ere way," he began. "I've 'ollered an' 'ollered till there ain't a puff of bref left in me; an' it's me private opinion that if yer was to bring sparrergrass tied up wiv pink ribbin into this 'ere street an' chuck it at 'em, they'd chuck it back agin. As fer this little lot"—he indicated the contents of the barrow with a backward jerk of his thumb—"they'll see me blue-mouldy afore they'll lay out a bloomin' farden on 'em."

Having so far relieved his mind, the man looked into the bowl of his pipe and, finding nothing there, returned the pipe to his pocket; then took up the handles of the barrow and prepared to move away.

Now it happened that Master Teddy knew that his father and mother were out and were not expected to return until late; it was probably owing to that circumstance that he had escaped from durance so easily. Further, the boy knew that, in a household where he ruled supreme as the only child of a rich man, he could practically do as he liked. True, he had never attempted so bold a scheme as that which was at the present moment seething in his small brain; but he felt [Pg 151] not the slightest doubt that he could carry it through successfully and without opposition. Accordingly, in the most casual fashion possible, he asked the costermonger if he would come and have some lunch.

The unfortunate man almost upset the barrow in the shock of the moment; but, recovering himself, began to perform the most extraordinary antics Teddy had ever seen. First he straightened himself from the hips and gave a sudden tilt to his hat with both hands, which threw it dexterously over one eye; next he twisted up the collar of his coat and stuck his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat; then took a little skip backwards and a little skip forwards; put his tongue into his cheek and ejaculated the single word: "Walker!"

Perceiving from these signs, in a dim fashion, that the man doubted the honesty of his intentions, Teddy became more emphatic, assuring the man that he lived quite near at hand, and that lunch would be just about ready; that he would be quite alone with them; even going so far as to enumerate some of the dishes which might be expected. But the costermonger evidently still had his doubts.

The woman, however, with the keenness of her sex, saw farther into the matter than the man. She spoke in a lower voice.

"Sam, there may be summink in it, arter all. 'E's a little swell, by the looks of 'im, an' 'e don't look 'ard-'earted enough to go for to guy us, do 'e?"

The man, who appeared, even under the most distressing circumstances, to have some latent spark of humour about him, scratched his head for a moment, and then addressed the boy with extreme politeness.

"Seein' as 'ow you're so pressin', yer nibs, I dunno but what we won't take a snack wiv yer—me an' me Donah"—he indicated the woman with one hand. "Do yer fink I might leave the barrer in yer front garding?"

Teddy was wise enough to see that the carrying out of the latter suggestion might cause tongues to wag in the aristocratic square, so it was finally decided that the barrow should be left in the care of a worthy man, of disreputable appearance, who lived in a yard near at hand, and who, for its better protection, agreed to sleep in it until their return.

It is probable that, had Master Teddy Kershaw brought in a travelling menagerie with him—including the elephant—to lunch,

Wilkins the butler would scarcely have expressed surprise, whatever his private feelings might have been. Therefore, when the boy introduced his two new friends into the house, gravely referring to them as "Mr. and Mrs. Donah," and announcing that they would partake of lunch with him, Wilkins merely bowed and murmured "Very good, Master Edwin"; discreetly waiting until he had gained the seclusion of his pantry before exploding.

Mrs. Donah was very much subdued and decidedly ill at ease; but Mr. Donah, on the other hand, made himself quite at home with much rapidity. He addressed the appallingly stiff footman pleasantly as "Calves," and taunted him with the suggestion that he was quite big enough to be "put into trahsis." Finally, having appeased his appetite, he lounged easily about the room and admired its appointments.

"WALKER!"

"I say, yer nibs, is this 'ere yer guv'nor's chivvy?" he asked presently, stopping in front of a full-length portrait of Sir Leopold Kershaw—a portrait which, by the way, appeared to frown down upon him with anything but a brotherly expression. [Pg 152]

"I beg your pardon?" said Teddy.

"I sed: 'Is this yer guv'nor's chivvy?' 'Chivvy' bein' parlyvoo for face," replied Mr. Donah.

"Oh, I see," said the boy. "Yes, that's my father."

Mr. Donah surveyed the portrait for some moments, with his head on one side; finally turning to Mrs. Donah, with that curious sideways jerk of the head.

"Twig 'is dial, ole gal? Lor' luv us—'e's a 'ot 'un—I giv' yer *my* word. 'Eard 'im spout once, abaht every bloke bein' 'is bruvver. That was abaht 'lection time las' year. Ain't 'eard nuffink from 'im since, an' I don't fink 'e's bin ter tea dahn our court, 'as 'e?"

"You're quite right about what my father says," broke in Teddy, proudly. "Every man is his brother, and everyone has the right to exactly the same things that he enjoys."

"Yuss; if 'e can git 'em," responded Mr. Donah, with fine scorn. "But if I 'ooked it wiv a dozen or two of 'is spoons 'e wouldn't 'ave nuffink to say abaht it—bless yer eyes—not 'e!"

Mr. Donah was becoming so particularly scornful, and he jerked his head so threateningly in the direction of the portrait, that Teddy deemed it wise to change the subject; accordingly he said:—

"It's because I believe that my father is right that I asked you and Mrs. Donah to come in to lunch to-day. I'm not quite sure—but I think my father would have been delighted to welcome you."

"Take yer oaf of it!" replied Mr. Donah, with a chuckle. "'E'll be that upset w'en 'e finds 'e's missed us, there won't be no 'oldin' 'im. As to me—I'm fair bowed down wiv it—an' the missis—w'y, ole gal, wot yer blubbin' for?"

Mrs. Donah, who had really eaten very sparingly of everything put before her, had suddenly begun to dab her eyes in a most suspicious manner with the corner of her shawl. Mr. Donah's question, however, appeared at once to rouse her; she got up hurriedly and jerked her hat straight with some fierceness, and told him angrily to—"Come aht of it!"

"'Ere we've bin a-settin' and shovin' grub into ourselves, like beasts, and that poor little nipper at 'ome wivaht so much as a bite!"

Mr. Donah, appeared instantly to droop; his fine spirits were gone in a moment. Indeed, Teddy had a suspicion that he saw the man draw his sleeve hurriedly across his eyes. Curiously, too, there was a sort of dull, heavy anger upon him as he made for the door.

"Come back ter the barrer, ole gal," he said, in a voice more husky even than usual. "An' don't fink that I was fergettin' the nipper—'cos I wasn't." Stopping awkwardly at the door, he came back to the boy. "As fer you, my nibs—you're a nobleman—that's wot *you* are. There ain't no flam abaht you, an' no partic'ler gas-works. It's a deal pleasanter ter fill a man's stummick than to fill 'is bloomin' 'ed. If yer don't mind, I'd be prahd ter shake a fin wiv yer."

Understanding by this that Mr. Donah desired to shake hands, Teddy promptly responded. He had but dimly understood the half of what they said, or he might have pressed something further upon them; but they were gone before he had had time to make up his mind what to do; and the house returned to its normal condition.

With a curious distrust of that loud-voiced father of his, the boy refrained from saying anything about his extraordinary guests; so that nothing of the matter came to the ears of Sir Leopold Kershaw.

Some three nights later little Teddy Kershaw had a dream. He thought in his dream that he had just sat down comfortably to dinner, and that in some extraordinary fashion the dining-room was open to the street; and that first one hungry child and then another crept in upon him unawares, and snatched desperately the very food from before him; that although Thomas, the large footman, and Wilkins, the equally large butler, and even his father, Sir Leopold, strove hard to drive the famished mites away, they swarmed thicker and faster—until at last, by some subtle dream-change not to be explained in waking hours, his seat at the table was usurped and he had taken the place of a shivering street-boy, who seemed the hungriest of them all; so that he stood outside the house, among the ragged ones, shivering with cold and hunger. Waking suddenly he still seemed to shiver, and found, to his astonishment, that the window of his room was wide open.

While he was meditating sleepily upon this circumstance a stranger thing happened—the head and shoulders of a man appeared against the light of the sky, and the man himself dropped, with a soft thud, into the room.

Teddy started up in bed and opened his mouth with the full intention of giving vocal effect to his alarm; but in an instant a hand—rough, and not particularly sweet-smelling—had closed over it, and a gruff voice, which seemed in the darkness curiously familiar, whispered huskily in his ear: [Pg 153]

"Lie dahn, will yer! If yer so much as breave I'll be the death of yer!"

Teddy Kershaw could see nothing distinctly in the darkness; only the dim form of the man seemed to hover above him. On the man releasing his grip Teddy lay down passively, and tried to breathe as little as possible.

"'Oller, an' I'll be back afore yer can say 'knife' an' do fer yer," whispered the man again. Then, quite noiselessly, he crept to the door and opened it, and glided out into the house.

Master Teddy Kershaw, consumed by curiosity, waited for a few moments and then slipped out of bed and went through the door also. Outside on the stair-case a dim light was burning; and, leaning over the stair-head, Teddy could see the man gliding down and keeping as much as possible within the shadow of the wall. A door creaked on its hinges and the man disappeared.

Teddy, mindful of the threat which had been breathed into his ear, was just about to creep back again when he heard another door open more noisily than the first, and then a quick challenging voice; the sound of running feet—a scuffle—and a fall: then other doors opening and more running feet; and lights seemed to flash up all over the house. Unable to restrain himself any longer, Teddy scuttled downstairs in his small pyjamas and headed straight for the fray.

"LEANING OVER THE STAIR-HEAD, TEDDY COULD SEE THE MAN GLIDING DOWN."

In the dining-room he burst in upon a curious group. In the centre was Mr. Donah, struggling feebly and ineffectually between the grasp of two of the footmen; standing by the fireplace, looking at Mr. Donah sternly, was Sir Leopold Kershaw, appearing dignified even in a dressing-gown and with his hair rumpled; while the room was half-filled by a crowd of semi-clad, startled servants.

"Yer 'Ighness," exclaimed Mr. Donah, with some poor show of cheerfulness, as the boy appeared, "yer 'umble is a fair gorner!"

Sir Leopold, apparently not hearing the remark or not understanding, proceeded to improve the occasion.

"You have been caught, my fine fellow, in the perpetration of one of the most heinous crimes possible to imagine—that of purloining, after forcible entry, goods to which you have no right. Now, sir, I am a Justice of the Peace, and, while I must warn you not to say anything which will tend to incriminate you at your public trial, I am willing to hear any remarks you may make with reference to your purpose in being here or your reason for selecting my abode for your nefarious practices."

Mr. Donah looked all round him, somewhat helplessly; fixed his eye on Teddy, and winked with some cheerfulness; gave that peculiar jerk to his head which seemed to express any emotion of

the moment; and spoke.

"Guv'nor, *and* yer 'Ighness, it's a thousand to one in canary birds that I'm up the wust gum-tree as ever you see! Fair nabbed, wiv me dukes on the bloomin' 'all-marked ladles and corfee-pots, I am, an' don't yer fergit it! As fer alibis an' sich-like fings, yer won't find one abaht me, if yer search me till Easter Monday. It's a fair cop, an' no error. Same time I should jist like to say as 'ow this is the fust time I've been on the rails in all my natural, an' it ain't exactly my fault."

"Pray explain yourself," said Sir Leopold, loftily. [Pg 154]

"Righto, ole Poker-back, just 'arf a shake! I'm a-comin' to it. I've got a little nipper at 'ome, wot's wasted away to a mere shadder—yer might let go a bloke's arm an' let him rub 'is dial-plate, Calves—'an 'e's a-lyin' in one room, an' most of the bed-clothes is up the spout. I've 'ollered 'Fine 'earty cabbage!' till I've got it on my brain, an' 'tain't no good. Then, comin' in 'ere wiv the missis t'other day ter lunch (leastways they called it lunch, but it was abaht a full week's grub fer us) wiv 'is 'Ighness——"

"To lunch? What is the man talking about?" broke in Sir Leopold Kershaw, sternly.

"W'y, 'is nibs comes aht w'en me and the ole gal was a-standin' by the barrer, and ses 'e, quite friendly-like, 'Come in an' 'ave lunch alonger me,' ses 'e. Not 'avin' me party frock on, in consequence of it bein' kep' at the wash, I 'ung back; but 'is nibs was that pressin' there was no gettin' over 'im, an' very 'andsome 'e done us, I mus' say." Thus Mr. Donah, with much emphasis.

"It is perfectly right," said Teddy, coming a little farther into the room. "I had heard what you said, father, about every man being my brother, except Wilkins" (the unfortunate butler blushed hotly on finding himself brought into such prominent notice), "and Mr. Donah, as well as Mrs. Donah, looked so miserable and so hungry that I thought you wouldn't mind. So I brought them in here, and we had quite a good time."

"You brought them in here?" ejaculated the master of the house, in amazement.

"Yes," said Teddy, boldly. Then, beginning to feel dimly and miserably that Mr. Donah was in a very tight place, Teddy, for the first time in his brief career, began to lie. "In fact, I told Mr. Donah that I thought he had a perfect right to everything which we had, and I'm afraid I even suggested that it wouldn't matter very much if he just helped himself to——"

"'YOU BROUGHT THEM IN HERE?' EJACULATED THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE."

"'Ere, stow it, yer 'Ighness; no perjury," exclaimed Mr. Donah. "Yer won't never sing wiv the angels if yer go on in that way." He turned suddenly towards Sir Leopold, and spoke with a certain despairing fierceness upon him: "Look 'ere, guv'nor—I don't want 'is nibs to be tellin' no crams abaht it. I come in 'ere, an' I 'as a jolly good feed—fair wallers in it, I does—till the ole gal breaks dahn, an' reminds me abaht our little nipper at 'ome, wivaht a crust. I goes 'ome that night an' meets the parish doctor on the stairs. 'Dockery'—that's me name w'en I goes a-ridin' in the park—'Dockery,' ses 'e, 'that kid o' yourn wants nourishment—beef tea—good eggs; and you did ought ter get 'im away into the country.' Lor' luv us—w'y didn't 'e tell me to take 'im to 'ave tea alonger the Queen at Buckingham Pallis while 'e was abaht it?"

"You were not able to provide these necessaries for your child?" said Sir Leopold, somewhat unnecessarily.

"I were not," responded Mr. Donah, doggedly. "So that night I sits a-thinkin', an' a-thinkin', till me head fair buzzes, an' all next day I thinks a bit 'arder, till at last it comes over me that it ain't right, arter wot you've said abaht me bein' yer bruvver, that 'is nibs 'ere should be 'avin' roas' duck an' tomater sauce, so ter speak, an' my pore kid a-chewin' 'is fingers fer comfort. An' this [Pg 155] mornin', seein' 'im look a bit finner than usual, I got fair desp'rit', an' couldn't stan' it no longer. So I made up me min' as 'ow I'd 'elp meself to a bit of me bruvver's silver stuff."

"To use one of the vulgarisms familiar to your class, my friend," interposed Sir Leopold, "I am afraid that your statement won't wash."

"It'll wash a lump better than some er yer spoutings," retorted Mr. Donah, with some indignation. "Wot's the good er tellin' a man one minute 'e's yer bruvver an' 'as a right ter share everyfink wiv yer, an' lockin' 'im up the nex' fer 'elpin' 'isself? There, I've 'ad me little jaw; now send fer the

bloomin amberlance."

Sir Leopold Kershaw was thinking very hard indeed. It would be too much to say that he was in any sense converted; such sudden conversions are rare. But he had a wholesome dread of seeing his principles derided or himself made a laughing-stock; and Mr. Donah's remarkably caustic mode of speech would, he felt, suit the humour of the evening papers to a nicety. Sir Leopold had a mental vision of himself prosecuting in a police-court, and writhing under Mr. Donah's remarks in defence of his crime—the while busy reporters scribbled as if for their lives. Moreover, the man, to do him justice, had a certain honesty of purpose beneath all his ponderous phrases; his only fault lay in the fact that he did not, in any sense, understand the class about whom he talked so much. After a moment or two of thought he sternly dismissed the whole of the servants, cautioning them against chattering about the matter for the present; and was left alone in the room with his little son and Mr. Donah.

"Now, Dockery: I think you said that was your name——"

"C'ristened Sam, at Sin George's in the Borough, on a Toosday—wiv me a 'owlin' proper an' bitin' the parson's little finger," broke in Mr. Dockery.

"Well, Dockery, the circumstances attending your offence are somewhat peculiar, and I am disposed to take a lenient view of the matter. I am impelled to this course by the remembrance that my son is, to an extent, concerned in the affair"—Sir Leopold Kershaw felt that he must really make an excuse of some kind or other—"and I am unwilling that he should imagine that the principles I have so strongly laid down in his hearing are sentiments merely, and that I am not prepared to carry them out when opportunity occurs. I deny your right to purloin my property, but I will have inquiry made into your case, and if I find that you are really deserving I will carry my principles into effect. Leave me your name and address—and then go."

Sam Dockery looked all about him for a moment in sheer amazement, put his hat on, and then took it off in a great hurry; took those queer little dancing steps of his, first backwards and then forwards, made a feint of squaring up to Teddy, and finally put his arm before his eyes and broke into unmistakable tears.

"Yer 'Ighness," he observed, in a shaky voice, when he had somewhat recovered, "parss no rude remarks! This is me one an' only; I was thinkin' of the nipper an' of 'ow 'e might 'ave bin wivaht 'is daddy fer a munf er two. Guv'nor"—he turned to Sir Leopold—"I've sed a few fings wot I didn't orter; let it parss. Yer ain't sich a bad sort as yer look—an' Gawd knows yer didn't make yer own chivvy! Ask for Sam Dockery dahn in Dock's Buildings, an' anyone will direck yer to me 'umble cot. An' I'll interdooce yer to the missis an' the nipper."

Despite his levity Mr. Dockery appeared to find some difficulty in getting out of the door. Sir Leopold—amazing man!—opened the hall-door himself, and Teddy fancied he heard the quick chink of money. Curiously, too, Sir Leopold, when he came back into the dining-room, wore a smile on his usually stern face, and told Teddy, in quite a pleasant tone of voice, to "cut away to bed."

Nor did Sir Leopold Kershaw forget his promise. Sam Dockery and his wife were startled the very next day by a visit from the great man himself, accompanied by "'is Ighness" and by a footman bearing a hamper. Nor was this all: for, a lodge-keepership falling vacant on Sir Leopold's country estate, Sam and his wife and the "nipper" were installed in it in comfort; on which occasion Mr. Dockery gave himself airs in Duke's Buildings, before his departure, and informed all and sundry that he was going down to his country house "ter pot the bloomin' dicky-birds."

Sir Leopold Kershaw is as great a man as ever; but he talks less about the equality and brotherhood of man.

[Pg 156]

The Story of "Bradshaw."

By Newton Deane.

"WHAT books do you consult most?" a political adherent once asked John Bright in the midst of an arduous campaign. "The Bible and 'Bradshaw,'" was the reply of the great Quaker. To this another statesman added that both stood in equal need of commentators. "Bradshaw"—or, to give it its correct title, "Bradshaw's General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide"—is essentially a British institution, like the *Times*, football, *Punch*, and cricket. In common with all great institutions, it is a target for libel and detraction on the part of people who are a little difficult to please. Its very accuracy has been questioned. It has been said—by a succession of incorrigible humorists, including Charles Dickens—to have driven countless British lieges to lunacy. Our retreats for the insane are said to be invariably provided with a "Bradshaw ward," filled with the unhappy victims of the famous guide. But, seriously, "Bradshaw"—like the Bench of Bishops—can afford to be indulgent in the knowledge that it is indispensable. What should we do without "Bradshaw"? What if the portly brochure in the buff covers, that was born in the heart of England some sixty-five years ago, had never come into existence? True, Londoners have their "A B C," but London is only a tenth of the kingdom, and, besides, "Bradshaw" has all Europe for its province. Anyway, the origin and early progress of "Bradshaw" are interesting enough to be better known to the world.

GEORGE BRADSHAW.

From a Water Colour Drawing.

The name of the man who founded the celebrated guide was George Bradshaw. He was a Quaker, and a map-maker by calling. Before the days of railways he employed himself on maps showing the canals of Lancashire and Yorkshire. But by 1839 the kingdom was rapidly becoming intersected by that astonishing—but, when one comes to think of it, very simple—invention, the steel rail. The iron horse of Stephenson was prancing stertorously about between Manchester and Liverpool and Manchester and London and other cities. Passengers—who had hardly been taken into Stephenson's calculations at all when he inaugurated the first railway in 1825—were clamouring for transportation. A knowledge of train arrivals and departures was imperative.

"THE BRADSHAW RAILWAY GUIDE: OR, AIDS TO BEDLAM."

From an Old Print.

In the year of Queen Victoria's accession the only "guide" available for the patrons of the Birmingham and Liverpool—or, as it was called, the Grand Junction Railway—took the singular form of a large pewter medal, which the traveller could carry in his pocket. On the obverse of this metallic guide was inscribed:— [Pg 157]

Grand Junction Railway. Opened July 4, 1837.
The trains leave:—

BIRMINGHAM.

Hour. Min.

VII.	0
VIII.	30
XI.	30
II.	30
IV.	30
VII.	0

LIVERPOOL & MANCHESTER.

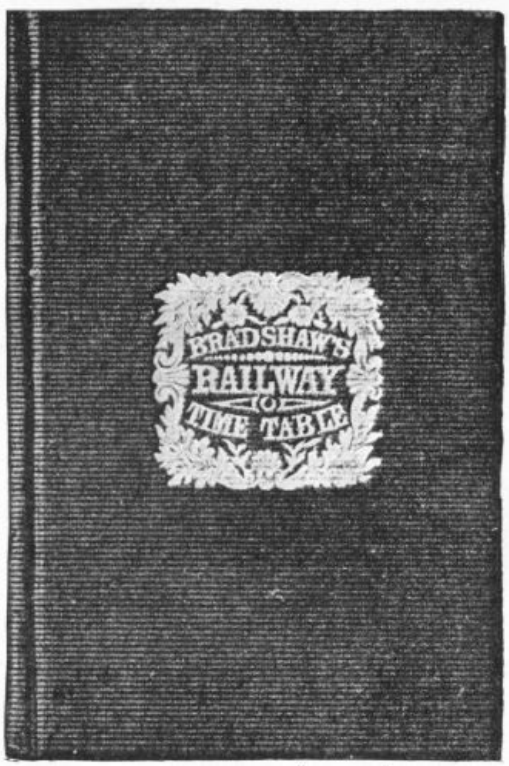
Hour.	**Min.**
VI.	30
VIII.	30
XI.	30
II.	30
IV.	30
VI.	30

On the reverse:—

Time and Distance from Birmingham.

To.	**H.**	**M.**
Wolverhampton	14¼	0 40
Stafford	29¼	1 15
Whitmore	43¼	1 55
Crewe	54	2 24
Hartford	65¼	2 59
Manchester } Liverpool }	97¼	4 30

Afterwards the railway companies—there were just seven of them—issued monthly leaflets on their own account. What a convenience to the travelling public it would be if someone would collect these leaflets and reprint them in the form of a little book or pamphlet! No sooner did the idea occur to Bradshaw than he acted on it. There is no doubt that had he delayed there were others ready to promulgate the notion. Indeed, one Gadsby, a Manchester printer, followed close at his heels, just missing priority by a few weeks.



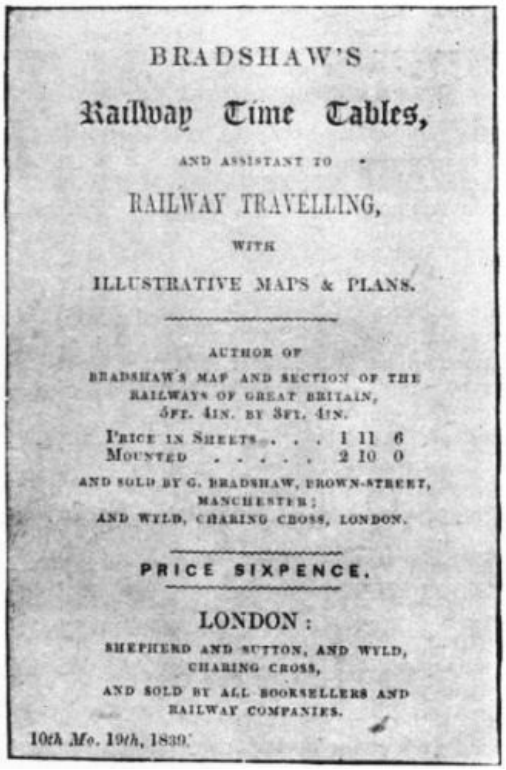
THE COVER OF THE FIRST NUMBERS OF "BRADSHAW"—ACTUAL SIZE.

It was towards the end of October, the "10th mo." of the Quakers, that the printing press at Manchester turned out the first "Bradshaw." It was a very modest, unobtrusive little volume, bound in green cloth, with a simple legend in gilt. It could be obtained of any bookseller or railway company for the sum of sixpence. It was not, however, as we may see, entitled "Bradshaw's Railway Guide"—that title was not to come till later. Here, too, is the "address" or introduction to the first "Bradshaw":—

"This book is published by the assistance of the several railway companies, on which account the information it contains may be depended upon as being correct and authentic. The necessity of

such a work is so obvious as to need no apology; and the merits of it can best be ascertained by a reference to the execution both as regards the style and correctness of the maps and plans with which it is illustrated." For it must be borne in mind that Bradshaw was first and foremost a map-engraver, and was not likely to let such an opportunity for a display in public of his skill pass profitless by. We also give a reproduction of the first page of Bradshaw's effort. From this little book we learn that, like the French trams and omnibuses of to-day, there was one charge for inside and another for outside passengers, six shillings being the first-class fare between Liverpool and Manchester. Of the first "time-tables," only two copies of each variety—for there was a slight variation in the issues for October, 1839—are known to be in existence: two are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and two are in the possession of Bradshaw's successors, Henry Blacklock and Co., of Manchester, so that they are among the rarest editions extant. [Pg 158]

Some two months later, on New Year's Day, 1840, Bradshaw brought out his little work in an amended form, with a brand-new title. This gave him further opportunities, in the course of its thirty-eight pages, for maps and letterpress, and to it he gave the title of "Railway Companion." It is really in size and type and style the same thing as the time-tables; but being sold at a shilling was continued distinct from the time-tables until it was merged into the "Guide" in 1848. There is some interesting, if somewhat startling, information in the "Companion." One can only gasp at being confronted by "A table showing the rate of travelling from one to four hundred miles an hour." These rosy anticipations have not yet been realized—not even in the velocity of the electric mono-rail.



BRADSHAW'S

Railway Time Tables,

AND ASSISTANT TO

RAILWAY TRAVELLING,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE MAPS & PLANS.

AUTHOR OF

BRADSHAW'S MAP AND SECTION OF THE RAILWAYS OF GREAT BRITAIN, 5FT. 4IN. BY 3FT. 4IN.

PRICE IN SHEETS . . . 1 11 6
MOUNTED 2 10 0

AND SOLD BY G. BRADSHAW, BROWN-STREET, MANCHESTER;
AND WYLD, CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON:

SHEPHERD AND SUTTON, AND WYLD, CHARING CROSS,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND RAILWAY COMPANIES.

10th Mo. 19th, 1839.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST COPY OF "BRADSHAW."

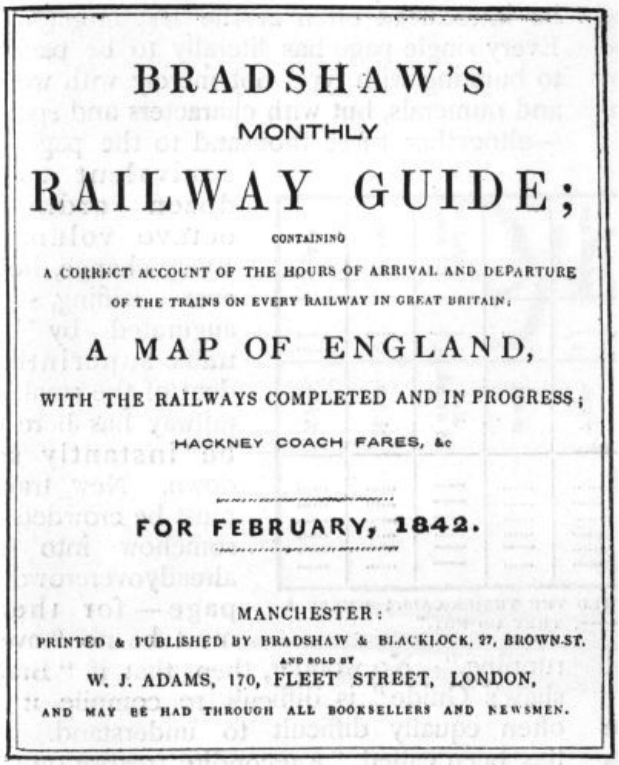
How, it may be asked, did the railway companies of 1840 receive the first general railway guide? Odd to relate, not with any great favour. They even refused to supply their time-tables to Bradshaw when they ascertained the use to which that enterprising Quaker was putting them. "Why," they said, "if this fellow goes on in this way he will make punctuality a kind of obligation, with penalties for failure. Whereas at present, if the ten minutes past three train steams gently out at twenty minutes to four, or even four o'clock, we do not fall much in the esteem of the public, accustomed to the free and easy methods of the stage-coach."

But the Quaker was not thus to be repressed. He got hold of the time-tables somehow: he waited in person on the boards; afterwards he even purchased stock in the hostile railway companies, and the enterprise went on. But as yet the guides we have been describing were not regularly issued. They were mere fitful publications, and it was not until Adams, whom Bradshaw had secured as his London agent, urged upon him the necessity of a regular issue that the first monthly "Guide" made its *début* in the world. This was on December 1st, 1841. The "Guide" differed from its predecessors in being bound in paper—not cloth—and in consisting of but thirty-two pages of printed matter. By this time, too Bradshaw could announce that "This work is published monthly, under the direction and with the assistance of the railway companies, and is carefully corrected up to the date it bears; every reliance may, therefore, be placed on the accuracy of its details."

Moreover, it was dispensed in another and simpler form. The pages of which it was composed were arranged on a single large sheet or "broadside," "exhibiting at one view the hours of departure and arrival of the trains on every railway in the kingdom, and are particularly adapted for counting-houses and places of business." For this sheet only threepence was demanded, but if mounted on stiff boards the price was two shillings and ninepence.

In 1843 the railway mania, which afterwards enriched and beggared thousands, was advancing

apace. There were in that year just forty-eight different railways in kingdom: and as the public were keenly interested in them we find, together with a slight alteration in the title of "Bradshaw" to the "Monthly General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide," more reading matter, and "a list of shares, exhibiting at one view the cost, traffic length, dividend, and market value of the same." [Pg 159]



BRADSHAW'S

MONTHLY

RAILWAY GUIDE;

CONTAINING

A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE HOURS OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE TRAINS ON EVERY RAILWAY IN GREAT BRITAIN;

A MAP OF ENGLAND,

WITH THE RAILWAYS COMPLETED AND IN PROGRESS;

HACKNEY COACH FARES, &c

FOR FEBRUARY, 1842.

MANCHESTER:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, BROWN-ST.

AND SOLD BY

W. J. ADAMS, 170, FLEET STREET, LONDON,

AND MAY BE HAD THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSMEN.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST COPY ISSUED WITH THE WORDS "RAILWAY GUIDE."

There is one curious circumstance in the early history of "Bradshaw," which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has pointed out. Its founder appears to have been ashamed of its youth, for when the fortieth number had been attained we find, in September, 1844, a sudden jump to number 146. Did those missing hundred numbers ever afterwards disturb the pious Quaker's rest?

LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM.

STATIONS.

Distance from London.		Mixed. 6 a.m.	* Mixed Class 8 a.m.	*First calling at M. Stns. 8¼ a.m.	* Mail. 9½ a.m.	Mixed Class. 11 a.m.	*Mixed calling at 1st cl. Stns 1 p.m.	Mixed Class. 2 p.m.	* Mixed Short. 6 p.m.	First Class. 6 p.m.	* Mail, Mixed. 8¼ p.m.	FARES. 4 in. car. by day, or 1 class 6 in. by night	1st class car. rage, 6 in side, by day	2nd class car. riage, closed, by night	2nd class car. riage, open, by day
Miles		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
	LONDON	6 0	8 0	8 45	9 30	11 0	1 0	2 0	5 0	6 0	8 30				
11¼	HARROW	..	8 30	..	..	..	..	2 30	..	6 30	..	3 6	3 0	2 6	2 0
17¼	WATFORD	6 45	8 50	..	..	11 45	1 45	2 50	5 45	6 50	..	5 0	4 6	4 0	3 0
24½	BOXMOOR	..	9 10	..	..	..	..	3 10	..	7 10	..	7 0	6 6	5 6	4 ..
28	B. HAMPSTEAD	..	9 20	10 5	..	..	..	3 20	..	7 20	..	8 0	7 6	6 6	5 0
31½	TRING	7 25	9 35	..	10 48	12 25	2 25	3 35	6 25	7 35	9 56	9 6	8 6	7 0	5 6
41	LEIGHTON	7 50	10 0	..	..	12 50	2 50	4 0	6 50	8 0	..	12 0	11 0	9 0	7 6
	BLETCHLEY	..	10 15	..	..	..	..	4 15	..	8 15	..	13 6	12 6	10 6	8 6
52½	WOLVERTON	8 15	10 30	11 0	11 41	1 15	3 15	4 30	7 15	8 30	10 54	15 6	14 0	11 6	9 6
60	ROADE	..	10 55	..	..	..	..	4 55	7 40	..	..	17 6	16 0	13 6	10 6
63¼	BLISWORTH	8 50	11 5	..	..	1 50	3 50	5 5	7 50	..	..	18 6	17 0	14 0	11 6
69¼	WEEDON	9 5	11 25	11 50	12 38	2 5	4 5	5 25	8 5	..	11 50	20 6	18 6	15 6	12 6
75¼	CRICK	..	11 45	..	..	..	..	5 45	..	..	..	22 0	20 0	17 0	13 6
83¼	RUGBY	9 40	12 5	..	..	2 40	4 40	6 5	8 40	..	..	24 6	22 6	18 6	15 0
89¼	BRANDON	..	12 20	..	..	..	..	6 20	..	..	..	26 0	24 0	20 0	16 0
94	COVENTRY	10 10	12 35	12 50	1 36	3 10	5 10	6 35	9 10	..	1 0	27 6	25 0	21 0	16 6
100¼	HAMPTON	10 35	1 0	1 15	..	..	..	7 0	..	..	..	29 6	27 0	22 6	18 0
112¼	BIRMINGHAM	11 30	2 0	2 15	2 30	4 30	6 30	8 0	10 30	..	2 0	32 6	30 0	25 0	20 0

There is a Mixed Train from Aylesbury to London at 11 *a.m., and one from London to Aylesbury at* 3 *p.m.*

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Times of Departure, Mixed 8 a.m, Mail* 9½ a.m, Mixed to Wolverton 6 p.m, Mail,* mixed 8¼ p.m.

Children under Ten Years of age, Half-price. Infants in arms, unable to walk, free of charge—Soldiers *en route* are charged under a special agreement.—Dogs are charged for any distance not exceeding 30 miles, 1s.; 55 miles, 2s.; 86 miles 3s.; and the whole distance, 4s. No dogs allowed to be taken inside the Carriages.

Carriages and Horses should be at the Stations a quarter of an hour before the time of departure, and they cannot be forwarded by any train unless there, at the least, five minutes before its time of departure, which time is punctually observed, and after the doors are closed no Passengers can be admitted.

To guard against accident and delay, it is especially requested that Passengers will not leave their seats at any of the Stations except Wolverton (half way), where ten minutes are allowed for refreshment.

A Passenger may claim the seat corresponding to the number on his Ticket, and when not numbered he may take any seat not previously occupied.—No Gratuity, under any circumstances, is allowed to be taken by any Servant of the Company.

Ten minutes are allowed at the Wolverton Central Station, where a female is in attendance, where refreshments may be obtained.

The Trains marked with an asterisk (*) are in conjunction with those of the Grand Junction Railway; sufficient time being allowed at the Birmingham Station, where refreshments are provided, and waiting rooms, with female attendants.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE VERY EARLIEST "BRADSHAW."

From these early guides a great deal of entertainment and instruction is to be obtained. There is no mention of "express" trains, for instance; they are described as "first class," "second class," "mixed," "fast," and "mail." We are told that "first-class trains stop at first-class stations." Third-class travellers travelled on the roof or in open "waggons." At the other end of the scale of luxury were "glass coaches"—*i.e.*, carriages with plenty of windows. Tickets are "passes" or "check tickets," and it is strictly enjoined that "the check ticket given to the passenger on payment of his fare will be demanded from him at the station next before his arrival at London or Birmingham, and if not then produced he will be liable to have the fare again demanded." As to fares, we learn from the "Guide" that they fluctuate according to day or night or the number of passengers in a carriage. The fare from London to Birmingham was thirty-two shillings and sixpence first class, but if six travelled inside by day the tariff was reduced to thirty shillings, and a similar reduction for second-class passengers. Now that the season-ticket system is so widespread and familiar, the reader learns with some amazement that "An annual subscription ticket from London to Brighton

and back is £100." Here are some further extracts from the "Guide":—

"Passengers are especially recommended to have their names and address or destination written on each part of their luggage, when it will be placed on the top of the coach in which they ride.

"If the passenger be destined for Manchester or Liverpool, and has booked his place through, his luggage will be placed on the Liverpool or Manchester coach, and will not be disturbed until it reaches its destination. [Pg 160]

	YORK TO LEEDS & SELBY. STATIONS.	7 o'clk. a.m.	10 a.m.	Mail 12¼ p.m.	3½ p.m.	7 p.m.
Miles	YORK					
	SELBY	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
27½	LEEDS	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
	LEEDS TO YORK & SELBY.	7 a.m.	10 a.m.	Mail 12 o'clock.	3½ p.m.	7 p.m.
	LEEDS					
6½	GARFORTH	.....	.....		.....	.....
9	MICKLEFIELD	.....	.....		.....	.....
12	MILFORD	.....	.....		.....	.....
13½	JUNCTION	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
16	HAMBLETON	.....	—		—	.....
20	SELBY	.....	.....		.....	.....

**"WHERE THE SPACE IS DOTTED THE TRAINS CALL:
WHERE A BLANK, THUS ——, THEY DO NOT."**

"Where the space is dotted the trains call; where a blank, thus ——, they do not." (Here is an example of this new arrangement, which, it must be confessed, is a little revolutionary of the accepted method.) "Infants in arms, *unable to walk*, free of charge.

"A passenger may claim the seat corresponding to the number on his ticket, and when not numbered he may take any seat not previously occupied.

"Preserve your ticket until called for by the company's servant." (Fancy the passengers of 1904 requiring to be curbed in their propensity for throwing their tickets out of the window!)

"Do not lean upon the door of the carriage."

But by far the most surprising injunction to us nowadays, when the tips of railway porters show a tendency to expand instead of diminish, is this: "No gratuity, under any circumstances, is allowed to be taken by any servant of the company."

How incomprehensible to us nowadays, when not even Mr. Beit, Mr. Astor, or Mr. Carnegie owns his own railway vehicle: "Gentlemen riding in their own carriages are charged second-class fares."

How "Bradshaw" has grown from that day! It began with thirty odd pages; it is now some twelve hundred. The weight of the first little "Guide" was a couple of ounces—it now tips the scale at a pound and a half. And think of the immense labour involved in the production of each monthly issue. It taxes all the resources of a large staff of editors and printers—for are not "perpetual and minute changes taking place in the hours and places," which "have to be introduced often at the last moment"? Every single page has literally to be packed to bursting with type, not merely with words and numerals, but with characters and spaces—altogether three thousand to the page, or equivalent to a dozen ordinary octavo volumes. Every change, however trifling, inaugurated by the traffic superintendent of the smallest railway has here to instantly set down. New trains must be crowded in somehow into an already overcrowded page for there must be no "over-running." No wonder, then, that if "Bradshaw's Guide" is difficult to compile it is often equally difficult to understand. It has been called "a recondite treatise on the subject of railway times." From the earliest day its method has elicited the severest criticism from the wits. George Cruikshank and other wits called it an "Aid to Bedlam." Mark Lemon wrote innumerable skits in *Punch*, which his friend Leech illustrated. In one of these (May 24th, 1856) we have nearly two pages devoted to "Bradshaw—a Mystery," in which two lovers, parted by distance, seek to unite by means of the "Guide." They are utterly unable to discover when Orlando's train should depart and arrive. Both are plunged into the madness of despair. At last blind chance favours the lovers, and the fair one confesses:—

"Bradshaw" has nearly maddened me.

ORLANDO: And me.
He talks of trains arriving that ne'er start;
Of trains that seem to start and ne'er arrive;
Of junctions where no union is effected:
Of coaches meeting trains that never come;
Of trains to catch a coach that never goes;
Of trains that start after they have arrived;
Of trains arriving long before they leave.
He bids us "see" some page that can't be found.
Henceforth take me not "Bradshaw" for your guide.
(*Curtain.*)

AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH FOR "BRADSHAW: A MYSTERY," IN "PUNCH."

[Pg 161]

A STORY OF THE AFRICAN TREASURE.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

I.

HEY were talking of treasure in the parlour of the Three Tuns at Gravesend—old salts, every one of them, to whom five hundred pounds a year had been riches beyond desire. The precise inspiration of their eloquence chanced to be the money which had been smuggled out of Africa at the time of the war. Some said that it was all banked in France and Holland; others declared that a few paltry millions had gone to America. In the heat of the argument pipes were broken and glasses overturned. Gilbert Lorimer, a young officer on a Scotch tramp, who had been ashore on his captain's business, smiled often and said little; but he corrected old Crabb of the Margate service, and drew down upon himself that worthy's wrath thereby.

"There's more nonsense than not talked about a million of money," the captain had remarked, sententiously. The others agreed. Had anyone bestowed such a trifle upon them, they would have been at no loss how to handle it.

"I'd pop my lot in the Savings Bank," said Billy of the wherry, in parsimonious solemnity. Jack the waterman, however, declared that he would ferry his across the river and leave it to-morrow with the lawyers. Then the sage and learned Skipper Crabb delivered himself of the oracle.

"A million weighs close upon five tons," said he.

"More than ten," exclaimed Gilbert Lorimer, quietly.

"Ah, here's Crœsus," was the captain's sly retort, "and I dare say," he put it familiarly to Gilbert, "that you are very much at home with sums like that. Suppose you make it champagne, young man?"

Gilbert laughed drily. He was a fine specimen of a sailor, and he would have been called handsome by the women in spite of the scar upon his cheek—an ugly gash which seemed to have a history behind it. A little reserved and proud, he had listened to the talk of money with some contempt; but the captain's challenge drew him out, and he rang the bell impatiently for the barman. [Pg 162]

"Champagne, by all means," he said, "since the next that I shall drink will be in Sydney. As to your million, I know nothing about it; but I once owned some large part of one. What's more, I was careless enough to lose it."

A solemn silence fell upon the company. Gilbert Lorimer raised his glass and gave them "To our next." The aged Captain Crabb surrendered at once to a master. I, alone, followed the young sailor from the room and asked him, at the river's bank, to let me have a story.

"Yonder's my ship," he said, indicating the anchor light of a large steamer. "She would be at the Nore before I had well begun."

"Then why not write it——?"

He shook his head.

"I am handier with the gloves," said he.

"Oh, but you can spin a plain yarn, I'll be bound."

"Well, as to that——"

The great steamer sounded her siren and he leaped into the wherry. His last word was a cheery "So long." But he sent me the story of his treasure three months afterwards, and I give it here with scarce a line deleted or a phrase re-turned.

II.

Every man on board the *Oceanus*—sometime a mail-boat to the South African ports—knew that we carried treasure to Europe, but what was the amount of it, or for whom we carried it, our captain, Joey Castle, alone could say. We had been chartered at Sydney for the purpose, being one of the fastest steamers in Southern waters, and we took in the bullion, chiefly in golden ingots, at Lorenzo Marques. Some did say that it was the property of a Dutch bank, which preferred the American flag to the German, for the *Oceanus* was under American colours, and a handier steamer of her tonnage I never sailed in. Grant you that the crew were a rough lot—niggers and Lascars, Poles and Swedes, with half-a-dozen Christian white men to put currants on your cake. Well, the owners were one of the safest houses in New York, and fat Joey Castle you might have trusted with the Bank of England itself. Not two cents did he care whether he had a hold full of diamonds or of doughnuts.

"I'm going right through, gentlemen," he said to us at dinner the night we sailed, "and if any tin warship threatens me I'll make Europe laugh. Risk! Why, there's twenty times the risk in a roundabout at a fair! Let 'em stop me if they like—I'll put 'em through the goose-step before they've been two minutes aboard, as sure as my name's Joey Castle!"

Well, we didn't think very much about it, but there had been a lot of talk ashore concerning the British Government and how it handled suspicious ships entering or leaving Lorenzo Marques. I

myself thought it not unlikely that we should have some trouble. To put it honestly, I didn't take the hook on the end of this Dutch bank line; and I just said to myself that our gold was Government gold, and that if it were found aboard of us all the Stars and Stripes between 'Frisco and Sandy Hook wouldn't be worth a red cent to us. We should have to pay out, and quick about it.

In this view I stood alone, however, and I must say that when we put to sea without let or hindrance, and were steaming next morning due south before a rattling breeze and with a splendid swell under us, I dismissed the subject as readily as the others and considered our port already made. That opinion lasted for ten days. On the eleventh day, at noon, we sighted a British cruiser on our port quarter. Poor old Joey Castle! He didn't say a word about the Stars and Stripes then. His topic concerned the nether regions. You shivered in your boots when he talked to the engineers. I was on the bridge when the nigger Sam cried up his news of the other ship; and while I was spying her through my glass Captain Castle himself came out of the chart-room and asked me what was there.

"Looks like an ugly one, sir," said I; "a cruiser, I should say, of the second class."

He took the glass from my hand—I can see him now, fat and florid, and as plainly anxious at heart as a nervous man could be. I thought then of all his boasts the night we left Lorenzo, and I was really a bit sorry for him.

"Do you think she means mischief, Mr. Lorimer?" he asked, with the glass still to his eye.

I said that he was the best judge of that.

"These dirty Britishers have their finger in every pie," he went on, presently. "Well, we'll make 'em look foolish. What the deuce are they doing in the stokehold? Just let me have a word with Nicolson, will you?"

His "word" was something to hear. A barge-master who had dropped his dinner overboard might have come up to Joey Castle at his best; but I doubt it. He had the ship doing sixteen knots before one bell in the afternoon watch. She was a Belfast-built mail-boat, with boilers and engines not twelve months old, and a better for the purpose we could not have chartered. By three bells it was patent that the cruiser gained nothing on us. Her smoke burned upon a clear horizon, but her stumpy funnel was no longer to be seen. The captain seemed as pleased as a schoolboy who has won a race—he ordered champagne for our mess and he talked as big as he had done when we sailed from Lorenzo. [Pg 163]

"Here's to a good pair of heels and hoofs for the Britisher," was his toast. "I'd like to see him stop me, by thunder. There'll be good money for this at Bremerhaven, and more to come afterwards. Fill your glass, Lorimer, and drink to a sharp eye on the next watch. Let him come aboard just for five minutes, and I'll teach him the French language as they speak it out 'Frisco way. It's a wonderful tongue there, Lorimer, a wonderful tongue!"

I did not doubt it. Spoken as Joey Castle speaks it, a harbour-master will take off his hat to you. What I was not so sure of was the Britisher's understanding of it. Many a ship sailing out of Lorenzo had been stopped and searched—so much was common gossip aboard. If the cruiser overhauled us, she would certainly find our million pounds' worth of ingots—marked "fruit" though they might be, kept in the great refrigerator for better security.

Here was something more tangible than Joey Castle's French lingo. I did not know much about international law, but it was in my head that our ship would be sent to a British port and the gold aboard her handed over to the British Government. With the crew, I had a sense of personal honour in the matter. If it had been my ship I would have sunk the *Oceanus* before I hauled down my colours to any foreigner, let her flag be what it might. But what the captain was going to do I did not know; and thirty-six hours passed before I was any wiser. The afternoon watch taught me little. Now and then I saw the stumpy funnel upon the horizon; at other times there was nothing but the hand's-breadth of smoke to mark the cruiser's course.

On the following day she seemed to be playing a game with us. First she would show herself clear and threatening on the horizon; then we lost her again and were just breathing freely when up she pops, like a squatting hare, and has a good look at us. The see-saw worked on the captain like an overdose of French absinthe. He couldn't rest a minute anywhere. He swore and cursed, prayed and threatened, until I thought the men would mutiny and have done with it. That, however, was to come later on, when the gold fever fairly got hold of them. They were willing enough for the time being.

"HE SWORE AND CURSED, PRAYED AND THREATENED."

"What do you make of it now, Mr. Lorimer?" says the captain at supper-time. I answered him just as bluntly as he had asked me. [Pg 164]

"She's got the legs of you, sir—it seems to me that she's waiting for something or other. Perhaps it's only a watching job," I put it to him.

"I was thinking the same. The little man in the cap waiting for the big man in the cocked hat. Well, I hope he'll keep himself cool. We'll give him a fever draught if he comes aboard. Just pass the whisky, will you?—my head's queer to-night; but there's a good deal in it—a great deal—Lorimer, and it's coming out by-and-by."

I had no doubt of it—he had taken enough whisky that afternoon to start a bar. As for what was in his head, a madder scheme never came to any man whom fear had robbed of nerve and sense.

"If the cocked hat wants to come aboard here, he shall," he said, presently; "that's my notion, Lorimer. Let him come aboard and hear the French lingo. We'll do the honours and then drum him out. You'll be standing by in the launch with as much gold as she'll carry in her coal-holes. The life-boats can take the rest. You and Nicolson and the 'fourth' must take charge of them. I'll pick you up next day and you'll have your compasses. There's not weather enough to hurt a toy yacht, and a night out will do you good. All this, mind you, if he has the heels of us and means to come aboard. But I don't believe he can make sixteen knots, and that's what we're making now."

Well, he chuckled away over this wild notion just as though it had been a sane man's plan; and, fuddled as he was with the whisky, he kept repeating it until I was tired of hearing it. When Billy Frost, our young fourth officer, came down presently to say that the cruiser had picked us up again and was using her search-light, it was a relief to go on deck and tot the position up. My belief all along had been that the cruiser had the legs of us, and what I saw from the bridge confirmed my judgment. She stood now upon our starboard quarter—her search-light ran all over us in silvery waves like water washing down a rock-side. And yet, mind you, she did not challenge us, did not ask us a question; but just followed us, patiently waiting, I did not doubt, for some further instructions to be received in European waters. This doubt and uncertainty plagued our captain to the last point. "They shall come aboard, by Heaven," he said; "ten days more of this would kill me." I knew then how much he had at stake, and that it was no mere captain's wage which had tempted him to carry gold from the Transvaal. He was playing for a bigger sum of money than he had ever played for in all his life, and the game had robbed him of his man's common sense.

The cruiser's search-light contrived for a good hour or more to play all over us like a hose. It made the captain dance, I can tell you; and when they dropped it just upon eight bells in the morning watch, I saw that he had come to a resolution and that nothing would turn him from it.

"We must get the brass overboard, Lorimer," he said; "this crew will turn ugly if the thing goes on. We'll make a beginning with the launch. Take Sam the nigger, Peter Barlow, and young Nicolson the engineer, and bear west for Ascension. I'll make them search us at dawn and turn back for you; keep your bearings as close as you can and take an observation every hour. We should pick you up by noon to-morrow—I'll mark the place on the chart. A cockle-shell could swim in this sea, and the launch will come to no harm. It's a great scheme, man, and there's few would have thought of it."

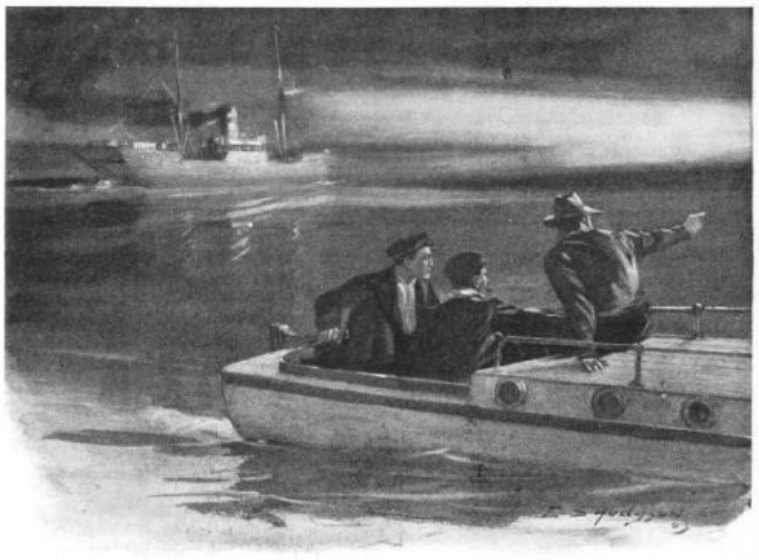
I tried to argue with him, putting it that, even if the cruiser did search us, she would have no authority to take the gold; moreover, it would be an international question for the two

Governments. He wouldn't hear a word of it.

"Let 'em wrangle," he said; "I'll hold the dollars meanwhile. The men will turn on me if I don't. Why, just look at it. They come aboard and find nothing but silver spoons. The report goes in that we are all right, and we steam to Bremerhaven without let or hindrance. It's mighty, man, just mighty; and I'll not be turned from it."

So he had his way. The cruiser fell back at the dark hour before the dawn, and we began to get the ingots of gold into the launch. This was one of Simpson's larger boats, carried by us especially to transport bullion expeditiously—part of the whole affair planned out from the beginning. Willing hands passed up the golden bars—we packed a fortune on the deck, and the men stood round about shivering with greed of the treasure. Let the scheme be mad or sane, I had to go through with it then; and I own up to a better opinion of it as the time went on. Nothing could be easier to a trained seaman than to keep such a course as the captain laid down for us. [Pg 165] We had compasses, sextants, and our navigation books. There was not wind enough to shake a judge's wig nor any omen of bad weather. Let us get away under cover of the darkness, and the rest would be child's play. The "if" was a big one. The light might strike upon us at any instant. I went about the deck with my heart in my mouth. Sometimes I covered my eyes with my arm, fearing to find the bright beams upon me. It was all or nothing—an hour's grace or a million sterling on board the British ship.

Well, we lowered the launch with her heavy cargo of ingots—as many of them as we dared to put into her—and getting her away under shelter of the steamer we headed due west toward Ascension Isle. True, there was an ugly red glimmer from our funnel, but the furnace was under a half-deck, and our memory didn't run to lights, be sure of it. I had Sam the nigger with me, together with Nicolson the young engineer, and Peter Barlow for quarter-master; these were the hands named for my crew; and I was not a little astonished when we were well away from the steamer's side to hear the loud voice of Mike the Irishman—a lazy rogue I would gladly have left behind me.



"THE BLINDING LIGHT SWEPT OVER THEM."

"Why, Mike," cries I, "and how did you get here?"

"Please, your honour, I just dropped in," says he.

"Then, if I had a rope's end, I'd make you drop out again!" says I.

"Aye, but, your honour," says he, "when was the Irishman born that had any liking for the water? Sure, I always loved ye from the first day I clapped these blessed eyes upon ye! 'I'll go aboard to take care of him,' says I, 'for I feel like his own mother's son!'"

There was no time to argue with him. What with getting the launch away neatly, and being mortal afraid to find myself any minute in the path of the cruiser's search-light, I had too much to do to begin with a hullabaloo—and for that matter the situation was not one to set a man against companionship. There we were, the five of us, in a boat not built for ocean seas, running like a good one away from the ship that should have carried us to Europe and our homes. Let the search-light be clapped upon us, and the gold would be aboard the British cruiser within an hour. Or, in another case and a harder one, let the wind blow, and what then? The gold weighed us [Pg 166] down as it was, until even gentle seas splashed us as we lifted to them. A hatful of wind would sink us; a shoreman would have known that. I believed that it was the spin of a coin anyway; and just as I was saying it the cruiser showed her light again, and a great white arc fixed itself upon the distant steamer like a mighty river of molten radiance flowing out upon a darkened sea.

"Look at that for a lantern now," says Mike the Irishman, cowering before it. "'Twould see ye home from a waking, and no mistake about it. Just douk your head, sir, if you please. 'Twould be as well not to be on speaking terms with them when next ye meet."

I smiled at his notion that any amount of "douking" would save us from the cruiser's light, but instinctively I crouched down with the others. To me it seemed impossible that any freak of fortune could hide us from the cruiser's observation. There we were in the still sea, a black

speck, no doubt, but one that a clever eye on a warship's bridge would never fail to spy out. Our own steamer, the *Oceanus*, was running north as fast as honest engines could drive her. She, too, appeared now to be just a shimmer of dancing lights—the captain showed every lantern he had got to divert the chase from the launch, and here he succeeded only too well.

Though it was all Lombard Street to a china orange that the cruiser marked us, she held on obstinately after the bigger game. Perhaps she believed that it was all a sham and that we had put off to make a fool of her. I never learned; but I could scarcely believe my eyes when the blinding light swept over them and still nothing happened. Were they all daft aboard her? It was really incredible.

"The admiral's having his hair cut, I suppose," said Barlow the quarter-master, who watched the affair with me from a seat aft. "He's telling 'em to keep it short in the neck, sir—some day a dog will be leading him at the end of a string. Well, I don't make no complaint about that."

"Better not, my man," said I, "if you wish to see the *Oceanus* again."

"Oh, as to that, we're well enough off here, sir," he said, turning away his eyes from me; "though if we never saw Captain Castle again, I reckon we'd have meat and drink for the rest of our lives."

I looked at him sharply; he coughed and glanced down at the compass. This was the first time I quite understood how well the hands were acquainted with the cargo and its owners. The danger of the knowledge could not be hidden from me. Even the nigger Sam, with his blinking green eyes, ate up every word of our talk and smacked his lips over it.

"You buy barrel of rum and no mistake, sar," he chimed in, unasked. "You change your Sunday shirt on Monday and blarm the expense. We all very rich gentlemen, surely."

I turned it with a laugh, though I was well aware of the reservation behind it. Happily, but for a bottle of brandy of my own, there was no drink on the launch. I had a revolver in my pistol-pocket, and I said that at the worst, which was then but a suspicion, I could keep both the nigger and Peter in order. Mike the Irishman might go any way; but Nicolson, the young engineer, could certainly be counted upon. To him I said a word when two of the hands had been ordered to turn in. His answer was reassuring, but more ambiguous than I liked.

"Oh," he said, "anything to help the Dutchmen. They'll miss this odd lot if we lose it—and, of course, we're all honest, Lorimer. Don't you be uneasy. I've no fancy for gilded firesides myself; besides," he added, "if we took our oaths that we had to jettison it, who'd believe us? Better go straight under the circumstances."

I replied that there were no circumstances possible to make common rogues of us, and his cheery assent did much to deceive me. Counting upon him entirely, I let the launch simply drift while he lay down for a couple of hours' sleep, and afterwards I wrapped myself up in a blanket and managed to get some rest. When I awoke it was broad daylight. An immensely round sun fired the placid water with sheets of crimson splendour; the air came heavy from the Equator; a burning, intolerable day seemed before us. Restless and anxious already to be sure of our bearings, that the *Oceanus* might find us at noon, I bustled up almost as soon as I was awake; but the first thing I saw took my breath away, and I just stood like a man in a wonder-world to watch it. There amidships, in the well where the money was stored, Sam the nigger, Mike the Irishman, and Nicolson the engineer were grouped about a box of golden ingots, and so transported with the sight of them that they scarcely heard me. One by one they had laid out those shimmering yellow bars, each a fortune to such men; and they watched the sunlight glittering upon them, and caressed them with gentle hands and feasted their eyes upon them. When I appeared, no man budged from his place or seemed in any way abashed. Evidently they were all agreed upon a purpose, and this Nicolson made known to me. [Pg 167]

"Yes," he said, coolly; "we're counting up the dollars, old chap—divide on shore, you know—fair and square. Come, don't look blue. The Dutchman won't miss them, and old Joey's made his own bargain. We can rig up a tale between us and buy the crowd at Ascension—good joke, isn't it, Lorimer?"

"Why, yes," said I; "but, as my port's not Ascension, I don't quite see the point of it. Come, Nicolson, don't be a fool. Just put that lid on and help me to go over the chart. We mustn't keep the captain waiting—you know what he is."

Very lazily, I thought, he put the lid on the box of ingots, and, laughing at the others, he came aft with me. When I took up the chart to make a dead reckoning by the help of his own calculations during my watch off, he laughed again in his peculiar way. "It's all right," he said; "due west for Ascension, as you wished."

"Nicolson," I said, quietly, "you've been playing a fool's game; what does it mean?"

He sat on the gunnel and looked me full in the face.

"Means that our port is Ascension," he said.

I kept my temper.

"Nicolson," I said, "do you wish me to think you a scoundrel?"

"Think what you like; there are four in this launch who don't mean Joey Castle to touch these dollars again."

I turned away from him, wrestling with my temper.

"'Bout ship!" I cried. Barlow took no notice whatsoever. Then my hand went to my pistol-pocket

and I knew the worst. They had taken the revolver while I slept. I was one against four, and the launch was running over a calm sea to Ascension Isle and the discovery which inevitably awaited us there.

III.

We steamed all that day upon a fair sea, but at sundown the truth came out. We had not coal enough for another hour's run and were still a hundred miles from Ascension. I watched the faces of the men when Nicolson told them. They seemed to care nothing. The gold greed was upon them; the ingots were piled up everywhere about the launch and the hands hugged them as children, dearer than anything afloat or ashore. Nicolson got curses for his pains and went below again.

"THE GOLD GREED WAS UPON THEM."

I watched the scene gloomily from the stern—it was beginning to dawn upon me that no man would see land again; and when an hour and a half had passed and the engines of the launch suddenly stopped I could not call myself a pessimist. The hands themselves, awed by the mishap, began to talk of sailing ships which would pick them up and of a story they must have ready. Nicolson was to be the captain of a ship which had stranded; Barlow was his mate. They did not name me; and, as the day is my witness, I believe they intended to murder me. [Pg 168]

You may think that this sent a man to his supper with a good appetite. Truth to tell, I lay down in my blanket at ten o'clock and never expected to see the sun again. A shadow passing by me, a voice, a whisper, made me start like a frightened hare. Once I found the nigger Sam bending over me, and I jumped up, wet through with perspiration. Even a child would have seen that these madmen, lost to all sense of reason, would never take me ashore with them. Then when would they make an end of it? Soon, I hoped, if it must be. The suspense was making an old man of me. Every evil glance that was turned upon me seemed like a warning anew. I believe to this hour that they would have shot me before dawn but for the wind, the truest friend a man ever had in the hour of his need. Yes, to the wind and the sea, twin brothers to a sailor, I owed my life. It began to blow about seven bells in the first watch, and by dawn the waves were running as they run on no other ocean but the Atlantic. Laden as we were, deep down in the seas, our chances of weathering the gale may be imagined. Had we still owned a fire the first wash over would have snuffed it out. The good launch staggered at every blow, like a boxer badly hit. I said that the gold must go—and not a man aboard who did not know that I spoke the truth.

I have witnessed some strange scenes in my life—niggers running amuck in St. Louis, French sailors among the drink in a panic, a liner sinking with more than a hundred women aboard; but for honest madness about money the scene on that launch defies my words. No sooner was it plain that we should sink if we could not raise her in the water than the men (but chiefly the Irishman and the nigger Sam) got the gold open again and fell on it, blubbering and raving like children. Drink they had from somewhere, that I was sure of—even Nicolson the engineer showed the whites of his eyes when he staggered up to them; and what with their terror of the sea, their greed of the gold, and the whisky they had drunk, they might have been raving madmen let loose from Bedlam.

I said that the launch could not last another hour. The shrieking of the wind, the monster green seas gathered up in walls of jade-like water, the great hollows into which we went rushing like a switchback, cascades of foam and spindrift, the scudding masses of cloud, they terrified these

wretched men, and would have appalled the heart of the strongest. If we were to have any hope at all, the gold must go. Again I said it; and fearful for my own life, yet caring nothing what they might do to me, I stepped forward and addressed them.

"This is your share and share alike, is it?" I cried—"the little bit that Joey Castle will not miss. Well, it's got to go overboard, my lads, and pretty soon about it. Nicolson, you're no fool; Barlow, you know how long the game can last. Do you want to live or die? It's come to that, as you pretty well see."

They heard me in sullen silence. A big wave catching the launch amidships heeled her so far over that I thought she would never recover. It threw Nicolson off his feet; and as he fell and turned over my own revolver dropped from his pocket. You need not ask me if I snatched it up. It was in my hand and smoking before ten seconds had passed. And there was one man less upon the launch.

So it came about. The great Irishman, standing ankle-deep in the gold, leaped out upon me when the launch righted herself. What quite happened I can scarcely tell you, but I know that I felt his colossal arms crushing the life out of me and that I saw it was his hour or mine. Then a report rang loud in my ears, and I was free once more; while the man tumbled backward, clutching at the air; and the sea engulfed him, and there were four in peril where five had been. From that moment the fear of God, I do believe, fell upon the others. They neither spoke nor stirred for many minutes together. The terrible wind howled its wildest—the heavens were black as night. I said that the sea was with me, and, crying out to them to save themselves, I began to drop the ingots overboard.

One by one, each a fortune to a poor man, we cast the gold bars into the ocean. That which would have meant so much to us ashore meant nothing here in the face of death and the storm. And yet I could not but think of the pleasures this very dross (as it seemed there upon the high seas) would give to many a home, to honest toilers and starving children in the great cities I had known. Nevertheless, it must be swallowed by the green water, lost for ever upon the bed of the Atlantic. And moment by moment the launch rose higher and higher upon the mountainous seas, like a bird that has been weighed down but now is free. I began to tell them that we should make Ascension Isle after all. I did not know that we should have no need to make it. [Pg 169]

"THE MAN TUMBLED BACKWARD, CLUTCHING AT THE AIR."

The last of the ingots had been cast overboard, the wind had begun to fall, when the British cruiser picked us up. There was no need for explanations. She had searched the *Oceanus* at dawn and seized her treasure before Joey Castle could get what was left of it away. She knew that we had ingots for our cargo, and she followed us westward. We went aboard her to laugh at the chagrin of her commander and to show him our empty well.

"What you seek is a thousand fathoms down," said I, a little bitterly; "you don't need to ask me why."

"Mr. Lorimer," he cried, with a smile, "if all the gold in the world were in the same place, what a pleasant place this old globe would be to live on!"

I knew what he meant—but, after all, if men weren't cutting each other's throats for gold they would be doing the same for shells or silver or other rubbish, as any philosopher will tell you.

Our Grandmothers' Fashion-Plates.

By Arabella Drysdale-Davis.

WHAT philosopher being propounded the query, "Which are the most popular pictures in the world?" could reply other than "Fashion-plates"? Are they not rapturously studied and admired weekly by millions of women? Do they not elicit the furtive interest—not unmingled, perhaps, with astonishment—of millions of men?

"Grotesque forecasts of ephemeral plumes and deciduous fig-leaves," as a famous novelist, Kingsley, called fashion-plates, are only an invention of less than a century and a quarter ago. A lady of the olden time, who wished to learn the very latest mode in skirts, bodices, hats, bonnets, or shoes, betook herself at certain seasons to her dressmaker, where dressed *poupées* straight from Paris were on view. The making and dressing of these dolls was quite a business in the French capital before coloured fashion-plates came to oust them from favour in the closing years of Louis XVI.'s reign. Prior to this period drawings of fashionably-attired ladies had appeared from time to time in the magazines and periodicals devoted to the interests of the fair sex—such as the first in the present series, showing a lady in full dress for 1770—and these may have imparted to country cousins an idea of what was being worn in the Faubourg St. Germain and Mayfair—but the *beau monde* never relied on these.

A Lady in Full Dress in Aug. 1770

It is probable that the earliest coloured examples were produced in 1784-85. In the latter year the *Cabinet des Modes* appeared in Paris, consisting of twenty-four parts annually, three coloured designs with each part. In England many years before we had had the *Lady's Magazine*, which had devoted much space to dress, but seems to have just missed the idea of fashion-plates, although its descriptions of current modes are often most diverting. "Dress," it says, in its very first number, "is like the sunshine introduced into the designs of Titian: it animates the figures and gives them all their embellishment."

"The hoop or circumference of charms," we read in 1785, "is a most essential part of contemporary costume. The magnificence of the full-dress hoop carries with it a most noble and majestic appearance, and I hope will never be given up or *hors de la mode* as long as England can boast of such fine women as appear within the circle of a Drawing Room."

But the French Revolution burst into boudoirs and salons and "the hoop or circumference of charms" disappeared, and in the next few years was witnessed an entire change of style.

Here is a simple little afternoon dress for 1796: "The hair dressed in light curls and ringlets; Armenian turban, made of white and York flame-coloured satin, crossed in the front with two strings of pearls, and the ends trimmed with gold fringe; a white ostrich and a blue esprit feather on the left side; Armenian robe of embroidered muslin, the train with a broad hem; full short sleeves; trimming of blond round the neck and at the top of the sleeves; tucker of blond; gold

cord with two large tassels round the waist, tied at the left side; two strings of pearls, and a festoon gold chain with a medallion round the neck; diamond earrings; white shoes and gloves."

FASHIONS FOR 1785 (THE EARLIEST COLOURED PLATE).

In 1800 we read that the newest fashion is "a simple blue tunic, bound by tassels at the waist." "Nothing is now so elegant as a straw hat: they are worn either ornamented with the flower called convolvulus or coloured like a shell." "Ribbons are worn either clouded or striped; the latter are nankeen."

A RETURN TO SPARTAN SIMPLICITY, 1800.

LATEST PARIS MODES, 1802.

It is strange that, notwithstanding the horror which the conduct of the French had excited throughout Europe, and especially in England, there should be found any votaries of French fashions. It is even stranger that, while French modes were still worn with us, in France there was a general adoption, in 1802, of English fashions such as are shown herewith for that year. "The head-dress for undress," we read, "is frequently only a piece of muslin, sometimes enlivened with pearls. In full dress turbans are principally worn."

Our next illustration forecasts the fashions for 1806. "Never was there a period that exhibited a greater variety of female decorations than the present; and it is as difficult to find a costume to condemn as to describe one that has a decided preference." Nevertheless we find men's large beaver hats already in vogue. What will ladies of 1904 think of the following: "Morning Walking Dress.—A plain muslin dress, walking length, made high in front and forms a shirt collar, richly [Pg 172] embroidered; long sleeves, also embroidered round the wrists and at the bottom of the dress; a pelisse opera coat without any seam in back, composed of orange blossom tinged with brown, made of Angola cloth or sarsnet, trimmed with rich Chincheally fur, tipped with gold. The pelisse sets close to the form on one side, fastened on the right shoulder with a brooch."

It seems odd that there was ever a time when there were public defenders of false complexions for ladies; yet we find in *La Belle Assemblée* for March,

EMPIRE GOWNS AND GEORGIAN BEAVER, 1806.

1806, a writer pleading in favour of rouge, "which may be rendered extremely innocent, and may be applied with such art as sometimes to give an expression to the figure which it would never have without that auxiliary. The colour of modesty has many charms; and in an age when women blush so little ought we not to value this innocent artifice, which is capable at least of exhibiting to us the picture of modesty? We ought to be thankful to the sex which, in the absence of estimable virtue, knows at least how to preserve its portrait."

In this fashion-plate for 1809 we see a lady very coolly attired in a white jaconot frock—somewhat scanty and diaphanous—and rejoicing in a gorgeous parasol. Here is the exact description:—

A VIEW OF DIAPHANOUS DRAPERIES, 1809.

"Promenade Costume.—A white jaconot muslin high dress, with long sleeves and collar of needlework; treble flounces of plaited muslin round the bottom; wrist and collar confined with a silk cord and tassel. The hair disposed in the Eastern style, with a fancy flower in front or on one side. A Vittoria cloak, or Pyrennean mantle, of pomona-green sarsnet, trimmed with Spanish fringe of a correspondent shade, and confined in graceful folds on the left shoulder. A white lace veil thrown over the head-dress. A large Eastern parasol, the colour of the mantle, with deep Chinese awning. Roman shoe, or Spanish slipper, of pomona-green kid, or jean. Gloves of primrose or amber-coloured kid."

SOMEWHAT SCANTY

One is perpetually surprised at the scantiness of the attire of those days. It offers such a contrast to the rotundity of the hoop or "circumference of fashion," or to the later crinoline. For 1809 bonnets have suddenly assumed gigantic dimensions—as in the picture herewith—but the question amongst the fair sex doubtless was, Will they last? [Pg 173]

ATTIRE, 1809.

A DAINTY LITTLE BONNET, 1809.

In turning over the thousands of fashion-plates of the first quarter of the last century one is constantly confronted by designs bearing such titles as "Costume for the Seaside," "Toilette for the Seaside," "Dress for the Seashore." Seaside in those days meant Margate, Weymouth, and Scarborough; and we naturally expect to find trim little frocks, accompanied by tight sailor hats, capable of withstanding the stiffest breeze. But instead of this we find transparent, flowing gossamers and top-lofty turbans, which would never weather the mildest gale.

AT FASHIONABLE MARGATE, 1810.

About the same time we read: "As our families of rank are fast migrating either to their country seats or some fashionable watering-place, and as the Metropolis at this season offers little of novel elegance save an occasional display at Vauxhall, we shall follow the varying goddess to all her favourite haunts, and contemplate her fair votaries as they ramble on the sea-shore, saunter on the lawns, or lounge at the libraries, as they grace the *déjeuné*, animate the social party, or illume the theatre and ballroom."

Of our next illustration (1810) we may glean a notion from the following extract from a contemporary fashion letter:—

"Mantles and coats of green vigonia or merino cloth of various shades, from the sober hue of the Spanish fly to the more lively pea-green, have succeeded to the purple, which, though a colour most pleasing in itself, is now become too general to find a place in a select wardrobe. Scarlet

cloaks are no longer seen on genteel women, except as wraps for the theatres; the satiated eye turns, overpowered by their universal glare, to rest on more chaste and more refreshing shades. Mantles and pelisses are now considered more elegant when trimmed with gold or silver lace, or binding; or with black velvet, bound or laid flat, and which is sometimes finished at its terminations with a narrow gold edging of flat braid. Some are decorated with borders of coloured chenille."

A BOND STREET PROMENADE, 1810.

BALLOON SLEEVES, 1811.

Albeit every year sees the attire growing less scanty—even the fashions for 1811 display more generous draperies; besides which the latter are flanked and reinforced by huge muffs now coming into vogue and recently made familiar to us in Mr. Barrie's play of "Quality Street." Accompanied, as they occasionally were, by huge beaver hats, these Gargantuan muffs—which must surely have required the pelts of more than one fox to produce, if not of an entire bear—demanded all the attention from their fair wearers, as well as from the gallants of the day. The next illustration shows a carriage dress, conveniently short, for 1811.

**A SIMPLE CARRIAGE DRESS,
1811.**

**GIGANTIC MUFFS À LA MODE,
1811.**

VARIEGATED STYLES OF COIFFURE, 1816.

Coal-scuttle bonnets are likewise growing in favour, as may be seen by the picture at the top of this page. Still more interesting is the style of coiffure of the period. Nothing more fantastic, we venture to say, ever came out of the brain of the most imaginative coiffeur. We especially call the attention of those readers who inveigh against the over-elaboration of twentieth-century head-dressing to the rear view of the bottom right-hand elegant cranium. It resembles nothing more closely than a bouquet of turnips, carrots, and other homely vegetables. [Pg 175]

A CHARMING BACK VIEW, 1820.

When we approach the "twenties" we are fain to perceive more gravity in the fashions of the day. Indeed, nothing could well be more grave—we might even say more awkward—than the back view of the (doubtless) charming lady of the above illustration. It certainly does not suggest the lightness and lissom grace of the earlier designs. What a great change the fashions have undergone since 1809 may be seen by the plate for 1829.

A VIEW IN HYDE PARK, 1829.

CHILDREN À LA MODE, 1829.

Here we doubtless confront just such a pair of fashionable ladies as are described in the pages of Dickens, Bulwer, and Disraeli, with their Liliputian ruffs—which fortunately did not become a permanent fashion—their leg-of-mutton sleeves, and quintuple rows of lace "insertion." We are fain to speculate upon the countenance of one of these pre-Victorian young ladies, for it is wholly obscured by a magnificently-plumed "blush-concealer," as the coal-scuttle bonnets were facetiously called. [Pg 176]

In order that our fair readers may have a peep at the dress of the juvenile portion of the community in that same year, we give a spirited drawing from a French fashion journal. The costume may perhaps hardly commend itself to the children of 1904, but it doubtless appeared quite appropriate to the mammas of the time, as well as to the artist. As to the artists of these fashion-plates, it must be remembered that they were usually struggling young painters and draughtsmen, who were glad to get work of this kind, and many of them afterwards became famous. Both Doré and Meisonier drew fashions for the magazines and *Cabinets des Modes* of their day. Moreover, our own Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") was responsible for many such, the accompanying plate for 1837 being attributed to him; while there is no doubt of John Leech's authorship of the fashion-plate for 1851, which we also reproduce.

FASHION-PLATE FOR 1837. ATTRIBUTED TO "PHIZ."

FASHION PLATE FOR 1851. DRAWN BY JOHN LEECH.

LADIES' FASHIONS, 1854 (THE BLOOMER PERIOD).

Before we approach the "sixties," with their extraordinary revival of the hoop or crinoline fashion, we must remark on the extraordinary fashion-plate promulgated for the year 1854. What would the ladies say to such a tyrannical dictate of fashion to-day? It is inconceivable now; but many a fair dame and damsel seeing it in that year must inwardly have quaked with terror at the prospect of facing her beloved Adolphus in Bloomerian garb. Happily, the prophets proved false for once, and the fashion passed away, just as a year or two ago the threatened crinoline scare passed away with us. Crinoline had to run its course although not before it had been guilty of many enormities, as will be seen by the appended plate. The ladies' heads herein appear but as the apexes of pyramids; and the singular cut of the bodices and the rotundity of the young ladies' skirts appear to us, in this age, ludicrous. [Pg 177]

CRINOLINE AT ITS ZENITH. 1865.

On the whole, it may be our vanity and self-sufficiency, or it may be our superior taste; but to us it seems (and we trust the reader, on comparing these fashion-plates of our grandmothers with the last of our series that for 1904—will agree with us) that however our past generations dressed, and whatever Worth and Paquin have in store for the future, our English girl of the present has decidedly the best of the sartorial bargain.

SOMEWHAT NEATER THAN OUR GRANDMOTHERS (LADIES' FASHIONS FOR 1904).

(By courtesy of Messrs. Weldons, Ltd.)

[Pg 178]

A Willing Scape-Goat.

By S. B. Robinson.

JACK Selden only half suppressed an exclamation of angry despair by a simulated fit of coughing, as he read at breakfast the solitary letter that had fallen to his share from the mail-bag. It was not pleasant reading: it was a thinly-veiled command to pay, within three days, a card and betting debt to the tune of two hundred pounds.

He raised his face, from which the colour had fled, and glanced furtively round at the other occupants of the table, as he crushed the letter into his pocket.

His father, Dr. Selden, a tall, grey, ascetic-looking man—blind for some years through a disease of the optic nerve—had not noticed the exclamation; neither had Madge Westbrook, his *fiancée*, a handsome girl, who chanced to be too deeply occupied with her duties of hostess, in the absence of Miss Selden, the doctor's sister. Cyril Wayne, a fair, resolute-looking young fellow of Jack's age, the doctor's amanuensis, was the only one of the trio who had perceived the trouble.

Jack dropped his eyes guiltily, and made a show of continuing his meal while he mentally reviewed the situation. It seemed to be a desperate one, and he cursed his fate. He could expect no assistance from his father. A college career that had resulted in nothing but heavy debts was too fresh in his memory for that. Jack had been told by his exasperated parent that never again would he receive assistance beyond his ample allowance; and, further, that the bulk of the property would go to Madge, the doctor's niece. Jack could only, in a sense, become his father's heir by marrying his cousin when she came of age.

At the time this arrangement had been made Madge had acquiesced to her share in it without any effort and, indeed, without much thought. It pleased her uncle, and that had been enough to decide her. As for Jack, he would have preferred a free hand; but since he was not to have it he consoled himself with the thought that Madge was a very presentable encumbrance.

But the arrival of Cyril Wayne at Highbank—the country residence which the doctor had occupied since his blindness—had opened a new chapter in Madge's uneventful life. The new-comer, intelligent, accomplished, masterful, made a startling contrast to the weak-willed, illiterate Jack, who was intellectually lost when he ventured outside the precincts of the stable.

The result of the companionship into which Madge and Cyril insensibly drifted was as inevitable as the course of time. There was no one to warn them of the danger. The doctor could not see it; Miss Selden was too deeply engrossed in her charities, and Jack in his own affairs. There came a moment then when the pair found out for themselves how imperceptible is the boundary sometimes that separates friendship and love. Madge discovered with horror that her thoughtless promise was repugnant to her, and Cyril that he was in love with another man's betrothed! The pleasant intercourse was broken from that moment, without a word of explanation on either side.

With Cyril Wayne this discovery could only have one result: he immediately commenced his preparations for leaving Highbank, sore in heart and self-respect.

This morning at breakfast Jack's stifled exclamation had warned him that some mischief was afoot, and he was anxious to know what it was. What concerned Jack concerned Madge, alas! When the meal was concluded, instead of at once following the doctor to his study he stepped through the open French window on to the terrace, where the *enfant prodigue* had already preceded him.

He was standing at the stone balustrade reperusing his letter. When he heard Cyril's footsteps on the flags behind him he started, crushed the paper in his hand, and turned round.

"Jack, I want to speak to you for a few moments," said Cyril, as he advanced.

"What's up?" asked Jack, shortly. He thrust the letter into his pocket and took out his pipe.

"Well——" Cyril hesitated a moment to ransack his brain for some reasonable pretext; then it occurred to him that it was nearly a certainty his listener's trouble was a pecuniary one. To feign a like predicament for himself might evoke Jack's confidence.

"Well," said he, "I want you to lend me twenty-five pounds. I'm hard pressed for it at this moment." [Pg 179]

Madge had approached the window to speak to Jack. She caught Cyril Wayne's remark, and, drawing back at once, turned away unperceived by both of the young men.

Jack fell an easy prey to the trap that had been laid for him. He gazed at Cyril in astonishment and let the match he had lighted die out in his hand.

"Lend you twenty-five pounds? Great Scot!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Twenty-five pounds! You've come to the wrong shop this time, old man!" Then he suddenly lowered his voice and bent his head forward, anxiously. "Can you tell me where I can get just eight times that amount?" he asked. "I want it badly."

"Oh! So that is the reason for the letter you received just now?"

"HE GAZED AT CYRIL IN ASTONISHMENT."

Jack nodded his head and flushed.

"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed Cyril, aghast. "Let me hear the whole business," he continued. "I can't lend you the money, but I may be able to suggest something."

It was the same old story of betting and cards. Cyril had heard it all before, in the same stumbling phraseology of contrition. "And the brute gives me only three days—three days, or he will write to the governor," concluded Jack, turning suddenly savage.

"Then forestall him," replied Cyril, "for as far as I can see there is no remedy but to ask your father to help you out of the mire once more."

"Ask the governor? You can just bet I sha'n't do that," said Jack, sullenly. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stared hard at the ground.

"Then, no money-lenders," replied Cyril. "It will only make bad worse. Come!" He caught Jack by the arm. "Make a clean breast of it to your father. He has much more than the sum you require in the house at present, and you may not find him so difficult as you imagine."

Jack started. More money than he required for his wants in the house! So near him! Oh, if he only had it! He shook his arm free with impatience.

"No, no, I sha'n't do that," said he.

"Very well," said Cyril. "But you will do nothing without consulting me? Is that understood?"

Jack nodded his head and, turning quickly, stared blindly across the fields that sloped and stretched from the terrace. He didn't see them. His brain was working just then as it had never worked before. Cyril's words about the money had raised a sudden storm of temptation in him which seemed to carry him out of himself. He must try to think—to decide.

At midnight Cyril turned in, but could not sleep; his thoughts were too busily occupied with Madge, Jack, and the present uncertainty of his own future. He had heard the clock in the little sitting-room adjoining chime every hour from midnight to three. Then a strange thing happened. As he lay broad awake in the dark, a slender pencil of yellow light stole across the carpet from [Pg 180] his door. Jack's room was next to his. He heard no sound in the corridor, though he sat up in his bed and listened intently. The pencil of light remained stationary a few moments, then wavered, and finally, sweeping slowly round the room, disappeared.

Something prompted Cyril to rise and investigate. Putting on his dressing-gown and slippers, he noiselessly crossed his room and looked out. The feeble yellow light was dancing on the ceiling of the corridor, but the bearer of it, unseen, was already descending the broad oak staircase.

Cyril hurried quietly along the corridor and, looking over the balustrade, saw Jack. He was at the foot of the stairs, and about to enter the lower corridor.

Cyril remained where he was in the darkness a few moments, when the light began to reappear and a cool breath of air swept up the stair.

Jack must have opened the French window which gave access to the garden. He now approached the foot of the stair with stealthy tread; but, instead of mounting it, he passed on in the direction of the other wing.

Cyril felt instinctively that something was wrong, and descending the stairs he followed in Jack's wake. Turning the corner of the corridor he was just in time to see the young man insert a key in the lock of the study door, and then enter.

By the time Cyril had arrived Jack had placed his candle on the writing-table and was stooping, with his back to the door, in front of his lather's safe, which he had just opened.

This safe was of peculiar construction. For the convenience of the doctor it opened by means of the simple pressure of a small button in the wainscot. But the room in itself was a safe, for the door was of steel with a powerful lock, and the one window was heavily shuttered within and barred without.

All unconscious of a watcher, Jack was cautiously engaged in disconnecting the wires switched

on to an alarm in the doctor's room above, when Cyril, unable to contain his feelings any longer, stepped forward.

"Jack!" he exclaimed, sternly, "what is the meaning of this?"

"JACK WAS CAUTIOUSLY ENGAGED IN DISCONNECTING THE WIRES."

Jack bounded to his feet in horror. His hand fell nervelessly from the stud he had been manipulating, and, catching in one of the drawers, drew it partially open. It was sufficient to actuate the mechanism. A faint whirr in the room above responded to the movement of the drawer; and at the same time the study door, as if impelled by an invisible hand, swung quickly to and closed with a faint click.

The two young men were prisoners. There was no means of egress except by the door, and that could only be opened now from the outside. The doctor's burglar trap had fulfilled its purpose admirably.

For the space of two or three moments the pair stood motionless facing each other, Jack had gripped the back of the doctor's study chair and was staring with haggard eyes at the door. Then suddenly, with a half-frenzied exclamation, he threw himself at it and tore desperately with his [Pg 181] fingers at its smooth, hard surface. It was of no use. He fell back with a groan of despair and, dropping heavily into a chair, covered his face with his hands.

"Good Heaven! My father!—Madge! What will they think of me?" said he, hoarsely, as he passed his hand over his damp forehead. "Oh, I must have been mad—mad!"

Cyril Wayne looked down at the wretched Jack, half pitying, half despising him. Was this crouching, would-be thief to become Madge's husband? What a match! Was it not for the best that the innocent girl should be undeceived before it was too late? But the cruelty of it! He shrank involuntarily from the idea of witnessing the death-blow that was to be dealt at her affection. He pictured to himself a misery, an anguish, a hundred-fold greater than this cowering wretch was capable of feeling. Oh, it was impossible!

"Jack!" said he, stooping suddenly and shaking the abject figure by the shoulder. "Look up, man! Do you hear?"

Jack lifted his head and stared at Cyril stupidly.

"Just collect your wits and listen to me," said Cyril, imperiously, as he fixed Jack's gaze with his own. "If you get out of this scrape scot-free—you understand?"—Jack nodded hungrily—"will you swear never to touch a card or back a horse again?"

"Get out of it? Oh, Wayne—Cyril, old man, how? How?" implored Jack, with trembling lips, half rising from his seat.

Cyril pushed him back impatiently. "That is not the answer I want," said he. He repeated his question. "Do you swear?" he asked. "Quick! Quick, man! I can hear footsteps. A moment more and it won't matter what you say."

"Yes, yes, I swear, I swear!" repeated Jack, fervently, as he gulped down something that had risen in his throat.

"Very good!" Cyril's grasp closed like a steel vice on his shoulder. "Jack Selden," continued the young man, sternly, "what I am going to do I shall do for Madge's—your cousin's—sake; but if you fail to keep that oath you have just made, do you know that you will be the meanest, pitifullest hound that ever walked God's earth? If you *do* fail—" he paused, "well, never cross my path, that's all. Now rouse up. Look like yourself, man; they are here."

It was true. There was a sound of slippered feet outside the study door. Jack rose from his chair and stood behind it, his face drawn, his eyes roving. He felt sick with the fear clutching at his heart.

"Not a word from you," whispered Cyril, rapidly; "leave everything to me."

There was the sharp click of a pistol-trigger outside; a pause; and then the study door was flung wide open. In the corridor stood the doctor and Madge alone. The latter was holding a candle above her head in her left hand; with her right she pointed a revolver.

[Pg 182]

"You may give up. There is no escape. If you move you will be shot down without mercy," said the doctor, rapidly. "How many, Madge?"' he added, in a lower tone.

"IN THE CORRIDOR STOOD THE DOCTOR AND MADGE ALONE."

Madge had with great difficulty checked the exclamation that had risen to her lips as her glance fell on Cyril and Jack. Both arms dropped to her side. What did this mean? Her startled, questioning glance dwelt on each of the young men alternately, but no explanation came. They stood before her like two statues. Jack hung his head; he could not even face his father's sightless eyes. Cyril looked at her, silent, calm, and speechless.

"How many, Madge?" repeated the doctor, impatiently.

"Two," she gasped, with a great effort.

"Do you recognise them?"

There was a momentary pause. Jack trembled so violently that his grasp shook the chair he held. He felt that his fate hung on Madge's lips, and his torture was exquisite. Cyril did not blench.

Again Madge swept the faces of the two young men with her keen, questioning glance. Still no attempt at explanation! Oh, this obstinate silence! Jack's shrinking figure, Cyril's cool hardihood, were convincing proofs of guilt. Know them! Know *them*! The cowardly thieves! She coloured hotly; her eyes flashed, and her lips curled with the intensest scorn.

"No, I do not," she replied.

With a sudden and unexpected movement the doctor closed the door with a crash. He rubbed his hands excitedly.

"We have them, Madge; we have them safe, the scoundrels," said he. "Like rats in a trap! Now to get Wayne and Jack, at once, to secure them."

There was a choking sob at his side. Madge had turned and laid her forehead against the wall; the hot tears were coursing down her cheeks. The doctor heard her, and reaching forward caught a hand that was hanging limply down.

"Why, why, my dear!" said he, with sudden compunction, as he felt Madge's fingers trembling in his grasp. "It was too bad of me to put you to such a trial. I ought to have waited for Wayne and Jack. I didn't stop to think. Your nerves are shaken, and no wonder. There! there!"

No wonder, indeed! They went upstairs side by side, Madge scarcely hearing, and still less heeding, the doctor's flow of exculpation.

When they reached the doctor's room the old man wished Madge to rest there while he went to call his son and secretary and alarm the house generally. But to this proposal Madge objected with astonishing energy. She herself would go and no one else. She was quite recovered now and did not feel the slightest fear. Would he promise her to remain quietly in his room until she returned with the others?

The doctor reluctantly yielded his consent, and then Madge slipped from the room with a wildly beating heart. Instead, however, of turning along the corridor towards the rooms occupied by Cyril, Wayne and Jack, she swiftly descended the stairs, and reaching the study door flung it wide open.

"Come!" said she, addressing Jack—she did not look at Cyril—"your father sent me to your room to call you—to your *room*!" She paused a moment, and then continued, with flashing eyes and a

bitter emphasis: "Oh, deceive him still, if you can! If you can keep him from learning to what you have fallen, do so! You need expect no opposition from me—for his sake, but never, never, dare to speak to me again!"

"Jack is not to blame in the least," said Cyril, quietly. "I am the culprit; he is as innocent as you are, Miss Westbrook."

Madge started and blanched; that coolly-worded confession seemed to stab her like a knife. Then like lightning there flashed across her brain the request she had overheard for a loan of twenty-five pounds. Oh, this was all so horrible—so incomprehensible! Jack had lifted his head as Cyril spoke, but had quickly let it fall again.

"Jack followed me, only to watch me," continued Cyril, in the same even tones. "He was caught by the closing of the door when I opened the drawer—you know how it works—that is all as far as he is concerned. I throw myself on your mercy, Miss Westbrook. I offer no useless excuses. If I dared ask a favour of you I would say, keep my secret—at least until I am free of Highbank."

Madge paused a moment, overwhelmed; then she turned on him with passionate scorn. "Oh, how you have deceived us! Then all the time you have been here you were only a thief—a common thief, at heart. Oh!"—she waved her hand with a gesture of horror—"you acted well as a pretender, a masquerader, a specious, lying counterfeit of honesty." She turned to her cousin: "Jack! Jack! speak!"

"For Heaven's sake, Madge, don't go on so. I—I can't stand it, I tell you," exclaimed Jack, violently. "I—I——" [Pg 183]

"SHE TURNED ON HIM WITH PASSIONATE SCORN."

"Hush! hush! There is no need to say anything further," broke in Cyril, hastily. "Miss Westbrook will keep silence, I am sure. I only ask for a few hours' grace."

Madge swept out of the study without another word. Cyril pushed the reluctant Jack and then followed him. At the doctor's door Madge left them and, her heart broken with passion, sought her room. The old man had been awaiting the arrival of the young men in a fever of impatience. The first excitement consequent on the capture of the burglars having subsided somewhat, he had had time to reflect. It had occurred to him then that the thieves must have effected their entrance by the study door; they could scarcely have done so by the window. In this case they had, he thought, probably entered by means of a skeleton key and had escaped in the same manner.

It was a pitiful, distasteful farce to Cyril, but it had to be acted through to the finale. The birds had flown, of course, and equally of course by the French window found open in the corridor.

Search parties were sent out, and Cyril wondered with a pang what could be Madge's feelings as the flickering lights wandered to and fro in the garden on their wild-goose chase.

The next day Madge did not leave her room, and Cyril Wayne, feeling that he was the cause, hastened his departure. One more lie, he bitterly told himself, and his career of deception was concluded. It was an intense relief, sore as his heart might be, to get away as far as possible from Highbank. He had spent there the happiest and the most painful hours of his existence.

In less than a fortnight after Cyril's departure Jack Selden was watching, with a feeling of considerable satisfaction, from the deck of a "liner," the English coast-line fading in the distance. His debts had been paid and a hardly-won consent obtained to try the experiment of sheep-farming in Australia. His father, aunt and Madge had accompanied him to Tilbury Docks; and Jack was wondering vaguely, as he puffed his cigar and the summer night gathered round, what Madge was at that precise moment thinking of him.

Before leaving he had written a letter for Madge, which she would have received on her return to the hotel from the docks. In it Jack had done full justice to Cyril Wayne. He had concealed nothing relating to the crime which he had so nearly committed, and which Cyril, to shield him, had so quixotically taken upon his own shoulders. In conclusion he had begged Madge to keep his secret from his father, and to consider that as far as he, Jack, was concerned she was free.

Madge had found Jack's letter on her dressing-table, and had read its frank out-pouring with quickened pulse, flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes. What a dull, crushing weight it had suddenly lifted from her heart! She did not attempt to analyze her feelings, but the crime seemed nearly trivial now that she knew it was Jack's. And then an uncontrollable desire seized her to make amends to Cyril. Jack had evidently anticipated this; for, with wonderful thoughtfulness, he had supplied the address, and Madge recognised with a thrill that it was not distant more than five minutes' walk from the spot where she was at that moment standing. [Pg 184]

Should she write to Cyril or should she go to him? A moment's thought decided that question. The cruel words she had used could only be withdrawn personally; so, without bestowing a moment's reflection on the proprieties, she crushed Jack's precious epistle in her hand and, hurrying down the stairs, left the hotel.

It was with a beating heart that she presently found herself at the house where Cyril was living. He was acting as *locum tenens* for a friend who was enjoying his holiday abroad. The servant, thinking she was a late patient, ushered her into a little waiting-room, and from there, a few moments later, into the consulting-room. Cyril, who was standing at the window, turned and started in astonishment as he recognised her.

"What! Miss Westbrook!" he exclaimed, as he hurried forward. "The doctor——?"

Madge held out her hand impulsively.

"No," said she; and then, without further preamble, she plunged tumultuously into the reason that had brought her there.

"I have come to beg your pardon. Oh, you must forgive me for what—what I said. I'm so sorry—oh, so sorry; but I couldn't help it. Please read this before you say anything."

She thrust Jack's letter into Cyril's hand. The young man took it, glanced at the super-scription, and flushed.

"Ah! so Jack has betrayed me!" said he, as he commenced to read. "And you are not angry at my deception?" He looked into her eager, appealing face. "It is I who must ask forgiveness, but——"

"But you hurt me very much indeed," broke in Madge. "You should not have done it; no, you should not. I said things—I misjudged you, because you—oh, you had disappointed me—wounded me so much." Her eyes grew humid and her last words faltered and fell almost to a whisper.

"I—I thought the end justified the means," stammered Cyril. He scarcely knew what to say. He turned to the letter again.

There followed a momentary silence while Cyril read on. Suddenly his heart bounded wildly, and the writing swam before his eyes as he came to Jack's declaration of freedom. He dropped the letter and turned to her.

"Miss Westbrook—Madge—tell me—you must! Did you love him?"

"I—I had promised," she whispered, with drooping eyelids.

"Promised! Promised! Only promised? I always thought you loved him," exclaimed Cyril.

Madge did not reply, but the colour surged sudden and warm into her half-averted cheek.

"My dear! my dear!" said he, passionately, as he caught both her hands in his. "It was I that loved you after all—not Jack. I deceived you for your sake, not for his. What could I do? Could I see you suffer? I have loved you from the first, but I never thought to tell you this. Is it useless for me to do so now? Madge, dear, is it? Is it?"

There was no reply, but as he drew her unresisting form towards him he read his answer in her uplifted, happy eyes.

"HE CAUGHT BOTH HER HANDS IN HIS."

[Pg 185]

Childhood's joys and childhood's sorrows, its beauty, and even its little frailties—in fact, everything connected with the dawn of life, has its own especial charm. It is, perhaps, not given to all of us to detect with a sympathetic eye the picturesque in a very naughty young person, who hits at every moment on a fresh idea to make his fellow-creatures uncomfortable: nor is the spectacle of children in their best-loved state of dirty happiness too pleasing to the average observer. But the artist's eye sees things differently. Happily so; his imaginative brain sees the humour of the little self-assertions, and the pathetic side of the joy of living even in the gutter. Yet, after all is said, it remains, of course, a certain truth that there are many aspects of child-life which can only in reality be fully understood by mothers.

The subject of our first picture—"Asleep," by the French painter, F. Charderon—is a little masterpiece of its kind. There may be prettier children than this one, but the natural and unconscious grace of the little warm and rosy body is infinitely charming.

Charming, too, is the face in the medallion in the heading of this article—the face of a child-angel, which seems to watch over the figure of the human child asleep below. It is taken from a painting by Bernardo Strozzi. [Pg 186]

The picture reproduced above, entitled "Flower of the Heath," by the German painter, Schwentzen, is another delightful study. It is that of a child wandering alone over a flowery plain—or not quite alone, for she is accompanied by a shaggy terrier, who carries in his mouth a basket, from which protrudes a bottle. That bottle, as often happens with accessories of a picture which may seem quite unimportant at first sight, is not there for nothing. It tells, or at least elucidates, the story of the picture. The little girl has been the bearer of her father's dinner, and is returning through the flowering heather, filling her apron with blossoms as she goes. The whole picture—sunny landscape, flowers, dog, and child—is full of delicate power and subtle charm.

"ASLEEP."
From the Painting by F. Charderon.
By permission of Braun, Clément, & Co.

The three child-heads in the medallions above given must not be passed without a word of notice. The upper one is by Gainsborough, and a more winsome and delightful little face it is impossible to imagine. That on the right is from the same picture—the two children being named respectively Habbenal and Ganderetta. The head in the medallion on the left-hand side is from the portrait of James, the young Earl of Salisbury, by Kneller.

We come now to a picture full of pathetic meaning—"Tired Gleaners"—by our well-known English painter, Mr. Fred Morgan. They look so poor and sad, these pretty little girls, who have at the very outset of life already known so much of its hardship. The elder one has a mother's instinct of kindly care for the weaker little sister; her face expresses the self-forgetting [Pg 187] resignation of a life filled with love for others. The little one, more beautiful than the elder sister, is one of those beings who are in all stations of life predestined to be loved and cared for. A whole touching life-story is in these two children's faces—beautiful but sad.

The examples which have been selected to fill the medallions given in this article comprise [Pg 188] illustrations of children's heads contained in some of the most celebrated pictures in the world. It is impossible in a limited space to give an adequate idea of the beauty and charm with which the old masters have immortalized childhood—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say babyhood, since the great majority are representations of the Child with the Madonna, and, though varying in age from a few weeks upwards, the infant is seldom shown as older than a year or two at most. These studies of what may, in a double sense, be called the divinity of childhood differ widely according to the nationality of the painter. As we shall see presently, in some of the examples given in these pages farther on, we can enumerate among the artists of this country certain painters, such as Gainsborough and Reynolds, who as delineators of child-life and character are not easily excelled. There are those, however, who would say that in this respect the Italian masters have never been surpassed. Raphael's child-head of Christ from the painting entitled the "Madonna Aldobrandini," which is reproduced in the first medallion above, will through all ages illustrate, perhaps without a rival, the mission of the eternally beautiful—the dignity of innocence, the holiness of love. Bernardo Strozzi, later than Raphael, painted a human child in the arms of the Holy Virgin. It is reproduced in the right-hand medallion above. The childish charm and smile are most alluring. Here we find an allegory of Christianity; but it is not, like the child's head in Raphael's "Madonna Aldobrandini," an allegory of the divinity.

Here is another of Mr. Fred Morgan's studies of child-life—a study notable for its expression of unreflecting and unconscious happiness. To

"FLOWER OF THE HEATH."
From the Painting by Schwentzen.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

be five years old and to play hide-and-seek among the blossoms, to feel them closing you in entirely, so that you can only just peep through and see with joy the others pass your hiding-place, to hold back the flowery branches and save with the other hand the little frock from the thorns—what pleasure! And there, right over head, is baby heard crowing; she comes nearer and nearer, held high above the flowers and thorns by her strong elder sister. She is sure to catch you! Can one ever feel in after years such delight, excitement, and suspense?

In the picture entitled "For Mother's Birthday," by Louise Jopling, a large-eyed little maiden is seen carrying so huge a jar of flowers that she can scarcely hold it. The painter of this picture must be a lover of children; only those who are sensitive to the charm of children can observe their characteristics with so much acuteness. The little girl is so prim and tidy, her best frock and hair-ribbon have been put on with such care, the suppressed excitement and the consciousness of the great importance of the event are so well expressed in her closed mouth, in the fixed gaze of the eyes, that we feel that the painter has caught the fleeting moment to perfection. The next instant that spell of solemnity will be broken, when her mother will have received her birthday present and will have taken her in her arms and kissed her: and the child's expression, as she goes dancing back to the nursery, no longer with the measured steps with which she left it, will be, though not less child-like, the opposite in kind.

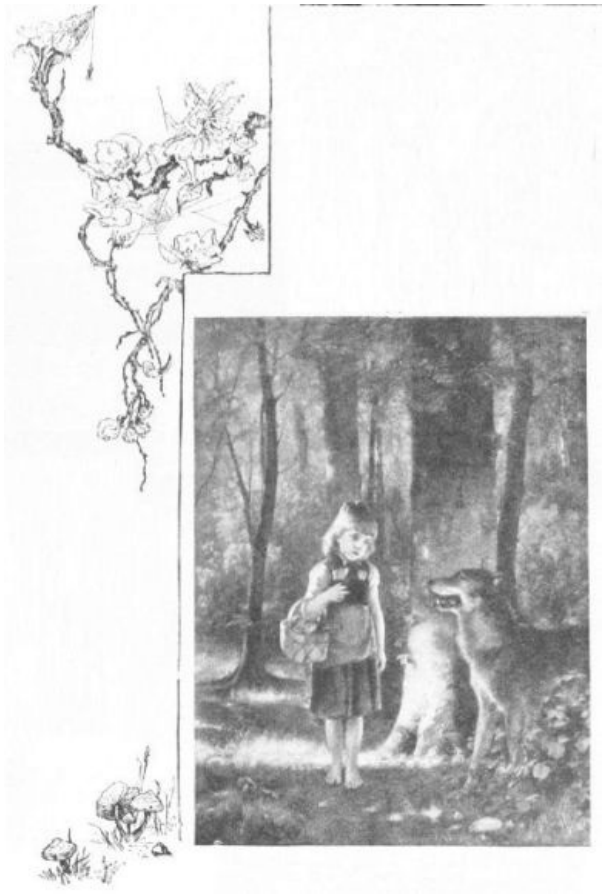
"TIRED GLEANERS."
From the Painting by Fred Morgan.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

"HIDE-AND-SEEK."
By Fred Morgan.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

"FOR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY."
By Louise Jopling. From a Photo. by H. Dixon.

From the Painting by*] "DILIGENCE." [*A. Dieffenbach.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.



"LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD."

From the Painting by Hiddeman.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

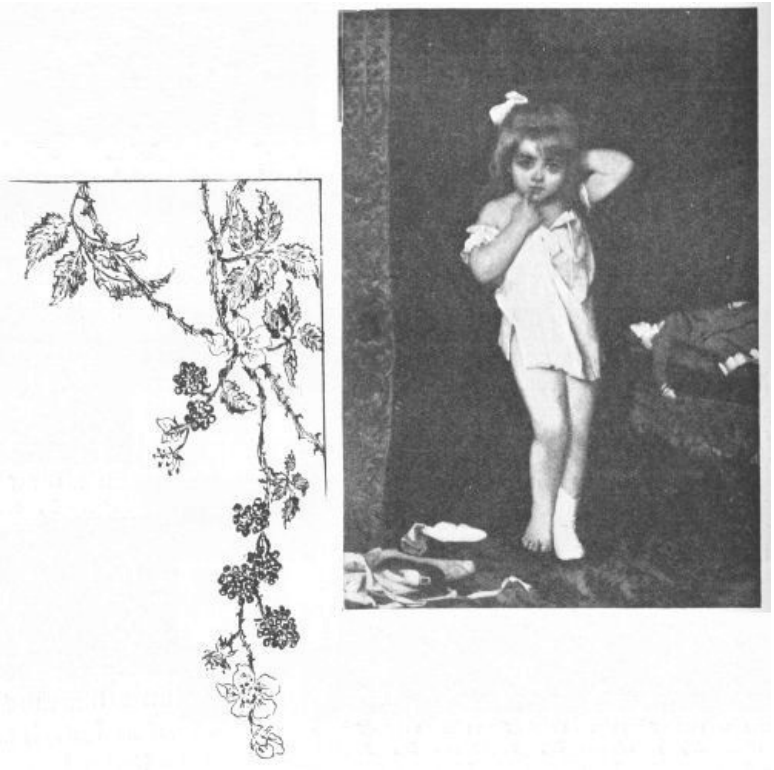
Let us turn again to the realm of fancy, to fairyland, where we all once wandered. Who of us has not feared and trembled for Little Red Riding-Hood; who has not cordially detested the wolf, and wished to warn her against his wiles? The mixture of trust in the wolf and of doubt in her own judgment has in our picture been charmingly expressed by the painter. This is one of those pictures which have the merit of containing an idea which throws a new light on the story which it illustrates. Every child who has read the adventures of Little Red Riding-Hood has wondered

why she felt no fear at the first appearance of the wolf. It was because he had the wit, as the picture clearly shows, to disguise his nature and, with all his cunning, to show nothing but his natural likeness to a big and friendly dog, in which it is quite easy for a child to trust, as in a playfellow rather than an enemy.

In the picture, "Diligence," by Dieffenbach, there is perhaps no idea except what appears at first glance. Whether the child is really absorbed in her lessons, or whether the title is ironical and she is in fact dreaming over a fairy tale while the school-books repose in the basket, does not much matter; the reader may take his choice. The picture is most probably one of those which are painted solely for delight in their subject. Is not the whole thing perfectly charming? [Pg 190]

"AN UNEXPECTED MEETING."
From the Painting by Paul Peel.
By permission of Braun, Clément, & Co.

On this page we have two pictures which present as marked a contrast as may easily be conceived. "An Unexpected Meeting," by Paul Peel, depicting the sturdy little fellow with the irresistible air of manliness greeting the frog as a boon-companion, is as natural a study of boy-life as is that of the little girl of the characteristics of the opposite sex. "Little Caprice" stands before us in scanty attire which is not the beginning of her morning toilet, but is merely the result of her caprice. But what does it all mean? If she knew that, or you, or I, it would be no longer what it is—an inexplicable freak of the child's mind. She has been left unobserved for a moment whilst playing in a corner and found it amusing to take off her clothes, till she came to the critical point, which the painter has seized with so much humour and truth to life. Suddenly it strikes her that it is not very amusing to be without one's clothes, but she does not wish to put her things on by herself, partly for the simple reason that she does not know how to do it, and also because she does not know whether she really wishes to be dressed again. Oh, misery! oh, aggravation! she wants to do neither one thing nor the other. In fact, she does not know exactly what she wants—a state of mind which, when she grows to womanhood, will doubtless very often be repeated.



"LITTLE CAPRICE."
From the Painting by Elisa Koch.
By permission of Braun, Clément, & Co.

From the Painting by Meyer von Bremen.

By permission of the
Berlin Photographic Co.

"A KISS FIRST." **"IN DANGER."**

From the Painting by Meyer von Bremen.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co

"A Kiss First" is the name of a delightful picture by Meyer von Bremen. The boy stands in the full knowledge of his strength and manly superiority before the fountain and prevents the little girl from filling her jug. His eyes are sparkling with the conviction that he has her in his power. And she? She is but a woman in miniature. Let those who flatter themselves that they understand women decide whether he will get his kiss or not.

The next picture is most realistic and amusing, and there can hardly be two opinions as to its obvious meaning—or, rather, its double meaning. The painter has entered the house for a moment to chat with the pretty girl—so *he* is "in danger." In the meantime, the children coming home from school stop on their way to see the picture—and *that* is in danger also. The young

genius gets hold of the brush and adds, with a few strokes, a little more colour to the landscape. The little sister kneeling by his side encourages the artistic performance, while the elder one probably passes judgment on the perspective.

"BUTTERFLIES."

From the Painting by Kate Perugini.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

In looking at the beautiful child on the swing in the picture entitled "Butterflies," by Kate Perugini, one at first receives the impression that the painter wanted to give us a "thing of beauty," without any other suggestion of childish amusement but the swing. Indeed, the title might well have been "Three Butterflies," for the child in the graceful dress, patterned as richly as the insects' wings, is as much a butterfly as the other two. But there is a further idea in the picture than that. Look once more. The little toe is aiming to touch the butterfly whilst it passes; the intent expression on the childish face shows that all her attention is concentrated on this one achievement. This is a very subtle illustration of the fact that children seldom enjoy a planless physical movement. Their little minds are constantly working for their own small aims and so developing for bigger ones.

Of the pictures in the medallions on this page, that on the left is from Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting entitled "The Angelic Child." It requires no saying that Sir Joshua's studies of children are among the most charming that ever came from the brush of a painter. The upper right-hand medallion is from Bartolozzi's picture called "Merit," while the remaining one is a painting named "A Boy with an Anchor," by the Italian artist, Cipriani.

CHAPTER III.

MR. Chalk, with his mind full of the story he had just heard, walked homewards like a man in a dream. The air was fragrant with spring and the scent of lilac revived memories almost forgotten. It took him back forty years, and showed him a small boy treading the same road, passing the same houses. Nothing had changed so much as the small boy himself; nothing had been so unlike the life he had pictured as the life he had led. Even the blamelessness of the latter yielded no comfort; it savoured of a lack of spirit.

His mind was still busy with the past when he reached home. Mrs. Chalk, a woman of imposing appearance, who sat by the window at needlework, looked up sharply at his entrance. Before she spoke he had a dim idea that she was excited about something.

"I've got her," she said, triumphantly.

"Oh!" said Mr. Chalk.

"She didn't want to come at first," said Mrs. Chalk: "she'd half promised to go to Mrs. Morris. Mrs. Morris had heard of her through Harris, the grocer, and he only knew she was out of a place by accident. He——"

Her words fell on deaf ears. Mr. Chalk, gazing through the window, heard without comprehending a long account of the capture of a new housemaid, which, slightly altered as to name and place, would have passed muster as an exciting contest between a skilful angler and a particularly sulky salmon. Mrs. Chalk, noticing his inattention at last, pulled up sharply.

"You're not listening!" she cried.

"Yes, I am; go on, my dear," said Mr. Chalk.

"What did I say she left her last place for, then?" demanded the lady.

Mr. Chalk started. He had been conscious of his wife's voice, and that was all. "You said you were not surprised at her leaving," he replied, slowly; "the only wonder to you was that a decent girl should have stayed there so long."

Mrs. Chalk started and bit her lip, "Yes," she said, slowly. "Ye—es. Go on; anything else?"

"You said the house wanted cleaning from top to bottom," said the painstaking Mr. Chalk.

"Go on," said his wife, in a smothered voice. "What else did I say?"

"Said you pitied the husband," continued Mr. Chalk, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Chalk rose suddenly and stood over him. Mr. Chalk tried desperately to collect his faculties.

"How dare you?" she gasped. "I've never said such things in my life. Never. And I said that she left because Mr. Wilson, her master, was dead and the family had gone to London. I've never been near the house; so how could I say such things?"

Mr. Chalk remained silent.

"What made you *think* of such things?" persisted Mrs. Chalk.

Mr. Chalk shook his head; no satisfactory reply was possible. "My thoughts were far away," he said, at last.

His wife bridled and said, "Oh, indeed!" Mr. Chalk's mother, dead some ten years before, had taken a strange pride—possibly as a protest against her only son's appearance—in hinting darkly at a stormy and chequered past. Pressed for details she became more mysterious still, and, saying that "she knew what she knew," declined to be deprived of the knowledge under any consideration. She also informed her daughter-in-law that "what the eye don't see the heart don't grieve," and that it was better to "let bygones be bygones," usually winding up with the advice to the younger woman to keep her eye on Mr. Chalk without letting him see it.

"Peckham Rye is a long way off, certainly," added the indignant Mrs. Chalk, after a pause. "It's a pity you haven't got something better to think of, at your time of life, too."

Mr. Chalk flushed. Peckham Rye was one of the nuisances bequeathed by his mother.

"I was thinking of the sea," he said, loftily.

Mrs. Chalk pounced. "Oh, Yarmouth," she said, with withering scorn.

Mr. Chalk flushed deeper than before. "I wasn't thinking of such things," he declared.

"What things?" said his wife, swiftly.

"The—the things you're alluding to," said the harassed Mr. Chalk.

"Ah!" said his wife, with a toss of her head. "Why you should get red in the face and confused when I say that Peckham Rye and Yarmouth are a long way off is best known to yourself. It's very funny that the moment either of these places is mentioned you get uncomfortable. People might read a geography-book out loud in my presence and it wouldn't affect me."

She swept out of the room, and Mr. Chalk's thoughts, excited by the magic word geography, went back to the island again. The half-forgotten dreams of his youth appeared to be materializing. Sleepy Binchester ended for him at Dialstone Lane, and once inside the captain's room the enchanted world beyond the seas was spread before his eager gaze. The captain, amused at first at his enthusiasm, began to get weary of the subject of the island, and so far the visitor had begged in vain for a glimpse of the map.

His enthusiasm became contagious. Prudence, entering one evening in the middle of a conversation, heard sufficient to induce her to ask for more, and the captain, not without some reluctance and several promptings from Mr. Chalk when he showed signs of omitting vital points, related the story. Edward Tredgold heard it, and, judging by the frequency of his visits, was almost as interested as Mr. Chalk.

"I can't see that there could be any harm in just looking at the map," said Mr. Chalk, one evening. "You could keep your thumb on any part you wanted to."

"Then we should know where to dig," urged Mr. Tredgold. "Properly managed there ought to be a fortune in your innocence, Chalk."

Mr. Chalk eyed him fixedly. "Seeing that the latitude and longitude and all the directions are written on the *back*," he observed, with cold dignity, "I don't see the force of your remarks."

"Well, in that case, why not show it to Mr. Chalk, uncle?" said Prudence, charitably.

Captain Bowers began to show signs of annoyance. "Well, my dear——," he began, slowly.

"Then Miss Drewitt could see it too," said Mr. Tredgold, blandly.

Miss Drewitt reddened with indignation, "I could see it any time I wished," she said, sharply.

"Well, wish now," entreated Mr. Tredgold. "As a matter of fact, I'm dying with curiosity myself. Bring it out and make it crackle, captain; it's a bank-note for half a million."

The captain shook his head and a slight frown marred his usually amiable features. He got up and, turning his back on them, filled his pipe from a jar on the mantelpiece.

"You never will see it, Chalk," said Edward Tredgold, in tones of much conviction. "I'll bet you two to one in golden sovereigns that you'll sink into your honoured family vault with your justifiable curiosity still unsatisfied. And I shouldn't wonder if your perturbed spirit walks the captain's bedroom afterwards." [Pg 195]

Miss Drewitt looked up and eyed the speaker with scornful comprehension. "Take the bet, Mr. Chalk," she said, slowly.

Mr. Chalk turned in hopeful amaze; then he leaned over and shook hands solemnly with Mr. Tredgold. "I'll take the bet," he said.

"Uncle will show it to you to please me," announced Prudence, in a clear voice. "Won't you, uncle?"

The captain turned and took the matches from the table. "Certainly, my dear, if I can find it," he said, in a hesitating fashion. "But I'm afraid I've mislaid it. I haven't seen it since I unpacked."

"*Mislaid it!*" ejaculated the startled Mr. Chalk. "Good heavens! Suppose somebody should find it? What about your word to Don Silvio then?"

"I've got it somewhere," said the captain, brusquely; "I'll have a hunt for it. All the same, I don't know that it's quite fair to interfere in a bet."

Miss Drewitt waved the objection away,

remarking that people who made bets must risk losing their money.

"I'll begin to save up," said Mr. Tredgold, with a lightness which was not lost upon Miss Drewitt. "The captain has got to find it before you can see it, Chalk."

Mr. Chalk, with a satisfied smile, said that when the captain promised a thing it was as good as done.

For the next few days he waited patiently, and, ransacking an old lumber-room, divided his time pretty equally between a volume of "Captain Cook's Voyages" that he found there and "Famous Shipwrecks." By this means and the exercise of great self-control he ceased from troubling Dialstone Lane for a week. Even then it was Edward Tredgold who took him there. The latter was in high spirits, and in explanation informed the company, with a cheerful smile, that he had saved five and ninepence, and was forming habits which bade fair to make him a rich man in time.

"HE RANSACKED AN OLD LUMBER-ROOM."

"Don't you be in too much of a hurry to find that map, captain," he said.

"It's found," said Miss Drewitt, with a little note of triumph in her voice.

"Found it this morning," said Captain Bowers.

He crossed over to an oak bureau which stood in the corner by the fireplace, and taking a paper from a pigeon-hole slowly unfolded it and spread it on the table before the delighted Mr. Chalk. Miss Drewitt and Edward Tredgold advanced to the table and eyed it curiously.

The map, which was drawn in lead-pencil, was on a piece of ruled paper, yellow with age and cracked in the folds. The island was in shape a rough oval, the coast-line being broken by small bays and headlands. Mr. Chalk eyed it with all the fervour usually bestowed on a holy relic, and, breathlessly reading off such terms as "Cape Silvio," "Bowers Bay," and "Mount Lonesome," [Pg 196] gazed with breathless interest at the discourser.

"And is that the grave?" he inquired, in a trembling voice, pointing to a mark in the north-east corner.

The captain removed it with his fingernail. "No," he said, briefly. "For full details see the other side."

For one moment Mr. Chalk hoped; then his face fell as Captain Bowers, displaying for a fraction of a second the writing on the other side, took up the map and, replacing it in the bureau, turned the key in the lock and with a low laugh resumed his seat. Miss Drewitt, glancing over at Edward Tredgold, saw that he looked very thoughtful.

"You've lost your bet," she said, pointedly.

"I know," was the reply.

His gaiety had vanished and he looked so dejected that Miss Drewitt was reminded of the ruined gambler in a celebrated picture. She tried to quiet her conscience by hoping that it would be a lesson to him. As she watched, Mr. Tredgold dived into his left trouser-pocket and counted out some coins, mostly brown. To these he added a few small pieces of silver gleaned from his waistcoat, and then after a few seconds' moody thought found a few more in the other trouser-pocket.

"Eleven and tenpence," he said, mechanically.

"Any time," said Mr. Chalk, regarding him with awkward surprise. "Any time."

"Give him an I O U," said Captain Bowers, fidgeting.

"Yes, any time," repeated Mr. Chalk; "I'm in no hurry."

"No; I'd sooner pay now and get it over," said the other, still fumbling in his pockets. "As Miss Drewitt says, people who make bets must be prepared to lose; I thought I had more than this."

There was an embarrassing silence, during which Miss Drewitt, who had turned very red, felt strangely uncomfortable. She felt more uncomfortable still when Mr. Tredgold, discovering a bank-note and a little collection of gold coins in another pocket, artlessly expressed his joy at the discovery. The simple-minded captain and Mr. Chalk both experienced a sense of relief; Miss Drewitt sat and simmered in helpless indignation.

"You're careless in money matters, my lad," said the captain, reprovingly.

"I couldn't understand him making all that fuss over a couple o' pounds," said Mr. Chalk, looking round. "He's very free, as a rule; too free."

Mr. Tredgold, sitting grave and silent, made no reply to these charges, and the girl was the only one to notice a faint twitching at the corners of his mouth. She saw it distinctly, despite the fact that her clear, grey eyes were fixed dreamily on a spot some distance above his head.

She sat in her room upstairs after the visitors had gone, thinking it over. The light was fading fast, and as she sat at the open window the remembrance of Mr. Tredgold's conduct helped to mar one of the most perfect evenings she had ever known.

Downstairs the captain was also thinking. Dialstone Lane was in shadow, and already one or two lamps were lit behind drawn blinds. A little chatter of voices at the end of the lane floated in at the open window, mellowed by distance. His pipe was out, and he rose to search in the gloom for a match, when another murmur of voices reached his ears from the kitchen. He stood still and listened intently. To put matters beyond all doubt, the shrill laugh of a girl was plainly audible. The captain's face hardened, and, crossing to the fireplace, he rang the bell.

"Yessir," said Joseph, as he appeared and closed the door carefully behind him.

"What are you talking to yourself in that absurd manner for?" inquired the captain, with great dignity.

"Me, sir?" said Mr. Tasker, feebly.

"Yes, you," repeated the captain, noticing with surprise that the door was slowly opening.

Mr. Tasker gazed at him in a troubled fashion, but made no reply.

"I won't have it," said the captain, sternly, with a side glance at the door. "If you want to talk to yourself go outside and do it. I never heard such a laugh. What did you do it for? It was like an old woman with a bad cold."

He smiled grimly in the darkness, and then started slightly as a cough, a hostile, challenging cough, sounded from the kitchen. Before he could speak the cough ceased and a thin voice broke carelessly into song.

"WHAT!" roared the captain, in well-feigned astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me you've got somebody in my pantry? Go and get me those rules and regulations."

Mr. Tasker backed out, and the captain smiled again as he heard a whispered discussion. Then a voice clear and distinct took command. "I'll take 'em in myself, I tell you," it said. "I'll rules and regulations him." [Pg 197]

The smile faded from the captain's face, and he gazed in perplexity at the door as a strange young woman bounced into the room.

"Here's your rules and regulations," said the intruder, in a somewhat shrewish voice. "You'd better light the lamp if you want to see 'em; though the spelling ain't so noticeable in the dark."

The impressiveness of the captain's gaze was wasted in the darkness. For a moment he hesitated, and then, with the dignity of a man whose spelling has nothing to conceal, struck a match and lit the lamp. The lamp lighted, he lowered the blind, and then seating himself by the window turned with a majestic air to a thin slip of a girl with tow-coloured hair, who stood by the door.

"Who are you?" he demanded, gruffly.

"My name's Vickers," said the young lady. "Selina Vickers. I heard all what you've been saying to my Joseph, but, thank goodness, I can take my own part. I don't want nobody to fight my battles for me. If you've got anything to say about my voice you can say it to my face."

Captain Bowers sat back and regarded her with impressive dignity. Miss Vickers met his gaze calmly and, with a pair of unwinking green eyes, stared him down.

"What were you doing in my pantry?" demanded the captain, at last.

"I was in your *kitchen*" replied Miss Vickers, with scornful emphasis on the last word, "to see my young man."

"Well, I can't have you there," said the captain, with a mildness that surprised himself. "One of my rules——"

Miss Vickers interposed. "I've read 'em all over and over again," she said, impatiently.

"If it occurs again," said the other, "I shall have to speak to Joseph very seriously about it."

"Talk to me," said Miss Vickers, sharply; "that's what I come in for. I can talk to you better than what Joseph can, I know. What harm do you think I was doing your old kitchen? Don't you try and interfere between me and my Joseph, because I won't have it. You're not married yourself, and you don't want other people to be. How do you suppose the world would get on if everybody was like you?"

Captain Bowers regarded her in open-eyed perplexity. The door leading to the garden had just closed behind the valiant Joseph, and he stared with growing uneasiness at the slight figure of Miss Vickers as it stood poised for further oratorical efforts. Before he could speak she gave her lips a rapid lick and started again.

"You're one of those people that don't like to see others happy, that's what you are," she said, rapidly. "I wasn't hurting your kitchen, and as to talking and laughing there—what do you think my tongue was given to me for? Show? P'r'aps if you'd been doing a day's hard work you'd——"

"Look here, my girl——" began the captain, desperately.

"Don't you my girl me, please," interrupted Miss Vickers. "I'm not your girl, thank goodness. If I was you'd be a bit different, I can tell you. If you had any girls you'd know better than to try and come between them and their young men. Besides, they wouldn't let you. When a girl's got a young man——"

The captain rose and went through the form of ringing the bell. Miss Vickers watched him calmly.

"I thought I'd just have it out with you for once and for all," she continued. "I told Joseph that I'd no doubt your bark was worse than your bite. And what he can see to be afraid of in you I can't think. Nervous disposition, I s'pose. Good evening." [Pg 198]

She gave her head a little toss and, returning to the pantry, closed the door after her. Captain Bowers, still somewhat dazed, returned to his chair and, gazing at the "Rules," which still lay on the table, grinned feebly in his beard.

CHAPTER IV.

To keep such a romance to himself was beyond the powers of Mr. Chalk. The captain had made no conditions as to secrecy, and he therefore considered himself free to indulge in hints to his two greatest friends, which caused those gentlemen to entertain some doubts as to his sanity. Mr. Robert Stobell, whose work as a contractor had left a permanent and unmistakable mark upon Binchester, became imbued with a hazy idea that Mr. Chalk had invented a new process of making large diamonds. Mr. Jasper Tredgold, on the other hand, arrived at the conclusion that a highly respectable burglar was offering for some reason to share his loot with him. A conversation between Messrs. Stobell and Tredgold in the High Street only made matters more complicated.

"Chalk always was fond of making mysteries of things," complained Mr. Tredgold.

Mr. Stobell, whose habit was taciturn and ruminative, fixed his dull brown eyes on the ground and thought it over. "I believe it's all my eye and Betty Martin," he said, at length, quoting a saying which had been used in his family as an expression of disbelief since the time of his great-grandmother.

"He comes in to see me when I'm hard at work and drops hints," pursued his friend. "When I stop to pick 'em up, out he goes. Yesterday he came in and asked me what I thought of a man who wouldn't break his word for half a million. Half a million, mind you! I just asked him who it was, and out he went again. He pops in and out of my office like a figure on a cuckoo-clock."

"HE POPS IN AND OUT OF MY OFFICE LIKE A FIGURE ON A CUCKOO-CLOCK."

Mr. Stobell relapsed into thought again, but no gleam of expression disturbed the lines of his heavy face; Mr. Tredgold, whose sharp, alert features bred more confidence in his own clients than those of other people, waited impatiently.

"He knows something that we don't," said Mr. Stobell, at last; "that's what it is."

Mr. Tredgold, who was too used to his friend's mental processes to quarrel with them, assented. [Pg 199]

"He's coming round to smoke a pipe with me to-morrow night," he said, briskly, as he turned to cross the road to his office. "You come too, and we'll get it out of him. If Chalk can keep a secret he has altered, that's all I can say."

His estimate of Mr. Chalk proved correct. With Mr. Tredgold acting as cross-examining counsel and Mr. Stobell enacting the part of a partial and overbearing judge, Mr. Chalk, after a display of fortitude which surprised himself almost as much as it irritated his friends, parted with his news and sat smiling with gratification at their growing excitement.

"Half a million, and he won't go for it?" ejaculated Mr. Tredgold. "The man must be mad."

"No; he passed his word and he won't break it," said Mr. Chalk. "The captain's word is his bond, and I honour him for it. I can quite understand it."

Mr. Tredgold shrugged his shoulders and glanced at Mr. Stobell, that gentleman, after due deliberation, gave an assenting nod.

"He can't get at it, that's the long and short of it," said Mr. Tredgold, after a pause. "He had to leave it behind when he was rescued, or else risk losing it by telling the men who rescued him about it, and he's had no opportunity since. It wants money to take a ship out there and get it, and he doesn't see his way quite clear. He'll have it fast enough when he gets a chance. If not, why did he make that map?"

Mr. Chalk shook his head, and remarked mysteriously that the captain had his reasons. Mr. Tredgold relapsed into silence, and for some time the only sound audible came from a briar-pipe which Mr. Stobell ought to have thrown away some years before.

"Have you given up that idea of a yachting cruise of yours, Chalk?" demanded Mr. Tredgold, turning on him suddenly.

"No," was the reply. "I was talking about it to Captain Bowers only the other day. That's how I got to hear of the treasure."

Mr. Tredgold started and gave a significant glance at Mr. Stobell. In return he got a wink which that gentleman kept for moments of mental confusion.

"What did the captain tell you for?" pursued Mr. Tredgold, returning to Mr. Chalk. "He wanted you to make an offer. He hasn't got the money for such an expedition; you have. The yarn about passing his word was so that you shouldn't open your mouth too wide. You were to do the persuading, and then he could make his own terms. Do you see? Why, it's as plain as A B C."

"Plain as the alphabet," said Mr. Stobell, almost chidingly.

Mr. Chalk gasped and looked from one to the other.

"I should like to have a chat with the captain about it," continued Mr. Tredgold, slowly and

impressively. "I'm a business man and I could put it on a business footing. It's a big risk, of course; all those things are ... but if we went shares ... if *we* found the money——"

He broke off and, filling his pipe slowly, gazed in deep thought at the wall. His friends waited expectantly.

"Combine business with pleasure," resumed Mr. Tredgold, lighting his pipe; "sea air ... change ... blow away the cobwebs ... experience for Edward to be left alone. What do you think, Stobell?" he added, turning suddenly.

Mr. Stobell gripped the arms of his chair in his huge hands and drew his bulky figure to a more upright position.

"What do you mean by combining business with pleasure?" he said, eyeing him with dull suspicion.

"Chalk is set on a trip for the love of it," explained Mr. Tredgold.

"If we take on the contract, he ought to pay a bigger share, then," said the other, firmly.

"Perhaps he will," said Tredgold, hastily.

Mr. Stobell pondered again and, slightly raising one hand, indicated that he was in the throes of another idea and did not wish to be disturbed.

"You said it would be experience for Edward to be left alone," he said, accusingly.

"I did," was the reply.

"You ought to pay more, too, then," declared the contractor, "because it's serving of your ends as well."

"We can't split straws," exclaimed Tredgold, impatiently. "If the captain consents we three will find the money and divide our portion, whatever it is, equally."

Mr. Chalk, who had been in the clouds during this discussion, came back to earth again. "*If* he consents," he said, sadly; "but he won't."

"Well, he can only refuse," said Mr. Tredgold; "and, anyway, we'll have the first refusal. Things like that soon get about. What do you say to a stroll? I can think better while I'm walking."

His friends assenting, they put on their hats and sallied forth. That they should stroll in the direction of Dialstone Lane surprised neither of them. Mr. Tredgold leading, they went round by the church, and that gentleman paused so long to admire the architecture that Mr. Stobell got restless. [Pg 200]

"You've seen it before, Tredgold," he said, shortly.

"It's a fine old building," said the other. "Binchester ought to be proud of it. Why, here we are at Captain Bowers's!"

"The house has been next to the church for a couple o' hundred years," retorted his friend.

"Let's go in," said Mr. Tredgold. "Strike while the iron's hot. At any rate," he concluded, as Mr. Chalk voiced feeble objections, "we can see how the land lies."

He knocked at the door and then, stepping aside, left Mr. Chalk to lead the way in. Captain Bowers, who was sitting with Prudence, looked up at their entrance, and putting down his newspaper extended a hearty welcome.

"Chalk didn't like to pass without looking in," said Mr. Tredgold, "and I haven't seen you for some time. You know Stobell?"

The captain nodded, and Mr. Chalk, pale with excitement, accepted his accustomed pipe from the hands of Miss Drewitt and sat nervously awaiting events. Mr. Tasker set out the whisky, and, Miss Drewitt avowing a fondness for smoke in other people, a comfortable haze soon filled the room. Mr. Tredgold, with a significant glance at Mr. Chalk, said that it reminded him of a sea-fog.

It only reminded Mr. Chalk, however, of a smoky chimney from which he had once suffered, and he at once entered into minute details. The theme was an inspiriting one, and before Mr. Tredgold could hark back to the sea again Mr. Stobell was discoursing, almost eloquently for him, upon drains. From drains to the shortcomings of the district council they progressed by natural and easy stages, and it was not until Miss Drewitt had withdrawn to the clearer atmosphere above that a sudden ominous silence ensued, which Mr. Chalk saw clearly he was expected to break.

"I—I've been telling them some of your adventures," he said, desperately, as he glanced at the captain; "they're both interested in such things."

The latter gave a slight start and glanced shrewdly at his visitors. "Aye, aye," he said, composedly.

"Very interesting, some of them," murmured Mr. Tredgold. "I suppose you'll have another voyage or two before you've done? One, at any rate."

"No," said the captain, "I've had my share of the sea; other men may have a turn now. There's nothing to take me out again—nothing."

Mr. Tredgold coughed and murmured something about breaking off old habits too suddenly.

"It's a fine career," sighed Mr. Chalk.

"A manly life," said Mr. Tredgold, emphatically.

"It's like every other profession, it has two sides to it," said the captain.

"It is not so well paid as it should be," said the wily Tredgold, "but I suppose one gets chances of making money in outside ways sometimes."

The captain assented, and told of a steward of his who had made a small fortune by selling Japanese curios to people who didn't understand them.

The conversation was interesting, but extremely distasteful to a business man intent upon business. Mr. Stobell took his pipe out of his mouth and cleared his throat. "Why, you might build a hospital with it," he burst out, impatiently.

"Build a hospital!" repeated the astonished captain, as Mr. Chalk bent suddenly to do up his shoe-lace.

"Think of the orphans you could be a father to!" added Mr. Stobell, making the most of an unwonted fit of altruism.

The captain looked inquiringly at Mr. Tredgold.

"And widows," said Mr. Stobell, and, putting his pipe in his mouth as a sign that he had finished his remarks, gazed stolidly at the company.

"Stobell must be referring to a story Chalk told us of some precious stones you buried, I think," said Mr. Tredgold, reddening. "Aren't you, Stobell?"

"Of course I am," said his friend. "You know that."

Captain Bowers glanced at Mr. Chalk, but that gentleman was still busy with his shoe-lace, only looking up when Mr. Tredgold, taking the bull by the horns, made the captain a plain, straightforward offer to fit out and give him the command of an expedition to recover the treasure. In a speech which included the benevolent Mr. Stobell's hospitals, widows, and orphans, he pointed out a score of reasons why the captain should consent, and wound up with a glowing picture of Miss Drewitt as the heiress of the wealthiest man in Binchester. The captain heard him patiently to an end and then shook his head. [Pg 201]

"I passed my word," he said, stiffly.

Mr. Stobell took his pipe out of his mouth again to offer a little encouragement. "Tredgold has broke his word before now," he observed; "he's got quite a name for it."

"But you would go out if it were not for that?" inquired Tredgold, turning a deaf ear to this remark.

"Naturally," said the captain, smiling; "but, then, you see I did."

Mr. Tredgold drummed with his fingers on the arms of his chair, and after a little hesitation asked as a great favour to be permitted to see the map. As an estate agent, he said, he took a professional interest in plans of all kinds.

Captain Bowers rose, and in the midst of an expectant silence took the map from the bureau, and placing it on the table kept it down with his fist. The others drew near and inspected it.

"THE OTHERS DREW NEAR AND INSPECTED IT."

"Nobody but Captain Bowers has ever seen the other side," said Mr. Chalk, impressively.

"Except my niece," interposed the captain. "She wanted to see it, and I trust her as I would trust myself. She thinks the same as I do about it."

His stubby forefinger travelled slowly round the coast-line until, coming to the extreme south-west corner, it stopped, and a mischievous smile creased his beard.

"It's buried here," he observed. "All you've got to do is to find the island and dig in that spot."

Mr. Chalk laughed and shook his head as at a choice piece of waggishness.

"Suppose," said Mr. Tredgold, slowly—"suppose anybody found it without your connivance, would you take your share?"

"Let 'em find it first," said the captain.

"Yes, but would you?" inquired Mr. Chalk.

Captain Bowers took up the map and returned it to its place in the bureau. "You go and find it," he said, with a genial smile.

"You give us permission?" demanded Tredgold.

"Certainly," grinned the captain. "I give you permission to go and dig over all the islands in the Pacific; there's a goodish number of them, and it's a fairly common shape."

"It seems to me it's nobody's property," said Tredgold, slowly. "That is to say, it's anybody's that finds it. It isn't your property, Captain Bowers? You lay no claim to it?" [Pg 202]

"No, no," said the captain. "It's nothing to do with me. You go and find it," he repeated, with enjoyment.

Mr. Tredgold laughed too, and his eye travelled mechanically towards the bureau. "If we do," he said, cordially, "you shall have your share."

The captain thanked him and, taking up the bottle, refilled their glasses. Then, catching the dull, brooding eye of Mr. Stobell as that plain-spoken man sat in a brown study trying to separate the serious from the jocular, he drank success to their search. He was about to give vent to further pleasantries when he was stopped by the mysterious behaviour of Mr. Chalk, who, first laying a finger on his lip to ensure silence, frowned severely and nodded at the door leading to the kitchen.

The other three looked in the direction indicated. The door stood half open, and the silhouette of a young woman in a large hat put the upper panels in shadow. The captain rose and, with a vigorous thrust of his foot, closed the door with a bang.

"Eavesdropping," said Mr. Chalk, in a tense whisper.

"There'll be a rival expedition," said the captain, falling in with his mood. "I've already warned that young woman off once. You'd better start to-night."

He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the company pleasantly. Somewhat to Mr. Chalk's disappointment Mr. Tredgold began to discuss agriculture, and they were still on that theme when they rose to depart some time later. Tredgold and Chalk bade the captain a cordial good-night; but Stobell, a creature of primitive impulses, found it difficult to shake hands with him. On the way home he expressed an ardent desire to tell the captain what men of sense thought of him.

The captain lit another pipe after they had gone, and for some time sat smoking and thinking over the events of the evening. Then Mr. Tasker's second infringement of discipline occurred to him, and, stretching out his hand, he rang the bell.

"Has that young woman gone?" he inquired, cautiously, as Mr. Tasker appeared.

"Yessir," was the reply.

"What about your articles?" demanded the captain, with sudden loudness. "What do you mean by it?"

Mr. Tasker eyed him forlornly. "It ain't my fault," he said, at last. "I don't want her."

"Eh?" said the other, sternly. "Don't talk nonsense. What do you have her here for, then?"

"Because I can't help myself," said Mr. Tasker, desperately; "that's why. She's took a fancy to me, and, that being so, it would take more than you and me to keep 'er away."

"Rubbish," said his master.

Mr. Tasker smiled wanly. "That's my reward for being steady," he said, with some bitterness; "that's what comes of having a good name in the place. I get Selina Vickers after me."

"You—you must have asked her to come here in the first place," said the astonished captain.

"*Ask* her?" repeated Mr. Tasker, with respectful scorn. "*Ask* her? She don't want no asking."

"What does she come for, then?" inquired the other.

"Me," said Mr. Tasker, brokenly. "I never dreamt o' such a thing. I was going 'er way one night—about three weeks ago, it was—and I walked with her as far as her road—Mint Street. Somehow it got put about that we were walking out. A week afterwards she saw me in Harris's, the grocer's, and waited outside for me till I come out and walked 'ome with me. After she came in the other night I found we was keeping company. To-night—to-night she got a ring out o' me, and now we're engaged."

"What on earth did you give her the ring for if you don't want her?" inquired the captain, eyeing him with genuine concern.

"Ah, it seems easy, sir," said the unfortunate; "but you don't know Selina. She bought the ring and said I was to pay it off a shilling a week. She took the first shilling to-night."

His master sat back and regarded him in amazement.

"You don't know Selina, sir," repeated Mr. Tasker, in reply to this manifestation. "She always gets her own way. Her father ain't 'it 'er mother not since Selina was seventeen. He dursent. The last time Selina went for him tooth and nail; smashed all the plates off the dresser throwing 'em at him, and ended by chasing of him up the road in his shirt-sleeves."

The captain grunted.

"That was two years ago," continued Mr. Tasker; "and his spirit's quite broke. He 'as to give all his money except a shilling a week to his wife, and he's not allowed to go into pubs. If he does it's no good, because they won't serve 'im. If they do Selina goes in next morning and gives them a piece of 'er mind. She don't care who's there or what she says, and the consequence is Mr. Vickers can't get served in Binchester for love or money. That'll show you what she is." [Pg 203]

"Well, tell her I won't have her here," said the captain, rising. "Good-night."

"I've told her over and over again, sir," was the reply, "and all she says is she's not afraid of you, nor six like you."

The captain fell back silent, and Mr. Tasker, pausing in a respectful attitude, watched him wistfully. The captain's brows were bent in thought, and Mr. Tasker, reminding himself that crews had trembled at his nod and that all were silent when he spoke, felt a flutter of hope.

"Well," said the captain, sharply, as he turned and caught sight of him, "what are you waiting there for?"

Mr. Tasker drifted towards the door which led upstairs.

"I—I thought you were thinking of something we could do to prevent her coming, sir," he said, slowly. "It's hard on me, because as a matter of fact——"

"ALL SHE SAYS IS SHE'S NOT AFRAID OF YOU, NOR SIX LIKE YOU."

"Well?" said the captain.

"I—I've 'ad my eye on another young lady for some time," concluded Mr. Tasker.

He was standing on the bottom stair as he spoke, with his hand on the latch. Under the baleful stare with which the indignant captain favoured him, he closed it softly and mounted heavily to bed.

(*To be continued.*)

Illustrated By J. A. Shepherd.

Like other peoples the world over, the Afghans use the beast fable to point morals and illustrate rules of conduct. Perhaps the moral is not invariably such as commends itself to Western standards, and the methods applauded are sometimes not such as would make for popularity in more civilized circles. But what would you? The characteristics of a race colour its literature, and the more homely the literature the clearer the colouring. Hence the Afghan beast fable more frequently than not reflects the respectful admiration accorded the successful exercise of craft and cunning, for which self-helpful qualities the dwellers on the other side of the North-Western Frontier of India are famed.

Soldiers who are acquainted with Afghan usages in warfare will appreciate the truth of the maxim which furnishes the text for the story of the Camel-rider, the Snake, and the Fox. A man riding on his camel happened to pass a place where a jungle fire was raging, and a snake, calling from the midst of the flames, begged his aid. The man, ignoring the snake's enmity to the human race and considering only his present danger, consented to save him: he lowered his saddle-bag to the ground, and the snake, having coiled himself up in it, was carried by his rescuer to a place of safety. Then the man opened his bag and bade the snake go, with an admonition to behave better towards mankind for the future. The snake made answer, "Until I have stung thee and this camel of thine I will not depart!"

"UNTIL I HAVE STUNG THEE AND THIS CAMEL OF THINE I WILL NOT DEPART."

The man, hurt by this black ingratitude, drew the snake's attention to the service he had just rendered. The snake admitted his debt, but pointed out that his rescuer had acted injudiciously, in view of the hereditary enmity existing between snakes and men. The two proceeded to argue the point in commendably temperate spirit, the snake laying stress on the circumstance that mankind "always return evil for good"; and the man, denying it, eventually agreed that if the snake could find a witness to the truth of his assertion he would submit to be stung.

The witness was found in the person of an elderly cow-buffalo. Examined by the snake, she succinctly reviewed her career,

and gave it as her opinion that man's creed was to return evil for good, inasmuch as her owner, when she ceased to give milk, turned her out to graze till she should be fat enough to kill. Upon this testimony the snake claimed fulfilment of the bargain. The man, however, urged that two witnesses were necessary, and, the snake consenting, a tree was called upon for his opinion. The tree, in a few well-chosen sentences, recalled the fact that for years he had granted shade to all men who sought his protection in the heat of day; but, he complained, when they had rested they always looked him over and, if they happened to have tools, lopped off a branch to make a spade-handle or axe-haft. They went even further, reckoning up the use they could make of their protector from the scorching sun if they reduced him to planks. In short, the tree was distinctly of the cow-buffalo's way of thinking. The camel-man, sorely perplexed, was wondering how he could gain time when a fox came by and asked, in his sarcastic way, "What kindness hast thou shown this snake, that he desires to do thee harm?"

"'IT IS STRANGE THAT THOU IN MY VERY PRESENCE TALKEST OF "I" AND "MINE,"' SAID THE TIGER."

Having heard the story the fox refused to believe it; the bag was small, and he was sure so large a snake could not get into it. Of course, the snake had no alternative but to show that he could; so the fox obligingly held the bag open for him, and when he was fairly entrapped handed him over to the man to kill. "A wise man should not be gulled by the cries for mercy of his foes; otherwise he will fall into misfortune," is the suggestive moral. It does not say much for Afghan principle, does it?

The fox, as ever, serves the Afghan fabulist for the personification of cunning and ingenuity. The tale of the Tiger, the Wolf, and the Fox exhibits the last-named in the character of the discreet and sagacious courtier. These three animals one day went hunting together, and having killed a wild hill-goat, a deer, and a hare, took them home to the tiger's den to eat. Having settled themselves comfortably, the tiger requested the wolf to divide the game as he thought fit; whereupon the wolf allotted the hill-goat as the biggest to the tiger, the deer to himself, and the hare to the fox. "It is strange that thou in my very presence talkest of 'I' and 'mine,'" said the tiger. "Who and what art thou, and what opinion hast thou of me?" and raising his paw he struck the wolf dead on the spot. Then he turned to the fox and requested him to divide the spoil. The fox instantly replied that the hill-goat would do for his Majesty's breakfast, the deer would serve for his Majesty's dinner at noon, and, of course, the hare must be reserved for his Majesty's supper. "And from whom," said the tiger, with well-feigned curiosity, "didst thou learn this mode of distribution and this sagacity?"

The fox replied that he was one who took warning from the fate of others. The tiger (who could not have been very hungry) expounded his own idea of justice, which was that the sagacious fox should have the whole bag of game while the tiger got more for himself; "and after this I will do whatever thou tellest me." A significant hint that physical strength does wisely to profit by the craft of the weaker. A fable closely resembling this, but in which, of course, the lion takes the part here played by the tiger, is current among some North African tribes. [Pg 206]

One of the cleverest tales is that of the Merchant and his Parrot, which illustrates the great Afghan maxim that you can procure by craft what you can procure by no other means. A certain merchant, says the fable, was about to make a journey south into India. Before setting out he assembled his family and requested each member to name the gift he or she would like brought home. Last of all he asked the parrot, who was a native of Hindustan, what he could do for him in that country. The parrot at once begged him to visit a certain forest, where some more parrots would probably be found. "Give them my compliments and tell them that such and such a parrot, who is a friend of theirs, is confined in a cage in your house and says, 'This is a strange friendship, that I should be in bondage while you, quite unconcerned for my fate, flit hither and thither.' Now, whatever reply they give," said the parrot, "deliver it to me." The merchant punctually fulfilled his promise. He found the forest and the parrots and gave his parrot's message; and having done so was distressed to observe that one of the birds was so profoundly affected that, after a spasm of trembling and fluttering, he fell lifeless to the ground.

On his return home, after he had distributed the presents he had brought among his family, his parrot inquired whether he had not something to say to him. The merchant, fearful of grieving the bird, fenced with the question, but when the parrot grew huffy and told him he need not speak if he did not choose he relented, and with many expressions of regret told the fatal consequences of delivering the message. When the parrot heard of the death of his friend he, too,

"AFTER A SPASM OF TREMBLING AND FLUTTERING, HE FELL LIFELESS TO THE GROUND."

was seized with flutterings and shiverings, and then and there fell dead from his perch. The merchant shed tears over him and, after great lamentation, threw the body out of the cage. No sooner did the parrot touch the ground, however, than he came to life again and flew on to the top of the house; and the merchant, staring in amazement, asked for explanations. The parrot thereupon explained that his friend had sent this message: "Pretend to be dead and thou wilt get free."

"Now I, of course, understood his meaning from what thou saidst," added the parrot, "so I gained my freedom. I now ask thee, as I have eaten thy salt"—mark the punctilious courtesy of parrots educated in Afghan homes—"to forgive me. Good-bye."

"I forgive thee," said the crestfallen merchant. "God preserve thee." And the parrot went his way, saying, "Peace be with thee."

As we might expect of an animal so feared and hated, the tiger never figures in fable as heroic, but always as a stupid, blustering bully, to be outwitted by any creature, however weak, who has a little cunning. The tale of the Tiger and the Jackal is a good example. A tiger who, exercising a liberty of choice unknown to natural history, had engaged a female monkey as his companion and housekeeper, went out one day on business, enjoining the monkey to stay at home and let nobody enter the house.

By-and-by there came a jackal with his wife and family, house-hunting. Mr. Jackal, impressed at first sight with the eligibility of the tiger's premises, forthwith entered and took possession, ignoring the protests and warnings of the monkey housekeeper. Mrs. Jackal would have had her [Pg 207] husband leave, but he refused; and while they argued the tiger was heard approaching. The monkey hastened to meet him and tell what had happened; but the tiger could not bring himself to believe that a jackal would be so reckless and insolent as to take possession of his house. "It must be some other horrid creature," he said. And though the monkey protested that she knew a jackal when she saw one, the tiger could not credit her story. Meantime the jackal had arranged his plans. When the tiger drew near his house he heard the little jackals crying and Mrs. Jackal say to her husband, "They want tiger's meat," and Mr. Jackal's reply: "It was only yesterday I killed an enormous tiger. Has the meat been finished already? Nonsense!"

Mrs. Jackal explained that her children wanted fresh meat, and Mr. Jackal then told the cubs to wait a little. "A great big tiger will come presently, and I will kill him, and you shall have fresh meat."

When the tiger overheard this he was terrified and ran away, but the monkey, following him, contrived to allay his fears, explaining that the jackals were fooling him, and persuaded him to come back. Once more the tiger ventured near enough to hear the young jackals crying, but this time he also hears their father say to them, soothingly:—

"That monkey, who is a great friend of mine, has told me that she would, without fail, bring me a tiger to-day."

Whereupon the tiger, only pausing to strike the unfortunate monkey dead, fled without once looking behind him.

Another tale shows the tiger victimized by the cunning of the hare. In this fable the tiger discovers quite remarkable skill in debate; he discourses eloquently on the dignity of labour to justify his depredations in the jungle, and only after prolonged discussion with the beasts does he [Pg 208] consent to their proposal that he shall stay at home and they provide him with a daily victim. For a time all goes smoothly; then the hare's turn comes and she objects, saying, "How long is this oppression to last?" The other beasts cry out upon her for wishing to break the agreement, and are only half satisfied when the hare hints that she has a plan for making an end of the tiger. They wish to know what it is; but the hare in reply quotes a saying which, by the way, sheds significant light on the insecurity of travellers' lives and property in Afghanistan. "Three matters," she reminds them, "are best concealed: first, one's money; second, the time one intends to start on a journey; third, the road one intends to take."

In a word, she keeps her own counsel and starts so late for the tiger's den that that animal grows hungry and—there is a good deal of human nature in tigers—very angry at the delay of his dinner. When the hare, apparently in a great hurry, arrived the tiger abused her vehemently, and with difficulty is induced to hear her explanation. She and a friend, she says, were on their way to him when they met another tiger who seized

"ONCE MORE THE TIGER VENTURED NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR THE YOUNG JACKALS CRYING."

them; she warned their captor that they were set apart for the service of their own king, but the strange tiger threatened to tear their king to pieces. At length, said the hare, she persuaded the strange tiger to grant her respite that she might come and explain matters; and she had been granted this favour, leaving her friend in his clutches.

"Do not expect any more victims," she concluded. "The road hither is closed by that tiger. If thou desirest thy daily food, go at once and clear the road."

At this the tiger, beside himself with rage, jumps up, calling on the hare to come and show where his rival is, and the hare obediently follows, until they come in sight of a well by the road. There she lags behind; she is frightened to death. Cannot the tiger see how pale she is? Nothing will induce her to go near that well, for therein is hiding the other tiger, who holds her friend captive. The tiger insists that she shall come and point out the other tiger. Well, the hare will do so on condition that his Majesty holds her in his arms. He does so, and, peeping into the water, sees their reflection in the water below; whereupon he sets the hare down, and springing into the well to fall upon his enemy is drowned.

A story that seems familiar is that of the friendship of the frog and the rat. These two conceived so deep a regard for one another that they were miserable apart: the rat, more particularly, bewailed the facts that she only saw the frog once a day, and that he, being in the stream, could not hear her when she called. The frog, whose attachment appears not wholly to have obscured his native good sense, pointed out that "if friends see each other occasionally only their affection is the greater," to which argument, albeit undeniable, the rat objected that in their case some means of establishing closer communication were indispensable.

"THE TIGER FLED WITHOUT ONCE LOOKING BEHIND HIM."

The frog gave way, and the two agreed to tie the ends of a string to a leg of each, so that when one wanted to see the other all he or she need do was to pull the string. Other frogs came around and pointed out the obvious objections to supplementing the bonds of their affection with string, but neither would listen.

"It is all right," they said; "if we die together, so much the better"; and so they tied themselves as they had arranged. And one day came a kite, who pounced upon the rat, who could not escape because he tripped in the string; and the kite, carrying away the rat, carried away the frog at the other end of the string. And the dying moments of the frog were embittered by hearing the villagers applaud the cleverness of a kite who could catch frogs; whereas he knew the kite had done nothing clever, but that he himself had done something very foolish.

"THE TIGER BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE."

"IF WE DIE TOGETHER, SO MUCH THE BETTER."

Another tale exhibits the helpless old tiger dependent for his daily fare on the cunning of his humble follower the fox, and insists upon the stupidity of the ass. The tiger was so old and decrepit that he could not hunt for himself, and he appealed to an elderly vixen, who was also hungry, to lure an ox or some other beast within his reach. The vixen willingly assents, and searching the country finds an ass feeding. Him she accosts with respectful sympathy, asking why he grazes on such poor pasture. The ass, who, by the way, is deplorably long-winded, replies by giving the vixen a lecture on the propriety of contentment with one's lot.

The vixen listens patiently and replies, Eastern fashion, with a brief parable, whose moral is that those who can help themselves to the good things of life should do so. The vixen's parable reminds the ass of another rather like it, but very much longer and pointing a different moral; he relates it with circumstance and detail. After much argument the vixen loses patience, and upbraiding the ass for his want of enterprise describes in graphic language the attractions of certain pasture known to her; and the ass, his hopes getting the better of his discretion, follows, till they come within eye range of the tiger.

The tiger, being very hungry, cannot wait till the ass comes within reach; he rushes out prematurely and frightens the ass away. This precipitation on the tiger's part gives rise to unpleasantness. The vixen, naturally enough, is furiously angry at the way her scheme has been upset after all the trouble she has had with the argumentative ass, and she speaks her mind freely to the tiger. He apologizes, and the vixen consents to try and bring the prey within reach again. In fine, she out-argues the foolish ass and eventually brings him to her patron.

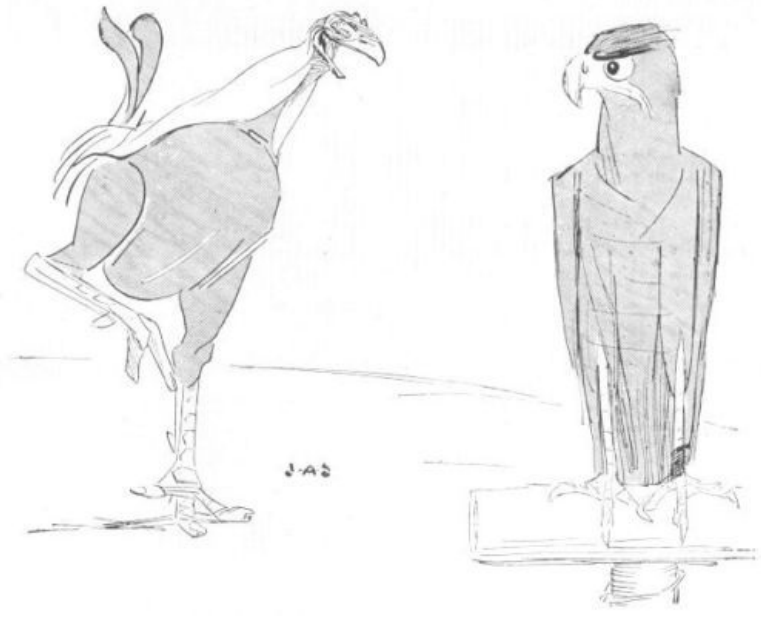
[Pg 210]

"SHE SPEAKS HER MIND FREELY TO THE TIGER."

"HE APPEALED TO AN ELDERLY VIXEN."

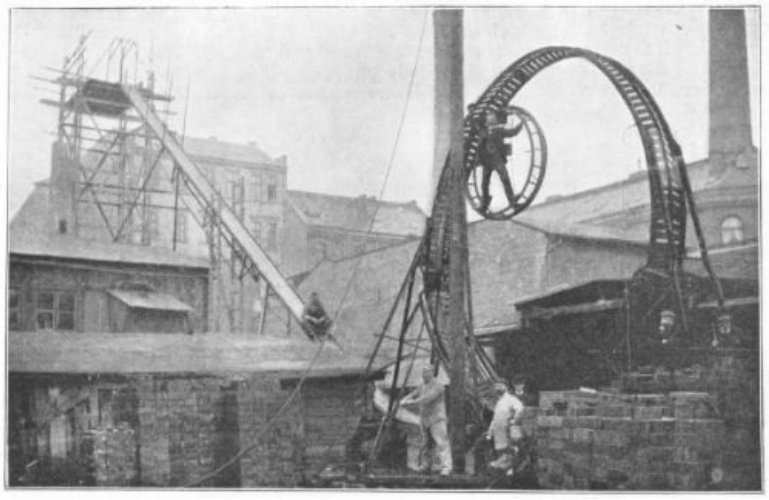
The story of the Cock and Hawk furnishes a caution against talking about things we don't understand. These two were great friends and spent much time together. One day the hawk, in didactic mood, took the cock to task for the shameful ingratitude of his race; men fed fowls on all kinds of luxuries, and cared for them carefully, and yet never did fowl see a man approach but it ran away. Now the hawk, on the other hand, repaid captivity and cruelties with the utmost gratitude, catching and killing game to order. When the cock heard his friend's views he was so amused that he nearly dropped with laughing. The hawk, rather stiffly, inquires what he has said that the cock should be so overcome with amusement; and, being reminded that men only feed fowls in order to kill and eat them, confesses that this most important detail had never struck him.

It is curious to observe that all the Afghan beast fables are distinguished by the same quality of sardonic humour, but they have this great merit, that they never fail to drive home the moral.



"HE WAS SO AMUSED THAT HE NEARLY DROPPED."

Wonders of the World.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SALTO MONOCYCLE TRACK.
From a Photo. by Rochlitz.

LXIX.—A NEW "LOOPING THE LOOP."

THERE seems to be no finality in the art of invention, whether it be in commerce, technology, science, art, or even in connection with the variety-stage. In the last-named case the struggle for supremacy is exceedingly keen, and requires, more than in other professions, untiring perseverance, courage, and intelligence if one wishes to obtain a place on the "roll of fame."

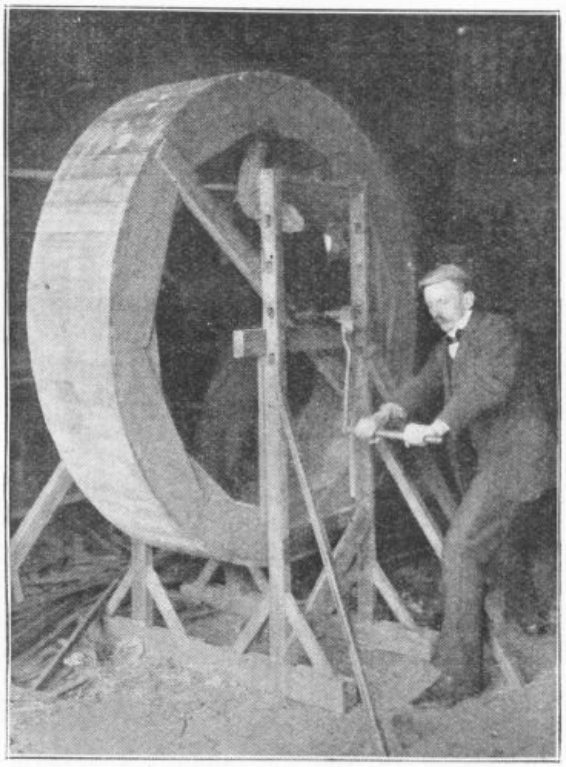
In the theatre or in the music-hall the public only see the glittering outside appearance, and applaud the attractive items of an artist without thinking of how much work and trouble it has cost him to be able to execute his performance without apparent effort and with extreme perfection. Such a sensational performance will soon be seen in a Berlin circus—a new kind of "Looping the Loop"—"The ride on the Salto Monocycle Track," as the audacious artist calls it, and with whom we are going to make our readers acquainted.

MR. ECLAIR FASTENED BY THE WAIST, ANKLES, AND HEAD INSIDE THE WHEEL WHICH LOOPS THE LOOP.
From a Photo. by Rochlitz.

This sensational act consists in the artist being rolled in a wheel, measuring six and a half feet in diameter and eighteen inches wide, along a track in the form of a loop. Our first two illustrations give a clearer idea than can be given in words.

Mr. Eclair—the artist's name—has had his track made by Mr. A. Klose, Schiffbauerdamm, and practised in the so-called training-wheel for the past fifteen weeks before he undertook his first journey. In this training-wheel he accustomed himself to the revolutions of the wheel. This was all the more necessary, as he found on practising that, in consequence of the rapid revolutions, the small veins and other blood-vessels in the neck and head became swollen—so much so that a [Pg 212]

journey in the "loop" without previous experience would certainly, in his opinion, have been fatal.



PRACTISING IN THE TRAINING-WHEEL.

From a Photo. by Rochlitz.

After the perfect construction of the track had been ascertained by thorough tests—amongst which heavy waggon-wheels were caused to be rolled along the track—Mr. Eclair at length took his first ride. It was a ride for life or death. Nobody could foresee what the result would be. Luck favoured the venturesome artist, and his success was acclaimed with joy and satisfaction by all the interested beholders, so smoothly and faultlessly did the performance end. Such was the birth of a new sensational circus feat! And a second ride which Mr. Eclair soon afterwards took turned out equally successful.

The track slopes from a platform about fifteen yards high down into the "loop." It must be understood that this is not a real loop, such as, for example, Mündner uses, but is so constructed that the fearless rider rushes in his wheel down the slope, entering the ring by a trap-door, so that the wheel rolls round it. This heavy wheel, which weighs five hundredweight, flies up the track with a terrific momentum, and, in consequence of its centrifugal force, presses against the track with a force of seventeen times its own weight.

When the wheel has passed the highest point of the loop it flies down the other side, and leaves the loop again by another trap-door which has in the meantime been opened. The downward movement, being still very rapid at the point of exit, is then retarded by means of outlet-rails which adjust themselves exactly to the wheel, and the mad ride ends at length in a net.

The track has a total length of about sixty-five yards, inclusive of loop and exit. The loop is about twenty-four feet high. The wheel rolls in a mould-shaped groove. The slightest mistake in the construction of the track, which is an extremely ingenious one, would result in an unsuccessful performance and a dangerous, if not deadly, fall. Especially ingenious is the mechanism of the trap-doors at the entrance and exit. These are in charge of the artist's colleague, and form the most important part of the track, as any failure in this part would end in dire catastrophe.

LXX.—A BONFIRE OF GAMBLING APPARATUS.

The Anti-Gambling Leagues of British cities have their counterpart in the various Law and Order Societies of American municipalities, and their labours are much the same. Just as the societies in England attempt to protect the poor and middle-class people from the encroachments of vice by initiating prosecutions against wrong-doers, so do these Law and Order Societies fight in the interests of the American public. They go to excesses sometimes, it is true, but their labours have a positive value for good. In England they keep an eye upon the book-maker in the street, upon the sporting tipster with his betting circulars and notices, and upon gambling in general. They prosecute where prosecution is needed, and carry on in Parliament a fight for virtue.

Never, however, have they prepared a fire for the benefit of their supporters such as the Law and Order Society of Philadelphia got up last May. It is, perhaps, not wholly correct to say that when the Philadelphia Society seized and burned over thirteen hundred gambling machines in a public place it did so merely for the benefit of its followers, but that was practically the case, and among those who saw this unique conflagration there were none more interested than the crusaders against vice. It was an actual destruction of valuable property, but not a wanton one, and when the fire was over the charred metal and molten tin represented a sum of not less than one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. We doubt if England has ever had the privilege of

[Pg 213]

witnessing such a sight, for the vested right of the Briton is too sacred to permit of his property being done away with in such brilliant manner.

WAGGONS UNLOADING GAMBLING MACHINES TO FORM THE BONFIRE.

From a Photo.

The reason for the fire was the abnormal growth in Philadelphia of the penny-in-the-slot gambling machine, owing to its fascination for the young and its asserted protection by careless or corrupt municipal government. The machines—some of them very elaborate, costing from three hundred to six hundred dollars each—were nothing but "money-machines," automatic gamblers of the most hardened sort. If the player dropped any sum, from five cents to twenty-five cents, into the slot, he stood a chance to win about ten times as much as he put in, and the prospect of such a huge percentage upon a small investment fascinated poor people and boys and girls alike. One boy was known to have lost as much as three hundred and fifty dollars in a week through this form of gambling, having resorted to theft in order to obtain the wherewithal to gamble.

"For four years," writes Mr. D. Clarence Gibboney, the secretary of the Law and Order Society of Philadelphia, "our city was cursed with thousands of these conscienceless gambling devices. The authorities protected them, and our citizens were almost helpless. Fathers and mothers stood by, unable to do much more than make a feeble protest, while their sons and daughters were turned into gamblers.

THE FIRE IN FULL BLAZE.

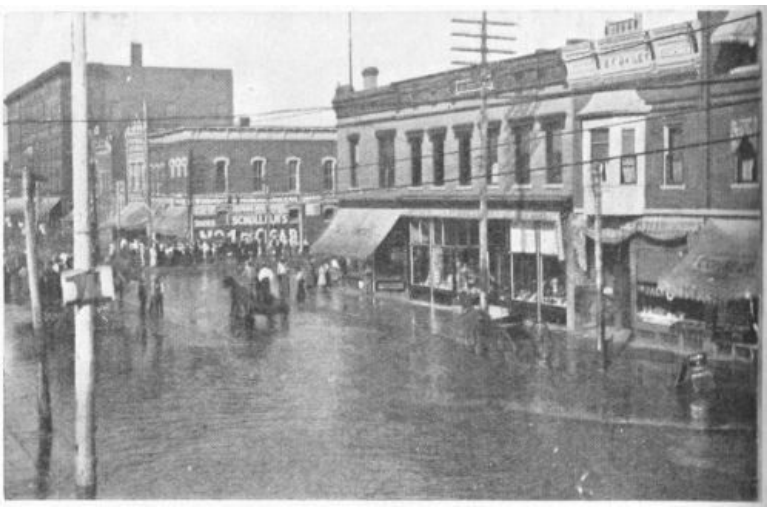
From a Photo.

"This society took hold of the situation and, in face of very determined opposition, arrested many of the owners and keepers of the machines in 1902, and in December burned a hundred and ninety-six machines, valued at about twenty thousand dollars. The police, however, supported the gambling people, and it was not until after January 1st, 1903, that we were able to wipe the entire business out of the city. [Pg 214]

"A new mayor was elected, and he immediately forced the police to aid us. The police seized five hundred machines and we, through our own constables, seized over eight hundred others between January 1st and May 10th, 1903. On May 19th the entire lot was burned, the police and the Law and Order Society joining in the work of destruction. Not a machine that we know of exists in this city to-day."

LXXI.—A BANQUET IN A WATER-PIPE.

In the middle of October last a banquet was served to the League of Iowa Municipalities, at Waterloo, Iowa, which, so far as we know, has no duplicate in the history of gastronomy. It was in every way the most successful gathering of the sort that ever took place in this enterprising city of the West, and the novelty of the affair drew public notice from near and far.

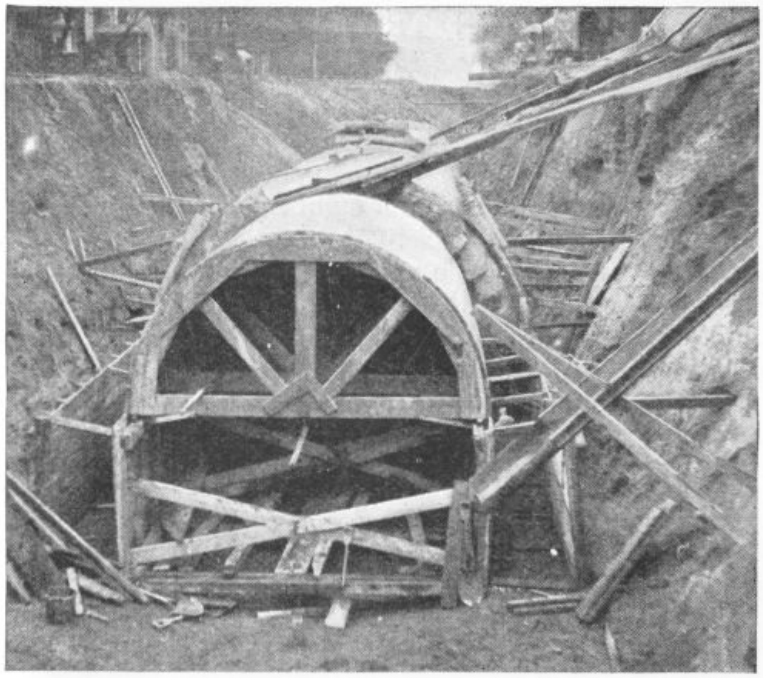


A FLOODED STREET IN WATERLOO, IOWA, WHERE THE GREAT DRAIN WAS CONSTRUCTED.

From a Photo.

The table was spread in a sewer constructed by the city to carry off the surplus water which at different periods of heavy rains had threatened the existence of the place with damaging floods. The name by which this work of engineering is known—the Dry Run Sewer—recalls to many the story of an innocent little stream running through the principal business and residence section of the city, a stream which in its driest day would attract little attention from a passer-by. Unfortunately, however, for the inhabitants the Dry Run has frequently become very wet. Within the past seven years, on three different occasions it has flooded the entire western portion of the city, causing a property loss of many thousands and endangering the lives of the inhabitants. In 1902 it was flooded twice within twenty days. It rose on July 3rd at the rate of ten feet within five minutes, and on July 23rd ambitiously repeated the same perilous feat.

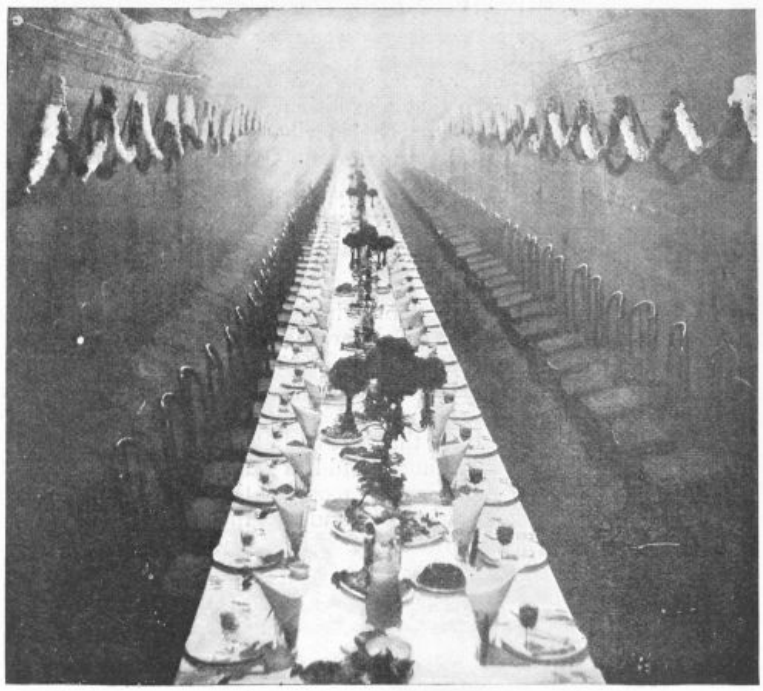
The citizens of Waterloo, at the head of whom stood Mr. P. J. Martin, the mayor, now concluded that this recurring danger should be met by heroic measures, and a flood-sewer, twelve feet by twelve feet in width and height, and three thousand four hundred feet long, was planned at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars. To many the project appeared impossible of completion, owing to the peculiar situation of Dry Run, but the difficulties in the way did not daunt the Iowa engineers. Hundreds of men were put upon the work of excavation and construction, under the charge of contractor William Horrabin, of Iowa City, and the giant structure rapidly took the permanent form which we see in our photographs. Our illustration of the entrance to the sewer unfortunately does not suggest the size of it, but when we say that a man could walk through this sewer easily carrying another upright on his head, we may fairly suggest the height of the arch. Some thirteen thousand barrels of cement and over thirty-two million pounds of sand and rock were used in the construction, and nearly one million cubic feet of dirt were excavated. The side walls of the sewer are vertical for six feet, and the base is at present about fifteen feet below the level of the street. [Pg 215]



A SECTION OF THE DRAIN-PIPE.

From a Photo.

With the completion of the largest work of the kind ever undertaken by an Iowa municipality, satisfaction took the place of unrest in the feelings of the citizens. The manufacturers were able to leave their places of business without fear of catastrophe behind them, and the residents could now go to bed at night without dread of a flood-warning from the fire bell. In fact, the relief was so widespread that it was deemed fitting by the mayor and aldermen that the completion of the sewer should be signalized by a great banquet, to which the mayors and representative citizens of other towns should be invited.



THE TABLE LAID FOR THE BANQUET INSIDE THE DRAIN-PIPE.

From a Photo.

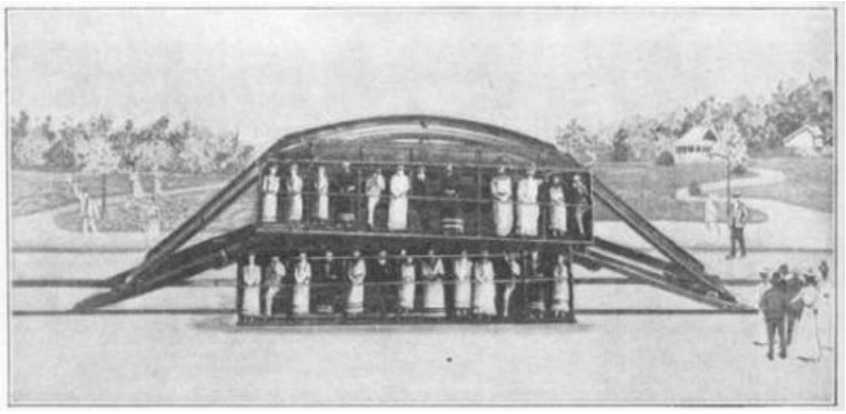
The happy thought now occurred to the *Waterloo Times and Tribune* of holding this banquet, not [Pg 216] in an hotel, but in the sewer itself, and the project was carried out with enthusiasm. This meant, of course, unusual effort on the part of those in charge, but all obstacles were easily surmounted, and on the night of October 16th that part of the city which, little more than a year before, had been the bed of a raging torrent was turned by engineering and culinary magic into a banqueting-hall of security and light. The tables were laid along the floor of the sewer over four hundred feet of its length, and on both sides of this table, with plenty of room in which to move, sat the best-known citizens of the State. Simple but pretty decorations hung in festoons from the archway and on the side walls gleamed rows of electric lights. Mayor Martin acted as toast-master, and the programme of toasts lasted an hour and a half. As if to suggest a danger happily past the rain was falling outside, but no fear of flood troubled the gathering. The banquet was as successful as the construction of the sewer itself, and those who were privileged on this memorable occasion to partake of Dry Run punch drank it with a special gusto. This little joke of

the caterer was duly appreciated. The dessert was as happily chosen, for it ended with Roquefort and "water crackers."

LXXII.—AN ANTI-COLLISION TRAIN.

Even in this age of wonders no one would have expected to experience a railway collision without the usual horrors of a smash-up, yet that is the feature of one of the latest wonders of inventive genius. An electrical engineer of New York, Mr. P. K. Stern, has just come forward with such a contrivance.

His system is remarkable chiefly for the daring conception which it expresses and for the exceptional skill shown in devising mechanism absolutely safe in its operation.



A CAR PASSING OVER ANOTHER ON THE ANTI-COLLISION RAILWAY.

From a Photo.

A single track is used, on which railway-cars are caused to travel. Two cars are rushing towards each other at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, so that a collision would, under ordinary conditions, be inevitable, when suddenly one of the cars runs, not into, but over the top of the other and lands on the track on the other side, where it continues in perfect safety to its destination. The underneath car has proceeded as if nothing had happened.

The cars, although they run upon wheels, are really travelling bridges, with overhanging compartments for the accommodation of passengers. Over the framed structure of the cars thus constituted an arched track is carried, securely fastened to the car and serving the purpose of providing a road-bed for the colliding car. This superimposed track is built in accordance with well-understood principles of bridge construction.

The passengers find accommodation in the cars arranged along each side of the travelling structure. The cars run at a speed of about ten to fifteen miles an hour, and are caused to collide at about eight miles an hour, which is quite sufficient for amusement purposes. The principle upon which these cars are constructed renders it impossible for one to crush the other while going over it.

In this device the speed of the cars is immaterial. One car may be moving very slowly—such as is the case sometimes in crowded streets—and the overtaking car, when meeting with obstructions, though it may be in close proximity, can go straight ahead just as though nothing had happened. In fact, automobiles and carts can go over the cars just as though they were mounting a gradual incline or small hill.

In cases of street locomotion there is a fender effect for the safety of people crossing the streets, which picks the person up and lands him down on the other side unhurt.

A great deal might be done with a system of this character, and Mr. Stern's next work will be a careful study on the lines of carrying freight, as he believes that a single line of railway may be duplexed in this manner, and thus enable more business to be carried on than by the ordinary railroad having two tracks.

A GENERAL VIEW OF LHASSA FROM THE EAST.

From a Photo.

The Forbidden City of Lhassa.

By G. T. Tsybikov.

[As soon as the brief telegraphic announcement of M. Tsybikov's remarkable journey reached England we took steps to secure the earliest account in an English magazine of this expedition. At the present moment its value is enhanced by the fact that a British mission is being dispatched into the mysterious land of Tibet. The account of "The Forbidden City of Lhassa" which follows is the first that has been written by a visitor to Lhassa since the French missionary Huc spent a few months there in 1845. It has been translated and edited for The Strand Magazine by David B. Macgowan, by permission of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society.]

M. G. T. Tsybikov is by birth a Russian Bouriat from the Trans-Baikal territory. He learned his own, the Mongolian, and the Tibetan languages in infancy and boyhood, and completed his education in the St. Petersburg schools for Oriental languages. He was sent to Tibet by the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, and his success in reaching the Tibetan capital and in remaining there or in its vicinity for more than a year was due in large measure to the careful planning of his journey by the experienced officers of this society. He carried a high-class camera of special construction and returned with a number of excellent photographs, some of which are reproduced with this article.

The explorer left Lhassa on September 10th, 1901, but was detained on his return journey and did not reach the hospitable Russian consulate at Urga until the middle of last year.

The following is his narrative:—

On May 7th, 1900, a caravan of about seventy Mongolian and Amdo Lamas left the Amdo monastery of Goumboum for Lhassa. I had joined it as a simple pilgrim. We rode and carried our belongings on about two hundred horses and mules obtained in Amdo, and lived in seventeen tents. After a journey of twenty-two days across the uninhabited North Tibetan table-land, we pitched camp on the banks of the San-chou, on the northern side of the Boumza Ridge. Here we, for the first time, met with inhabitants of Central Tibet. Our road was, in fact, blocked by the first of a series of military posts maintained to stop the advance of foreigners and to notify the Government of their presence. It was near here that the great Russian explorer, P. M. Przhevalsky, was compelled to turn back upon his third journey into Central Asia. The soldiers of the post at once came to our camp and, observing that ours was an ordinary pilgrim caravan, resumed their usual occupations, which were mainly barter on a small scale and keeping a sharp look-out for any unconsidered trifles which were not tied down.

After four short marches we reached the Nak-chou monastery. Here reside the two governors of the local nomadic tribes—one, called the "Khanbo," being a priest, and the other, called the "Nansal," being a layman. They rule the natives, collect taxes, control the post-stations, and investigate suspicious travellers. I fell into the latter class, thanks to the head of our caravan, who reported that there were Bouriats among the Mongolians. Although it had been recently [Pg 218] decided that Bouriats were to be admitted into the country, the "Khanbo" squeezed five "lans" of silver out of me, which sum removed me from the category of suspects and opened the road to Lhassa, where we arrived on August 16th, after a journey of three months from Goumboum.

LHASSA FROM THE NORTH.

From a Photo.

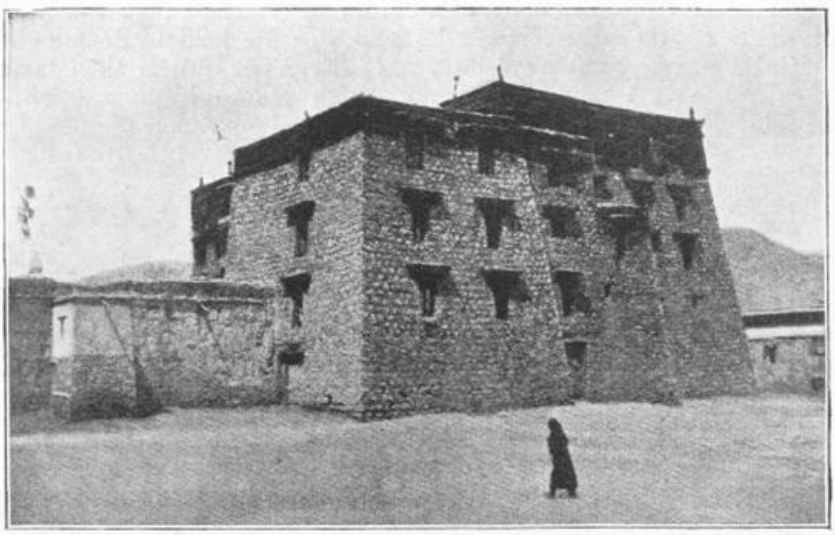
Lhassa, or Lhadàn as it is sometimes called, means the "land of the gods," or "full of gods." It was founded in the seventh century A.D. by the Khan Srontszan-Gambo, who, it is related, had among his wives a Nepaulese and a Chinese princess, and they brought with them statues of Buddha Sakya Muni. For these statues temples were built in Lhassa, and the Khan settled on the hill where now stands the palace of the Dalai-Lama—the supreme ruler of Tibet both in spiritual and worldly affairs. The city is situated in a broad plain, bordered on one side by the Wi-chou and on the other by the high mountains on its right bank. Not counting Bodalà, the residence of the Dalai-Lama, it is almost circular in form, with a diameter of about one English mile. However, numerous parks to the south and west, the proximity of Bodalà and two other palaces, have

caused its girth to be stated as about twenty-five miles. As a matter of fact, the circular road around the city is not more than eight miles long. The devout are in the habit of making the circuit, prostrating themselves continually. A zealous pilgrim can complete the journey in two days, making three thousand prostrations a day. They travel, in fact, on their stomachs, drawing up their legs as far as possible, and pushing themselves forward a body's length at a time, standing erect, however, between the movements and falling flat again. Sometimes the pilgrims protect their hands with boards, though these are not the most fervent devotees. Thus they traverse not only the circuit of the city, but often pass three times and even seven times round it. The last feat takes about a fortnight, and requires forty-two thousand prostrations!

The Tibetans are very fond of parks and forests, and their capital presents a beautiful appearance from a distance, particularly in spring and autumn, when the golden roofs of the two principal temples and the white walls of many-storied houses gleam and glisten among the tree-tops. The enchantment of the view from afar disappears abruptly when one enters the crooked and extremely narrow streets, which during the rainy season are transformed into muddy pools, in which one sees here and there the corpse of a yak or other pack animal.

The plain in which the city lies is subject to inundations both from the river and from mountain streams. Dykes and canals have been constructed both inside and outside the city for protection from overflows. The houses of the common people are built of stone plates or of unbaked bricks, one-storied usually, except in the cities, where two and three storied houses prevail. The window openings are either bare or are protected merely with muslin or calico in summer, and with paper in winter. Fire-places are provided only in the kitchen, and are heated only for the preparation of food.

In the centre of the city stands the temple in which the great statue of Buddha is placed. This temple is a rectangular structure about one hundred and forty feet square. It is three stories high [Pg 219] and has four gilded roofs in Chinese style, with gates and a door opening to the west. The temple contains a number of gloomy chambers lighted with candles, in all of which there are various statues of Buddhas. The chief object of veneration is placed beneath a costly baldachin in the middle room. It is the great statue of Buddha Sakya Muni, just mentioned. It is of bronze, and is distinguished from ordinary images of the Indian sage by its ornaments of hammered gold on head and breast, encrusted with precious stones, mainly turquoises. The face of the statue is decorated with burnished gold, put on in the form of a powder. Golden lamps fed with animal fat, placed on long, bench-like tables, burn before it continually. These lamps are the gifts of worshippers.



THE ANCIENT PALACE OF THE TIBETAN KINGS.
From a Photo.

Almost equal honour is bestowed upon two other statues in the same temple, that of Avalokiteshvar, who is supposed to be reincarnated in the Dalai-Lamas, and the statue of Bal-Lhamo, the patroness of women. Libations of barley-wine, called the "golden drink," are constantly being poured out before this statue and barley grains are liberally strewn on the ground, supplying inexhaustible food to the multitude of mice which thrive here undisturbed, as they are accounted sacred. They have comfortable nests in the drapery of the statue. The bodies of these mice, when accidentally killed, are regarded as very useful to ladies who are expecting babies, and are exported thousands of miles to Mongolia and Amdo. However, mice in other houses in Lhassa do not share their privileged position, being, as in other countries, the prey of cats.

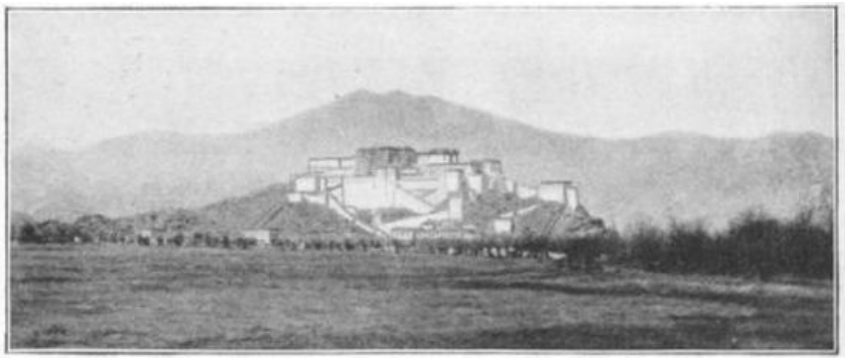
The ancient palace of the Tibetan kings, shown in the photograph given above, is carefully preserved as a monument of great interest in the history of the city. It was the residence of the last King of Tibet, before the Dalai-Lama received the temporal as well as the spiritual power. It is the only building in Lhassa which is not allowed to be white-washed.

Above all the buildings of the city rises Bodalà, the palace of the Dalai-Lama, about a thousand yards to the west, and built on a rocky eminence. Although commenced earlier, it was rebuilt and extended, with the addition of the central part, called the "red palace," during the lifetime, or shortly after the death, of the celebrated fifth Dalai-Lama, Agvan Lovsan-chzhiamtso. The palace was evidently built mainly for purposes of defence, being, in fact, the survivor of those ancient castles with whose ruins Tibet is richly strewn, and whose sad fate was largely the work of this very Bodalà.

The palace is about fourteen hundred feet long and nine to ten stories high. The front and sides are surrounded by a wall, while the rear is protected by the mountain. In the construction of this

palace the Tibetans exhausted all their architectural skill, and it contains much of the wealth and all that Tibet possesses of artistic value, notably the golden epitaph of the fifth Dalai-Lama. The valuables and the Dalai-Lama's apartments are in the central part of the palace, which is called the "red palace," but is really painted brown. In other parts of the palace live various officials, employés, and followers of the Dalai-Lama, including a chapter of five hundred monks. Among the duties of the latter are the recital of prayers for the happiness and long life of the Dalai-Lama.

The mint, the courts of justice, and the prison are situated in a courtyard under the hillside, and a little farther on is the only medical school in Tibet, the "Manba Datsan." It has sixty teachers, [Pg 220] supported by the Dalai-Lama. Westward and lower down the hill from the palace and the medical school are the temples of Chinese Buddhists, while two other palaces, one of which is the summer palace of the Dalai-Lama, are situated only a little farther. Lhassa itself contains two faculties for instruction in the mystical cults, embracing together twelve hundred men.



MOUNT MAR-BO-RI, AND BODALÀ, THE PALACE OF THE DALAI-LAMA.

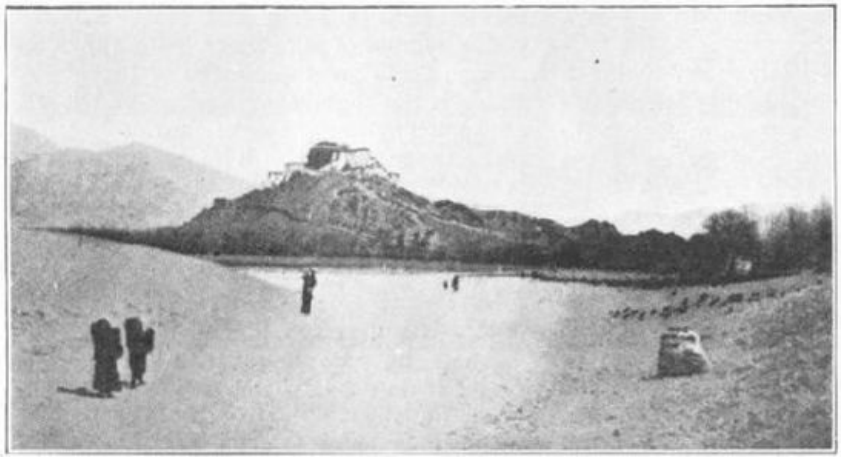
From a Photo.

Lhassa is a city of women. The entire population, excluding priests, can scarcely exceed ten thousand persons, and at least two-thirds of these are women. The city might seem more populous owing to the proximity of two great monasteries and to the great ingress, at particular times, of the rural inhabitants and of pilgrims from Lamaitic countries. It is the most important commercial centre of the country, being the intermediary between India and Western Tibet and between China and Eastern Tibet. The market is situated around the great temple, and the lower floors of houses, as well as all free spaces on the streets and public squares, are occupied by shops and booths. The clerks in the shops, excepting those kept by Kashmir and Nepaul merchants, are nearly all women.

Not only Lhassa, but Tibet itself can be described as the land of women and women's rights. This is due to the vast number of celibate priests. The results of this institution to a large part of the female population are complete independence both in business and in personal conduct. In family life both polygamy and polyandry are met with. The marriage of several brothers with one wife, or of several sisters with one husband, is regarded as the ideal condition.

In no country in the world, perhaps, do women play a greater part in business than in Tibet. I can recall no occupation that is carried on in the country in which women are not actively engaged, and they often conduct great undertakings quite independently of men.

The choice of a new Dalai-Lama is put into practice in the following picturesque manner: The names of three candidates, determined upon in a previously agreed manner, are written on separate tickets and then put into a golden urn. The urn is set in front of the great statue of Buddha, and religious services designed to disclose the identity of the "reincarnate"[1] are held by deputies from the monasteries. The urn is then taken to Bodalà and set down before a small board inscribed with the name of the Emperor, and in the presence of the highest officials, and of deputies from the principal monasteries, the Manchurian Amban—the representative of the Emperor—removes one of the tickets by means of a pair of chop-sticks. The choice so made is confirmed by an Imperial rescript, and the happy, or unhappy, boy is transferred to the palace. From this moment he receives the veneration and the honours due to his station. From his earliest years he is taught reading and writing by a special master selected from among the most illustrious Lamas. After this he is given a purely theological education. For purposes of practical disputation all the theological faculties of the principal monasteries send one of their members. Upon the completion of the prescribed course of study he receives the highest theological degree in the same saints are supposed to have become reincarnated.] manner as other Lamas do, but [Pg 221] naturally makes a more lavish distribution of money to the monasteries. As a matter of course his generosity is rewarded by a correspondingly careful selection of questions on the part of the examiners.

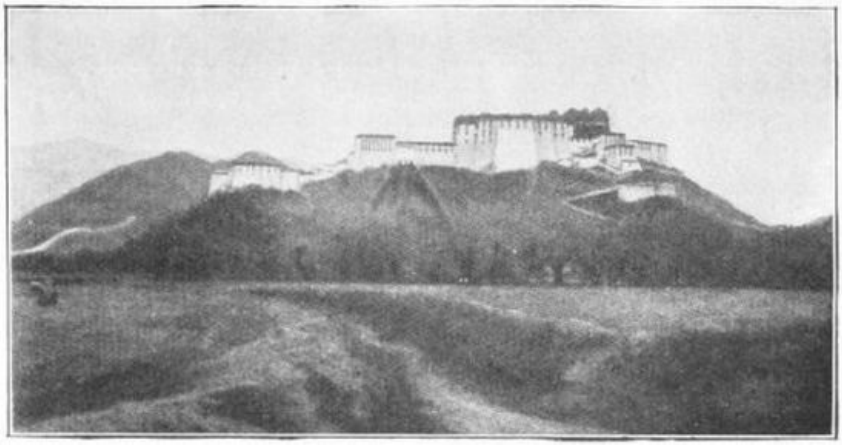


BODALÀ FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

From a Photo.

The present Dalai-Lama has now, at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, attained his majority. Since 1806 there have been five new Dalai-Lamas. Six or seven years ago the present holder of the title entered upon a struggle with his regent, the most illustrious of the Tibetan "reincarnates," and issued from it victorious, thereby escaping the fate of his four predecessors, who died comparatively young, most of them having been put to death by their regents, or the rivals of the latter. The present Dalai-Lama accused his regent of having performed conjurations against his life, confiscated the regent's large estate, and placed him under strict domiciliary arrest. The regent was found dead one fine morning. The Dalai-Lama is evidently an energetic and well-intentioned man. One of his first acts after seizing the reins of authority was the abolition of the death penalty.

The supreme administration is in the hands of a council under the presidency of the Dalai-Lama, known as the "Devashoun." The four principal members are appointed by the Chinese Emperor. Justice is sold, and in general all Government business is carried on by means of bribery. Criminal inquiries are pursued by means of whipping and other tortures, the most cruel of which is probably cauterization with blazing sealing-wax. The penalties are flogging, imprisonment, exile into slavery, blinding, amputation of the fingers, and perpetual fetters or stocks.



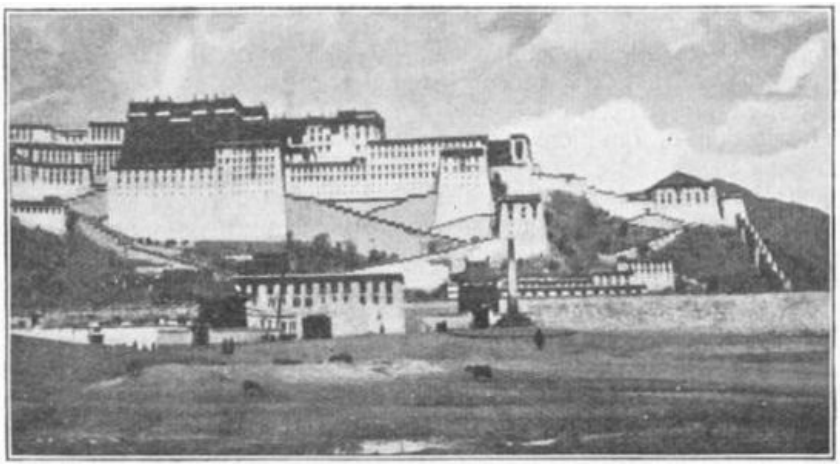
BODALÀ FROM THE NORTH.

From a Photo.

Four thousand soldiers are maintained at the cost of the State. Their armament consists of swords, muzzle-loading firearms, and bows and arrows. A helmet decorated with feathers is worn and a small shield is carried, and some wear a cuirass also. The discipline is poor. The soldiers live in their villages, and assemble only periodically for drill in archery and in the use of firearms. The army is divided into cavalry and infantry. The Central Tibetan is averse to war and military service. One often sees a soldier on the way to the drill-ground placidly spinning wool or sewing on a boot-sole, or perhaps employing the time which would otherwise be wasted in telling a rosary or turning a prayer-cylinder. The nomadic clans of Eastern Tibet, who are prone to raiding their peaceful neighbours, strive as a rule to avoid bloodshed, employing intimidation oftener than force. The slightest determined opposition sends them back home. [Pg 222]

The Tibetans have lately been taking a more and more pronounced fancy for English goods, and Indian rupees have begun to compete with the native coin. Among the articles exported to India are yak tails, sheep's wool, borax, salt, silver and gold, yaks, and horses and asses from Western China.

Both men and women wear local cloth in various colours. The clothing of the poor is usually white, because white is the cheapest. Soldiers wear dark blue, the well-to-do classes prefer red, and the princes and higher officials are privileged to wear yellow. The people are vain and fond of display. They wear jewellery of gold, silver, corals, diamonds, rubies, pearls, turquoises, and other stones.



A NEAR VIEW OF THE DALAI-LAMA'S PALACE.

From a Photo.

The principal article of food is flour of roasted barley. It is mixed with tea or barley-wine. The most common vegetable is the radish. The favourite dish of all classes is a porridge of barley-flour mixed with finely-chopped radishes. The best variety of this porridge is prepared with a bouillon of pounded bones, which can be had only by the rich. Tibetans love raw or underdone meat. Yak-meat, mutton, and pork are more highly esteemed than beef. The flesh of asses and horses is not eaten. Fish is eaten by the poor, fowl not at all, chickens being kept only for the sake of eggs. Butter is used principally as fuel for holy lamps. Sour milk, treated in a special way, is highly esteemed as a drink and is the common poetic symbol of pure white. Both men and women drink great quantities of barley-wine, which is but slightly intoxicating and is very cheap. The men smoke leaf tobacco in pipes, the monks crush it into snuff. Tobacco is dear, and it is usually mixed for smoking with leaves of another plant.

The Tibetan is very impressionable and superstitious, and he goes to the Lamas, or oracles, after every event in his life and demands the explanation of it. In case of sickness he puts more faith in a grain of barley blessed by a Lama than in medicine; or he prefers, if able, to send for a Lama to read whole litanies in his presence. However, he is also disposed to be merry, and proves it by singing and dancing on holidays and during carousals.

The Tibetan's requirements are limited. The local coin was worth ten cents during my stay in Tibet. Nevertheless, one of these coins is the highest wage known, that of a Lama for a whole day's prayers. The best spinner in the rural districts receives seven cents a day; the ordinary labourer, whether man or woman, two or three cents. Domestic servants scarcely ever get any money, receiving only food and clothing.

Beggary thrives in Lhassa, this being the sole recourse of criminals who have been blinded, or have lost their hands, or been bound to perpetual fetters or stocks. In fact, begging is regarded with no shame, even when practised by the comparatively well-to-do, especially priests.

[1] The "reincarnates" are persons in whom the souls of former saints are supposed to have become reincarnated.

VIII.—THE CATS, THE COW, AND THE BURGLAR.

THE nursery was full of Persian cats and musk-rats that had been brought there by the Wishing Carpet. The cats were mewing and the musk rats were squeaking so that you could hardly hear yourself speak. In the kitchen were the four children, one candle, a concealed Phoenix, and a very visible policeman.

"Now, then, look here," said the policeman, very loudly, and he pointed his lantern at each child in turn; "what's the meaning of this here yelling and caterwauling? I tell you you've got a cat here, and someone's a-illtreating of it. What do you mean by it, eh?"

It was five to one, counting the Phoenix, but the policeman, who was one, was of unusually fine size, and the five, including the Phoenix, were small. The mews and the squeaks grew softer, and in the comparative silence Cyril said:—

"It's true. There are a few cats here. But we've not hurt them. It's quite the opposite. We've just fed them."

"It don't sound like it," said the policeman, grimly.

"If you understood anything except people who steal and do murders and stealings and naughty things like that I'd tell you all about it," said Robert, "but I'm certain you don't. You're not meant to shove your oar into people's private cat-keepings. You're only supposed to interfere when people shout 'Murder!' and 'Stop thief!' in the street. So there!"

The policeman assured them that he should see about that, and at this point the Phoenix, who had been making itself small on the pot-shelf under the dresser, among the saucepan-lids and the fish-kettle, walked on tip-toed claws in a noiseless and modest manner, and left the room unnoticed by anyone.

"Oh, don't be so horrid!" Anthea was saying, gently and earnestly. "We *love* cats—dear, pussy-soft things. We wouldn't hurt them for worlds. Would we, Pussy?"

And Jane answered that of course they wouldn't.

And still the policeman seemed unmoved by their eloquence.

"Now, look here," he said, "I'm a going to see what's in that room beyond there—and——"

His voice was drowned in a wild burst of mewing and squeaking. [Pg 224]

And as soon as it died down all four children began to explain at once, and though the squeaking and mewing were not at their very loudest, yet there was quite enough of both to make it very hard for the policeman to understand a single word of any of the four wholly different explanations now poured out to him.

"Stow it!" he said, at last. "I'm a-going into the next room in the execution of my duty. I'm a-going to use my eyes—my ears are gone off their chumps, what with you and them cats."

And he pushed Robert aside and strode through the door.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," said Robert.

"It's tigers, *really*," said Jane. "Father said so. I wouldn't go in if I were you."

But the policeman was quite stony; nothing anyone said seemed to make any difference to him. Some policemen are like this, I believe. He strode down the passage, and in another moment he would have been in the room with all the cats and all the rats (musk), but at that very instant a thin, sharp voice screamed from the street outside:—

"Murder! Murder! Stop thief!"

The policeman stopped, with one regulation boot heavily poised in the air.

"Eh?" he said.

And again the shrieks sounded shrilly and piercingly from the dark street outside.

"Come on," said Robert. "Come and look after cats while somebody's being killed outside." For Robert had an inside feeling that told him quite plainly *who* it was that was screaming.

"You young rip!" said the policeman. "I'll settle up with you bimeby."

And he rushed out; and the children heard his boots going weightily along the pavement, and the screams also going along rather ahead of the policeman, and both the murder-screams and the policeman's boots faded away in the remote distance.

Then Robert smacked his knickerbockers loudly with his palm, and said:—

"Good old Phœnix! I should know its golden voice anywhere."

And then everyone understood how cleverly the Phœnix had caught at what Robert had said about the real work of a policeman being to look after murderers and thieves, and not after cats, and all hearts were filled with admiring affection.

"But he'll come back," said Anthea, mournfully, "as soon as he finds the murderer is only a bright vision of a dream, and there isn't one at all really."

"No, he won't," said the soft voice of the clever Phœnix, as he flew in. "*He does not know where your house is.* I heard him own as much to a fellow-

"THE POLICEMAN STOPPED, WITH ONE REGULATION BOOT POISED IN THE AIR."

they're Persian cats, Panther."

"Well," said Anthea, rather sharply, for she was tired and anxious, "who told you milk wasn't Persian for milk? Lots of English words are just the same in French—at least, I know 'miaw' is, and croquet, and *fiancé*. Oh, pussies, do be quiet! Let's stroke them as hard as we can with both hands, and perhaps they'll stop."

So everyone stroked grey fur till their hands were tired, and as soon as a cat had been stroked enough to make it stop mewing it was pushed gently away, and another mewing mouser was approached by the hands of the strokers. And the noise was really more than half purr when the carpet suddenly appeared in its proper place, and on it, instead of rows of milk-cans or even of milk-jugs, there was a *cow*. Not a Persian cow, either; nor, most fortunately, a musk-cow, if there is such a thing, but a smooth, sleek, dun-coloured Jersey cow, who blinked large, soft eyes at the gaslight and mooed in an amiable, if rather inquiring, manner.

Anthea had always been afraid of cows. But now she tried to be brave.

mercenary. Oh! what a night we are having! Lock the door, and let us rid ourselves of this intolerable smell of the perfume peculiar to the musk-rat and to the house of the trimmers of beards. If you'll excuse me I will go to bed. I am worn out."

It was Cyril who wrote the paper that told the carpet to take away the rats and bring milk, because there seemed to be no doubt in any breast that, however Persian cats may be, they must like milk.

"Let's hope it won't be musk-milk," said Anthea, in gloom, as she pinned the paper face-downwards on the carpet. "Is there such a thing as a musk-cow?" she added, anxiously, as the carpet shrivelled and vanished. "I do hope not. Perhaps, really, it *would* have been wiser to let the carpet take the cats away. It's getting quite late, and we can't keep them all night." [Pg 225]

"Oh, can't we?" was the bitter rejoinder of Robert, who had been fastening the side door. "You might have consulted me," he went on. "I'm not such an idiot as some people."

"Why, whatever——"

"Don't you see? We've jolly well *got* to keep the cats all night—oh, get down, you furry beasts!—because we've had three wishes out of the old carpet now, and we can't get any more till to-morrow."

The liveliness of Persian mews alone prevented the occurrence of a dismal silence.

Anthea spoke first. "Never mind," she said. "Do you know, I really do think they're quieting down a bit. Perhaps they heard us say milk."

"They can't understand English," said Jane. "You forget

"ROBERT AND CYRIL HELD THE COW BY THE HORNS."

"Anyway, it can't run after me," she said to herself. "There isn't room for it even to begin to run."

The cow was perfectly placid. She behaved like a strayed duchess till someone brought a saucer for the milk and someone else tried to milk the cow into it. Milking is very difficult. You may think it is easy, but it is not. All the children were by this time strung up to a pitch of heroism that would have been impossible to them in their ordinary condition. Robert and Cyril held the cow by the horns, and when she was quite sure that their end of the cow was secure Jane consented to [Pg 226]

stand by, ready to hold the cow by the tail, should occasion arise. Anthea, holding the saucer, now advanced towards the cow. She remembered to have heard that cows, when milked by strangers, are susceptible to the soothing influence of the human voice. So, clutching her saucer very tight, she sought for words to whose soothing influence the cow might be susceptible. And her memory, troubled by the events of the night, which seemed to go on and on for ever and ever, refused to help her with any form of words suitable to address a Jersey cow in.

"Poor pussy, then. Lie down, then, good dog, lie down," was all she could think of to say, and she said it. And nobody laughed—the situation, full of grey, mewing cats, was too serious for that.

Then Anthea, with a beating heart, tried to milk the cow. Next moment the cow had knocked the saucer out of her hand and trampled on it with one foot, while with the other three she had walked on a foot each of Robert, Cyril, and Jane.

Jane burst into tears.

"Oh, how much too horrid everything is!" she cried. "Come away. Let's go to bed and leave the horrid cats with the hateful cow. Perhaps somebody will eat somebody else. And serve them right."

They did not go to bed, but had a shivering council in the drawing-room, which smelt of soot—and, indeed, a heap of this lay in the fender. There had been no fire in the room since mother went away, and all the chairs and tables were in the wrong places, and the chrysanthemums were dead, and the water in their pots nearly dried up.

Anthea wrapped the embroidered, woolly sofa-blanket round Jane and herself, while Robert and Cyril had a struggle, silent and brief, but fierce, for the larger share of the fur hearthrug.

"ROBERT AND CYRIL HAD A STRUGGLE FOR THE LARGER SHARE OF THE FUR HEARTHRUG."

"It is most truly awful," said Anthea. "And I *am* so tired. Let's let the cats loose."

"And the cow, perhaps?" said Cyril. "The police would find us at once. That cow would stand at the gate and mew—I mean moo—to come in. And so would the cats. No; I see quite well what we've got to do. We must put them in baskets and leave them on people's doorsteps, like orphan foundlings."

"We've got three baskets, counting mother's work one," said Jane, brightening.

"And there are nearly two hundred cats," said Anthea, "besides the cow, and it would have to be a different-sized basket for her. And then I don't know how you'd carry it, and you'd never find a doorstep big enough to put it on, except the church one, and——"

"Oh, well," said Cyril, "if you simply *make* difficulties——"

"I'm with you," said Robert. "Don't fuss about the cow, Panther. It's simply *got* to stay the night, and I'm sure I've read that the cow is a remunerating creature, and that means it will sit still and think for hours. The carpet can take it away in the morning. And as for baskets, we'll do them up in dusters or pillow-cases, or bath-towels. Come on, Squirrel. You girls can be out of it, if you like."

His tone was full of contempt, but Jane and Anthea were too tired and desperate to care; even being "out of it," which at other times they could not have borne, now seemed quite a comfort. [Pg 227] They snuggled down in the sofa-blanket and Cyril threw the fur hearthrug over them.

"Ah," he said, "that's all women are fit for—to keep safe and warm while the men do the work and run dangers and risks and things."

"I'm not," said Anthea; "you know I'm not."

But Cyril was gone.

It was warm under the blanket and the hearthrug, and Jane snuggled up close to her sister, and Anthea cuddled Jane closely and kindly, and in a sort of dream they heard the rise of a wave of mewing as Robert opened the door of the nursery. They heard the booted search for baskets in the back kitchen. They heard the side door open and close, and they knew that each brother had gone out with at least one cat. Anthea's last thought was that it would take at least all night to get rid of one hundred and ninety-nine cats by twos. There would be eighty-nine journeys of two cats each, and one cat over. "I almost think we might keep the one cat over," said Anthea; "I don't

seem to care for cats just now, but I dare say I shall again some day." And she fell asleep. Jane also was sleeping.

It was Jane who awoke with a start to find Anthea still asleep. As in the act of awakening she kicked her sister, she wondered idly why they should have gone to bed in their boots, but the next moment she remembered where they were.

There was a sound of muffled, shuffled feet on the stairs. Like the heroine of the classic poem, Jane "thought it was the boys," and, as she now felt quite wide awake and not nearly so tired as before, she crept gently from Anthea's side and followed the footsteps. They went down into the basement. The cats, which seemed to have fallen into the sleep of exhaustion, awoke at the sound of the approaching footsteps and mewed piteously. Jane was at the foot of the stairs before she saw that it was not her brothers whose coming had roused her and the cats, but a burglar. She knew he was a burglar at once, because he wore a fur cap and a red and black charity-check comforter, and he had no business where he was.

If you had been stood in Jane's shoes you would no doubt have run away in them, appealing to the police and neighbours with horrid screams. But Jane knew better. She had read a great many nice stories about burglars, as well as some affecting pieces of poetry, and she knew that no burglar will ever hurt a little girl if he meets one when burgling. Indeed, in all the cases Jane had read of his burglarishness was almost at once forgotten in the interest he felt in the little girl's artless prattle. So if Jane hesitated for a moment before addressing the burglar it was only because she could not at once think of any remark sufficiently prattling and artless to make a beginning. In the stories and the affecting poetry the child could never speak plainly, though it always looked old enough to in the pictures. And Jane could not make up her mind to lisp and "talk baby," even to a burglar. And while she hesitated he softly opened the nursery door and went in.

Jane followed—just in time to see him sit down flat on the floor, scattering cats as a stone thrown into a pool splashes water.

She closed the door softly and stood there, still wondering whether she *could* bring herself to say: "What's 'oo doing here, Mithter Wobber?" and whether any other kind of talk would do.

Then she heard the burglar draw a long breath, and he spoke:—

"It's a judgment," he said. "Oh, 'ere's a thing to 'appen to a chap! Cats an' cats an' cats. Let alone the cow. If she ain't the moral of the old man's Daisy! She's a dream out of when I was a lad; I don't mind 'er so much. 'Ere, Daisy, Daisy!"

The cow turned and looked at him.

"*She's* all right," he went on; "sort of company, too. But them cats—oh, take 'em away, take 'em away! Oh, take 'em away!"

"Burglar," said Jane, close behind him, and he started convulsively and turned on her a blank face whose pale lips trembled—"I can't take those cats away."

"Lor'!" exclaimed the man; "if 'ere ain't another on 'em. Are you real, miss, or something I'll wake up from presently?"

"I am quite real," said Jane, relieved to find that a lisp was not needed to make the burglar understand her. "And so," she added, "are the cats."

"Then send for the police, send for the police, and I'll go quiet. If you ain't no realler than them cats I'm done. Send for the police. I'll go quiet. One thing, there'd not be room for 'arf them cats in no cell as ever *I* see."

He ran his fingers through his hair, which was short, and his eyes wandered wildly round the roomful of cats.

"Burglar," said Jane, kindly and softly, "if you didn't like cats, what did you come here for?" [Pg 228]

"Send for the police," was the unfortunate criminal's only reply. "I'd rather you would—honest, I'd rather."

"I daren't," said Jane; "and, besides, I've no one to send. I hate the police. I wish he'd never been born."

"You've a feeling 'art, miss," said the burglar. "But them cats is really a little bit too thick."

"Look here," said Jane. "I won't call the police. And I am quite a real little girl, though I talk older than the kind you have met before when you've been doing your burglings. And they *are* real cats—and they want real milk—and—didn't you say the cow was like somebody's Daisy that you used to know? Well, then, perhaps you know how to milk cows?"

"Perhaps I does," was the burglar's cautious rejoinder.

"Then," said Jane, "if you will *only* milk ours, you don't know how we shall always love you."

The burglar replied that loving was all very well.

"If those cats only had a good, long, wet, thirsty drink of milk," Jane went on, with eager persuasion, "they'll lie down and go to sleep as likely as not, and then the police won't come back. But if they go on mewing like this he will, and then I don't know what'll become of us or you either."

This argument seemed to decide the

"'IT'S A JUDGMENT,' HE SAID. 'OH, 'ERE'S A THING TO 'APPEN TO A CHAP!'"

criminal. Jane fetched the wash-bowl from the sink and he prepared to milk the cow. At this instant boots were heard on the stairs.

"It's all up," said the man, desperately. "This 'ere's a plant. *'Ere's* the police." He made as if to open the window and leap from it.

"It's all right, I tell you," whispered Jane, in anguish. "I'll say you're a friend of mine, or the good clergyman called in, or my uncle, or *anything*—only do, do, do milk the cow. Oh, *don't* go—oh—oh, thank goodness, it's only the boys!"

It was; and their entrance had awakened Anthea, who, with her brothers, now crowded through the doorway. The man looked about him as a rat looks round a trap.

"This is a friend of mine," said Jane. "He's just called in, and he's going to milk the cow for us. *Isn't* it good and kind of him?"

She winked at the others, and though they did not understand they played up loyally.

"How do?" said Cyril. "Very glad to meet you. Don't let us interrupt the milking."

The burglar began to milk the cow, and the others went to get things to put the milk in, for it was now spurting and foaming in the wash-bowl, and the cats had ceased from mewing and were crowding round the cow, with expressions of hope and anticipation on their whiskered faces.

"We can't get rid of any more cats," said Cyril, as he and his sisters piled a tray high with saucers and soup-plates and platters and pie-dishes; "the police nearly got us as it was. Not the same one —a much stronger sort. He thought it really was a foundling orphan we'd got. If it hadn't been for me throwing the two bags of cat slap in his eye and hauling Robert over a railing, and lying like mice under a laurel bush—well, it's jolly lucky I'm a good shot, that's all. He pranced off when he'd got the cat-bags off his face—thought we'd bolted. And here we are." [Pg 229]

The gentle sameishness of the milk swishing into the hand-bowl seemed to have soothed the burglar very much. He went on milking in a sort of happy dream, while the children got a cup and ladled the warm milk out into the pie-dishes and plates, and platters and saucers, and set them down to the music of Persian purrs and lappings.

"HE WENT ON MILKING IN A SORT OF HAPPY DREAM."

"It makes me think of old times," said the burglar, smearing his ragged coat-cuff across his eyes; "about the apples in the orchard at home, and the rats at threshing time, and the rabbits and the ferrets, and how pretty it was seeing the pigs killed."

Finding him in this softened mood, Jane said:—

"I wish you'd tell us how you came to choose our house for your burglaring to-night. I'm awfully glad you did. You *have* been so kind. I don't know what we should have done without you," she added, hastily. "We all love you ever so. Do tell us."

The others added their affectionate entreaties, and at last the burglar said:—

"Well, it's my first job, and I didn't expect to be made so welcome, and that's the truth, young gents and ladies. And I don't know but what it won't be my last. For this 'ere cow, she reminds me of my father, and I know 'ow 'e'd 'ave 'ided me if I'd laid 'ands on a 'apenny as wasn't my own."

"Look here," said Cyril, "these cats are very valuable—very, indeed. And we will give them all to you if only you will take them away."

"I see they're a breedy lot," replied the burglar; "but I don't want no bother with the coppers. Did you come by them honest, now—straight?"

"They are all our very own," said Anthea. "We wanted them; but the confidement——" [Pg 230]

"Consignment," whispered Cyril.

"——was larger than we wanted, and they're an awful bother. If you got your barrow and some sacks or baskets we would be awfully pleased. My father says Persian cats are worth pounds and pounds each."

"Well," said the burglar, and he was certainly moved by her remarks, "I see you're in a hole; I've got a pal—I'll fetch him along, and if he thinks they'd fetch anything above their skins, I don't mind doin' you a kindness."

Then he went, and Cyril and Robert sent the girls to bed and sat up to wait for his return. It soon seemed absurd to await him in a state of wakefulness, but his stealthy tap on the window awoke them readily enough when he returned. And he did return, with the pal and the barrow and the sacks. The pal approved of the cats, now dormant in Persian repletion, and they were bundled into the sacks and taken away on the barrow, mewing indeed, but with mews too sleepy to attract public attention.

"THEY WERE BUNDLED INTO THE SACKS."

"I'm a fence, that's what I am," said the burglar, gloomily; "I never thought I'd come down to this and all acause er my kind 'art."

Cyril knew that a fence is a receiver of stolen goods, and he replied, briskly:—

"I give you my word the cats aren't stolen. What do you make the time?"

"I ain't got the time on me," said the pal; "but it was just about chucking-out time as I come by the Bull and Gate. I shouldn't wonder if it was nigh upon one now."

When the cats had been removed and the boys and the burglar had parted with warm expressions of friendship there remained only the cow.

"She must stay all night," said Robert. "Cook'll have a fit when she sees her."

"All night?" said Cyril. "Why, it's to-morrow morning if it's one. We can have another wish!"

So the carpet was urged, in a hastily-written note, to remove the cow to wherever she belonged and to return to its proper place on the nursery floor. And the cow could not be got to move on to the carpet. So Robert got the clothes-line out of the back kitchen and tied one end very firmly to the cow's horns and the other end to a bunched-up corner of the carpet, and said, "Fire away!"

And carpet and cow vanished together, and the boys went to bed tired out, and only too thankful that the evening at last was over.

Next morning the carpet lay calmly in its place, but one corner was very badly torn. It was the corner that the cow had been tied on to. [Pg 231]

What Is a Good Advertisement?

WHAT is a good advertisement? The question was recently asked of the readers of *Tit-Bits*, who were desired to select the best twelve advertisements which appeared in this magazine during six months—the competitor selecting the greatest number of advertisements which corresponded to the choice of the majority being rewarded with a substantial prize. The grounds on which the competitors based their opinions were probably, consciously or unconsciously, very much alike in most instances. It is interesting to consider what these grounds were. We reproduce on this and following pages reduced facsimiles of the twelve winning advertisements, which will serve to illustrate the several points which go to make up a good advertisement.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT SECURED THE FIRST PLACE ON THE VOTING LIST.

THIS SECURED THE SECOND PLACE.

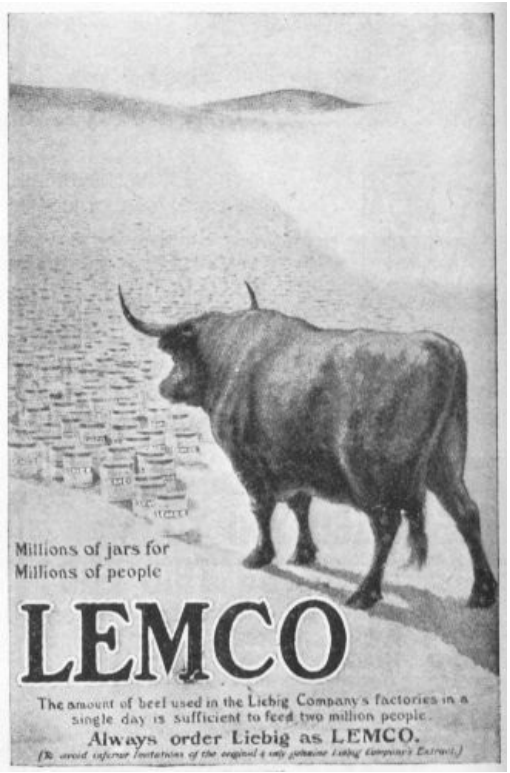
We, as advertisers, are so convinced of the excellence of the "Tit-Bits" Great Competition as a method of gauging the public taste in advertisements, that we have decided to add

Moreover, the question is of interest to a greater number of persons than may appear at first sight. To every advertiser, of course—that is, to every man who has anything to sell, from the big firms who spend colossal sums in making known the merits of their productions down to the smallest village tradesman who puts his "ad" into the local paper—the question of how to make the most efficient use of the means at his disposal is of the greatest moment. But the general public, who have no occasion to use advertisements for the purpose of business, have also a direct interest in the question, for the simple reason that striking advertisements are entertaining to read, while commonplace advertisements are dull. From the same point of view the proprietors of periodical publications are concerned, for it is clearly to their advantage to interest the readers of their advertisements rather than to bore them. [Pg 232]

An advertisement has three things to accomplish before it can be called good. First, it must attract attention; secondly, it must arouse interest; and thirdly, it must leave an impression on the brain—the message must have struck home. It may in some cases make you want a particular article, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred its seed lies dormant until the moment arrives

for you to make your purchase; and then, if the advertisement has done its work as a good advertisement should do, your brain couples the article with a certain name, and that particular brand stands a very big chance of finding you a purchaser.

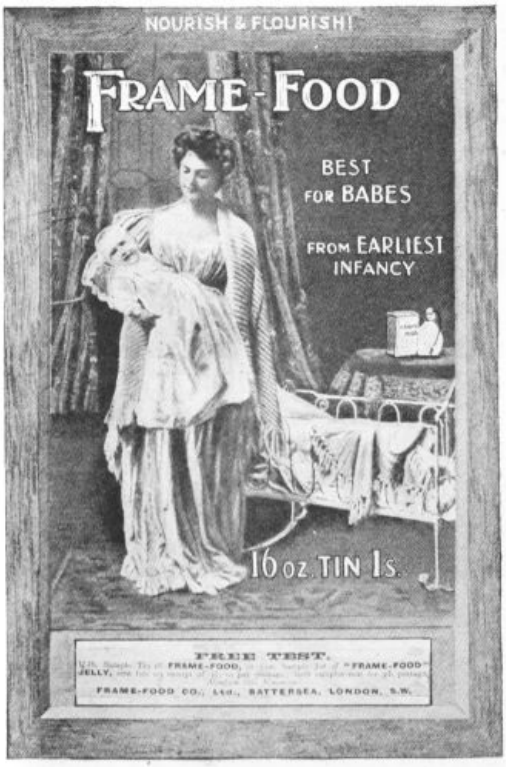
THIRD.



FOURTH.

To catch the eye is the first essential of a good advertisement; the first sense to which it appeals is that of sight. The object of the skilful advertiser is to make the space he occupies—whether a page or a portion of a page—the most conspicuous in the publication. Turn for a moment to any page of advertisements you please, open and shut it quickly, and you will generally find that [Pg 233] there is one advertisement which has immediately attracted your eye. Let two persons try at the same time, and on comparing notes it will generally be found that the same advertisement has been spotted by both. That one possesses the first essential of a good advertisement more conspicuously than its fellows.

Try again, and this time run through the pages rapidly, so that every leaf of the journal falls quickly from your thumb. There are certain to be one or two pages which will stand out conspicuously and leave their impression on your eye beyond all the rest, and you will turn back to see what it is all about.



SIXTH.

FIFTH.

SEVENTH.

The cunning advertiser has thus obtained his audience—it is now his aim to keep it, Here he has to introduce some connecting link to hold the attention until his message has been duly delivered. Where the original design has nothing particular about it to hold the attention, there is no better method than the insertion of some catch sentence, generally a question, which you are compelled to read, and, of course, to investigate further. [Pg 234]

It may be said that the language of a good advertisement should resemble that of a telegram—straight to the point; the information is to be given in the most concise, clear, and complete form possible, confined to the main feature or features of the article advertised, so as to convince the prospective buyer of the excellence of the goods in a short, logical manner, and to do this so that fact and not fiction is apparent to the reader.

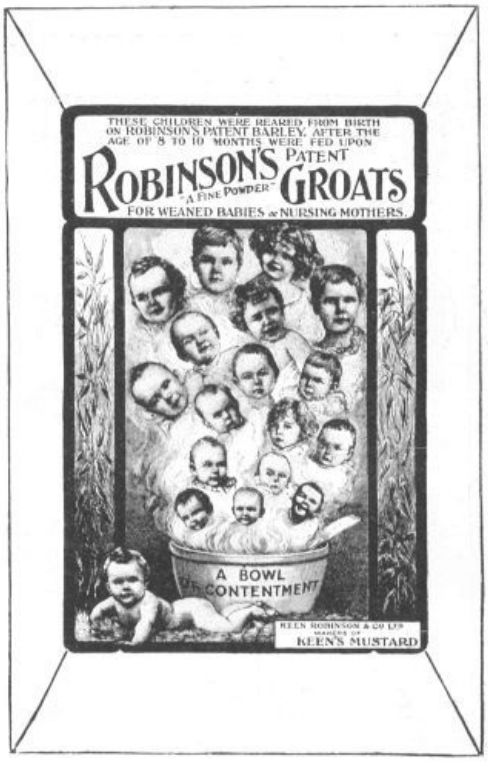
In drawing up an advertisement there are many ways of incurring failure, and one very sure method is the abuse of one's rivals. An advertisement which is meant to be taken too seriously is rarely a success. Let the reader's eye catch any of the hackneyed phrases, "Beware of Imitations," "Thousands of Testimonials," "Is the Best," and such like, and it will immediately pass on to something else. Such well-worn and unconvincing statements excite in him no interest, but rather a feeling of distrust.

NINTH.

It has been said that a magazine advertisement has three things to accomplish before it can be called good, but in judging the quality of the complete article two more things should be added, of less importance, and really subdivisions of the striking home of the message.

The points one might apportion for each feature might be as follows:—

	Points.
1. Power to attract attention	40
2. Power to hold attention	20
3. Prominence of the article advertised	20
4. Brevity of necessary information	10
5. Composition	10



EIGHTH.

TENTH.

And now, how do we stand in comparison with other nations in this matter of effective advertising? It is universally admitted that advertisement is the soul of business. How, then, does the business man of this country compare with the business man of America. Some of our great advertising firms certainly display no very marked inferiority, but as a rule it is unfortunately true that to glance through the announcements in an American magazine is to be brought face to face with the enormously superior ability in design of the American over the Englishman. Here you have, as it were, your finger on the pulse of a country's commerce; you can feel the vigorous beats, or the languid and anæmic current. And the main reason is just this: that the American never loses sight of the fact that the first three essentials in attracting and keeping attention are novelty, novelty, novelty. Their skill in attracting attention in new ways is always a matter of admiration.

[Pg 235]

The question altogether is one of far more importance than it may seem on first consideration; it is hardly too much to say that the prosperity of a nation's trade depends upon its ability in attractive advertising.

Advertisement is an art of its own, and if you are going to advertise to any considerable extent and do it yourself, either your business must suffer to allow you time to do your advertising well, or your advertising must suffer so that you may properly attend to your business.

ELEVENTH.

TWELFTH.

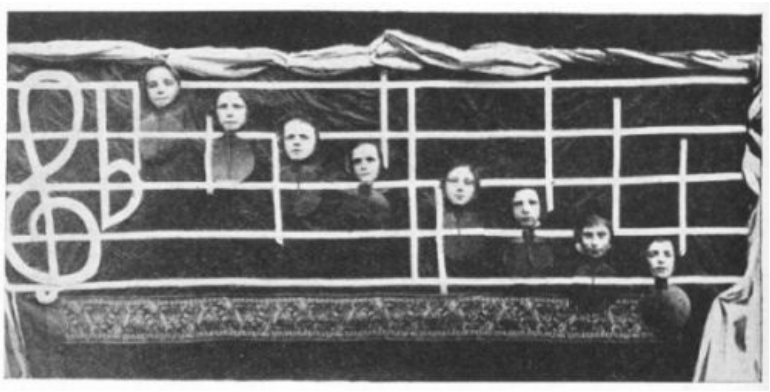
Of course, it is the advertising that suffers. If you do it yourself, sooner or later it becomes a worry, and when a reminder arrives that your copy is due very likely your instructions will be to repeat the last, or possibly, if you have a minute or two to spare, you will sit down and grind out a lot of nonsense which no one cares to read. If you wish to make any genuine effort properly to employ the most important factor in commerce, get someone who understands the art to do it for you; engage a good man, and do not expect to get the same for five pounds as you would for ten pounds.

[Pg 236]

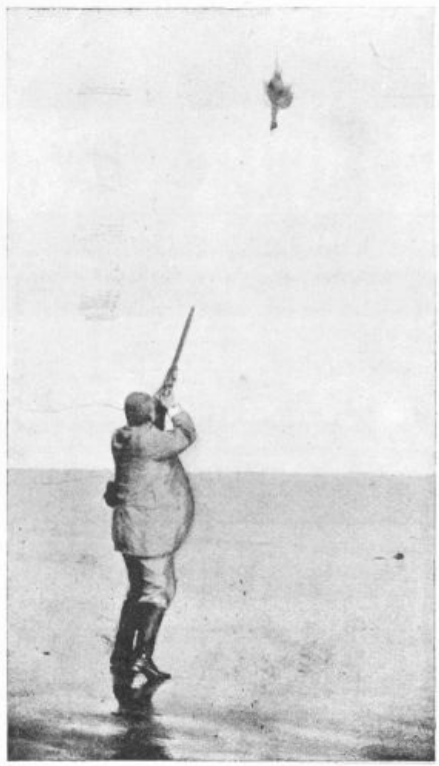
Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

"HUMAN NOTES."



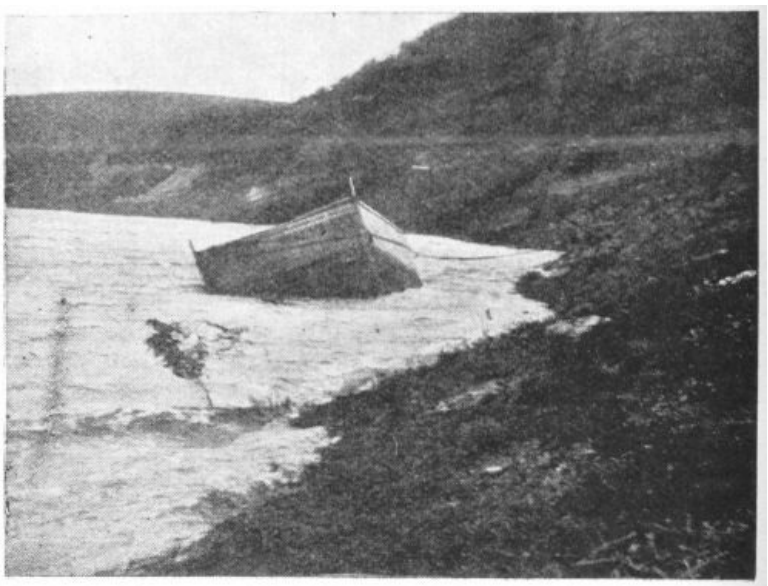
"I beg to send you a photograph of some little boys in this parish who were taking part in a Band of Hope entertainment. The item on the programme was called 'Human Notes,' and the little songsters, each taking the note he represented, sang a peal of bells and extracts from nursery rhymes. I thought the idea might be useful for other places. The framework is easily made and costs little, and was most heartily received wherever tried."—Miss Statham, River Vicarage, Dover. Photo. by Mr. Ray Sherman.



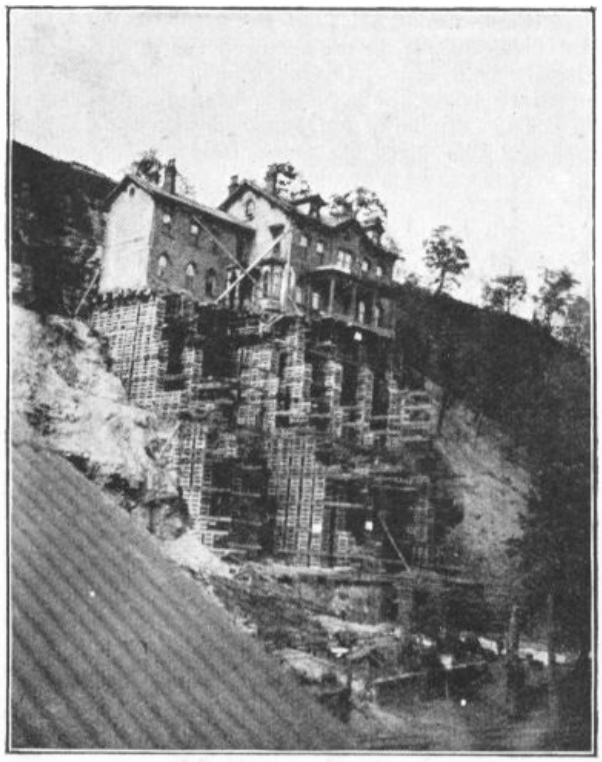
HOW A SHOT BIRD REALLY FALLS.

"Painters of sporting subjects have often portrayed, from memory necessarily, a bird in the act of being shot, either immediately before or after the event. Here, at last, is an actual photograph of a wild duck at the moment of receiving its *coup de grâce*. It was in a lonely, low-lying bay on the West Coast of Ireland. Ducks were homing in fair numbers overhead on their way to the large lakes lying inland, when, telling my photographic friend to get well behind me and snap away as fast as he could, I advanced a few paces and also merrily snapped away. Upon developing the series at home that night we found that between us our snaps had resulted in our obtaining the photograph here reproduced. It shows clearly that a duck—well shot—falls like a plumb to the earth, head foremost, and may serve to correct some of the imaginary pictures of similar incidents."—Mr. Dudley M. Stone, 8, Chichele Road, Cricklewood, N.W.

A FLOATING CHAPEL.

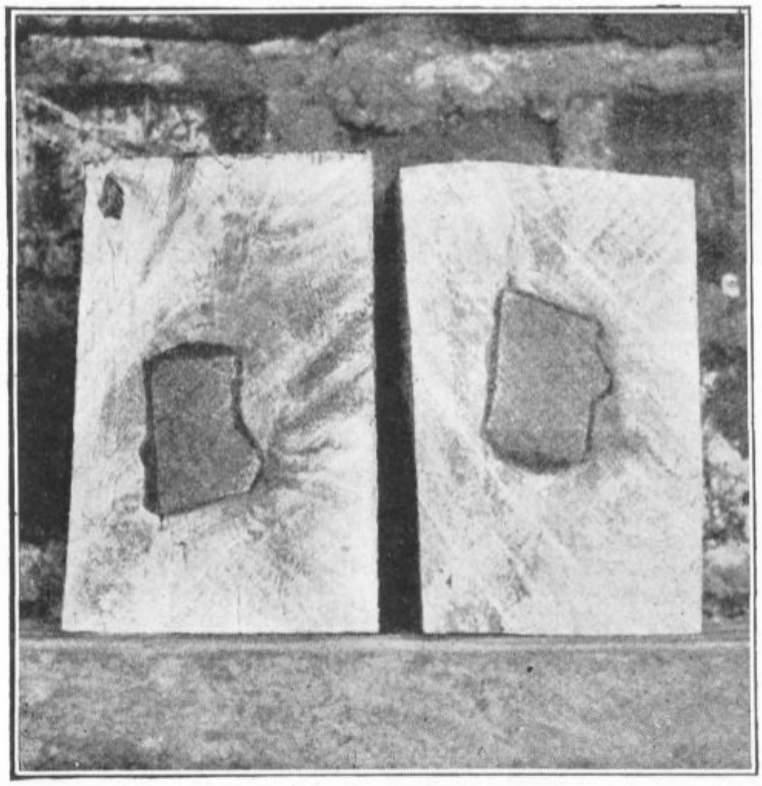


"I took this photograph during the recent heavy floods in Wales. A mission-room had been washed away during the night, and it was an uncommon sight seeing a party of men 'towing' the edifice back to a place of safety. It struck me as being a unique incident, so I forward it on to you."—Mrs. E. L. F. Mansergh, 59, Madeley Road, Ealing, W.



HOUSE-MOVING EXTRAORDINARY.

"This extraordinary photograph was taken a short time ago in Pittsburg, Pa., of a house which is being moved up a hill, the former site being bought by a railway company. It is a fifteen or twenty-roomed house, built of brick, the hill is one hundred and fifty feet high, and the cost of moving the house between £6,000 and £7,000."—Mr. D. Munro, 21, Sydney Road, West Ealing, W.



A STONE INSIDE A TREE.

This is a photograph of a piece of oak with a stone in the centre, two inches square, found by Mr. A. Steven, sawyer, St. Mary's Isle Estate, Kirkcudbright. The stone was situated three feet from the ground and three inches in from the bark. Nothing could be discerned of it from the outside. —The photo. is by Mr. A. Kello Henderson, chemist, Kirkcudbright.

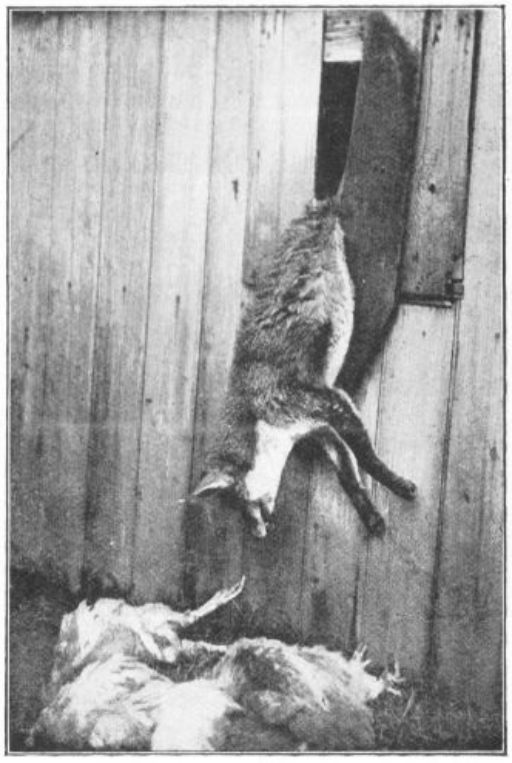
WILL READERS HELP?

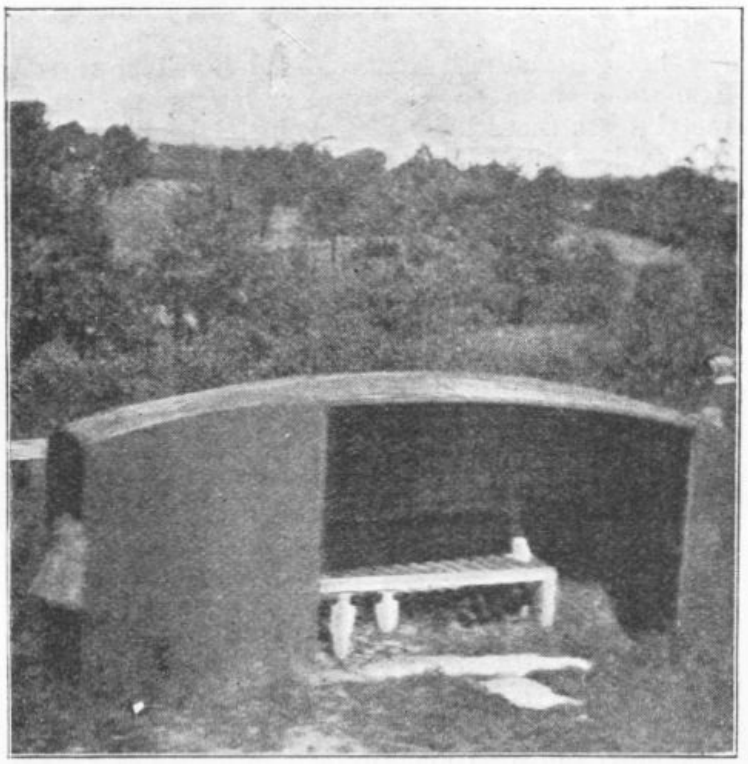
"Can anyone give a clue to this 'Curiosity'? It is a dark-green silk ribbon eight inches by one and a half inches, the accompanying letters, figures, and key being

beautifully embroidered in silver thread. The dots between the upper letters are small metal discs secured by a tiny metal bead sewn on with yellow silk. The wards of the key are sewn in black silk. The embroidery is backed with canvas and interlined with seemingly soft paper. I found it some years ago in a parcel of doll's finery given to my little daughter by a friend who could throw no light upon it. This badge has been the cause of much guesswork, speculation, and earnest inquiry and search."—Mrs. Anne W. Newton, Ballybeg, Ballinglen, Rathdrum, Ireland.

THE BITER BIT.

"The fox in the photograph was discovered quite dead in this curious position on the morning of November 17th, 1903, by Mr. H. Sparling, dairyman, Tadcaster. The wooden erection is a poultry house, and the hole from which the fox is hanging is, when the door is shut for the night, the only possible means of entering or leaving the same. Reynard had evidently entered by this aperture, for inside were discovered three fowls he had killed. (These are shown at the foot of the photograph.) In leaving by the same means he stuck fast, the hole narrowing to quite a point at the bottom, and the more he struggled the faster he had got, till at last he could struggle no longer, and death intervened, probably from exhaustion."—Mr. John H. Hull, chemist, Tadcaster.





A PRIMITIVE RAILWAY-STATION.

"I send you a photo. taken by Mrs. Hind, of Stoke-on-Trent. The photo. shows a railway-station on the Eskdale and Ravenglass line, which consists of a flat-bottomed boat turned up on its side, with a seat inside for passengers. I think it likely this is the most primitive and unique station in the United Kingdom. I may add that the guard is also station-master, ticket-collector, and porter at the different stations along the line, of which there are six or seven."—Mr. M. Hind, Felsham Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds.

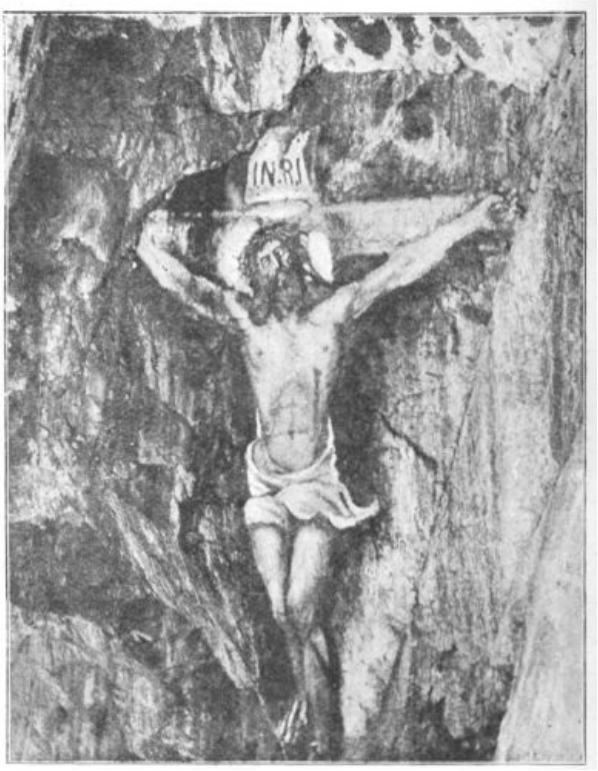
THE PRANKS OF A CYCLONE.

"This strangely-placed house is one of the pranks played by a cyclone that almost destroyed the little town of St. Charles, Minn., U.S.A., on October 6th, 1903. The building was carried from the hill, which may be seen in the left-hand corner of the photo., for the distance of half a mile. At the time the storm picked it up it was occupied by Mrs. Edward Drew and two children, who escaped uninjured. The house itself was practically undamaged, though left in the topsy-turvy condition shown here."—Mr. Geo. E. Luxton, 3,220, Third Avenue, Minn.

THE DREAM-PAINTING AT CAVE DAVAAR.

"Cave Davaar, or the Picture Cave, as it is sometimes called, near Campbelltown, Argyllshire, is noted as being the repository of a mural painting of the Crucifixion of our Lord. When the painting was first discovered its author and the manner of its creation were a mystery. Shortly, the story of the picture and its romance is as follows: Upon a smooth mural surface of the rock which forms the inner wall of the interior of the cave, and in a position adjusted to the light which penetrates the cavern, visitors see a life-size representation of Christ on the Cross, measuring seven feet from head to foot, the cross itself being fifteen feet in height. It appears that Mr.

McKinnon, a native of Campbelltown, and now of Nantwich, was, it is believed, originally a ship's carpenter by trade, with a strong artistic taste, which was afterwards afforded proper training through the patronage and assistance of the Argyll family. One night, about twelve years ago, he had a dream. He saw, in his dream, on the inner wall of the Cave Davaar a vivid picture of the Crucifixion, and so strikingly real and soul-stirring was the vision that it continually haunted him in his waking hours. He could not rest, and, as he himself said, 'I took my brushes and materials and went to the cave. I found the smooth surface I had seen in my dream, and set to work and painted. I stopped in the cave for twenty-four hours until I had completed my task, and when I had finished I had painted just the picture I had seen in my dream.'"—Mr. S. J. Oakley, H.M.S. *Northampton*, Special Service.



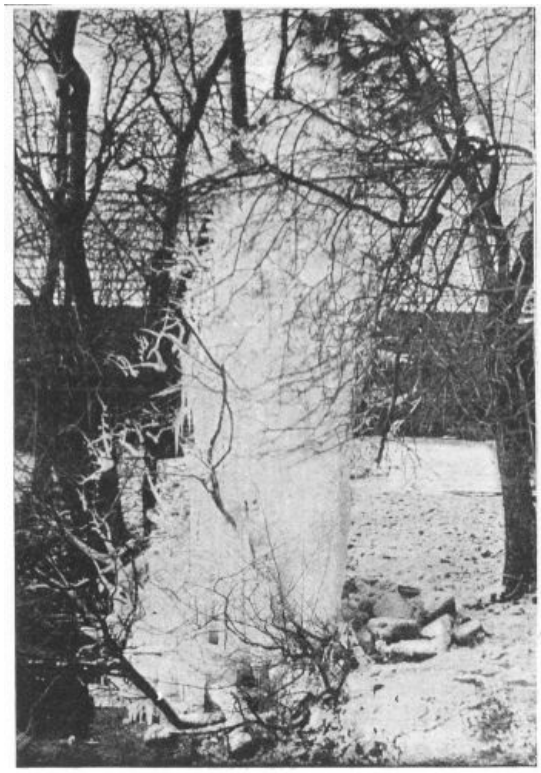
A TERRIBLE FALL.

"I send you a snap-shot, taken by me, of a man falling ninety feet! The high-diver (forming part of a street carnival show) climbed up his ninety-foot ladder set up in the main street of Washington, N.C., half an hour before he was to make his daring leap into four feet of water. As he tested the ladder to see if all was in readiness one of the guy-ropes broke, and, to the horror of the crowd below, man and ladder came crashing down to the pavement. With rare presence of mind the athlete turned when he felt the ladder start and slid down for his life, thus lessening the fall by

almost half. Strange to say he was not killed, but his legs were badly broken."—Miss Mary Brickell Hoyt, Candler Post Office, Buncombe Co., North Carolina.

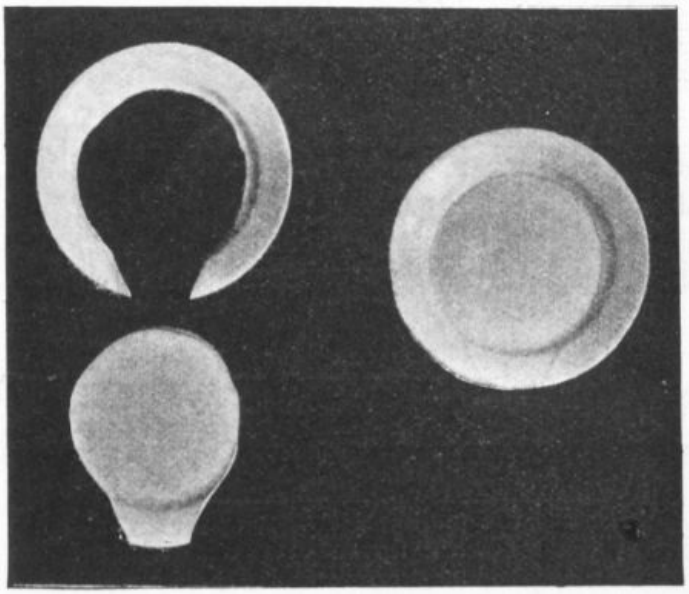
AN ENORMOUS ICICLE.

We have published a great many photographs, at different times, of strange and beautiful effects wrought by frost, but the annexed is so striking and peculiar that we have no hesitation in adding it to the number. In the words of the sender: "My photograph is of an enormous icicle, or one might call it a land iceberg on a small scale. The ice was formed during a recent frost by the overflow of a spring which runs from a pipe about eighteen feet from the ground into the branches of a tree. In the full sunlight it was a very pretty and novel sight."—Mr. Chas. W. Chilton, 17, West Gate, Sleaford, Lines.



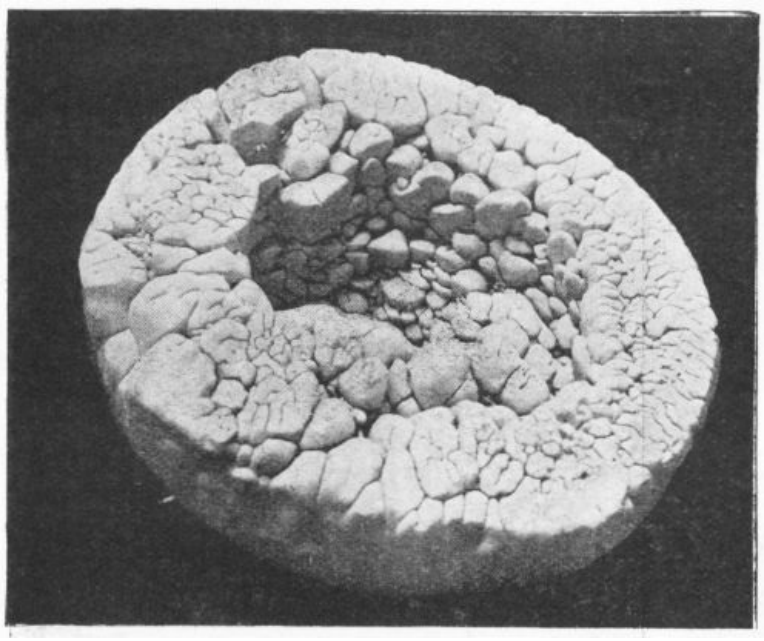
WHEN IS A PLATE NOT A PLATE?

"The accompanying photographs are of a kitchen dinner-plate, which, as I discovered by chance, consists of two distinct pieces held together merely by their peculiar conformation. There is enough spring in the outer piece to enable the parts to be separated, which has been repeatedly done; but when they are reunited the whole will easily pass for a slightly cracked plate. From the colour of the fracture it is evident that the plate was in use in its present condition for at least some weeks."—Mr. S. B. Whanker, 62, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.



AN OYSTER IN THE KETTLE.

"Here is the photo. of an oyster-shell which has been in a tea-kettle for seven years. When I put it in it weighed about one and a half



ounces, and was not more than three thirty-seconds of an inch thick in any part. Now it is three-quarters of an inch thick and weighs eleven ounces. It had lain out in the garden for a long time and lost all the crust, which accounted for it being so thin at first. No one has ever been able to say what it is, although many have seen it in the glass case in the shop."—Mr. R. G. Foster, Post Office Drug Stores, High Street, Burford, Oxon.

A GEOGRAPHICAL POST-CARD.

"This curious post-card was delivered to me in Richmond thirty-eight hours after being posted in Lausanne. No other clue was given as to the intended destination than that afforded by the physical peculiarities of the 'map' itself—the address on the side of the card being written during transmission. The full address as shown on the 'map' is as follows, and is that of yours faithfully: 'To Edward H. W. Wingfield King, Esq., 5, Spring Terrace, Richmond-on-Thames, Angleterre.'" This is, perhaps, the most curious post-card of the many which we have published, and which does the Post Office the most credit.

ELECTRIC LAMPS AND PLANT LIFE.

"At the present time, when the effect upon the rainfall of the kingdom of multiplying electrical agencies is being discussed, it is interesting to note the results which follow upon the use of electric lamps in the public thoroughfares of our towns. There is to be seen at Southend-on-Sea a remarkable instance of the influence which the electric street lamps have upon the duration of leaves. In Cliff Town Parade those trees contiguous to the lamps were still well covered on December the 1st ult. on the side nearest the light, when the next tree, only a few yards distant, was entirely denuded of leaves. Our photograph gives the first tree in the parade with a good show of leaves on its front half, but the back of the same tree, which has been shaded from the lamp, has entirely shed its leaves. The next few trees are also quite bare of leaves, and looking down the row one sees that only those trees opposite the lamps bear any sign of verdure."—Mr. W. J. Cooper, 162, Stanstead Road, Forest Mill, S.E.

Transcriber notes:

Fixed various punctuation.

P.149. 'phesaant' changed to 'pheasant'.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE STRAND MAGAZINE, VOL. 27, FEBRUARY 1904, NO. 159 ***

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