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Williamson Stories. W. W. Jacobs.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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"WASTE NOT—WANT NOT"

WASTE!

There is no waste for the purse where the housekeeper uses SAPOLIO. It has succeeded grandly although one cake goes as far as several cakes or packages of the quickly-wasting articles often substituted by dealers or manufacturers who seek a double profit.

Powders, Sifters, Soft Soaps, or Soaps that are cheaply made,

WASTE

All powder forms of soap are easily wasted by the motion of your elbow. Many scouring Soaps are so ill-made that if left a few minutes in the water they can only be taken out with a spoon.

A well-made, solid cake, that does not waste, but wears down "to the thinness of a wafer," is the original and universally esteemed

SAPOLIO

"WASTE NOT—WANT NOT"

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Contents for February, 1907.

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"A SILENT GREETING." By SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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SEVEN FAMOUS PAINTINGS.

THERE is one canvas in the Tate Gallery in London which, however few the visitors, is sure of homage. It is a striking example of the skill of the master who painted it. A warrior accoutred in Roman armour is placing a bunch of red roses in the lap of a lady who has fallen asleep over her work. In the background a slave girl falls back in half-transparent draperies, revealing a glimpse of a sunlit court and a blue sky.

"I borrowed, at the suggestion of a literary friend," writes Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema to THE STRAND, "Goethe's beautiful lines for the title of this picture, 'A Silent Greeting.' I chose them because they explained the subject of the picture so thoroughly. It was painted for my friend, Sir Henry Tate, in the year 1889, and I repainted it in 1891. At his request it was to be the fellow to a picture which he bought of me in 1885, and which remained in Amy Lady Tate's private collection. That picture has the title of 'A Foregone Conclusion.' This title," continues Sir Lawrence, "is the same as Mr. W. D. Howells gave to one of his charming Venetian novels, and which he allowed me to make use of for my picture."

Everyone in the art world knows the care which Sir Lawrence bestows on his canvases. He is not only a master of colour and technique, but he is an archæologist deeply versed in the costume, manners, and customs of the ancient Roman world. It has been stated, apparently on authority, that for this picture Lady Alma-Tadema posed as the heroine; but we have the authority of the painter that this is not the case. "Lady Alma-Tadema," he writes, "sat for very few of my pictures, and certainly not for the 'Silent Greeting.'"

When "Her Mother's Voice" was first

"HER MOTHER'S VOICE." By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

sent for exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1888, the painter, Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., accompanied it with these lines :—

> But, O ! for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still. "

Afterwards it was pointed out to him that this beautiful couplet of Tennyson's had been repeatedly used before, and thereupon he substituted two other lines, as follows :—

> Upon his widowed heart it falls,
> Echoing a hallowed tune.

Here we see an elderly figure seated in an arm-chair, while his daughter is singing at the piano. A newspaper lies open upon his knees, and he listens with a rapt expression to her singing. Age has not banished the vivid memories of the past when a voice like his daughter's thrilled him, and he turned lovingly the leaves of her music even as the young girl's lover turns them now.

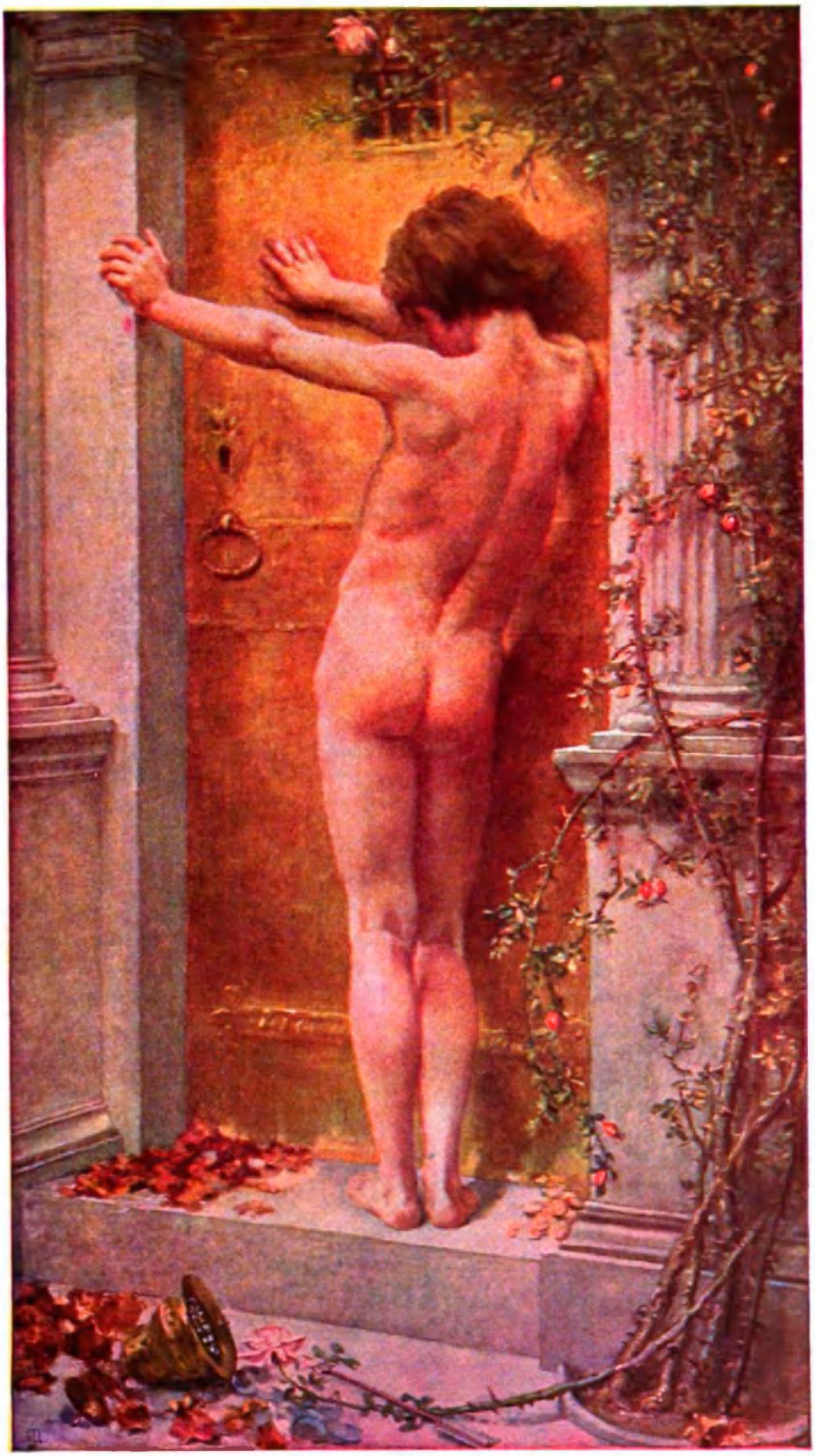
The idea of painting a picture with the title of "The Summer Moon" occurred to Lord Leighton as far back as 1867. "I wanted," he said, long afterwards, "to paint two or three young women asleep in the moonlight," but not till early in 1872 was the picture painted.

Of a totally different character to any of the foregoing is Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's charming picture, "Love Locked Out." Love is here shown as a young boy pushing at a golden door locked against him. It is interesting to note that the original of the figure was not a boy but a girl, the daughter of a professional model. The picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890, and was that year purchased out of the Chantrey Fund.

"THE SUMMER MOON." By LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

(By permission of P. and D. Colnaghi & Co., owners of the copyright.)

It is now more than thirty-two years since Sir John Millais exhibited his famous "The North-West Passage" at the Royal Academy. It has ever remained one of his most popular pictures. A weather-beaten old mariner is seated in a parlour with the window looking out upon the ocean. Beside him sits his daughter, robed in white, reading out some stirring narration of the search for the North-West Passage. Close at hand is a large chart of the Polar regions and the log-books of former voyages. "It might be done," he



"LOVE LOCKED OUT" By ANNA LEA MERRITT

"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

is saying, with knitted brow, "and England should do it."

It is well known that the model for this sturdy old sea-dog was none other than Trelawny, the friend and companion of Byron and Shelley, and author of the diverting "Adventures of a Younger Son." Trelawny in his old age became a great advocate of total abstinence. When, therefore, the picture was finished, he was greatly scandalized to discover that, on the table beside the telescope, Millais had painted a stiff glass of grog.

As regards the next picture herewith reproduced, the painter, Mr. William Frederick Yeames, R.A., writes:—

"Sir Walter Scott's description of the death of Amy Robsart in his novel of 'Kenilworth' must have impressed most people and artists as especially suited for a picture. With this subject in my mind, it was on visiting one day the Palais du Cluny at Paris that I saw a staircase running up into gloom that struck me as a fitting place for the tragedy, and at once determined me to attempt the picture. Strange to say that after rubbing in the picture I visited the Palais du Cluny with the intention of making a study of the staircase, but, to my surprise, it had no longer the fascination of the preceding visit, and could be of no assistance. Whilst working on the picture I moulded the figure of Amy Robsart sufficiently large to cast wet drapery on it, and placed it in a room built up to scale in order to obtain the proper light on the figure."

The passage in "Kenilworth" to which the painter refers is as follows:—

"In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the courtyard, and then a signal similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal; the instant after the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way.

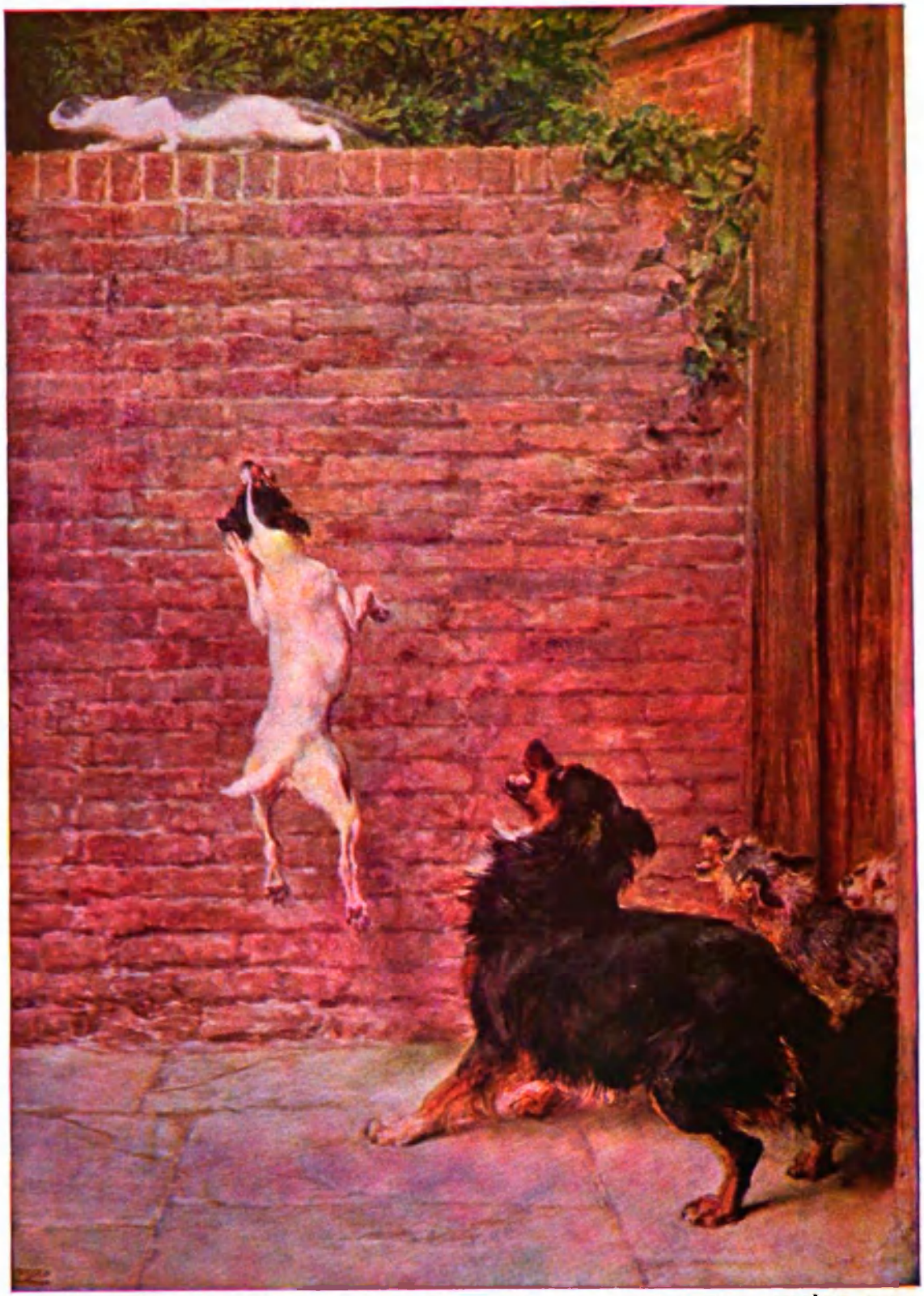
"There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over.

"'Look down into the vault; what seest thou?'

"'I see only a heap of white clothes, like a snowdrift.'"

An exciting but sufficiently familiar incident is that depicted in Mr. Briton Rivière's "A

"AMY ROBSART." By W. F. YEAMES, R.A.



"A BLOCKADE RUNNER." By BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A.

Blockade Runner." "I do not remember," writes Mr. Briton Rivière, "whether the leaping terrier was painted from one of my own dogs, but I rather think it was. It represents one of those moments of dog and-cat tension of which the London gardens furnish so many instances, and which have always greatly amused me."

The Scarlet Runner.

No. II.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE LOST GIRL.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.

CHRISTOPHER RACE was scorching. He had engaged to do an impossible thing, or impossible with a car less sympathetic than Scarlet Runner, but he believed that he was going to do it.

He had had a tingling rush down a long, straight stretch of road when, slowing as little as might be for a turning, he shot through a wooded common and ran upon something interesting.

Mechanically he came to a stop, so suddenly that Scarlet Runner—her armour off for speed—waltzed in yesterday's mud, and put her bonnet where her driving-wheels should have been.

Above her head and Christopher's a charming balloon was poised, its anchor attaching it to earth in an adjacent field, while leaning over the edge of its basket-car, at a height of thirty feet in air, a young man drank a cup of tea and looked down upon the approaching motor.

"Halloa!" said he in the sky.

"Halloa!" replied he on the earth.

"That's what you call side-slip, isn't it?"

"Or its first cousin," grumbled Christopher, angry with himself and ruffled with the stranger. He wished now he had clad his darling for action, in her non-skidding bands.

"Side-slip's something *we* never get," said the young man in the balloon, watching the motorist right his car. "Or tyre trouble; or——"

"*We* don't have to say our prayers every time we want to stop," said Christopher. "Good-bye. Hope you'll get somewhere."

"I'm in no hurry to get anywhere," answered the other. "I'm out for fun; aren't you?"

"No; for business. Good-bye again."

"Don't go," urged the balloonist. "Nice red assassin you've got—only a bit old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned!" echoed Christopher "Why, she's the latest thing out. She's——"

"Excuse me, I only meant old-fashioned in comparison with my Little Stranger. An automobile's the vehicle of yesterday, a balloon the carriage of to-morrow."

"Well, they'll both be out of date the day after," said Christopher, and smiled, for, after all, there was something engaging about the young man in the sky.

"Sufficient for the day is the balloon thereof," retorted the other.

"For me, the automobile thereof. I've no ambition to own a strawberry basket."

"Oh, I wasn't going to offer you one," said the balloonist. "But I should like to offer you some tea."

"Not on my head, please."

"Thy sins alone be there! But I'm in earnest. I've some Orange Pekoe and plovers' egg sandwiches fit for a king."

"I'm not in that business myself," said Christopher, "though I may look the part. And I've some nice penny sticks of chocolate in my pocket, which will keep my vital spark working."

"Don't think much of chocolate as a sparking-plug myself," replied the voice from on high.

"Ah! You know something of the jargon. Are you a motorist too?"

"I was, in dark ages. Have you tried the air?"

"Not off the level."

"Once you do, you'll turn up your nose at the road."

"Shape forbids. And time forbids further discussion. Wish you joy of the plovers' eggs."

"I don't know where you want to go, but I bet I could get you there quicker than you can get yourself."

"What? Could you go from London to Torquay in seven hours? That's what I'm trying to do."

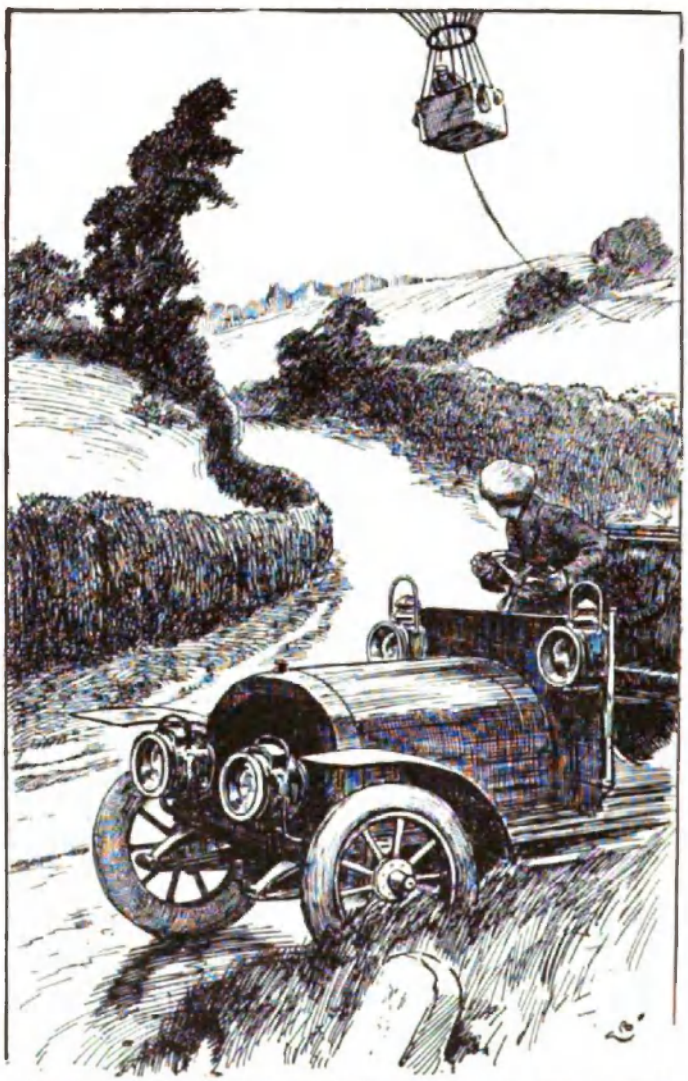
"Shouldn't have to try. Shall I take you?"

"Car and all?"

"Come, I'm serious. Put your red crab

up at the village, which I can see not far off, though in your worm-like position on earth you can't get a glimpse of it. Shouldn't wonder if there's a garage of sorts."

There was a microbe in Christopher Race's blood which went mad when it came in contact with the microbe of a suggested adventure. His errand from London to Torquay was an errand of business, as he had hinted; and though he had "personally conducted" two short tours and made a little money since he had set up as a gentleman chauffeur to prove to his rich uncle the stuff that was in him, he could not afford to miss any promising chance.



"CHRISTOPHER FLUNG THE WORDS SKYWARD AS HE FLASHED TOWARDS THE VILLAGE."

An advertisement of his had been answered yesterday by a Mr. Finnington Brown, of Finnington Hall, near Torquay, inviting him to bring his car on a visit of inspection and be engaged for a month's trip if satisfactory. Because he was proud of Scarlet Runner, and liked to show her paces, he had wired that he would (tyres permitting) reach the Hall in a seven hours' run from London; but now he had met Apollyon on the way, and Apollyon tempted him.

It would surprise Mr. Finnington Brown if the advertising chauffeur dropped in on him in a balloon, say an hour earlier than expected in a motor-car, and explained that—that—but bother explanations!—say that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, Scarlet Runner would appear later.

Such an escapade would be bad for business, but—it would be the best of jokes, especially if Finnington Brown were some old-fashioned duffer. And if the balloon never got to Finnington Hall, or anywhere else on earth, why, it was all in the day's work, and everything, even life, must end some time.

"I accept with pleasure your kind invitation for tea and a canter," Christopher said, aloud. "Will you call for me, or do I call for you?"

"We'll make a rendezvous," replied the other, "a little lower down—or what you're still accustomed to considering 'down.' When you've put up your crawler, you might just bring along an able-bodied yokel or two to help unhitch me from the stars, eh? I don't want to let myself down, as I can't spare gas."

"Thank goodness, *we* don't have to call for aid in putting on brakes or turning the starting-handle." Christopher flung the words skyward as he flashed towards the village.

It was no more than half a mile away, but owing to a sharp shower the population had been kept within bounds and had missed seeing their sky visitor. Otherwise the gentleman in the balloon would not have eaten his plovers' eggs in peace. Christopher put up his car at the inn stable, which thought itself a garage, and in the company of three young men, whom he easily collected, returned to the field of the balloon by a short cut across meadows.

But the party did not return unaccom-

panied. The news of the "free show" provided for the neighbourhood spread mysteriously, and by the time Christopher and his attendants were out of the village half the able-bodied inhabitants were at their heels. A growing crowd watched the slow hauling down of the balloon and listened, open-mouthed, to the instructions delivered by the aeronaut.

As for him, despite the surging audience, he was as calm as the weather, which, in the lull after storm, enabled his directions to be obeyed without hitch. His basket-car touched earth, light as a swallow dropping from flight. Each of Christopher's assistants got half a crown for the work he would have been enchanted to do for nothing, and while all three village youths clung grinning to the basket's edge the invited guest climbed over it into a luxurious nest stored with rugs, books, maps, food, a tea-basket, and a few bottles of wine.

"When I say 'Let go!' do it all together," ordered the balloon's owner, as he pulled in his anchor and deftly festooned the rope round the car. "Anyone who hangs on may get translated to another sphere. Farewell for ever. Now—let go!"

And they did let go, with scared precision. But Christopher Race, who stood in the middle of the car, wondered because, though the six brown hands vanished, the balloon still seemed to be standing still.

"Not enough gas, I suppose," he murmured, with gentle scorn. "It's the same sort of feeling you have in a motor, when she gasps out her last sigh of petrol through her carburettor."

"Is it?" echoed his new friend, who was, Christopher now began to realize, an exceedingly good looking young man of the best American type. "Well, just step here and look over."

Christopher stepped and looked, and started back amazed. While he had sneered at the balloon's plight, she had been quietly, industriously rising to a height of a thousand feet above the staring faces he had expected to see gazing up into his.

"Not enough gas!" laughed the American. "Why, thanks to my economy, we're as full of gas as one of your ha'penny dailies. Let's be happy as birds, telling each other our names and impressions of things in general. I'm Paul Western——"

"I might have guessed that," cut in Christopher. "You're *the* Western, of course——winner of the big balloon race last week. Delighted to meet you. As for me, the only race I have to my credit is my name—Christopher Race—'Ace' they used to call me at my college. Would it had been the Ace of Diamonds!"

"I suppose Ace of Hearts would have suited the case better?"

"Never was in love in my life," said Christopher. "Though one has fancies, of course."

"Same with me," said Western. "I felt somehow, when I looked down on the top of your head and refrained from throwing bread-crumbs on it, that we were kindred spirits. If ever we do care about a girl, probably it'll go hard with us."

"I want it to," said Christopher.

"Do you? I'm not so sure. We'd perhaps be better off if we stayed among the stars. Don't worry, though. I won't insist on your trying the experiment, or you'll begin to think I'm not Western, but a lunatic at large."

"Very much at large," murmured Christopher, glancing at a mountain-range of cloud. "We seem to be in the middle of everywhere, but to be getting nowhere."

"We're bobbing about," said Western, "but I'll run her up higher, and see if we can't catch that breeze."

He began emptying sand out of a bag; but, so far as Christopher could tell, nothing happened except that the mountain-range sank out of sight and others, even wilder, came into view. Also, the air seemed fresher, though not intensely cold.

"Good gracious, we have got our wind with a vengeance!" exclaimed Western.

"I don't feel any," said Christopher.

"Because you're going with it at exactly the same rate. But we're making a good thirty miles an hour."

"At that rate you'll soon land me in Torquay," Christopher replied, cheerfully.

"I——er——am not quite sure. You see, the wind happens to be the wrong way." Western peered at a compass through gathering dimness, for the early March evening was closing in, and then hastily pulled the valve-cord.

"That's rather a bore—for Mr. Finnington Brown," said Christopher. "As for me, I never enjoyed myself more, and can't regret anything—though Scarlet Runner's reputation will suffer an undeserved wrong. It's getting dark, isn't it? And what are all these white things coming up at us?"

"Rain's turned to a snow flurry."

"Is it usual to snow up——in these parts?"

"We're dropping down now——faster than it snows."

"Dropping into night," Christopher reflected, aloud.

It was true. The sun had set behind leaden clouds. Already, as one says across the Channel, it made night; and far below they saw clustering lights, shining like jewels on purple velvet cushions. Though they could feel no wind, as they bent over the edge of the basket the lights in the world beneath appeared to float rapidly past, as if borne by an onrushing tide. Sometimes they were hidden by black rags of cloud; but at last these rags were fringed with gleaming silver. The moon was coming up, clear and full, and, as if in obedience to her command, the wind was still; the lights in the purple depths no longer moved on a dark tide, but a river of silver swallowed up the yellow sparks and flooded the purple valleys.

"Good!" said Western. "Now we can descend. We shall have an illumination for our landing, and though we're coming down into a mist—a sea mist, I should judge by the salt tang of it—it's so thin that we shall know whether we're dropping on earth or water."

"Have you any idea where we are?" asked Christopher, who had long ago abandoned hope of Torquay or its neighbourhood—if he had ever really had any—but, like a true sportsman, was revelling in the adventure.

"Might be Hampshire," suggested Western, vaguely. "Or—well, might be anywhere—near the coast. It's hard to say to thirty miles or so, the way we have been racing."

"'WHEN I SAY "LET GO!" DO IT ALL TOGETHER,' ORDERED THE BALLOON'S OWNER."

He had pulled the valve-cord and they steadily descended. Now they swam in a sea of creamy mist, laced with the moon's silver. They knew that they must be near earth, but the gleaming sea-fog shrouded all details. Suddenly, however, they became conscious of a luminous gilding of the mist close to the falling balloon; and at the same instant the car bumped and swayed, bounding like some wild creature caught by the foot in a trap. There was a swishing of foliage or pine-needles and a crackling of small branches. They were entangled in a tree.

"Halloa, this is a surprise party!" exclaimed Western, quick to snatch an axe. Bending far over the edge he felt for the branches which held the basket, and began to hack at them. "Push off your side if you can," he said to Christopher.

Obediently Christopher leaned out and down, his hands coming into contact with bristling pine-needles. Thus engaged, his face was lit up with the yellow light which filtered through the thin silver lace of the mist.

"Why, we're close to a house," he said to Western, whose back was turned towards him as he worked. "There must be a lighted window just round the corner. I believe I could push off from the wall. Yes. By leaning well out I can touch it. It's brick, and there's a lot of ivy. It's a wonder someone doesn't hear us through that window so near, and take us for burglars."

By this time Western had stopped chopping branches to glance over his shoulder.

"By Jove, we are close!" he exclaimed. "Narrow shave we must have had from crashing down on the roof in this mist—it's so deceiving. But, as it is, we're all right. Only keep her off the house, your side. It *is* a wonder we don't see the shadows of heads, by this time, in the light from that window. We're almost in it."

"I can touch the stone ledge, just round the corner of the house wall," said Christopher. "It's wet—there's a pool of——"

"Water" was the word on his tongue; but, as he pulled back his hand and looked at it in the yellow haze of lamplight which mingled with the moon's rays, he drew in his breath quickly.

"What's the matter?" asked Western.

"Look!" Christopher answered, in an odd voice, holding out his hand. Fingers and palm were dyed red, a wet red that glistened.

"Fresh paint, perhaps," suggested Western. But his voice was also strange.

"Paint doesn't run like water; paint doesn't fall in drops," Christopher said, gravely.

"Then—you think——"

"I think there's something very queer about this house."

Their lively tones were hushed now. Involuntarily they whispered.

"Pooh! I know what you mean, but it can't be. A window-sill. Why should—such things don't happen."

"All the same, I'm going to hang out from the car and try to twist round the corner far enough to see——"

"Wait till I hang on to you, or you'll get a tumble."

Christopher leaned out, with one knee on the edge of the trapped car, one hand plunged into and grasping the thick-stemmed ivy. Hanging thus, he could see the window whence came the light; and as he looked, peering through the mist, a slight breeze sprang up and blew a fold of the white veil away. He could see round the corner and into the lighted window, but only a faint impression of what he saw there remained with him—a vague picture of an old-fashioned, oak-panelled room, with a great many books, and a long mirror opposite the window—for it was something in the window itself which caught and held his gaze. He saw it, and saw it repeated in the mirror, or, rather, saw there what he could see in no other way.

A man's body hung over the window-sill, inert and lifeless. He had fallen backward and lay half out, his head and shoulders protruding over the stone ledge which Christopher had touched, the face upturned and white in the mingling light of lamp and moon.

Christopher saw it upside down, the eyes rolled back and staring open, as if they strove to find and look into his. There was a red stain on the forehead, and the hair, which was dark and long, clung wet and matted over the brows. The lips were twisted into a terrible, three-cornered smile, and Christopher started back from it with a cry.

"What did you see?" asked Western.

Christopher told him. "Do you want to look and make sure I'm not mad?" he asked.

For an instant Western hesitated, then said that he would look.

Christopher held him, as he had held Christopher; but the look was a brief one.

"For Heaven's sake, let's get out of this," Western stammered. "I hope I'm no coward, but it's too ghastly—happening on such a thing—whatever it is, whatever it means. It makes me sick to be near it. Where's that axe? Here. We'll be free, and off into pure air in a minute."

With a crash, a branch broke short off under the axe. Western threw out sand, and the Little Stranger floated up, bumping against a curious, battlemented roof, which rose and stretched dark in the moonlight.

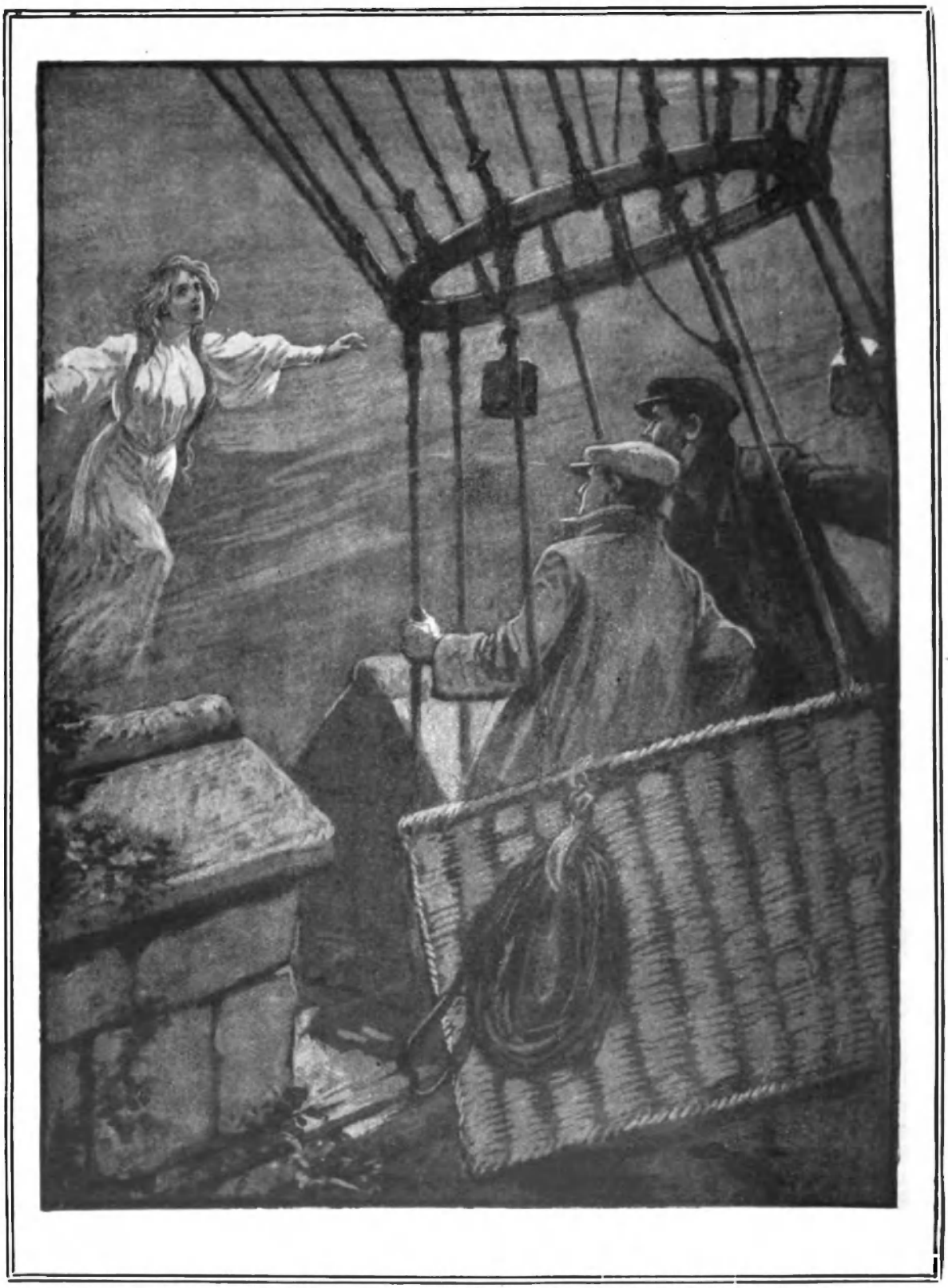
"We're caught again! Another branch somewhere!" cried Western, desperately, just as they had thought to sail out of danger of perilous bumps. He groped once more for the axe, which he had thrown carelessly down in his haste to get rid of sand.

As he exclaimed, something moved near by, and a figure which had been hiding among the battlements sprang up and ran towards the swaying balloon.

Highly wrought as they were, at first the two young men were struck with horror, as if beholding a spirit; but as the clear moonlight fell full upon the form common sense came back, and they knew that this was no ghostly vision.

A girl in a white dress was hurrying along the flat roof, her arms outstretched in a detaining gesture. "Save me!" she faltered, her voice broken by fear or pain.

Whether or no it was partly the effect of the moonlight, the girl seemed to Christopher and Western the most beautiful creature they had ever seen, even in the dreams which the reading of poets' fancies brings to boys.



"A GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS WAS HURRYING ALONG THE FLAT ROOF, HER ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN A DETAINING GESTURE."

She had hair which the moon burnished to copper, and it fell in two long, thick ropes or braids over slim shoulders and young bosom. The white radiance which had pierced the blowing mist shone into her eyes, making them large and dark, and wonderful as wells that mirror stars in black depths.

"Oh, save me—take me with you—whoever you are—wherever you go—anywhere away from this awful house!" she begged of the strangers, as she came flying across the dark, flat expanse behind the battlements. And eagerly Christopher Race and Paul Western put out their arms to reach and draw her into the car.

But Fate came between them and the girl. A new puff of wind caught the balloon again, bumping the basket against the battlements, so that both men staggered and fell upon their knees. So great and so sudden was the strain that the branch which for a moment had arrested them broke with a sharp snap, and the balloon, already lightened of ballast, was whirled away like a soap-bubble before they had time to speak.

In a second the white girl and the dark battlements had been swept out of sight. Western got to his feet and seized the valve-cord, but Christopher, still on his knees, cried out a warning "Stop!"

"Listen," he said; "what's that sound?"

Western paused with his hand on the cord, his ears alert.

The balloon was in a boiling surf of snowy cloud, lit by the moon. They could see nothing save this glittering froth, but there was a sound louder and more ominous than the harp-like singing of the cordage. From below came at short, regular intervals a deep, reverberating boom.

In his excitement Western had not heard, until Christopher compelled his attention.

"The sea!" he exclaimed. "We're over the sea."

"Another moment and we should have been in it," added Christopher.

"Then that house must stand close to the shore," Western said. "Sixty seconds ago we were there; now——"

"We're being blown out to sea, aren't we?" finished Christopher.

"I'm afraid we are," the other admitted. "Great Scot! I wouldn't have had this happen for anything."

"Is it so dangerous?"

"Hang danger! I wasn't thinking of myself—or you either. I was thinking of the girl—that beautiful, that divine girl. We've lost her—deserted her, left her abandoned—do you understand? We can't get back to her. We don't know where she is. We can never find her again."

"We must," said Christopher. "She begged us to save her. From what, I wonder? What had happened? What was she afraid would still happen? What can be the secret of that terrible house?"

Western tilted out another bag of sand.

The clouds fell from under them as they shot up into more rarefied air. "The best thing we can hope for now, I suppose," he went on, "is to get to France, and then back again, to find *her* and the house, or to spend all we have and are in trying to do it. If we're to make this passage without shipwreck, we must travel high."

"The girl—if she was a girl, and not a dream—seems to have made a tremendous impression on you in a short time," said Christopher, beginning to be himself again.

"Girl! Call her an angel, and you'd be nearer the mark," exclaimed Western. "I never knew there could be such a beautiful creature. And to think that she was in awful fear or trouble, that she called on me to save her, and that I failed, because of a mere puff of wind. If it hadn't been for that, and the cracking branch, she'd have been with us now."

They were racing over a sea of steel which they could see sometimes through a great hole in a torn carpet of cloud. Western did not say anything to discourage his guest; but, though Christopher was a novice, he had heard ballooning men talk since the sport came into fashion, and he knew that the English Channel was wide, that they might never see the other side, because the balloon might not have buoyancy enough to carry her passengers across.

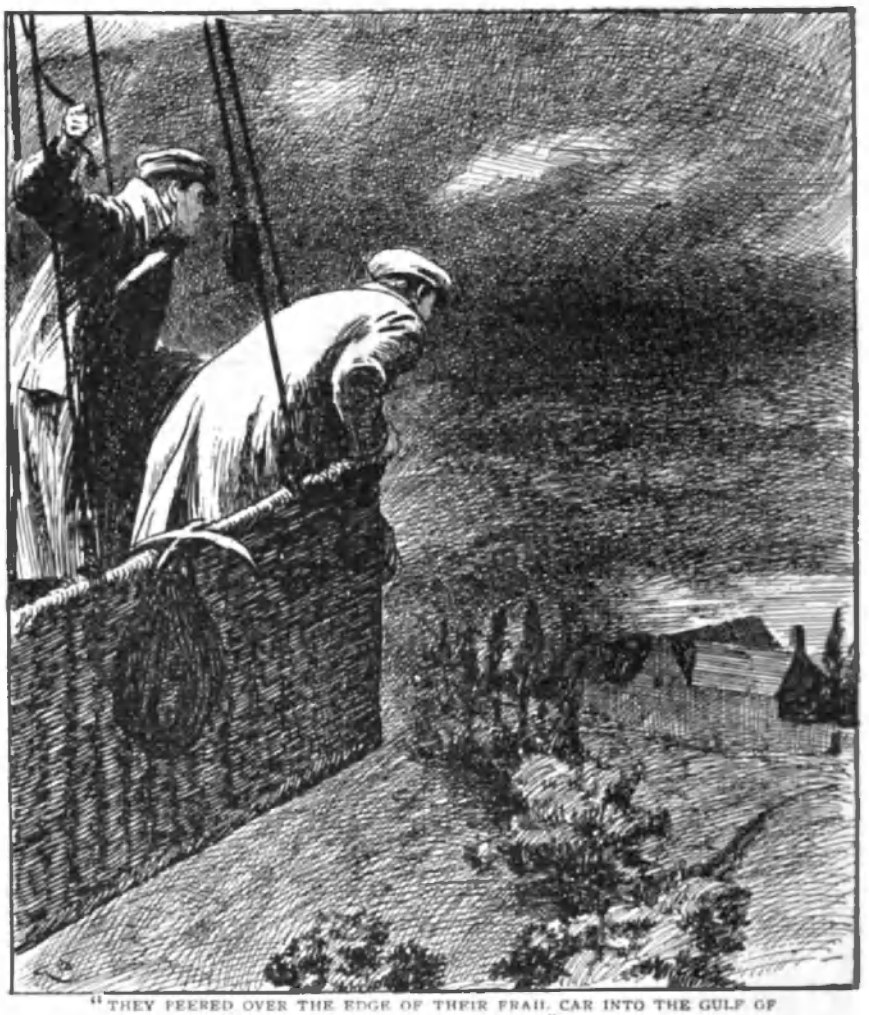
Time might drag, though the balloon flew as the rising wind flew. The two young men had said all they had to say, and fell silent as the hours sped by. But it was not because they were afraid; fear would have been a mean emotion for these star-embroidered heights. Yet they were grave. The sky at night over a wild sea, when the breeze has increased to a wind and the wind has grown to a gale, is not a place for joking.

Both men thought much of the battlemented house, and the white girl who had appealed in vain for help. They thought, too, of the lost spirits in Dante's Inferno, impelled ever forward by the pitiless, driving wind.

So the night went on, and as the balloon held her own the adventure would have

begun to seem commonplace, had it not been for the dark picture of the tragic house by the sea. There was nothing to do but to eat when they were hungry, to throw out ballast when the Little Stranger showed signs of faltering, to light their lamps and consult the compass or the anemometer.

After midnight the gale grew weary. They still hung over the sea, but far away shone a lamp like a fallen star. It was a lighthouse, Western said; and, though they lost the welcome gleam, it was not long after when they heard once more the thunderous booming of surf. Then they looked down on a vast stretch of opaque darkness, with no more glitter of moon on steely waves.



"THEY PEERED OVER THE EDGE OF THEIR FRAIL CAR INTO THE GULF OF MOONLIGHT AND SHADOW."

"Land!" shouted Western. "She's brought us safely across, after all. Below lies France — Normandy, perhaps. Now's our chance, and we must take it or fare worse."

He pulled the valve-cord and they fell, thrilled with the wild joy of danger and uncertainty as they peered over the edge of their frail car into the gulf of moonlight and shadow. Suddenly Western made a quick movement and let down a drag-rope. "It touches," he said. "Hark! Isn't that a cow lowing?"

The earth flew up at them, and not far off were a group of farm buildings, with a large pond beyond. Delay of a moment might mean disaster, for here was the place to alight—not on those pointed gables or in the shining sheet of water. Western opened wide the valve, the car came quietly to earth, and before she could bump or drag he tugged the red ripping-cord and tore the Little Stranger from foot to crown. The gas gushed out, and folds of silk enveloped the two young men as the balloon lost shape and collapsed.

"Let her lie as she is," said Western, coolly, as he scrambled out and extricated his companion. "Our business is to get back to that girl."

Christopher agreed with him, and together they started off through a ploughed field of sodden mud towards the buildings with the pointed roofs. There was a locked gate to climb, a farmyard to cross, and then a chained dog began to bay from his kennel. A square of light flashed yellow in a dark wall, and a voice hailed them in French.

Both young men could speak the language, Race better than Western, and between them they explained that they were not burglars but balloonists; that they had crossed the Manche, and had found a resting-place on the land of monsieur, of whom they begged assistance. Could he give them a cart to the nearest railway-station? If he could, they would give him money, much money, in return.

"It is lucky, monsieur, that you are not burglars, for you have come to the house of

the mayor of this commune," said the farmer, "and I have five tall sons. But since you are balloonists, and especially English ones, we will do what we can for you, even though it is the middle of the night. Vive l'Entente Cordiale!"

In five minutes more the mayor and the mayor's sons were all out of the house, and some went to gaze curiously at the deflated balloon, while others helped their father get ready the white-covered cart.

Succour and protection for the Little Stranger were promised, and the Englishmen were informed that they had alighted within twelve kilomètres of Havre. The farmer thought it was too late to catch the Southampton boat, and *les messieurs* had much better rest; his sons thought it was not too late, and did their best to speed the parting guests. A hundred francs which had been Western's became the mayor's; thanks and compliments fell thick as hail; and twenty minutes after the collapse of the Little Stranger its late navigators were speeding through the night as fast as a powerful Normandy horse could take them, towards Havre. They dashed into the quay as the last whistle blew for the departure of the night boat, and flung themselves across the gangway just as it was being hauled ashore.

The journey back to England across a turbulent and noisy sea was a vulgar experience compared to their flight with the wind among the stars. But as neither felt in the mood for rest, it gave them time to discuss details of their premeditated quest.

Of course, said Christopher, there might be something in the morning paper which could give them the clue they wanted; in which case they would know what to do next. But, if the mystery of the battlemented house and its lighted window were not revealed to them after their landing at Southampton, he proposed that they should as soon as possible retrieve Scarlet Runner, and tour the coast in her. Unless there were news of the house and what had happened there, the only way in which they could hope to find it was by recognising the battlements. Beyond that one salient feature, and their knowledge that the house (which must have at least one pine tree near it) stood close to the sea, they had no other clue to guide them to the girl they had lost.

It was eight in the morning when they touched English soil, and their first thought was to buy a newspaper, of which they scarcely let a paragraph go unregarded. But they learned nothing. So far, the battlemented house kept its secret; nevertheless, if fortune did not favour them in one way, it did in another, for they discovered a train leaving Southampton almost immediately after their arrival, which would take them across country to Scarlet Runner.

She lay at a small village not far from Yeovil; and it was after eleven when Christopher had the congenial task of feeding her with petrol and refreshing her with cool water. To do this was the affair of only a few minutes, and then, having wired to Mr. Finnington Brown, he was ready to return Western's hospitality of yesterday.

All night the expert balloonist had puzzled over the problem of distances and speed, trying to determine from the map of England how far and in what direction the Little Stranger had drifted after taking Race on board, before the sudden March gale had subsided and dropped him, in a rising sea-fog, at the lost house. Now, in obedience to Western's calculations, Scarlet Runner's bonnet was pointed upon a south-easterly course, slanting always towards the sea.

When, well on in the afternoon, they came to Weymouth, they told each other that their systematic search was only beginning. It was not unlikely that they might find the house of the battlements in this neighbourhood; and, describing it as well as they could at a motor garage which they visited, they watched for a look of recognition. But nobody at the garage and nobody at the old-fashioned hotel where they next applied had ever heard of or seen such a mansion by the sea.

Eastward Christopher drove Scarlet Runner after Weymouth, taking the coast road when there was one, and, when the way wandered irrelevantly elsewhere, exploring each side-track which might lead to a house by the shore. So darkness fell, and all the searchings and all the questionings had been vain. It was useless to go on after nightfall, and in the sequestered hollow of Lulworth Cove they stopped till dawn beckoned them on.

The newspapers which found their way late to Lulworth had nothing in them of interest to Christopher Race or Paul Western, though they were crammed with world-shaking events; and they did not wait for the coming of the papers next day. By six o'clock they were off upon their chivalrous errand, neither behind the other in eagerness, for Christopher did not see why he had not as much right as Western to fall in love with the beautiful mystery. He had already imagined himself in love several times, though when he reflected

upon the affairs in cold blood he knew that there had been nothing in them. He did not even grudge his cousin, Ivy de Lisle, to his friend Max Lind, but he wondered if he would not grudge this wonderful girl to Paul Western.

It seemed to him that to find the girl and save her from the horror she had feared, to win her love, and eventually marry her about the time that his rich uncle should decide to leave him everything, would be a delicious romance; and when Western began to make some such remark, apropos to his own state of mind, Christopher frankly proclaimed his own intentions.

"But I tell you the girl is mine," argued the other, surprised and disgusted; for he had taken Christopher's helpfulness for disinterested sympathy.

"Why is she yours more than mine?" argued Race.

"Because—I saw her first," said Western.

"That would be difficult to prove," said Christopher.

"Anyhow, it was my balloon."

"I was your honoured guest. Besides, if you hadn't thrown out sand, we could have stopped and taken her away."

"I laid first claim. You can't deny that. You should have spoken when I first told you how much I admired her. Oh, by every rule, she's mine."

"First catch your hare," said Christopher.

"What a simile! If only for that, you don't deserve her."

"So far as that's concerned, I don't suppose there's much to choose between us."

"I wish I thought you were chaffing," said the American.

"I'm not."

"Then how's this thing to be decided?"

"By the girl—when we find her."

"Yes. But one of us—the one who gets ahead—is bound to have the best chance. Look here, I'm obliged to stick to your company, for I can't get on without your car; it would mean too much delay now to wire somewhere and try to hire an equally good one."

"There isn't such a thing," said Christopher.

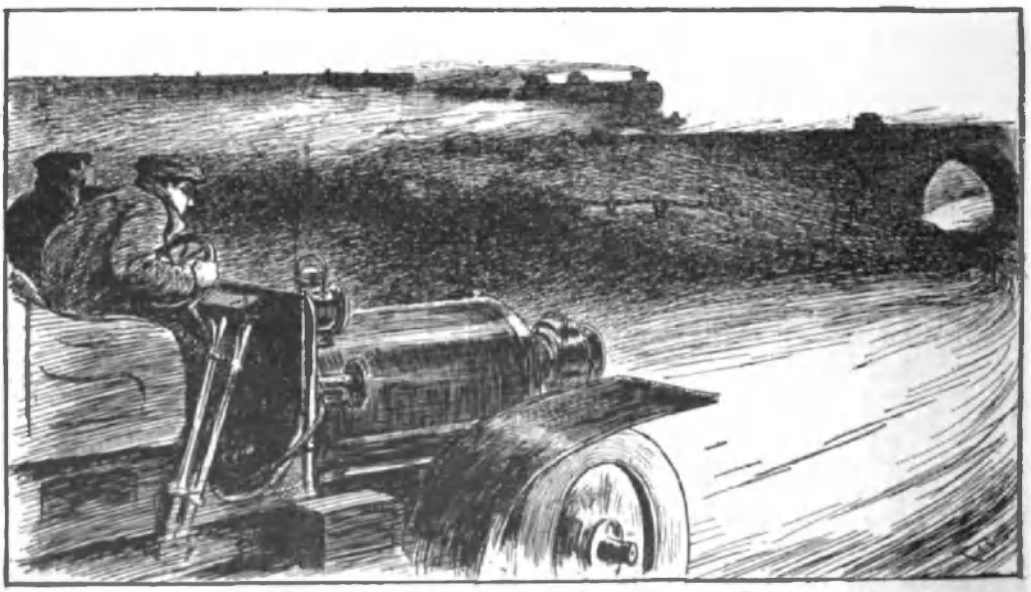
"Well, one half as good, then. I'm at your mercy. You wouldn't have seen the girl if it hadn't been for me. You might stand aside and let me propose. We Americans think nothing of asking a girl to marry us the first time we see her, if we really want her and some other fellow's likely to snatch her out of our possession. But an Englishman could never do the thing offhand like that. He——"

"Nonsense," cut in Christopher. "Englishmen are the same as Americans. We're brothers; and just because we are, I'll come to an agreement with you. If we find the girl——"

"*When* we find her. Don't say 'if.'"

"When we find her, the one who does most towards saving her shall have the right to speak first. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said Western, after a moment's hesitation. He was sitting beside Christopher, and as they discussed the probable result of their quest it progressed fruitlessly. Exploration was difficult, for great cliffs walled the coast, and only here and there were they cut into hollows where small side-roads ran to the sea. A place as important as the battle-



"SCARLET RUNNER HURLED HERSELF IN PURSUIT."

mented house must be approached by a road, and though they passed through village after village, learning nothing, they would not give way to discouragement.

Sooner or later, they said to each other, they would find the house. But there was a thing which they did not say aloud. Suppose it were too late? Already thirty-six hours and more had gone by since they had lost the girl—lost her at the moment when she cried to them for help. Someone else might have given that help. Or else—it might be that she had passed beyond the need—for ever. But these things did not bear speaking of.

Scarlet Runner had sped under the shadow of a ruined castle, and was nearing Ardwanage, when a train which had not yet gathered full speed after leaving the station ran towards them along the line, that here lay parallel with the road. Race had slowed down for a frightened horse, and he was in the act of putting on speed again when Western sprang up in the seat beside him. "Turn—as quick as you can," he stammered. "Catch that train. *She's in it!*"

"She?" echoed Christopher, bewildered, but obeying.

"*She*—the girl—my lost girl. I saw her."

"Our lost girl," Christopher amended, and slipped in his fourth speed. "If Scarlet Runner can catch that train, and she's really in it, the first chance is mine—eh?"

"Yes—yes, anything, if you'll only bring me to her," gasped Western. "She *was* there—you may take my word. There's no one like her. Her face was at the open window, with the same expression on it as when she begged us to save her. Whatever the mystery is—whatever has happened since that night—she's horribly unhappy and *frightened*. It may be it isn't too late to save her yet."

"Was she alone?" asked Christopher, as Scarlet Runner, sensitively responsive to his touch, leaped ahead like a panther. Lucky there were no more frightened horses in the way!

"How can I tell? I saw only her," said Western. "And yet, now I come to think, I'm not sure there wasn't a man by her side, and a man in the window facing her, too. I don't know what they were like, but—somehow I've an impression of common faces, in strong contrast to hers."

Christopher did not answer, but a thought was in his mind which made him neglect to put on the brakes at the top of a steep descent. Scarlet Runner coasted down, and kept the train well in sight. Though she leaped, panther-like, she held on her terrific way with a rhythm and speed which no animal could equal.

The smoke of the locomotive trailed its dark flag along the sky, and Scarlet Runner hurled herself in pursuit.

The heavy engine drawing its huge load could do forty miles an hour on an even track; the light car, clean and springy as a trained athlete, could sprint at least twenty miles faster on the road, but that road must be clear, and there came in the skill of the driver.

Christopher Race was a driver born, not made. His eye saw and understood with the quickness of light. His hand and foot moved with automatic precision; his nerve was unshaken. Western admired him, and for the moment compared the sport of ballooning unfavourably with that of motoring.

On the long, straight stretch of road the wind shouted in their ears like a hurricane, and Scarlet Runner gained easily on the dark trail of smoke. But she plunged into a village, with children toddling out of cottages to their playground, the public road. In an instant the speed had dropped to a crawl, and the car, with its musical siren sounding a tuneful warning, picked its path among tiny maids and men, skimmed silently past an unattended cart-horse just ready to bolt, and sprang out with a bound into open country again.

"We shall do it!" cried Western; and then, round a turn, showed a railway-crossing. A moment earlier, and the car would have shot through like an arrow; but Race had to jam the brake on with sudden force, or Scarlet Runner's bonnet would have crashed into the gates as they swung shut.

The car was ahead of the train at the crossing, and Western shouted an offer of ten pounds to the gatekeeper if he would open for a second and let them rush by; but the man shook his head, and they had to wait, not only to see the train go past, but to sit chafing while the huge caterpillar length of a luggage train followed, crawling along the other line.

Later it was shunted on to a siding, and blocked the way for five of the longest minutes either young man had ever known. The race was over, and they had lost.

It was easy enough to learn from the gatekeeper that the train they had chased was bound for London, but, as it would stop at four stations before reaching its destination, it was impossible to guess at which the girl was most likely to get out.

All they could do was to pause at each town in turn, and inquire at the station for a young lady answering their description. Such a girl, it seemed to them, could not pass unnoticed by the most married station-master or unobservant porter; therefore, when they asked at Marne for a beautiful blonde with red-gold hair, and were told that no such person had left the London or any other train, they would instantly have dashed on towards Beemouth, if it had not been for Scarlet Runner. She needed water and petrol; and while Christopher was supplying her wants, Western bought a newspaper of that morning.

"Ready to go on," said Christopher.

"We won't go on. We stop here," answered the American, excitedly. "Read this."

He pointed to a half column of startling headlines: "Murder or Suicide of a Baronet. Master of Abbey Court, Dorsetshire. Beautiful Young Girl Accused, and Arrested by Police While Trying to Escape."

Christopher read on, eagerly absorbing the sensational version of the mystery which to him and his companion had seemed impenetrable.

Sir Digby Plantagenet was an eccentric, middle-aged baronet, claiming descent from kings. He was a childless widower, living alone save for two old servants, in a desolate but beautiful house, dating from the days of Henry VII. Though rich enough to keep a generous household, he lived almost as a miser, and saw no one until a year ago, when he sent for a daughter of his dead brother, a young girl, Margaret Plantagenet, whom he had been educating in a French convent school. The girl had come to live with her uncle, and eight or nine months after her arrival both servants—husband and wife—had left. The gossip of the countryside was that Sir Digby's growing eccentricity had been too much for them; but others said that, having hoped that their master's fortune might become theirs by his will, jealousy of the beautiful niece had finally compelled them to give notice.

For several months the young girl had acted as her uncle's housekeeper, without assistance. No servants were engaged, no visitors received; no one ever came to the house except two or three privileged tradesmen from Marne, the county town, ten miles distant. The day before the publication of the report a Marne grocer had called at Abbey Court with his cart, as he was in the habit of doing twice a week, to bring milk and other stores which Miss Plantagenet used in her housekeeping. His knocking remained unanswered, and at last he discovered that a side-door was unlocked. Fearing some tragedy in the strange household, he entered, cried Miss Plantagenet's name, but had no answer. He then ventured on an exploration, and finally made a dreadful discovery: the body of Sir Digby hung half out of a window invisible from the back

"THE BODY OF SIR DIGBY HUNG HALF OUT OF A WINDOW."

of the house where the grocer entered. The unfortunate baronet had been shot in the breast and in the head, though no weapon was to be seen; and Miss Plantagenet, the only other occupant of the house, had disappeared. The grocer at once notified the police at Marne, and search was made for the missing girl. Late in the evening she was found at Weymouth, in a state of collapse, at a small hotel near the railway station, where she had arrived that morning. She was arrested on suspicion of murdering her eccentric uncle, whose heiress she was believed to be; but her weakness and hysterical condition had prevented her from making any statement. A doctor had, however, been called in, and announced that Miss Plantagenet would probably be well enough next day to be taken back by train as far as Marne, where she would have to appear at the coroner's inquest.

"She's here now," said Western. "By this time the inquest has probably begun. Those men I saw must have been policemen in charge of the poor child—the brutes! We must go to the inquest ourselves, as quick as we can get there. Only think; if I hadn't bought that paper we'd have been off to the next place. This time *I* am the Ace of Trumps."

"You wouldn't have got to Marne if it hadn't been for me," replied Christopher; and Western had to admit that this was true. "So far it's a tie," he said, "and the grand test is still to come."

How so beautiful a girl had passed through the railway station without being noticed would have been puzzling if Christopher had not suggested that she had doubtless veiled her face. Probably the town was agog over the mystery of Abbey Court, and the police escort, who must have been in plain clothes, would have taken pains to keep secret the time of their arrival.

The people of the garage where Christopher had bought his petrol knew all about the "murder" (as they prematurely termed it), and were enchanted to point out the way to the inn where the coroner's inquest was at that moment being held. Everybody was saying, they added gratuitously, that Margaret Plantagenet was the murderess. Sir Digby's two servants, who had taken a cottage close to Marne, had been called as witnesses, also the grocer's assistant who had notified the police of the tragedy. Besides the doctor who had been called to Abbey Court to certify to the time and manner of death, two or three tradesmen accustomed to serving the house, and Sir Digby's solicitor—one of the leading lights of Marne—there would be no other witnesses, so far as the people of the garage knew; and they seemed to know everything.

According to public opinion, Miss Plantagenet had had motive enough to kill her uncle. He was a man of vindictive temper, an expert in the art of irritating and torturing those dependent upon him. Some said that he was mad, and for the last year or two he had been feared by everyone forced to come in contact with him. Ever since a fall from a horse in hunting six or seven years ago he had been peculiar, and had grown more so every year.

Little was known in Marne about Miss Plantagenet; but she had been seen, and was considered beautiful. Some ladies said it was not natural to be so handsome as that, and the girl must be an adventuress. She had been named as Sir Digby's heiress, and expected to come into a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds on his death. There was the motive; and the man had, perhaps, maddened the girl by some act of tyranny or brutality. She had no other relatives—no one to protect her. Gossip said that Sir Digby's solicitor, Mr. Walter Ressler, had wanted to marry Miss Plantagenet and had been refused; but neither Mr. Ressler nor anyone, except a few tradesmen, had called at Abbey Court for months. As for the servants, Mr. and Mrs. Honey, they had never had a good word to say for the young girl since they left Abbey Court to live at Marne. They described her as an ambitious, designing creature, whose one idea had been to get Sir Digby into her power; but, then, they were prejudiced, as she had accused them of pilfering, and it was through her that they had lost their soft berth, or so everyone supposed. Their evidence would certainly go against Miss Plantagenet at the inquest. Mrs. Honey had told a friend last night, after the news came, that an old-fashioned pistol kept by Sir Digby had disappeared from its place soon after his niece came to Abbey Court, and probably the young lady knew where it was. Besides, if she were not guilty, why had she run away to Weymouth, instead of letting the police know what had happened?

Christopher Race and Paul Western listened to these scraps of information, for they wished to know something about the case before going to the coroner's inquest. The more they knew, the more clearly would they understand how to go to work, they said to each other. But five minutes of such

gossip sufficed, and then they were off in Scarlet Runner for the Bell Buoy Inn.

A crowd stood before the door; the bar was thronged, and men packed shoulder to shoulder, talking in low, eager tones, blocked the dim hall; but Christopher and Western contrived to squeeze through as far as a door kept by a big policeman. They knew that behind that closed door the coroner's inquest was in full swing.

"We must be allowed to pass," Western said, imperatively.

This would not have been Race's way; but Western had taken the initiative.

"Impossible, sir," replied the representative of the law. "Room's crammed. There isn't space for one more, let alone two."

"But we're important witnesses," urged Christopher.

The big man grinned. "If I'd let in every man Jack—and every woman Jill, for the matter o' that—who said they were important witnesses I should have let in half the town," he returned, calmly. "They've got witnesses enough in there, and too many, maybe, for that poor girl."

"If you mean Miss Plantagenet," said Western, quickly, "I intend to marry her."

As he spoke he looked defiantly at Christopher, who, though audacious himself, was astonished at this audacity.

The manner of the policeman changed. "Oh, very well, sir, if you are Miss Plantagenet's intended husband, that alters the case. You had better write that on a card, and I'll send it in. Then you and your friend will probably be admitted."

Thus Western had in an instant become, of the pair, the person of paramount importance. Triumphant, he drew out a visiting-card and scribbled something upon it. The policeman opened the door wide enough to pass this to a comrade, and a few minutes later the coroner's officer was ushering the two young men into the crowded coffee-room. They were led to a position near the long table headed by the coroner, and their pulses quickened as they saw the girl, found again, and more beautiful than on the night when they had lost her.

She had asked to make a statement, and, though advised by the coroner to keep silence, had persisted, pleading that she had nothing to conceal. She was speaking as Christopher and Western took their places; and, seeing them, so bright a colour sprang to her white face that the young men knew they had been recognised.

The girl did not falter for an instant, however, but went on nervously, excitedly, denying that she knew anything of the old-fashioned pistol kept in her uncle's study—beyond hearing from Honey that it had disappeared from its place. She did not take it; she had been very unhappy in her uncle's house; they had not had a quarrel on the night of his death, but there had been a distressing scene.

"He called me into his study," she went

"THEN HE FLEW INTO ONE OF HIS RAGES."

on, "and said cruel things; that I was careless of his interests, that I was altogether a failure, and that I didn't deserve a penny of his money. I told him if he thought I was staying for that I would go; if I hadn't hated to leave him alone in his gloomy house I would have gone long ago. Then he flew into one of his rages—terrible rages they were, mad rages, which always frightened me dreadfully, and made me believe that he really was a lunatic, as Honey and his wife used to say. This was the worst I had seen. Often he had struck—now he threatened to kill me. He said rather than I should leave his house and carry evil reports, he would shoot me. I rushed out of the room, screaming, for I believed he meant to keep his word, and I believe it still. I didn't know where to hide from him, for the lock on my door, as on most of the doors, was broken. Then I thought of the roof—a flat roof, with battlements; and I ran through many passages till I came to the ladder-like stairway that leads to it. I climbed up, trembling, for I could hear my uncle calling my name and slamming doors. At the top I pushed back the rusty bolt and slipped out. I expected him to find me; and I had not been hiding long when I heard two shots. I supposed he had fired them to terrify me. After that all was silent. I decided to wait, if I were not discovered, till dawn, when I would slip down, hoping my uncle might be asleep. I planned to go to Weymouth because it was a big town, and I knew a girl there who used to be at school with me in France. I didn't realize how weak my experience had made me. I meant to look for her. I never expected to feel so ill that I should have to go to an hotel or faint in the street. Oh, that awful railway journey to Weymouth——"

"This is irrelevant," broke in the coroner. "You walked to a more distant railway station than Marne, and caught the first train to Weymouth, before Sir Digby's fate was known. But do you mean the jury to understand that you remained on the roof all night without being aware that your uncle was dead?"

"I do," answered the girl. "I dared not go down. Once, though, I hoped to be taken away."

At this arose a whisper. What could the girl mean? Was she, too, mad? And had she expected miraculous aid? She blushed and hesitated for the first time, wondering, perhaps, if she had done wrong in disregarding the coroner's cold caution. She knew that Ressler, the solicitor, had given evidence which told against her, and that since the two Honeys had spoken the faces of the jurymen had hardened.

"While I was on the roof," she went on, faintly, in her uneasiness giving an air of artificiality to her statement, "soon after dark it must have been, a balloon came close to the house. Two young men were in it—gentlemen—and I begged them to save me. Their balloon was caught somehow in a tree, and they were so near for a minute that I hoped they could take me with them. They must have seen how frightened I was, and I think they meant to help, but a wind came and freed the balloon, whirling it out of sight, so they had no time."

A titter of incredulous laughter among the onlookers interrupted her, and was quickly checked. But it had not died before Western, ignoring the formalities of a coroner's inquest, stepped forward. "They are here as witnesses!" he exclaimed. "We are the two balloonists, my friend and I, and we can corroborate every word Miss Plantagenet has said. We can prove her innocence; for if she had murdered her uncle she would have known that his dead body was lying half out of his window, that we had probably seen it there, and she would have hidden herself instead of rushing towards us and begging that we would take her away."

Twice the coroner strove to stop Western, but the tide of his indignant eloquence was not to be stemmed. Margaret Plantagenet, flushed and grateful, moved aside, and the American was sworn as a witness.

"You and your friend never saw Miss Plantagenet until the night in question?" the coroner asked.

"No."

"Then"—very slowly and distinctly—"how comes it that you should have declared, on your visiting-card which you sent in to me, that you were *engaged to marry that young lady?*"

At this question there was a stir in the room, and the jury gazed at Western with narrow eyes of distrust; but he answered, unabashed:—

"I didn't say I was *engaged* to marry her. If you look again, you'll see that I said I *intended* to marry her. I wrote that, so that I might have a chance to come in and give my evidence. But it is true. I do hope to marry Miss Plantagenet—hope it beyond everything. I shall propose to her on the first opportunity, and tell her that I fell in

"I CAN PROVE EVERY WORD I AM GOING TO SAY ABOUT MY BALLOON."

love at first sight with the sweetest, purest, most innocent girl I ever met. That girl a murderess? My friend and I would have been fools even to think of such a thing—when we'd seen her face and heard her voice. I can prove every word I am going to say about my balloon, which took us over to Normandy before we could descend. The first thing we did was to catch a train back and scour the country in my friend's automobile, looking for the lost girl and the lost house; we couldn't locate them exactly. We learned what we wanted to know only by the paper to-day. We were never nearer the house at Abbey Court than being caught in a tree; we didn't descend; the dead body in the window was a mystery to us. But I would wager my dearest possession—which is my balloon—that that pistol you were talking about dropped out of the dead man's hand when he had shot himself in his frenzy, and fell into the bushes under the window where he lay. I advise you to send and look for it."

So frank, so enthusiastic, and so romantically handsome was Paul Western, the famous balloonist, whose name nearly everybody knew, that he carried all before him. Perhaps it was largely due to his evidence, and the fact that his belief in the girl's innocence was unassailable, that the coroner's jury brought in their verdict at last: "Suicide whilst temporarily insane."

Christopher admired Paul Western more than ever, freely admitted that his was the "first right," fairly won, and after all was glad to think that he had helped him win it.

And Western did win the girl; it would be strange if he had not. It would also have been strange if Christopher had not been asked to be best man at the wedding, which was delayed until after his return from a month's tour with Mr. Finnington Brown.

I.—THE BEST GAMES EVER PLAYED AT BRIDGE.

By William Dalton.

Author of "Dalton's Complete Bridge."

IT is rather difficult to say at a moment's notice what is the best-played hand at bridge that one has ever seen. There are so many different varieties of the game. There is the play of the dealer, with twenty-six cards under his control, and there is the defending game by the adversaries. Then there is bridge with no trumps, and there is bridge with a trump suit, which are really two quite distinct games, although they are both classed under the heading of "bridge."

There seems to be a prevalent idea that the No-Trump game offers greater opportunities for the exercise of skill in playing the cards than the trump-suit game does, but the idea is quite an erroneous one. Sometimes an inferior player, playing with a good partner, will declare no trumps on a passed hand and then say, "I only made it no trumps, partner, because you had to play the hand." This is doubtless intended as a compliment, but it is really rather the reverse, as most hands require more skill to extract the full value from them with a trump declaration than they do at No Trumps. So many No-Trump hands are cut and dried. In these days of advanced bridge there are any number of players who can be trusted to extract the utmost value from an ordinary No-Trump hand as dealer; the result would probably be the same if any one of ten first-class players played the hand. If one of them won or lost more than the others it would rather be owing to the bad or good play of his opponents than to any act of his own. With a suit declaration the situation is not nearly so stereotyped—there is then plenty of scope for the exercise of the dealer's talent, if he has any, and it is in the trump-suit game that the really fine points of play—fine, that is, from the advanced bridge-player's point of view—arise.

The No-Trump game is universally popular, and quite rightly so, as it is the very soul and essence of bridge, but I entirely dissent from the popular idea that it offers greater opportunities to the scientific bridge-player than the trump-suit game does. It is really quite the reverse. Occasionally the dealer in a No-Trump game is able to bring off a coup by counting and placing correctly the cards held by his adversaries, as is illustrated in Hand No. 1; but beyond this he is able to do very little except to make his winning cards in either hand as soon as he gets in, and the result of the game depends much more upon the tactics employed by the adversaries than on anything that the dealer can do. With a suit declaration it is quite different; the adversaries do not necessarily open with their long suit and the attack is generally, from the very first, in the hands of the dealer.

In order to thoroughly illustrate the different varieties of the game, I propose to describe four hands, played under widely differing conditions:—

1. Good play by the dealer in a No-Trump game.
2. Good defence by the opponents in a No-Trump game.
3. Good play by the dealer with a suit declaration.
4. A well-saved game against a suit declaration.

All four are hands which occurred in actual play, and were correctly played, and I consider them to be, each in its own particular line, the best-played bridge hands which have ever come under my own personal knowledge.

HAND No. 1.

(Good Play by the Dealer.)

The following hand struck me at the time as being the best-played No-Trump hand I had ever seen—that is to say, the hand which involved the closest attention to the fall of the cards, and the drawing of the shrewdest deductions, in order to bring it to a successful termination:—

B's Hand (Dummy).
Hearts—Knave, 10.
Diamonds—King, knave, 8, 3.
Clubs—6, 5, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10, 7, 2.

A's Hand (Dealer).
Hearts—King, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 5, 4.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 10, 9, 4.
Spades—Ace, queen.

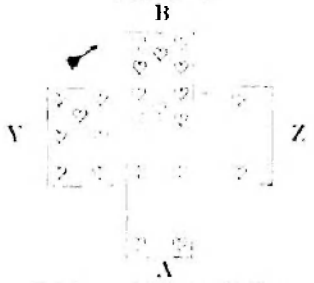
Score, one game all; A B love, Y Z 28.

A dealt and declared no trumps.

Y led the 7 of hearts.

Directly the dummy hand was exposed A could see a certainty of two by cards, unless the remaining four clubs were all in one hand, which was very improbable; but two by cards was not enough—it was essential to win the game on that hand—and the question was how the ninth trick was to be secured, with the whole heart suit and the ace of diamonds against him.

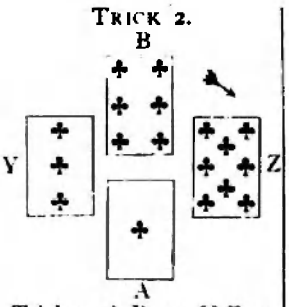
Trick 1.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 0.

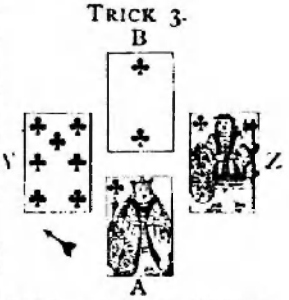
The first trick told A that Y had at least six hearts, headed by the ace and queen. Z followed suit with the 2, and therefore he could not hold more than three of the suit or he would have echoed. Also, by an application of the eleven rule, Z was marked with one heart higher than the 7, either the 8 or 9. Y was therefore marked with either six or seven hearts, and A played out all his clubs, trusting to be able to count Y's hand exactly from the discards.

Trick 2.



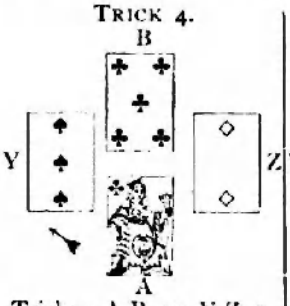
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 0.

Trick 3.



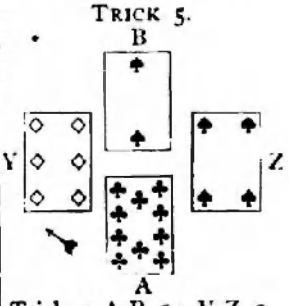
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 0.

Trick 4.



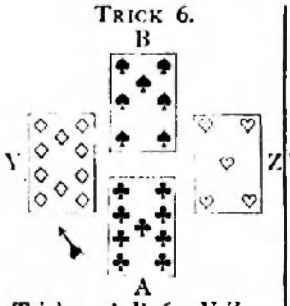
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 0.

Trick 5.



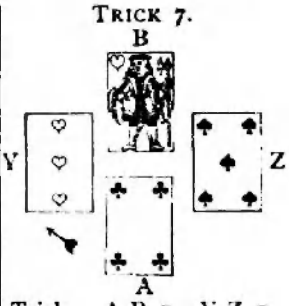
Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 0.

Trick 6.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 0.

Trick 7.



Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 0.

Trick 6.—Z's discard of the 5 of hearts showed A that Y had originally six hearts exactly.

Trick 7.—Y discards the 3 of hearts, and Z can now count his hand. He is marked with four hearts and two other cards, which must be either the ace of diamonds and one spade, or two spades. If he had the ace of diamonds he would certainly not have discarded a winning heart at trick 7 to keep a losing spade, therefore his two unknown cards must be two spades, presumably king and another. Z is marked with the 8 or 9 of hearts. A's obvious lead at trick 8 would appear to be the queen of diamonds, so as to clear the suit for B, but if he had done this he would have lost one trick in diamonds and four in hearts, and would not

have won the game. The actual player of A's hand was clever enough to realize the position and to count Y's hand correctly. He led the king of hearts, thereby allowing Y to make four tricks in hearts, and leaving him no alternative but to lead up to his (A's) ace and queen of spades. The play of the remaining tricks is obvious. A discards his three diamonds on Y's hearts, and takes tricks 12 and 13 with his ace and queen of spades, winning three by cards, game, and rubber. The four hands were:—

Hearts—Knave, 10.
Diamonds—King, knave, 8, 3.
Clubs—6, 5, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10, 7, 2.

Hearts—Ace, queen, 9, 7, 6, 3.
Diamonds—10, 6.
Clubs—7, 3.
Spades—King, 8, 3.

B (dummy) Y Z (dealer) A

Hearts—8, 5, 2.
Diamonds—Ace, 9, 7, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 8.
Spades—9, 6, 5, 4.

Hearts—King, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 5, 4.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 10, 9, 4.
Spades—Ace, queen.

The above reasoning may seem to be quite easy when it is worked out in black and white, and, no doubt, if the hand were given as a bridge problem, a large number of solvers would solve it correctly, but how many of them would play it correctly at the bridge table? Hardly one. It is quite safe to say that forty-nine bridge-players out of fifty would have led the queen of diamonds at trick 8, and would have said to their partner: "It was not possible to win it." It was the fiftieth who happened to be playing the hand, and who had the sense to realize that the only possible chance of winning the game was by giving away four tricks in the heart suit.

HAND No. 2.

(A GAME WELL SAVED.)

The following is the best instance of a well-defended No-Trump hand which I ever remember to have seen played. It is not an instance of one particular coup, but of a hand very carefully thought out, with the utmost value given to every card and every combination of the cards, and not a chance thrown away.

The score was A B 18, Y Z 12. A dealt and declared no trumps.

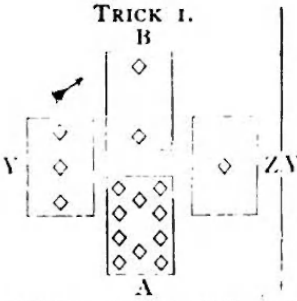
Y led the three of diamonds.

Hearts—Queen, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 8, 6, 2.
Clubs—10, 8, 2.
Spades—9, 8, 5, 3.

B (dummy) Y Z (dealer) A

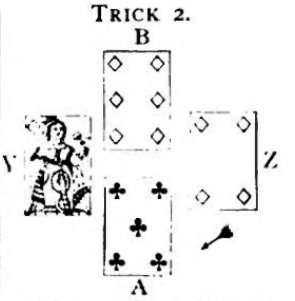
Hearts—King, 8, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, king, 5, 4.
Clubs—Queen, knave, 9.
Spades—Queen, 7, 4.

TRICK 1.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.

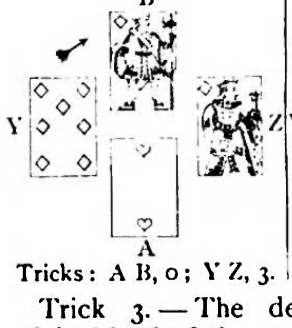


Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 2.

Trick 1.—Z's play of the ace of diamonds was a fine instance of a false card, which was false as against his adversary, but not as against his partner. He knew that his partner had led from four diamonds, and therefore that the dealer (A) had only one, so that the position of the king must be disclosed on the second round to his partner, but not to his opponent. It is an excellent general rule never to play a false card when you have a partner, but the brilliant player is the one who knows when to depart from rule.

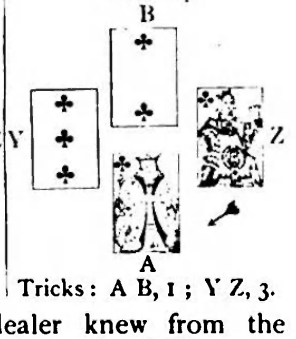
Trick 2.—Z returned the small diamond, not the king, so as to keep the command over dummy's knave.

TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 4.



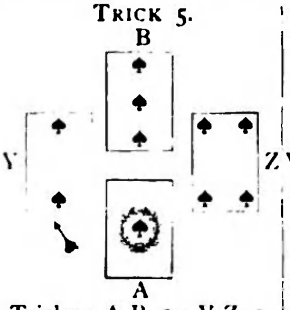
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 3.

Trick 3.—The dealer knew from the original lead of the 3 that each of his opponents had two more diamonds, and according to the fall of the cards the king was marked in Y's hand; therefore, when the 7 was led, it looked a certainty that Y was trying to underplay him; in fact, in the actual game, the dealer said, as he put up the knave, "That is a little too thin," but he was rather outplayed.

Trick 4.—Mark Z's play at this point. The ordinary player would have led his other diamond and would have lost the game. Not so our friend Z. It is always well to consider, before putting one's partner in with a winning card, what that partner will be likely to lead next. In this case it would almost certainly have been a heart through the singly-guarded queen, which was precisely what Z wanted to avoid, therefore he led the queen of clubs first, so as to show his partner which suit he wanted, he himself

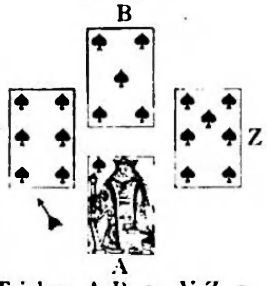
being quite certain to get in again in order to lead the last diamond.

TRICK 5.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 3.

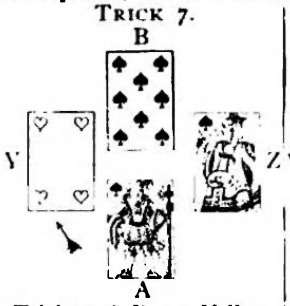
TRICK 6.



Tricks; A B, 3; Y Z, 3.

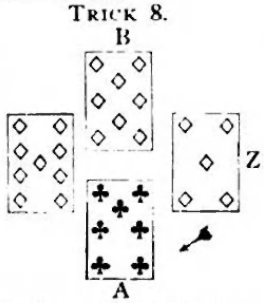
Tricks 5 and 6.—A having four spades in each hand went for the chance of catching the qeeen, but it did not come off.

TRICK 7.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 4.

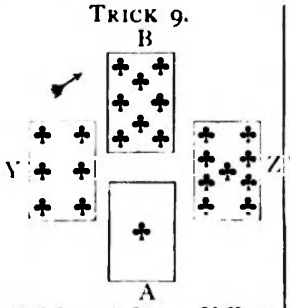
TRICK 8.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 5.

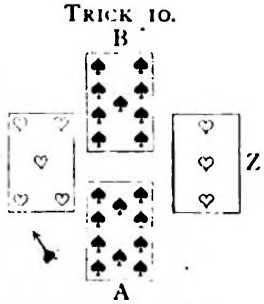
Trick 8.—Z put his partner in with the diamond, having already shown him which suit to lead.

TRICK 9.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 10.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 5.

A was then left with no alternative but to lead a heart, and Z make the king of hearts and the queen of clubs, winning the odd trick and saving the game.

Z's play of this hand was exceptionally good all through, and the players who would have saved it as the cards happened to lie are very few and far between.

The four hands were:—

Hearts—Queen, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 8, 6, 2.
Clubs—10, 8, 2.
Spades—9, 8, 5, 3.

Hearts—10, 9, 5, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 9, 7, 3.
Clubs—6, 4, 3.
Spades—6, 2.

B (dummy)
Y Z
(dealer) A

Hearts—King, 8, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, king, 5, 4.
Clubs—Queen, knave, 9.
Spades—Queen, 7, 4.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 6, 2.
Diamonds—10.
Clubs—Ace, king, 7, 5.
Spades—Ace, king, knave, 10.

HAND No. 3.

(A HEART HAND WELL PLAYED BY THE DEALER.)

This was a very interesting hand owing to the extraordinary distribution of the cards. Such hands are of very little interest in themselves, apart from questions of play; but in this case the uncommon distribution of the cards led up to some extremely interesting points of play.

The four hands were:—

Hearts—None.
Diamonds—Queen, knave, 10, 4.
Clubs—Ace, queen, 9, 3.
Spades—Ace, king, queen, 6, 2.

Hearts—None.
Diamonds—Ace, 8, 7, 5, 2.
Clubs—King, 8, 5.
Spades—9, 8, 7, 4, 3.

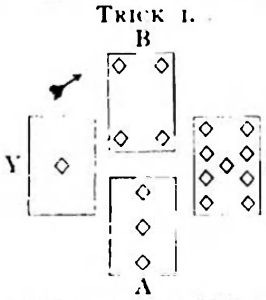
B (dummy)
Y Z
(dealer) A

Hearts—King, queen, knave, 10, 9, 6.
Diamonds—King, 9.
Clubs—10, 7, 4.
Spades—Knave, 10.

Hearts—Ace, 8, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—6, 3.
Clubs—Knave, 6, 2.
Spades—5.

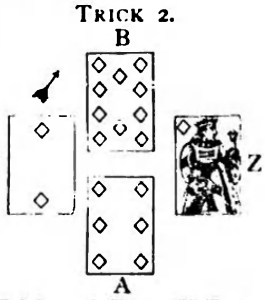
Score, love-all. A dealt and declared hearts, Z doubled, and B redoubled. Z redoubled again, making it 64 a trick, and A took it up to the limit of 100 points per trick. B was quite right to redouble, although he had no trump at all. The trumps were obviously divided between A and Z, and B calculated that the good cards which he held in the other suits would certainly turn the scale in his favour. Z's redouble was not so sound, but A had no hesitation in going on up to the maximum when he knew that his partner was strong in the plain suits.

TRICK 1.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

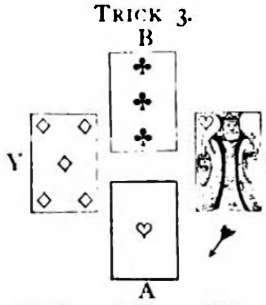
TRICK 2.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 2.

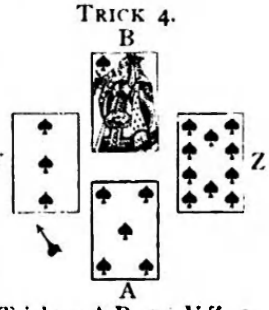
Trick 1.—Y opened his best suit, and continued with it at trick 2, as his partner must have the king or no more.

TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 2.

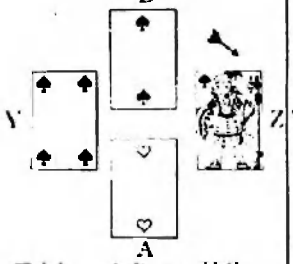
TRICK 4.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 2.

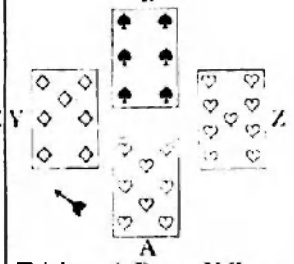
Trick 3.—Z led the king of trumps in the hope of being able to draw all A's trumps. When Y was found to be also void of trumps the situation was perfectly clear to both A and Z, and it became a match between them. A at once realized that he had a trump too many, and would eventually have to lead trumps up to Z unless he got rid of his superfluous one.

TRICK 5.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 2.

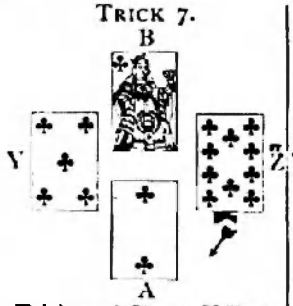
TRICK 6.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 3.

Trick 5.—A proceeded to get rid of his superfluous trump, and then, at trick 6, put Z in again to force him to lead clubs up to B.

TRICK 7.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 3.

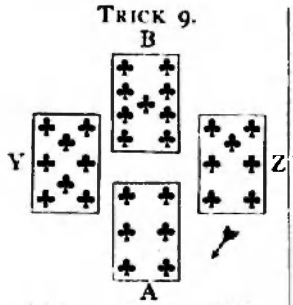
TRICK 8.

Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 4.

Trick 7.—Z's only hope now was that his partner held the king and knave of clubs. He would be obliged to lead a club sooner or later, so he might as well do it at once.

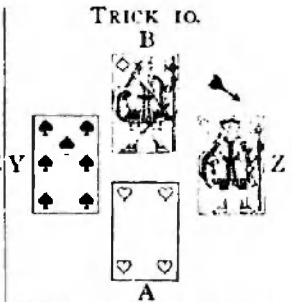
Trick 8.—Z trumped with the 10, hoping that A would discard a club and so leave himself again with a trump too many, but A was too wary. He had an absolute certainty of the game as long as he kept himself with the same number of trumps as Z, and therefore he threw a small trump under Z's 10. If Z had discarded a club, A would also have discarded a club.

TRICK 9.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 4.

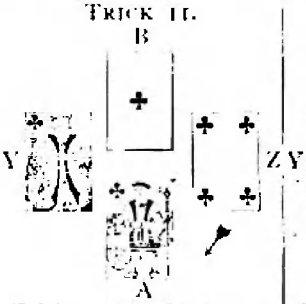
TRICK 10.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 5.

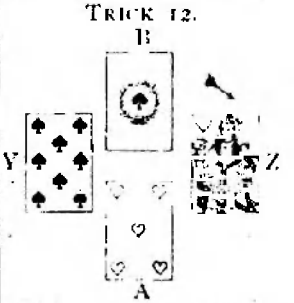
Tricks 9 and 10.—History repeated itself, and again A threw away a superfluous trump.

TRICK 11.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 12.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 6.

A was left with the best trump, and won the odd trick. If he had once made a mistake and discarded a club to keep a trump he would have lost the odd trick and the game. Trumping a winning card of one's partner, or throwing away a trump under a higher one, is known as the *grand coup* and is supposed to be a great effort of genius, but in this hand A had to play the *grand coup* not once but three times. It was a very high trial for any bridge-player, but the player of the hand was equal to the occasion and brought it off with success.

HAND No. 4.

The following instance of defending the game against a suit declaration is probably the best instance on record of a well-played hand at bridge. All the four players were quite first-class, and every card in the hand was played to the greatest possible advantage.

Score, one game all; A B 18, Y Z 24. A dealt and left it to B, who declared diamonds. Y led the knave of clubs, and B put down:—

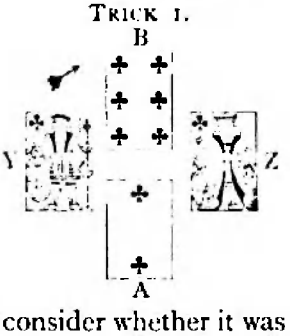
Hearts—King, 8, 4.
Diamonds—Ace, king, queen, 10, 8, 3.
Clubs—6.
Spades—Ace, 8, 6.

—a very good hand indeed, which looked like a certainty of at least two by cards.

Z's hand was:—

Hearts—Ace, 9, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 9.
Clubs—Ace, king, 5.
Spades—King, queen, 7, 5, 4.

TRICK 1.



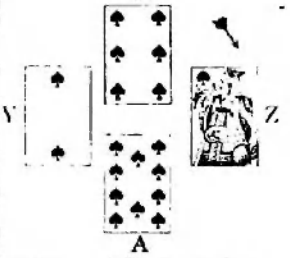
Z had to consider whether it was possible to save the game, and, if so, how it was to be

done. He could see seven absolutely certain tricks in B's hand, six trumps and the ace of spades; therefore it was necessary for him and his partner to win every other trick. A B obviously could not win the extra trick in either clubs or spades, and in order to save the game his partner Y must hold the queen and knave of hearts, therefore Z at once placed those cards in his partner's hand. Also there was no possible chance of Y trumping anything; his knave of clubs could not well be a singleton, and if he had had a single spade he would have led it. It was of supreme importance to prevent the weak hand A from making a ruff, and the strong hand was too strong to be weakened by forcing, therefore Z decided to depart from all rule and to lead trumps right up to the strong hand.

TRICK 2.

Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 1.

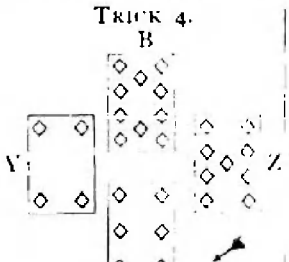
TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 2.

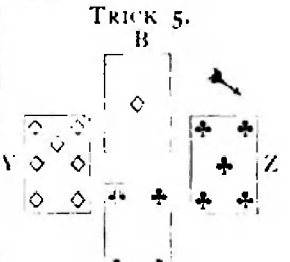
Trick 3.—B's lead showed Z that A had only two spades and was trying to make a ruff on the third round. If A had three trumps originally this could not be stopped, but if he had only two it could be stopped, therefore Z again led trumps up to B.

TRICK 4.



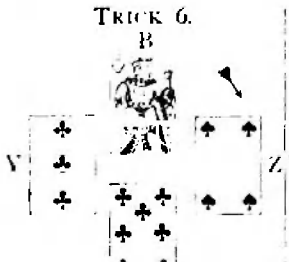
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 5.



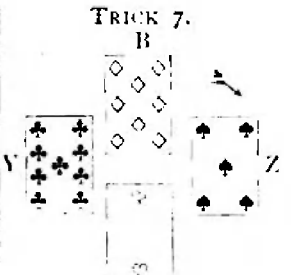
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 6.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 7.

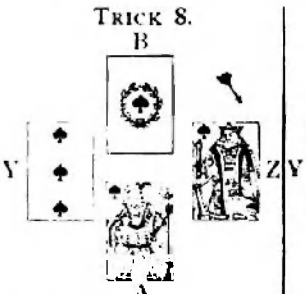


Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 2.

The dealer led out two extra rounds of trumps in order to force discards and to find out a little how the land lay. Z was rather taken aback at having to make three discards. He could not throw his ace of clubs, and he must on no account part with a heart, therefore he was obliged to discard two spades. Y's discards were easy.

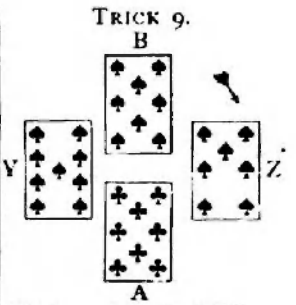
The dealer could now count Z's hand—king and one other spade, the ace of clubs, and three hearts—so he led the ace and another spade, thinking that Z would have to win the second round and would then be obliged to lead up to B's guarded king of hearts.

TRICK 8.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 2.

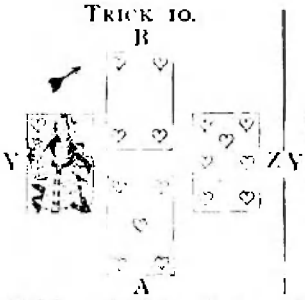
TRICK 9.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 3.

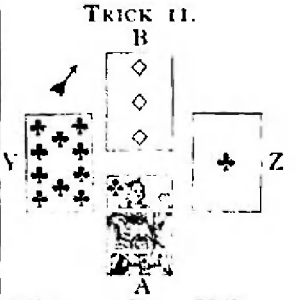
Trick 8.—Z was in trouble. If he played his small diamond he would have to win the next trick with his king, and he could then lead the ace of clubs, but he knew the dealer's play well enough to be sure that the force would not be taken, and he would then be obliged to lead up to B's guarded king of hearts. He was sure that A had only one more spade, and, therefore, Y must have either the knave or 9, so he threw away his king of spades to avoid getting the lead at the next trick.

TRICK 10.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 4.

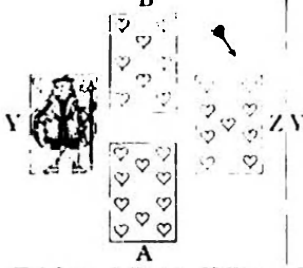
TRICK 11.



Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 4.

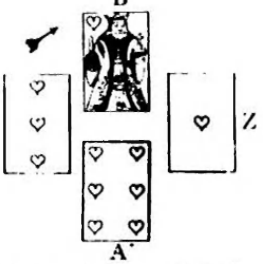
Trick 10.—B did not cover the queen of hearts as he could gain nothing by so doing; but if the knave had been led at trick 11 he would have covered that and would have won the game. Y, however, played too well, and led a club, which B was obliged to trump, and Y Z won six tricks and saved the game.

TRICK 12.



Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 13.



Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 6.

The four hands were:—

Hearts—King, 8 4.
Diamonds—Ace, king, queen, 10, 8, 3.
Clubs—6.
Spades—Ace, 8, 6.

Hearts—Queen, knave, 3.
Diamonds—7, 4, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 10, 9, 3.
Spades—9, 3, 2.

B (dummy)
Y Z
(dealer) A

Hearts—Ace, 9, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 9.
Clubs—Ace, king, 5.
Spades—King, queen, 7, 5, 4.

Hearts—10, 6, 5, 2.
Diamonds—6, 5.
Clubs—Queen, 8, 7, 4, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10.

The above is quite the best instance that I ever saw of an intelligent reading of the cards and of taking the only possible chance of saving the game. Two really fine points of play were required of Z, first leading trumps at once up to the strong hand, and secondly throwing away the best spade in order to avoid getting the lead, and there are very few players alive who would have saved the game under such circumstances. In discussing the hand afterwards it was suggested that Z might have discarded the ace of clubs instead of a second spade, but if he had done so he would have lost the game. When he led the fourth spade B would not have taken the force, and he would then have been obliged to lead the hearts up to B's king. A study of the four hands will show that the cards were played in the only possible way to save the game, and that, even at double dummy, with the position of every card known, it could not have been saved in any other way; and that is the highest praise which can be given to the play of any hand.

It will be noticed that in all the above hands the result turns on the correct placing of the unknown cards. That is the whole secret of good play at bridge, and it is a faculty which everyone who aspires to become a good player ought to cultivate assiduously. It is no heaven-born gift. It is a matter of practice, of knowledge of the recognised leads, of a close observation of the fall of the cards, and of ordinary common-sense reasoning. It is astonishing how easily this faculty can be acquired by steady practice. It is well within the reach of anybody, whether or not he possesses what is called a good card memory, and no one will ever become a first-class bridge-player who does not accustom himself to place missing cards as the game progresses, and then and there to make a mental note of them and to remember them for future use.

II.—THE BEST GAMES EVER PLAYED AT CHESS.

BY J. H. BLACKBURNE BRITISH CHESS CHAMPION.

BRILLIANCY in chess is a rarity. It is like the sparkling of a multi-faceted diamond, which can illume darkness and shine best under provocation. Electricians would say it is the bright spark that signalizes the overcoming of resistance. It is not a very common or ordinary experience. It would cease to be a wonder if it were. It would fail to command the great admiration usually bestowed on things of rarity.

The best quality of brilliancy occurs between great contending forces—the powers of antagonistic minds. And so it is that, generally speaking, the highest products issue from conflict wherein very great players are engaged—players accustomed to exert very strong powers of mind against their adversaries. There is then the pressure of strong and skilful opposition provoking strong display, until at length out flashes the brilliancy which thrills the spectators as well as the producer, and sometimes has almost a benumbing effect upon the vanquished player.

Brilliancy in actual play very often prevails in spite of a flaw—the dazzling effect, as it were, rendering the flaw invisible.

Sound or flawless brilliancy in chess is *the* brilliancy that deserves the fullest consideration. The production of it sheds lustre on the happy producer, while it also serves a high educational function in giving us something to admire and study.

The alternation of stroke or "move," combined with the necessity of parrying as well as delivering the stroke, has

brought about in chess a practice of adopting aggresso-defensive tactics. It has developed an even higher ideal. It has led to the adoption, wherever possible, of a doubly attacking move—such as that of a knight forking two of the adverse pieces, or that of a bishop attacking or pinning on the one diagonal two or more of the opposing pieces. And, better still, it has led to the adoption, wherever possible, of such forking or raking moves as will include a check, or double check, to the adverse king; and, higher still, a move which, under every conceivable circumstance, will enable the player next moving to adopt one of these many-purpose moves.

It is chiefly in pursuit of some of these advantageous moves that brilliancy occurs. It may occur as a means of withdrawing, or paralyzing, or obstructing some of the hostile pieces, so as to get them out of the way or nullify their action, or make them embarrass their own king's mobility. Design is the prolific source of ingenious brilliancy; yet, in a minor degree, luck contributes to the production. Some of these observations can be tested in examining the sample games appended.

Meanwhile a few words as to famous exponents of brilliancy in the past.

First and foremost comes the immortal Morphy, who in 1858 came over from America and overwhelmed all the European masters, or, at least, those who cared to oppose him. His games were splendid specimens of brilliancy; and probably many of his sparkling gems will be reproduced, studied, and admired when the efforts of the so-called "position player" and the "accumulator of minute advantages" school have been forgotten. Then there was Labourdonnais, the renowned French expert, who also vanquished all-comers; and what chess-player has not received pleasure and instruction in playing over the games of Professor Anderssen and his illustrious pupil, Dr Zukertort?

Then, again, there was Captain Mackenzie, a Scot by birth, an enthusiastic disciple of Morphy, and who became champion of America after that master's retirement.

De Vere, at one time British chess champion; the two Macdonnells, both Irishmen; Pillsbury, and Baron Kolisch were all worthy exemplars of brilliancy.

And last, though not least, the young Hungarian, Charousek, who a few years ago startled the chess world by his aggressive and hazardous play against older and more experienced masters, and justly earned the title of the "New Morphy"; and, considering his short chess career, has left us wondering what he might not have attained had he lived.

To living masters like Bird, Maroczy, Marshall, Janowski, and Tchigorin, it is hard to do justice without seeming to indulge in flattery; yet it is not possible to omit them and give anything like a true account of chess brilliancy. We have in England for nearly two-thirds of a century enjoyed the splendid style of Mr. H. E. Bird, especially notable for his originality. He may by his devotion to brilliancy have several times missed the chess crown. He has always apparently set less value on that than on the achievement of some brilliant mate. The same may be said of Tchigorin, the famous Russian player. Marshall and Janowski have given us many pieces of rich brilliancy, and Maroczy for his time has pretty well earned a title to brilliancy. But for him the future has still much in store.

Brilliancy does not appear to be on the wane. The new school (as a fresher one than the "modern") is distinctly endued with love of adventure and brilliancy. The younger players, under its healthy influence, are able, when taking part in tournament play, to infuse life and brilliancy into their games and suffer nothing as a penalty for rashness. It is a good sign, and possibly portends further improvement in this direction.

I will now proceed to consider three games which stand on record as perhaps the most brilliant in the annals of chess.

The following game was played in 1851 at the Grand Cigar Divan, Strand. It is known among chess-players as the "Immortal Game":—

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

WHITE (ANDERSSEN).	BLACK (KIESERITZKY).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)
4. K to B sq	P to Q Kt 4

This move was invariably adopted by Kieseritzky and became known as his defence, although originally suggested and played by a well-known American amateur. It has, however, been discarded for many years as unsatisfactory. The usual continuation at the present day is P to Q 4th.

5. B takes Kt P	Kt to K B 3rd
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 3rd
7. P to Q 3rd	Kt to R 4th
8. Kt to R 4th	Q to Kt 4th
9. Kt to B 5th	P to Q B 3rd
10. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd
11. K to Kt sq	P takes B

12.	P to K R 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
13.	P to R 5th	Q to Kt 4th
14.	Q to B 3rd	Kt to Kt sq
15.	B takes P	Q to B 3rd
16.	Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th
17.	Kt to Q 5th	

No Fabian tactics here. No believer in the old writer on chess, who recommends the player to "occasionally count the pieces, and if he finds he has lost one or more, then to carefully rally his remaining forces and thereby win."

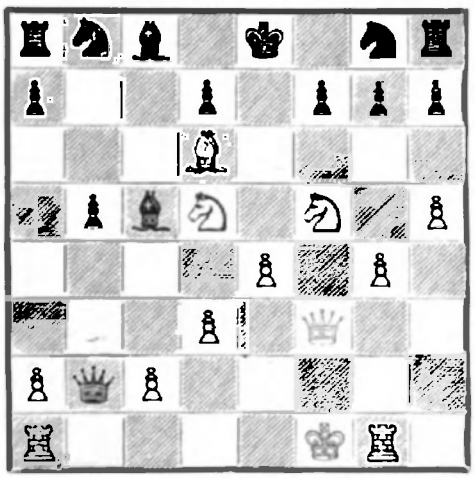
White, although a piece minus, elects to continue the attack, and carries it on with unflagging brilliancy and force to the end.

17.		Q takes P
18.	B to Q 6th	

A beautiful continuation, to which there is no satisfactory defence; for if B takes B, then 19. Kt takes B (ch), K to Q sq; 20. Kt takes P (ch), K to K sq; 21. Kt to Q 6th (ch), followed by 22. Q to B 8th (mate).

Position after White's 18th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

18.		B takes R
19.	P to K 5th	Q takes R (ch)
20.	K to K 2nd	Kt to Q R 3rd
21.	Kt takes P (ch)	K to Q sq
22.	Q to B 6th (ch)	Kt takes Q
23.	B to K 7 (mate)	

This is considered by many to be the most beautiful ending ever played.

Game played in the London International Tournament, 1883:—

ENGLISH OPENING.

WHITE. (Dr. ZUKERTORT.)	BLACK. (J. H. BLACKBURNE.)
1. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
4. B to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
5. Castles	P to Q 4th
6. P to Q 4th	B to Q 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd	Castles
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd
9. B to Kt 2nd	Q to K 2nd

Better to have continued with P to Q B 4th, the usual move in all forms of the close openings.

10.	Kt to Q Kt 5th	Kt to K 5th
11.	Kt takes B	P takes Kt
12.	Kt to Q 2nd	Q Kt to B 3rd

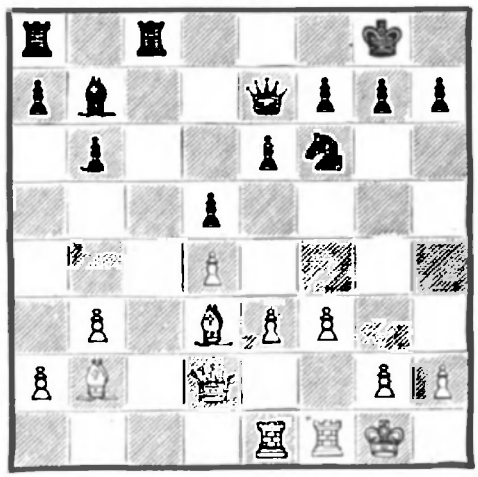
The stronger move was P to B 4th, preventing the advance of the king's pawn later on. The play up to now has been somewhat tame and uninteresting.

13.	P to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt
14.	Q takes Kt	P takes P
15.	B takes P	P to Q 4th
16.	B to Q 3rd	K R to B sq

Black certainly underrated the strength of the coming attack, otherwise he would have adopted more defensive tactics. His scheme was to double the rooks on Q B file, and so try to divert White's intended assault on the king's quarters. White's next move, 17. Q R to K sq, is very deep and subtle. A diagram of the position is given. White evidently had in his mind's eye the subsequent beautiful sacrifices, otherwise he would have disputed Black's command of the Q B file.

Position after White's 17th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

17.	Q R to K sq	R to B 2nd
18.	P to K 4th	Q R to Q B sq
19.	P to K 5th	Kt to K sq
20.	P to B 4th	P to Kt 3rd
21.	R to K 3rd	P to B 4th
22.	P tks P (*en passant*)	Kt takes P
23.	P to B 5th	Kt to K 5th
24.	B takes Kt	P takes B
25.	P takes Kt P	R to B 7th

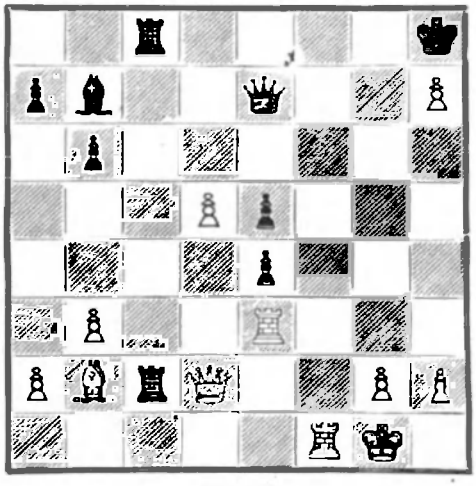
Black has now attained his object, and at first sight looks as if he must win a piece.

26.	P takes P (ch)	K to R sq
27.	P to Q 5th (dis ch)	P to K 4th

White has no way, apparently, of saving the bishop, and his next move somewhat startled the spectators, many of whom thought his position hopeless. A diagram of the position is given:—

White to make his 27th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

28. Q to Kt 4th

A grand stroke, to which there is no reply. An enthusiastic critic, who, by the way, was not present, says: "This move literally electrified the lookers-on." Whether this be so or not Black did anticipate it, but had not foreseen White's sacrifice of the rook, which came as a surprise. It may be mentioned that, if Black capture the proffered queen, he is mated in seven moves, as follows: 29. B takes P (ch), K takes P; 30. R to R 3rd (ch), K to Kt 3rd; 31. R to Kt 3rd (ch), K to R 3rd; 32. R to B 6th (ch), K to R 4th; 33. R to B 5th (ch), K to R 3rd; 34. B to B 4th (ch), K moves; 34. K R mates.

28.	Q R to B 4th
29. R to B 8th (ch)	

Steinitz, in annotating this game in "Turf, Field, and Farm," remarks on this move: "In conjunction with White's previous play, this forms one of the most noble combinations ever conceived over the chessboard." It is obvious that if Q takes R the reply is 30. B takes P (ch), K takes P; 31. Q takes P (ch), mating in a few more moves.

29. .	K takes P
30. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2
31. B takes P (ch)	K takes R
32. B to Kt 7 (ch)	Resigns

Again Steinitz says: "A worthy finish to one of the most brilliant games on record."

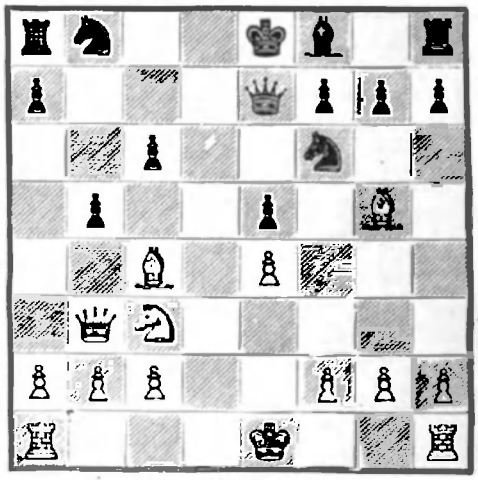
The following brilliant little gem by Morphy against the Duke of Brunswick and Count Isouard consulting was played in the Duke's private box, during the performance of "The Barber of Seville," at the Grand Opera House, Paris, 1858:—

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

WHITE (MORPHY).	BLACK (ALLIES).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th
4. P takes P	B takes Kt
5. Q takes B	P takes P
6. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
7. Q to Q Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
9. B to K Kt 5th	P to Q Kt 4th

White to make his 10th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

10. Kt takes P	P takes Kt
11. B takes Kt P (ch)	Q Kt to Q 2nd
12. Castles Q R	R to Q sq
13. R takes Kt	R takes R
14. R to Q sq	Q to K 3rd
15. B takes R (ch)	Kt takes B
16. Q to Kt 8 (ch)	Kt takes Q
17. R to Q 8 (mate)	

IN THE FAMILY

BY

W·W·JACOBS

THE oldest inhabitant of Claybury sat beneath the sign of the Cauliflower and gazed with affectionate, but dim, old eyes in the direction of the village street.

"No; Claybury men ain't never been much of ones for emigrating," he said, turning to the youthful traveller who was resting in the shade with a mug of ale and a cigarette. "They know they'd 'ave to go a long way afore they'd find a place as 'ud come up to this."

He finished the tablespoonful of beer in his mug and sat for so long with his head back and the inverted vessel on his face that the traveller, who at first thought it was the beginning of a conjuring trick, coloured furiously, and asked permission to refill it.

Now and then a Claybury man has gone to foreign parts, said the old man, drinking from the replenished mug, and placing it where the traveller could mark progress without undue strain; but they've, gen'rally speaking, come back and wished as they'd never gone.

The on'y man as I ever heard of that made his fortune by emigrating was Henery Walker's great-uncle, Josiah Walker by name, and he wasn't a Claybury man at all. He made his fortune out o' sheep in Australey, and he was so rich and well-to-do that he could never find time to answer the letters that Henery Walker used to send him when he was hard up.

Henery Walker used to hear of 'im through a relation of his up in London, and tell us all about 'im and his money up at this here Cauliflower public-house. And he used to sit and drink his beer and wonder who would 'ave the old man's money arter he was dead.

When the relation in London died Henery Walker left off hearing about his uncle, and he got so worried over thinking that the old man might die and leave his money to strangers that he got quite thin. He talked of emigrating to Australey 'imself, and then, acting on the advice of Bill Chambers—who said it was a cheaper thing to do—he wrote to his uncle instead, and, arter reminding 'im that 'e was an old man living in a strange country, 'e asked 'im to come to Claybury

and make his 'ome with 'is loving grand-nephew.

It was a good letter, because more than one gave 'im a hand with it, and there was little bits o' Scripture in it to make it more solemn-like. It was wrote on pink paper with pie-crust edges and put in a green envelope, and Bill Chambers said a man must 'ave a 'art of stone if that didn't touch it.

Four months arterwards Henery Walker got an answer to 'is letter from 'is great-uncle. It was a nice letter, and, arter thanking Henery Walker for all his kindness, 'is uncle said that he was getting an old man, and p'r'aps he should come and lay 'is bones in England arter all, and if he did 'e should certainly come and see his grand-nephew, Henery Walker.

Most of us thought Henery Walker's fortune was as good as made, but Bob Pretty, a nasty low, poaching chap that has done wot he could to give Claybury a bad name, turned up his nose at it.

"I'll believe he's coming 'ome when I see him," he ses. "It's my belief he went to Australey to get out o' your way, Henery."

"As it 'appened he went there afore I was born," ses Henery Walker, firing up.

"He knew your father," ses Bob Pretty, "and he didn't want to take no risks."

They 'ad words then, and arter that every time Bob Pretty met 'im he asked arter his great-uncle's 'ealth, and used to pretend to think 'e was living with 'im.

"You ought to get the old gentleman out a bit more, Henery," he would say; "it can't be good for 'im to be shut up in the 'ouse so much—especially your 'ouse."

Henery Walker used to get that riled he didn't know wot to do with 'imself, and as time went on, and he began to be afraid that 'is uncle never would come back to England, he used to get quite nasty if anybody on'y so much as used the word "uncle" in 'is company.

It was over six months since he 'ad had the letter from 'is uncle, and 'e was up here at the Cauliflower with some more of us one night, when Dicky Weed, the tailor, turns to Bob Pretty and he ses, "Who's the old gentleman that's staying with you, Bob?"

Bob Pretty puts down 'is beer very careful and turns round on 'im.

"Old gentleman?" he ses, very slow. "Wot are you talking about?"

"I mean the little old gentleman with white whiskers and a squeaky voice," ses Dicky Weed.

"You've been dreaming," ses Bob, taking up 'is beer ag'in.

"I see 'im too, Bob," ses Bill Chambers.

"Ho, you did, did you?" ses Bob Pretty, putting down 'is mug with a bang. "Wot d'ye mean by coming spying round my place, eh? Wot d'ye mean by it?"

"Spying?" ses Bill Chambers, gaping at 'im with 'is mouth open; "I wasn't spying. Anyone 'ud think you 'ad done something you was ashamed of."

"You mind your business and I'll mind mine," ses Bob, very fierce.

"I was passing the 'ouse," ses Bill Chambers, looking round at us, "and I see an old man's face at the bedroom winder, and while I was wondering who 'e was a 'and come and drawed 'im away. I see 'im as plain as ever I see anything in my life, and the 'and, too. Big and dirty it was."

"And he's got a cough," ses Dicky Weed—"a churchyard cough—I 'eard it."

"It ain't much you don't hear, Dicky," ses Bob Pretty, turning on 'im; "the on'y thing you never did 'ear, and never will 'ear, is any good of yourself."

He kicked over a chair wot was in 'is way and went off in such a temper as we'd never seen 'im in afore, and, wot was more surprising still, but I know it's true, 'cos I drunk it up myself, he'd left over arf a pint o' beer in 'is mug."

"He's up to something," ses Sam Jones, staring arter him; "mark my words."

We couldn't make head nor tail out of it, but for some days arterward you'd ha' thought that Bob Pretty's 'ouse was a peep-show. Everybody stared at the winders as they went by, and the children played in front of the 'ouse and stared in all day long. Then the old gentleman was seen one day as bold as brass sitting at the winder, and it came to be known that it was a pore old tramp Bob Pretty 'ad met on the road and given a home to, and he didn't like 'is good-'artedness to be known for fear he should be made fun of.

Nobody believed that, o' course, and things got more puzzling than ever. Once or twice the old gentleman went out for a walk, but Bob Pretty or 'is missis was always with 'im, and if anybody tried to speak to him they always said 'e was deaf and took 'im off as fast as they could. Then one night up at the Cauliflower here Dicky Weed came rushing in with a bit o' news that took everybody's breath away.

"I've just come from the post-office," he ses, "and there's a letter for Bob Pretty's old gentleman! Wot d'ye think o' that?"

"If you could tell us wot's inside it you might 'ave something to brag about," ses Henery Walker.

"I don't want to see the inside," ses Dicky Weed; "the name on the outside was enough for me. I couldn't hardly believe my own eyes, but there it was: 'Mr. Josiah Walker,' as plain as the nose on your face."

O' course, we see it all then, and wondered why we hadn't thought of it afore; and we stood quiet listening to the things that Henery Walker said about a man that would go and steal another man's great-uncle from 'im. Three times Smith, the landlord, said, "*Hush!*" and the fourth time he put Henery Walker outside and told 'im to stay there till he 'ad lost his voice.

Henery Walker stayed outside five minutes, and then 'e come back in ag'in to ask for advice. His idea seemed to be that, as the old gentleman was deaf, Bob Pretty was passing 'isself off as Henery Walker, and the disgrace was a'most more than 'e could bear. He began to get excited ag'in, and Smith 'ad just said "*Hush!*" once more when we 'eard somebody whistling outside, and in come Bob Pretty.

He 'ad hardly got 'is face in at the door afore Henery Walker started on 'im, and Bob Pretty stood there, struck all of a heap, and staring at 'im as though he couldn't believe his ears.

"'Ave you gone mad, Henery?" he ses, at last.

"Give me back my great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, at the top of 'is voice.

Bob Pretty shook his 'ead at him. "I haven't got your great-uncle, Henery," he ses, very gentle. "I know the name is the same, but wot of it? There's more than one Josiah Walker in the world. This one is no relation to you at all; he's a very respectable old gentleman."

"I'll go and ask 'im," ses Henery Walker, getting up, "and I'll tell 'im wot sort o' man you are, Bob Pretty."

"He's gone to bed now, Henery," ses Bob Pretty.

"I'll come in the fust thing to-morrow morning, then," ses Henery Walker.

"Not in my 'ouse, Henery," ses Bob Pretty; "not arter the things you've been sayin' about me. I'm a pore man, but I've got my pride. Besides, I tell you he ain't your uncle. He's a pore old man I'm giving a 'ome to, and I won't 'ave 'im worried."

"'Ow much does 'e pay you a week, Bob?" ses Bill Chambers.

Bob Pretty pretended not to hear 'im.

"'GIVE ME BACK MY GREAT-UNCLE,' SES HENERY WALKER."

"Where did your wife get the money to buy that bonnet she 'ad on on Sunday?" ses Bill Chambers. "My wife ses it's the fust new bonnet she has 'ad since she was married."

"And where did the new winder curtains come from?" ses Peter Gubbins.

Bob Pretty drank up 'is beer and stood looking at them very thoughtful; then he opened the door and went out without saying a word.

"He's got your great-uncle a prisoner in his 'ouse, Henery," ses Bill Chambers; "it's easy for to see that the pore old gentle-

man is getting past things, and I shouldn't wonder if Bob Pretty don't make 'im leave all 'is money to 'im."

Henery Walker started raving ag'in, and for the next few days he tried his 'ardest to get a few words with 'is great-uncle, but Bob Pretty was too much for 'im. Everybody in Claybury said wot a shame it was, but it was all no good, and Henery Walker used to leave 'is work and stand outside Bob Pretty's for hours at a time in the 'opes of getting a word with the old man.

He got 'is chance at last, in quite a unexpected way. We was up 'ere at the Cauliflower one evening, and, as it 'appened, we was talking about Henery Walker's great-uncle, when the door opened, and who should walk in but the old gentleman 'imself. Everybody left off talking and stared at 'im, but he walked up to the bar and ordered a glass o' gin and beer as comfortable as you please.

Bill Chambers was the fust to get 'is presence of mind back, and he set off arter Henery Walker as fast as 'is legs could carry 'im, and in a wunnerful short time, considering, he came back with Henery, both of 'em puffing and blowing their 'ardest.

"There—he—is!" ses Bill Chambers, pointing to the old gentleman.

Henery Walker gave one look, and then 'e slipped over to the old man and stood all of a tremble, smiling at 'im. "Good evening," he ses.

"Wot?" ses the old gentleman.

"Good evening!" ses Henery Walker ag'in.

"I'm a bit deaf," ses the old gentleman, putting his 'and to his ear.

"GOOD EVENING!" ses Henery Walker ag'in, shouting. "I'm your grand-nephew, Henery Walker!"

"Ho, are you?" ses the old gentleman, not at all surprised. "Bob Pretty was telling me all about you."

"I 'ope you didn't listen to 'im," ses Henery Walker, all of a tremble. "Bob Pretty'd say anything except his prayers."

"He ses you're arter my money," ses the old gentleman, looking at 'im.

"He's a liar, then," ses Henery Walker; "he's arter it 'imself. And it ain't a respectable place for you to stay at. Anybody'll tell you wot a rascal Bob Pretty is. Why, he's a byword."

"Everybody is arter my money," ses the old gentleman, looking round.

"I 'ope you'll know me better afore you've done with me, uncle," ses Henery Walker, taking a seat alongside of 'im. "Will you 'ave another mug o' beer?"

"Gin and beer," ses the old gentleman, cocking his eye up very fierce at Smith, the landlord; "and mind the gin don't get out ag'in, same as it did in the last."

"'THERE—HE—IS!' SES BILL CHAMBERS."

Smith asked 'im wot he meant, but 'is deafness come on ag'in. Henery Walker 'ad an extra dose o' gin put in, and arter he 'ad tasted it the old gentleman seemed to get more amiable-like, and 'im and Henery Walker sat by theirselves talking quite comfortable.

"Why not come and stay with me?" ses Henery Walker, at last. "You can do as you please and have the best of everything."

"Bob Pretty ses you're arter my money," ses the old gentleman, shaking his 'ead. "I couldn't trust you."

"He ses that to put you ag'in me," ses Henery Walker, pleading-like.

"Well, wot do you want me to come and live with you for, then?" ses old Mr. Walker.

"Because you're my great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, "and my 'ouse is the proper place for you. Blood is thicker than water."

"And you don't want my money?" ses the old man, looking at 'im very sharp.

"Certainly not," ses Henery Walker.

"And 'ow much 'ave I got to pay a week?" ses old Mr. Walker. "That's the question?"

'Pay?" ses Henry Walker, speaking afore he 'ad time to think. "Pay? Why, I don't want you to pay anything."

The old gentleman said as 'ow he'd think it over, and Henery started to talk to 'im about his father and an old aunt named Maria, but 'e stopped 'im sharp, and said he was sick and tired of the whole Walker family, and didn't want to 'ear their names ag'in as long as he lived. Henery Walker began to talk about Australey then, and asked 'im 'ow many sheep he'd got, and the words was 'ardly out of 'is mouth afore the old gentleman stood up and said he was arter his money ag'in.

Henery Walker at once gave 'im some more gin and beer, and arter he 'ad drunk it the old gentleman said that he'd go and live with 'im for a little while to see 'ow he liked it.

"But I sha'n't pay anything," he ses, very sharp; "mind that."

"I wouldn't take it if you offered it to me," ses Henery Walker. "You'll come straight 'ome with me to-night, won't you?"

Afore old Mr. Walker could answer the door opened and in came Bob Pretty. He gave one look at Henery Walker and then he walked straight over to the old gentleman and put his 'and on his shoulder.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Mr. Walker," he ses. "I couldn't think wot had 'appened to you."

"You needn't worry yourself, Bob," ses Henery Walker; "he is coming to live with me now."

"Don't you believe it," ses Bob Pretty, taking hold of old Mr. Walker by the arm; "he's my lodger, and he's coming with me."

He began to lead the old gentleman towards the door, but Henery Walker, wot was still sitting down, threw 'is arms round his legs and held 'im tight. Bob Pretty pulled one way and Henery Walker pulled the other, and both of 'em shouted to each other to leave go. The row they made was awful, but old Mr. Walker made more noise than the two of 'em put together.

"You leave go o' my lodger," ses Bob Pretty.

"You leave go o' my great-uncle—my dear great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, as the old gentleman called 'im a bad name and asked 'im whether he thought he was made of iron.

"'YOU LEAVE GO O' MY LODGER,' SES BOB PRETTY."

I believe they'd ha' been at it till closing-time, on'y Smith, the landlord, came running in from the back and told them to go outside. He 'ad to shout to make 'imself heard, and all four of 'em seemed to be trying which could make the most noise.

"He's my lodger," ses Bob Pretty, "and he can't go without giving me proper notice; that's the lor—a week's notice."

They all shouted ag'in then, and at last the old gentleman told Henery Walker to give Bob Pretty ten shillings for the week's notice and ha' done with 'im. Henery Walker 'ad only got four shillings with 'im, but 'e borrowed the rest from Smith, and arter he 'ad told Bob Pretty wot he thought of 'im he took old Mr. Walker by the arm and led him 'ome a'most dancing for joy.

Mrs. Walker was nearly as pleased as wot 'e was, and the fuss they made of the old gentleman was sinful a'most. He 'ad to speak about it 'imself at last, and he told 'em plain that when 'e wanted arf-a-dozen sore-eyed children to be brought down in their night-gowns to kiss 'im while he was eating sausages, he'd say so.

Arter that Mrs. Walker was afraid that 'e might object when her and her 'usband gave up their bedroom to 'im; but he didn't. He took it all as 'is right, and when Henery Walker, who was sleeping in the next room with three of 'is boys, fell out o' bed for the second time, he got up and rapped on the wall.

Bob Pretty came round the next morning with a tin box that belonged to the old man, and 'e was so perlite and nice to 'im that Henery Walker could see that he 'ad 'opes of getting 'im back ag'in. The box was carried upstairs and put under old Mr. Walker's bed, and 'e was so partikler about its being locked, and about nobody being about when 'e opened it, that Mrs. Walker went arf out of her mind with curiosity.

"I s'pose you've looked to see that Bob Pretty didn't take anything out of it?" ses Henery Walker.

"He didn't 'ave the chance," ses the old gentleman. "It's always kep' locked."

"It's a box that looks as though it might 'ave been made in Australey," ses Henery Walker, who was longing to talk about them parts.

"If you say another word about Australey to me," ses old Mr. Walker, firing up, "off I go. Mind that! You're arter my money, and if you're not careful you sha'n't 'ave a farthing of it."

That was the last time the word "Australey" passed Henery Walker's lips, and even when 'e saw his great-uncle writing letters there he didn't say anything. And the old man was so suspicious of Mrs. Walker's curiosity that all the letters that was wrote to 'im he 'ad sent to Bob Pretty's. He used to call there pretty near every morning to see whether any 'ad come for 'im.

In three months Henery Walker 'adn't seen the colour of 'is money, and, wot was worse still, he took to giving Henery's things away. Mrs. Walker 'ad been complaining for some time of 'ow bad the hens 'ad been laying, and one morning at breakfast-time she told her 'usband that, besides missing eggs, two of 'er best hens 'ad been stolen in the night.

"They wasn't stolen," ses old Mr. Walker, putting down 'is teacup. "I took 'em round this morning and give 'em to Bob Pretty."

"Give 'em to Bob Pretty?" ses Henery Walker, arf choking. "Wot for?"

"'Cos he asked me for 'em," ses the old gentleman. "Wot are you looking like that for?"

Henery couldn't answer 'im, and the old gentleman, looking very fierce, got up from the table and told Mrs. Walker to give 'im his hat. Henery Walker clung to 'im with tears in his eyes a'most and begged 'im not to go, and arter a lot of talk old Mr. Walker said he'd look over it this time, but it mustn't occur ag'in.

Arter that 'e did as 'e liked with Henery Walker's things, and Henery dursen't say a word to 'im. Bob Pretty used to come up and flatter 'im and beg 'im to go back and lodge with 'im, and Henery was so afraid he'd go that he didn't say a word when old Mr. Walker used to give Bob Pretty things to make up for 'is disappointment. He 'eard on the quiet from Bill Chambers, who said that the old man 'ad told it to Bob Pretty as a dead secret, that 'e 'ad left 'im all his money, and he was ready to put up with anything.

The old man must ha' been living with Henery Walker for over eighteen months when one night he passed away in 'is sleep. Henery knew that his 'art was wrong, because he 'ad just paid Dr. Green 'is bill for saying that 'e couldn't do anything for 'im, but it was a surprise to 'im all the same. He blew his nose 'ard and Mrs. Walker kept rubbing 'er eyes with her apron while they talked in whispers and wondered 'ow much money they 'ad come in for.

In less than ten minutes the news was all over Claybury, and arf the people in the place hanging round in front of the 'ouse

waiting to hear 'ow much the Walkers 'ad come in for. Henery Walker pulled the blind on one side for a moment and shook his 'ead at them to go away. Some of them did go back a yard or two, and then they stood staring at Bob Pretty, wot come up as bold as brass and knocked at the door.

"Wot's this I 'ear?" he ses, when Henery Walker opened it. "You don't mean to tell me that the pore old gentleman has really gone? I told 'im wot would happen if 'e came to lodge with you."

"You be off," ses Henery Walker; "he hasn't left you anything."

"I know that," ses Bob Pretty, shaking his 'ead. "You're welcome to it, Henery, if there is anything. I never bore any malice to you for taking of 'im away from us. I could see you'd took a fancy to 'im from the fust. The way you pretended 'e was your great-uncle showed me that."

"Wot are you talking about?" ses Henery Walker. "He *was* my great-uncle!"

"Have it your own way, Henery," ses Bob Pretty; "on'y, if you asked me, I should say that he was my wife's grandfather."

"*Your wife's grandfather?*" ses Henery Walker, in a choking voice.

He stood staring at 'im, stupid-like, for a minute or two, but he couldn't get out another word. In a flash 'e saw 'ow he'd been done, and how Bob Pretty 'ad been deceiving 'im all along, and the idea that he 'ad arf ruined himself keeping Mrs. Pretty's grandfather for 'em pretty near sent 'im out of his mind.

"But how is it 'is name was Josiah Walker, same as Henery's great-uncle?" ses Bill Chambers, who 'ad been crowding round with the others. "Tell me that!"

"He 'ad a fancy for it," ses Bob Pretty, "and being a 'armless amusement we let him 'ave his own way. I told Henery Walker over and over ag'in that it wasn't his uncle, but he wouldn't believe me. I've got witnesses to it. Wot did you say, Henery?"

Henery Walker drew 'imself up as tall as he could and stared at him. Twice he opened 'is mouth to speak but couldn't, and then he made a odd sort o' choking noise in his throat, and slammed the door in Bob Pretty's face.

"HE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN BOB PRETTY'S FACE."

THE NIHILIST.

By Perceval Gibbon.

AT four o'clock in the afternoon of that snowy winter night was already at hand, and in the palace forecourt the guard was mounting under the glaring arc-lamp. In the great salon the Grand Duke Maximilian stood in a window recess and watched the ceremony with a curve of the lips, for the formal side of life failed to impress him with his importance. He was a tall, bony man, all of six feet in height, with a hard, humorous face fledged sparsely with beard and moustache, and a drooping slouch to his heavy shoulders that made his uniform hang on him clumsily. His outward appearance betokened nothing so much as a reckless and even a somewhat slovenly bonhomie — a great, good-humoured clown, one would have said; but his suite made no such mistake. He was famous through Russia for his ruthless self-indulgence; he was known for a conscienceless satyr, an adroit panderer to each of his desires; and the guard was now mounting before his palace to prevent a recurrence of the attempts that had already been made to kill him.

He stood, his red hands, like the hands of some gnarled moujik, clasped behind his back, and waited for the officer of the guard to come and make his report. He saw the men bestowed upon their duties, the sentry of the first watch receive his orders and fall to striding his beat, black against the trodden snow, the others troop off to the guard-room, and then the smart, fur-clad captain came jauntily across the court and entered the palace. A minute later, and he stood saluting before the Grand Duke, drawling his brief and formal report that the customary dispositions had been made.

"Yes," answered the Grand Duke, carelessly, "but I wish you would not put your confounded sentries near the little door on the Moika. I—er—wanted to go out the other night, on a little affair of my own, and their challenges and salutes were as bad as a review."

The officer fidgeted. If the Grand Duke were to make changes in the arrangements, the responsibility would remain where it was, unaltered.

"Your Highness," he urged, "the shadow in that place is a particular invitation to the evilly disposed. I dare not leave such a gap in the defences. Anyone coming along the canal, say a man on a barge, could toss a bomb through the windows of the first floor or on to the platform of the little door. And your Highness will remember that the responsibility in this instance is mine."

The Grand Duke smiled and looked up quickly.

"Yes," he said, "that was a good idea—to make the officer of the guard responsible personally was a stroke of genius. But I cannot be troubled in this manner. I do not care to make my goings-out a matter of barrack chatter, and you must leave the little door free. Why, man, it was for my special purposes that I had that door pierced in the wall."

The officer shuffled his feet nervously. He was a young man, and the work was trying. Moreover, the hard blue eyes and purposeful smile of the Grand Duke discomfited him; he suspected that he might protest and protest and yet have to take his orders. But he made another attempt.

"Really, sir, the times are very dangerous," he pleaded. "If only your Highness would indicate the route you are likely to follow on your excursions, we could at least police the streets with agents in plain clothes and hold cavalry in reserve near by. But if——"

He stopped; the Grand Duke was frankly laughing at him, with his great head cast back so that the captain saw the coarse hair that clothed his throat.

"Do you think that I go out at night specially to publish my destination?" he demanded. "Really, my young friend, you have an unconscious humour which refreshes me. But it wastes time," he went on, suddenly becoming quite serious. He bent his heavy brows on the young man imperiously. "You will move the sentries, please, as I have indicated, and you will do it at once. It will not be necessary for you to give any reason for doing so. See to it that my privacy is assured."

He nodded to dismiss the officer, who was staring at him aghast, and added, as he turned away: "To be menaced is one thing: to be inconvenienced is quite another."

The captain heard him rumbling this to himself as he left the room to obey his orders.

It was late that night when the Grand Duke at length proceeded to put the little door to its use. He opened it cautiously from within and reconnoitred with a head thrust round its edge. He was clad in commonplace mufti and furs that did not show as expensive; as he stepped forth and closed the door behind him he might easily have been taken for any worthy merchant calmly braving the night in a troublous time. The quay and the canal were alike void of life as far as the eye carried, and the only lights were those from the tall windows of the palace, gleaming faintly on the thin, rough ice of the canal. The Grand Duke hurried towards the lights of the Nevsky Prospekt, for his destination lay on the other side of that highway, and came without delay into the region of life and action.

He emerged from a side street at the point where the Kazan Cathedral stands back in the depths of an open space, and here there was the usual disorderly crowd listening to mob orators. He paused a moment to enjoy the situation, and marked with amusement how the fervour of the nearest demagogue was tempered with a wise apprehension, and how he glanced incessantly about him for the first show of troops driving a lane through the audience. The Grand Duke even heard his own name and cocked an ear to gather what was said. It was only the usual denunciation in the unvarying phrases—"parasite," "lustful oppressor," and the rest. It was not interesting, and a recitation of his misdeeds which followed was not even true. He yawned and was about to pass on, when a howl from the orator and his quick leap from his perch signalled that there were soldiers on the scene and the time for saying what one thought was at an end.

The infantrymen rushed the throng and drove it into the side streets, and with it went the Grand Duke. Scared men jostled him and he jostled heartily in return; one cursed him in a frenzy of fear, and the Grand Duke struck him across the face and pressed forward over his body. One man who stumbled caught at his arm.

"Hold me up, brother,' he prayed, "or they will trample me to death."

"Up you come, then," said the Grand Duke, and hoisted him to his feet, barring the road to those who pressed behind till he was established. He was a Russian to the core, this Maximilian.

He knew St. Petersburg as few know it, and fought his way clear of the crowd presently to turn into a dark alley that branched aside from the street. The mob raved past, crazy with terror of the bayonets and whips that had already ceased to follow it, and Maximilian leaned against a wall to draw his breath awhile. He was here in the shadow of a gateway, when he heard and then saw a man come round the corner and into the alley. A lamp lower down let his shape be seen, and the Grand Duke, from his vantage in the shadow, watched him silently. The man wheezed as with the strain of running, and yet he seemed to move with care, for silence rather than for

speed, for he tiptoed his way with a grotesque caution. In fact, his gait was so unusual that the Grand Duke, for ever grateful for something to break the orderliness of the days, developed a strong curiosity, and was pleased when the man in his turn came to an anchor in a doorway nearly opposite with a long sigh of relief, and sat down on his haunches on the snow.

He could be seen, as I have said, but with no sharp distinctness. It was rather the mass of him that was visible than the contour, and no sooner was he seated than he busied himself with some inscrutable affair. He appeared to be labouring at his clothing, always with an extreme caution, and more than once he paused to look up and down the alley in case anyone should be coming velvet-footed over the snow. The Grand Duke in his shelter craned to watch him, and at last he was able to make out that the man had drawn some object from a hiding-place under his coat and had laid it on the ground beside him. He was bending over it, with both hands upon it, when the Grand Duke, as cautiously as he, ventured a step or two forward and got his first clear view of the thing. It was a small box, about the size and shape of a cigar-box, and it told him everything. He drew back noiselessly to his doorway, and the hard, pitiless smile came out on his face while he thought the matter over. Here, at last, was a bomb-thrower—one of those dreaded moles of the revolution who come to the surface only when they loose death and terror on the world. Such a bomb, no doubt, was the one which had killed the horses of his troika in the street a fortnight since. Possibly, even, this was the man who had thrown it. His smile broadened as he reflected, and he shrank back more closely to the veil of the gloom as the man repacked his contrivance under his coat and rose to his feet.

"THE GRAND DUKE STRUCK HIM ACROSS THE FACE."

He never even searched the corners near by with a glance. All his caution was for the ends of the alley, and he moved away at once. Maximilian gave him a start and then followed, interested at last, as a man is interested who, after long hunting, finds the spoor of worthy game at last. The appointment in the little *appartement* across the Nevsky Prospekt was forgotten utterly; he busied himself to keep his man in view and not to be seen by him. He had no training as a tracker of men, but he made no mistakes. The game touched the core of him; he came through the crowded places which they presently reached with no ostentation or haste, with never a false movement of hurry that could draw attention to him, yet the man he hunted was always within view. The trail passed over to the quarters behind the markets, where the narrow streets tangle in filth, and still through the darkness the Nihilist strode with his bomb under his coat, and the Grand Duke dogged him skilfully.

The streets were getting emptier, and at last the man looked over his shoulder and

saw the tall figure behind, walking on after him in the pose of preoccupation. In that grim trade, to be followed—to guess, if but for a moment, that one is being followed—is to taste the bitterness of the fear of death, and the Nihilist doubled his pace and turned the next corner and the next, and the next after that. Then he looked round again, his lips tightening to the measure of his dread as he did so; there, no farther away and no nearer, was still the tall man, his head bowed. To the Nihilist his advance, his dumb, unswerving persistence, seemed fraught with all the force of fate; and once more he set off, to take the next corner and run at the top of his speed.

He chased through the silent streets desperately. He was an underfed factory hand, normally, a creature whose lungs were wasted on indoor air, and capable of one supreme effort of daring, and one only. That would be when he threw his bomb, to perish with his victim in one red ruin; and now cold fingers tightened on his heart. He dashed with a breath that came in sobs round one corner after another; and had he but known it, he shook the Grand Duke altogether off his trail. It was sheer luck that Maximilian, running too, with all his vast power of muscle to uphold him against this flimsy enemy, should take one turning before all others, and hear, near by, the shuffling feet of one who ran. The Grand Duke abated his pace at once; he could hardly restrain himself from laughing aloud; and so it was that the Nihilist, when next he paused to make sure that he was safe, saw again that tall man still following him in the horror of silence and assurance.

"THE MAN LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER AND SAW THE TALL FIGURE BEHIND."

He started to run again, blind terror capturing all his faculties for the moment, but the reason he had nurtured so sedulously on the literature of Russian Liberalism came suddenly to his rescue. He recognised its promptings, with a sense of surprise that reason should have any sway over him in such a crisis. It was as though he had exhausted the resources of fear and been stranded on this scanty acquirement. But such as it was, it served him; he turned where he was, and came slowly and deliberately back to his pursuer. The two paused and stood face to face, and for perhaps the space of a minute there was no word spoken.

Each scanned the other closely; the Grand Duke saw only the usual weakling, a wisp of a man, ill-clad, with the sharp, pale face and eyes of intelligence outdistancing culture. He smiled unconsciously, and at this the Nihilist made an involuntary movement of withdrawing, for of all the caricatures circulated by the secret leagues, none portrayed the Grand Duke Maximilian save as a lean man who smiled callously. The Nihilist knew that smile. He gasped and stammered.

"You—you are Maximilian!" he cried, in incoherent realization.

And the tall man, whose face was close to his, and who smiled yet, answered with a nod.

"What have you to do with me, then?" quavered the younger.

"You interest me," answered Maximilian. "I have several things to say to you. Is there any place close at hand where we can speak together?"

"None." The Nihilist spoke with emphasis. He judged rightly that the Grand Duke had other reasons for desiring to know where he lived. "I have no home of my own, if that is what you mean."

"Ah!" The Grand Duke gave no further sign of disappointment but the smile. "But I mean to talk to you at my ease all the same. If the edge of the pavement is good enough for me, will it suit you?" Disdaining caution, he turned his back and seated himself on the high kerb.

"Come," he cried, looking up mockingly to where the other stood in bewilderment. "Come, comrade, take the seat at my elbow. I am not particular about my guests to-night, and you can therefore afford to be tolerant of your host."

"COME, COMRADE, TAKE THE SEAT AT MY ELBOW."

The other obeyed; in the way of large geniality the Grand Duke Maximilian could exercise something akin to charm. They were perched together at the edge of the gutter, the Grand Duke with his legs stretched before him, grossly at his ease, strong, smiling, dominant; the Nihilist crouched timidly, his feet drawn under him, tense, fearful, and nursing under his coat the machinery of murder.

"Will you take a cigarette?" suggested the Grand Duke. "No? Well, I will smoke one while we talk." He lit it with an extravagant show of being at his ease, turning his back on his companion to shield the match-flame from the wind.

"Now," he said, as the end glowed and lighted up his lean, whimsical face. "Now, one does not run away from one's friends. Why so particularize me, of all the people you have met to-night, as to run from me in that silly fashion?"

The Nihilist had his rare moments of good quality, and one came to him now. "You had distinguished me by chasing me," he answered, with some spirit; "it seemed to me I could do no less than give you a run for it."

Maximilian nodded seriously. "But you were afraid," he objected. "You were clucking like a scared hen."

The Nihilist suppressed a shudder. "You see," he answered, bravely, "I did not know I had to do with your Highness."

Maximilian turned a cold eye on him, steely blue and unwinking. The younger man, as he replied, had shifted away an inch or two, but the Grand Duke refrained from noticing the fact.

"You are relieved of your apprehensions now, then?" he demanded.

The Nihilist bowed, and under cover of the gesture moved an inch or two farther from his companion.

"Well, I am glad of it," said the Grand Duke. "You appear to entertain certain delusions regarding me. One is that you are at all safe in my company or out of it, if I should chance to dislike you. Tell me, are you one of those who make it their business to criticise their

betters as a step towards bettering themselves?"

This question was too direct to be trifled with, and the tone in which it was spoken invited no persiflage. The Nihilist was not equal to it. He could only stammer.

Maximilian watched his perturbation, and saw, too, that he was still edging away.

"See here," he said. "Which of us two is the better? You, who flutter at a question about your politics and fear for your life, and cough like a sick girl when you run; or I, with all the faults you ascribe to me, who can meet you on your own ground, unafraid of any weapon you may be carrying, and make you listen to me? On the face of it, which shows up best?"

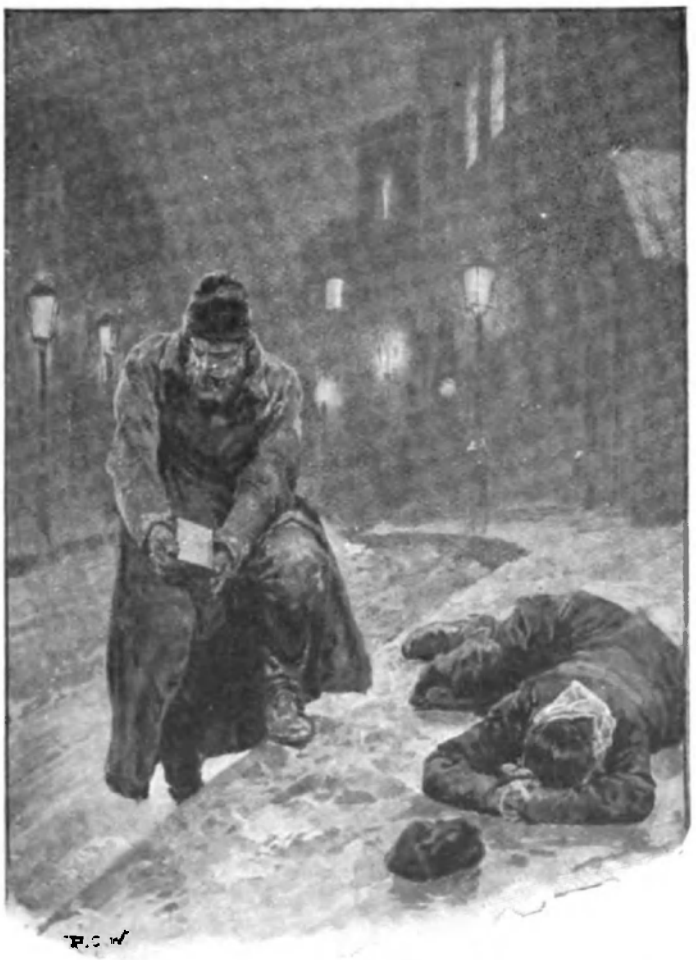
The Nihilist had his hand under his coat now, and his fingers were gripped on the bomb. He knew that in his hand he held an energy to destroy both of them, but he needed a minute or two to work himself up to the point of pulling it out and dashing it to the ground between them.

"On the face of it," he answered, "you make the better showing. But there is another aspect. Who dies best — I, a martyr to a great cause, or you, straying after the lust of the flesh?" He felt the warmth glow in his cheeks as he spoke, the flush that betokens nerves strung to pitch, and drew the bomb from the wide pocket where it lay.

"Ah, who dies best?" he cried, in a passion of sacrifice, while the splendour of words held him a moment from action. "The altar of freedom is charred with burnt offerings."

His passion betrayed him, for as he spread his hands in a gesture he dropped the bomb and next instant was reeling back, his throat in the iron grip of the Grand Duke.

Maximilian hurled him back against the wall, and turned to see what had become of the bomb. It had fallen on one of the little heaps of snow swept together by the street cleaners, and lay there innocuous. The Nihilist lay on the pavement, sobbing hysterically, and Maximilian stooped and raised the deadly thing in his hand.



"THE NIHILIST LAY ON THE PAVEMENT, SOBBING HYSTERICALLY."

"Dynamite?" he asked, and kicked the prostrate man. "Fulminate, eh? Your people are beginning to do the thing handsomely. Get up; do you hear me — get up!"

The Nihilist, struggling painfully with his sobs, rose unsteadily to his feet. Maximilian was still examining the bomb, and did not trouble to look at him. The young man's frail body was wrenched with his efforts to control those rending sobs which shook him from head to foot, but in his face the Grand Duke might have seen, for the pain of looking, the new strength of shame establish itself. He might have noted how a man who has sounded the depths of failure may rise again to his own graces by virtue of a renewed and impregnable determination, but he was busy with the engine of destruction.

"Who made it?" he asked, presently.

"I did," muttered the Nihilist.

"And it fell on a soft place, eh?" pursued Maximilian. "Is that why it didn't go off?"

The Nihilist stood silent.

"If you don't answer me," said the Grand Duke, in a business-like voice, "I'll have you hanged inside of half an hour."

"There is a key," explained the young man, still almost in a whisper. "When the key is not in its place there can be no explosion. I forgot that there was no key."

Maximilian grinned. "Then you won't mind my dashing it down at your feet?" he suggested.

"Nothing would happen if you did," answered the other. "You can prove it by doing so."

His voice was weary and indifferent. It carried conviction to Maximilian—the conviction of indifference. He was trying to open it by now, but could not do so.

"How does the thing open?" he said.

"It doesn't, without a screw-driver," was the answer.

The Grand Duke slipped it into the pocket of his coat. "Now," he said, "have you any preference as to the disposition of yourself? Do you think we could get anything out of you about your associates — under the knout, say? You don't think so? Well, we can but try. So you'll just come along with me."

He took the Nihilist by the arm, and they set off together and walked the length of one street in silence. They passed one somnolent policeman, huddled from the cold in a gateway, but the Grand Duke did not hand his man over. They passed thence into a web of alleys, all dark and tenantless, and here the Grand Duke broke the silence.

"I am wondering," he said, "what expedient you can have in your mind, for I have a guess that you have yet some plan to fall back upon. I want to know what it can be, and that is why I did not hand you over to the policeman back there."

"Your Highness will soon know," answered the younger man, gravely.

The Grand Duke stopped. "I wonder if I can make you tell?" he said.

"Certainly," said the other, and faced him. "Listen," he said, lowering his voice. The Grand Duke Maximilian approached his ear to hear, and was forthwith clutched and thrust back against the wall. He lifted his great fist to strike, but the other had the first chance, and kicked him accurately — on the pocket of his overcoat. The bomb was in the pocket.

There was not enough found of either for identification, so they buried all they could find that looked as if it had been human once, and labelled it the remains of the Grand Duke Maximilian.

"THE BOMB WAS IN THE POCKET."

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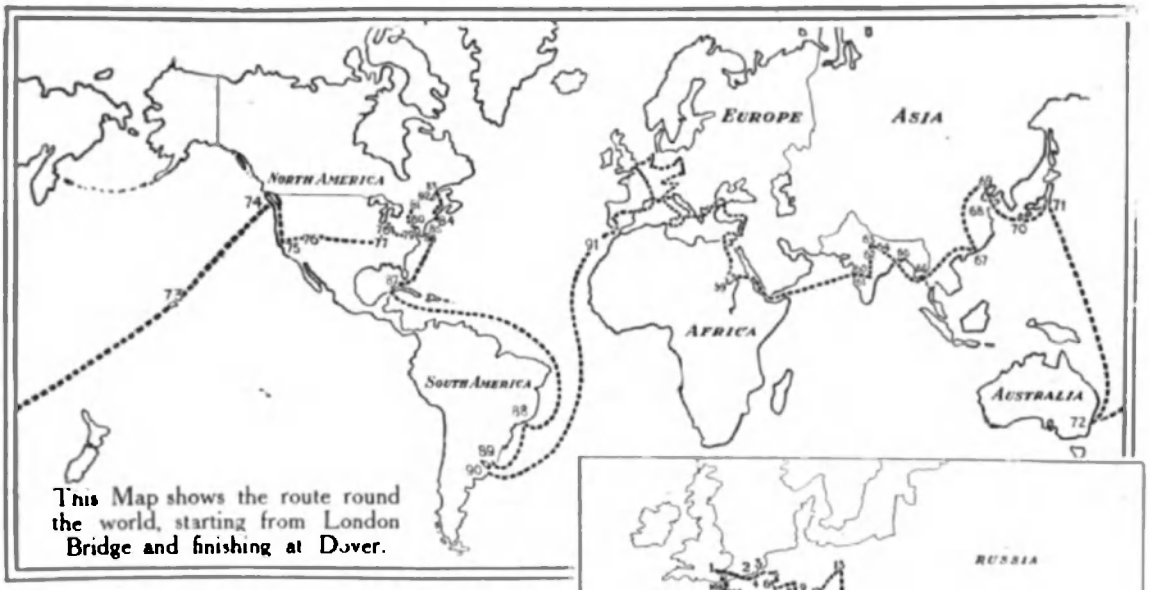
No. IV.—ROUND THE WORLD.



This Map shows the route round the world, starting from London Bridge and finishing at Dover.

The routes through Europe, going and returning—enlarged in order to allow space for the numbers.

ON Sunday morning we leave London Bridge, to find ourselves in Rotterdam next morning. This is an interesting, old-fashioned town, containing many quaint old gabled houses, and as many canals as streets. An hour's railway journey brings us to Amsterdam, the Dutch capital. Here the chief attraction is the palace, the great reception-room of which is a very marvel of architecture. Our next stopping-place is Utrecht. The famous Maliebaan, with its triple avenue of limes, lies to the east of the town, while from the summit of the cathedral tower a magnificent view may be obtained embracing all Holland.


1. London Bridge.


4. Rotterdam.


5. Antwerp.


6. Bruges.


7. Ghent.

Crossing the frontier we arrive at Antwerp, the chief arsenal of Belgium, with elaborate fortifications. Taking train from here we come to Bruges, a beautiful but rather melancholy old town. This is accounted for by the fact that half its forty-odd thousand inhabitants are paupers.


8. Brussels.


9. Cologne.


10. Coblenz.









Perhaps the most interesting feature of Ghent is the Grand Béguinage, or nunnery. This, enclosed by moats and walls, is quite a little town in itself, and contains seven hundred inhabitants, eighteen convents, and a church. Brussels, the capital of Belgium, has been described as Paris in miniature. It is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe.

We proceed into Germany, where Cologne is our first stopping-place. Cologne Cathedral, a magnificent example of Gothic architecture, is among the most famous in the world. Passing through Coblentz, we come to the beautiful old University town of Heidelberg. The castle here is considered to be the finest ruin in Germany. Berlin must next be visited, which city we reach by way of Frankfort, one of the most important commercial centres in Germany. In external appearance Berlin lacks interest. Vienna, the beautiful Austrian capital, is now visited, and then we return to Munich, an important city on the River Isar and a famous art centre.










Leaving Germany behind us we embark on a rapid tour through Switzerland. Lovely Lucerne, with its snow-capped mountains and deep, pellucid lake, soon gives way to Berne. A brief sojourn in the Swiss capital and we are at Interlaken, situated between the lakes of Thun and Brienz. Grindelwald, a large village of widely-scattered houses, is about ninety minutes' journey from here and is a favourite starting-place for excursions. The Engadine consists of a narrow valley, sixty miles long, bounded by lofty, snow-covered mountains. Washed by the waters of Geneva's lake, which at this point is over three hundred feet deep, stands the famous Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Byron's poem.

But we may not stop long to ruminate over this gloomy and historic pile; Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, is before us. Here is the famous cathedral of St. Mark's, decorated with Oriental magnificence, which once seen will never be forgotten. Milan is justly celebrated for its colossal cathedral, which is considered by the Milanese to be the eighth wonder of the world. It is built

entirely of white marble, and is probably the most perfectly beautiful building in existence.

We must now leave Italy for a while and visit the tiny principality of Monaco, and Monte Carlo with its famous casino. We break our journey at Genoa, the chief commercial town of Italy. Pisa is our next stopping-place, the most notable feature of which is undoubtedly the world-famed Leaning Tower. Florence, the birthplace of Dante, Galileo, and Machiavelli, is the most famous art centre in the world.


31. St. Peter's, Rome


32. Colosseum, Rome

With a feeling akin to awe we approach Rome—the Eternal City. Here we may see the magnificent cathedral of St. Peter's. Here also is the ancient Colosseum, one of the most stupendous structures the world has ever seen.

"See Naples and die!" was the proud boast of the ancient Neapolitans. The city is, nevertheless, one of the dirtiest and worst-drained places in the world. Fifty minutes by rail from Naples and we reach Pompeii, the wonderful excavated city. Not far from here is the Island of Ischia, in the Mediterranean, one of the loveliest spots imaginable; hence, sailing round Sicily and touching at Messina, Palermo, and Malta, we pass round the foot of Italy to Brindisi.

Re-embarking, we proceed to Athens, the historic capital of Greece. Sailing from here across the Ægean Sea and through the Sea of Marmora we come to Constantinople. This curious and fascinating city is made up of three towns and stands upon two continents. From here we cross Asia Minor to Damascus, the most ancient city in the world. Thence to the Holy City is twelve days' journey on horseback. On the western slope of the Mount of Olives,


33. Naples


34. Pompeii


35. Ischia


36. Messina


37. Palermo


38. Malta


39. Brindisi


40. Athens


41. Constantinople


42. Damascus


43. Jerusalem


44. Garden of Gethsemane and Mount of Olives


45. Bethlehem


46. Jaffa


47. Alexandria


48. Pompey's Pillar, Alexandria


49. Entrance to Suez Canal at Port Said


50. Suez Canal at Kantara


51. Cairo

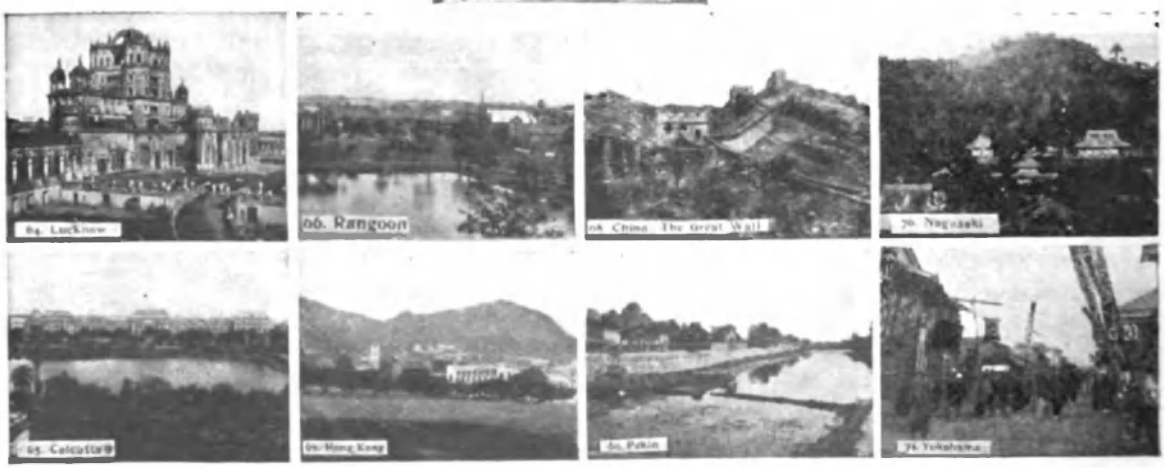
near to the brook of Kedron, is the Garden of Gethsemane. Six miles to the southward stands Bethlehem, containing the world-famed Church of the Nativity. Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, may be reached from Jerusalem in about six hours. From here we take ship to Alexandria, one of the chief points of interest in which city is Pompey's Pillar.

Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez Canal, is our next stopping-place. Proceeding down the Canal for a space we touch at Mantara, and then, returning by way of Cairo, we visit those colossal remnants of antiquity, the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. Here we may enter one of the vast fleet of Nile boats, or *dahabeeyahs*, and proceed down the ancient river to Carnac, an intensely interesting district of Upper Egypt. Close by is Luxor, a market town of some two thousand

inhabitants, whose chief industry is the manufacture of bogus relics.

Two days' journey from Luxor brings us to Assouan, a picturesque and typically Egyptian city. The First Cataract of the Nile—the goal of so many travellers—is about six miles above Assouan. Here is the Island of Philæ, containing many beautiful ruins and relics of ancient Egyptian art.

Leaving the Nile we may strike across country to Aden, where we take ship to India. A voyage of six days on one of the magnificent P. and O. steamers and we land at Bombay, the "eye of India," and the largest, most populous and enterprising city in the Empire. Passing through Hyderabad, the chief city of the largest native province in India, we journey northwards to Agra, where we may see the famous Taj Mahal, erected by Shah Jehan over the body of his wife in 1648. Delhi, the "Rome of Asia," and Lucknow, memorable for its heroic



defence during the Mutiny, are the next cities to be visited; and then directing our steps towards Calcutta, the Metropolis of India, we take ship to Rangoon, the picturesque capital of Burma.

Steaming round the Malay Peninsula we reach Hong-Kong, one of the largest seaports in the world. Here we may land and explore a portion of the interior, not forgetting to visit the Great Wall of China, nearly two thousand miles in length, which was constructed about 214 B.C. to check the incursions of various predatory tribes. The next city on our route is Pekin, and then, striking the coast-line, we sail for Nagasaki, the principal port of Southern Japan. Yokohama, in the Island of Hondo, is another important port, and the head-quarters of the Japanese curio trade. Here we leave Asia for America, stopping *en route* at Sydney, Australia, and also at Honolulu, one of the most beautiful of the Pacific Islands, finally arriving at the Island of Vancouver. The town of Vancouver dates practically from 1885, when it was chosen as the terminus of the famous Canadian Pacific Railway. Journeying southwards we reach San Francisco, rising anew from its ashes to its former glory, which our illustration represents. Passing through Salt Lake City — that "Zion of the Latter-Day Saints"—we cross the Continent to St. Louis, and then, after visiting Chicago and Washington, we arrive at length at the wonderful Falls of Niagara. We now make a brief excursion into Canada, touching at Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, as it has been well called, and

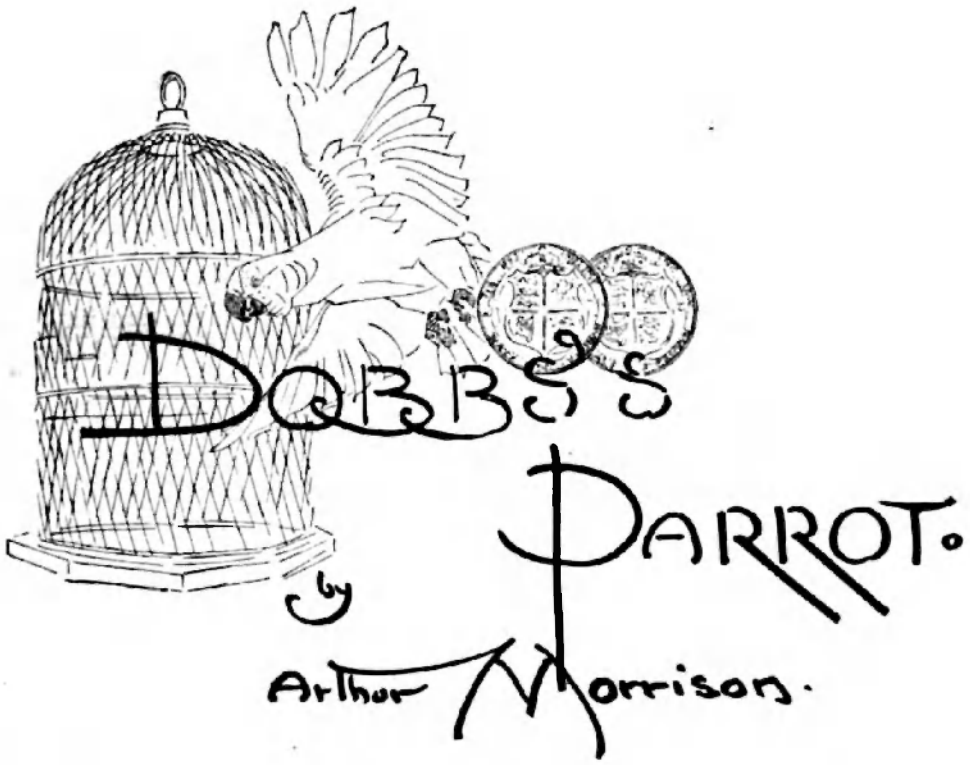
then, returning once more to Yankee soil, we visit Boston, one of the oldest and most interesting cities in the States.

At New York we embark in a vessel bound for Havana, the beautiful capital of Cuba; then, hugging the coast of South America, we drop anchor at Rio de Janeiro, the finest city in the Southern Continent. From here to Monte Video is but three days' journey, while Buenos Ayres is reached a day later. Hence we may ship to Gibraltar, calling at Madeira on our way. Funchal, its chief city, is a beautifully-situated and picturesque town.

After thoroughly exploring the famous Rock we may proceed by boat to Malaga, a quaint old town containing a unique, if unbeautiful, cathedral. The cathedral at Cordova, however, is a really interesting building, being originally a Moorish mosque of gorgeous design. Our next stopping-place is Seville, where we may see a bull-fight in full progress, and then, making an excursion into Portugal, we visit Lisbon, one of the most beautifully-situated cities in the world. Journeying northwards we reach Toledo, an extremely interesting old town. Madrid, the Spanish capital, containing one of the finest Royal palaces in the world, is about two hours' journey from here.

From Barcelona we sail to Marseilles, the chief seaport of Southern France. Lyons, the second city of France, is the next town to be visited, and then we pass on to Paris, the unique, the inimitable. A brief sojourn in the Gay City and we continue our travels through Amiens to Calais, a quaint old seaport with cobbled streets and old-fashioned houses. An hour later and we are back in England, after having accomplished a journey embracing all five continents and including in our itinerary nearly every city of interest or importance in the civilized globe.

The great majority of the photographs in this article were taken by the well-known firm of Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., of Reigate, Surrey.



BILL WRAGG, dealer in dogs, birds, and guinea-pigs, is a friend I have introduced already, when I told the story of his champion fox-terrier. I learned that history (and some others) before, in a burst of candour aided by rum and milk, he confided to me the true tale of his start in business. He began in the parrot line, as I think I have hinted elsewhere, with a capital of nothing and no parrots. The old rascal has more than once taken me into his confidence in the matter of his business exploits. He had a quaint manner in the telling of such a tale — elliptic, implicit, clothing his scoundrelisms in terms of mere business, and skirting tortuously anything like an admission of the roguery he related.

"Beginnin' business without capital," said Bill Wragg, wiping his pipe with a red-spotted handkerchief, "is all a matter o' credit, o' course. Lots o' people begin on credit, an' do very well; an' different people get their credit different ways. I begun on credit, an' I got my credit from perfick strangers, quite easy.

"I was frightful 'ard up just then — stony-broke, in fact. I'd been lookin' out for odd jobs 'ere an' there, an' gettin' precious few of 'em. Last job I'd had was down Wappin' way, givin' a hand at a foreign animal shop where the reg'lar chap was away ill. The guv'nor, he give me a suit o' clothes to begin with, 'cause he said mine 'ud disgrace the shop, an' so they would. The new clothes wasn't new altogether — a sailor-bloke had died in 'em a fortnight afore, at a crimp's; but they was all right, an' I took it mighty generous o' the guv'nor till the end o' the week, an' then 'e stopped 'em out o' my

"'BEGINNIN' BUSINESS WITHOUT CAPITAL,' SAID BILL WRAGG, WIPING HIS PIPE WITH A RED-SPOTTED HANDKERCHIEF, 'IS ALL A MATTER O' CREDIT.'"

wages. Well, I'd been gone away from that job a long time an' there didn't seem another job to be had; so, bein' stony-broke, as I just said, I thought I might as well set up for myself.

"It was the clothes that give me the idea to begin with—them bein' of a seafarin' sort; just the sort o' things a man might wear as was bringin' 'ome a parrot. An' what put the idea into movin' shape was me passin' a little coal office—one o' them little shanties where a clerk sits all day to take orders. I knew that place, consequence of a friend o' mine 'avin' done a little business there about a dawg with the clerk; it was a careless bit o' business, as might ha' got my friend in trouble if the clerk 'adn't gone an' died almost at once. Well, this clerk's name was Dobbs, an', rememberin' that, I thought I see my way to raisin' a bit o' credit.

"I just went into the office all gay an' friendly, an' 'Good arternoon,' I says to the noo clerk. 'Good arternoon; is Mr. Dobbs in?'

"'No,' says he; 'Mr. Dobbs is dead. Been dead six months.'

"'*Dead?*' says I. 'What? *Dead?* My dear ol' pal Dobbs? No, it can't be true,' I says.

"'It is true,' says the chap. 'Anyway, I see the funeral, an' I've got his job.'

"'Well, now,' I says, 'whoever'd 'a' believed it? Poor ol' Dobbs! When I went on my last voyage I left him as well an' 'arty as ever I see anybody! This is a awful shock for me,' I says.

"The clerk was rather a dull-lookin' sort o' chap, with gig-lamps, an' he just nodded his head.

"'Quite a awful shock,' I says. 'Why, I brought 'ome a parrot for 'im! A lovely parrot—talks like a—like a angel an' whistles any toon you like. I come here to see him about it! It's a awful shock.'

"'Yes,' says gig-lamps, 'it was rather sudden.'

"'Sudden ain't the word,' I says; 'it's positive catastrophageous. An' what am I to do with that beautiful parrot? I can't take it away with me; the new skipper wouldn't stand it—'e's a terror. Besides, I couldn't bear to be reminded of poor ol' Dobbs every time I see 'is lovely ploomage or 'eard 'im talk—talks just like Dan Leno, does that bird. What am I to do with it? I'm a lonely sort o' chap, an' haven't got a soul in the world to give it to, now poor ol' Dobbs is gone. If I only knowed a nice kind 'ome for it I'd—but hold on,' I says, all of a sudden; 'how about you? Will you have it? Eh? I don't b'lieve *you'd* treat sich a 'andsome bird unkind, would you? I'll give 'im to *you*, an' welcome, if you'll take care of 'im. 'E's a valuable bird, too, but, o' course, I don't want to make money out of 'im. Come, you shall have him!'

"I could see old gig-lamps was gettin' interested, thinkin' he was in for a 'andsome present. 'Hem!' he says; 'it's very kind of you, an' of course I'll have the bird with pleasure, an' take every care of him; very kind of you indeed, I'm sure it is.'

"'That's all right,' I says; 'it's nothing to me, so long as pore Peter get's a good 'ome. Peter's his name,' I says. 'I'll go an' fetch him along 'ere. Got a cage?'

"'Why, no,' says he. 'I ain't got a cage.'

"'Must 'ave a cage,' says I. 'The one he's in now don't belong to me. Must 'ave

"TALK'S JUST LIKE DAN LENO, DOES THAT BIRD."

a cage. What are you goin' to do about it?'

"'I dunno,' says gig-lamps, lookin' 'elpless.

"'A good parrot-cage comes a bit dear to buy new,' I says. 'But there's a fine second-hand one you might get cheap just over in Walworth. I'll mind the office while you go.'

"'No,' he says; 'I can't leave the place.' Of course, I knowed that well enough—it was part o' the game. 'I can't leave the place,' says he. 'I s'pose *you* couldn't see about it?'

"'Well,' says I, thoughtful like, 'I'm a bit busy, but p'r'aps I might. 'It's a fine cage an' worth a price, but, properly managed, I might *try* and get it for five bob, though I expect it'll be more. Anyhow,' I says, 'give me the five bob, an' if I have to pay any more you can let me have the difference arterwards.' I just puts out my hand, casual, an' in drops the five bob. So I went out that much to the good in credit."

Here I fear I exhibited something perilously like a grin. "Credit or cash?" I queried.

"Credit I said, sir," Bill replied, virtuously. "Cash an' credit's the same thing with a man o' business like me. I went out with that five bob, an' I put in threepence of it for a small drink that I wanted very bad arter bein' without so long. I had my drink an' I thought things over, an' I made up my mind that ten bob was just twice as useful as five to start business with, an' there was just such another office of the same coal company only a penny tram-ride off, that might be good for another crown. So I took that penny tram-ride an' found the other office. It was a much smarter, brisker-lookin' chap at this place, I found, but I went at him the same way.

"'Dobbs?' says the new chap. 'No; he used to be up at the next office along the road there, but he's dead now.'

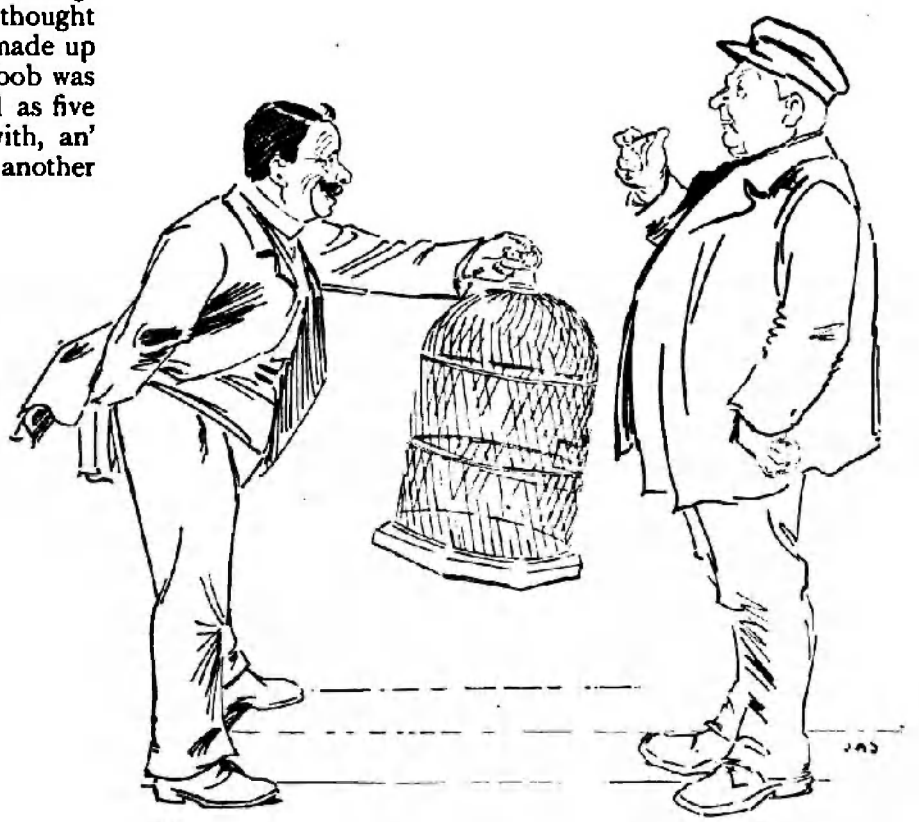
"'*Dead!*' says I. 'What, my ol' pal Dobbs?' And I did it all over again for the new chap. I think the trouble was worth the money and more, but a chap mustn't be afraid o' work when he's beginnin' business with no capital. So I did it all again very careful, an' when I came to offerin' him the parrot he was ready enough.

"'Why, rather,' he says; 'I'll have him. I'm very fond o' birds. A parrot's just what I want.'

"'All right,' says I, 'you shall have him an' welcome. I'll fetch him along here.' So I starts round to go and pitches back the old question from the door. 'Got a cage?' says I.

"This time I got a bit of a surprise. 'Cage?' says he; 'oh, yes, I've got a cage—got a stunner that belonged to my aunt. A parrot's just what I wanted to put in it. Here it is.'

"An' he went into the little cubby-hole at the back an' dragged out a fust-rate brass cage as good as new. It wasn't what I'd expected, a coincidence like that, but it don't do to be took aback at little changes o' luck. 'All right,' says I, 'that'll do.' An' I laid 'old o' the cage an' slung out with it.



"HE DRAGGED OUT A FUST-RATE BRASS CAGE AS GOOD AS NEW."

"Some chaps mightn't have the presence o' mind for that, havin' only the five bob in their minds, but a man o' business is got to be ekal to anything as comes along, an' this 'ere cage was worth a sight more'n the five bob, anyhow. So there I was, a business man at large, with the rest o' five bob an' a fust-class brass parrot-cage, on credit, to begin business with.

"Well, the best parrot-cage in the world ain't complete without a parrot, so I see very well that the next move ought to be towards a bird o that specie. I brought to mind a very nice one I'd often seen in a quiet road not very many streets away, one as belonged to a nice old lady in a very nice 'ouse with a front garden to it. I'd seen that parrot stood outside for an airin' o' fine arternoons, an' I hurried up now to get there before it was took in. You see, the old gal hadn't got anything like so fine a cage as this brass one, an' I'd an idea her parrot an' my cage 'ud go together well. But it all depended, you see, on the old lady bein' in sight or not whether my cage went outside 'er parrot—at a price—or 'er parrot went inside my cage—for nothin'. There'd be more business in the last arrangement, o' course, but you have to take the best you can get in these 'ard times.

"I hurried up, an' when I came to the place I see the parrot there all right, standin' outside on a garden chair. I just strolled in an' up the gravel path, swinging the brass cage on my finger an' lookin' round for the old lady. I couldn't see her nor anybody else, so I went up to the parrot an' had a look at him. He was a fine, 'andsome bird, an' the cage he had wasn't good enough for him by a lot. It was just an ornery sort o' iron wire cage, half wore out, an' the fastenin' was pretty nigh droppin' off with rust. It was plain enough it was *my* cage that bird ought to be in, not a wore-out old thing like the one he'd got. I had a look round to make sure nobody was about, an' then I took 'old o' that rusty old catch an' it came open afore I could ha' winked."

"Surprising!" I interjected. "And then I suppose the parrot flew straight into the brass cage?"

"No, sir," Bill Wragg answered, calmly; "you're s'posin' wrong. That wouldn't be a likely thing for it to do. I might ha' made it a bit more likely by shovin' the open door o' one cage agin the other, but that would ha' looked suspicious, an' I wasn't *quite* sure that somebody mightn't be a-peepin' from somewhere. Why, they might ha' thought I wanted to steal the bird! You'd scarcely believe 'ow suspicious people are. As it was, you see, it was nothin' but a accident as might have occurred to anybody. I was just bringing in a nice cage to sell, an' havin' a look at the old 'un while I was lookin' about for the lady."

"THAT PARROT NO SOONER FOUND THE DOOR OPEN THAN HE FLEW OUT."

"Yes, of course, I said, as solemnly as I could manage. "Of course."

"Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it, but that parrot no sooner found the door open than he flew out. Nothin' to do with me, o' course, but he did fly out, an' quite properly I went arter him. I'd been the cause o' the accident, you see, in a sort of way, so I thought I ought to do what I could to catch the bird—only fair an' proper. He flew out over the railings an' down the road, an' I went out of the gate an' trotted down the road arter him. He 'lighted fust on a tree at the corner, so I lets fly a stone an' started him off o' that, an' away he went down the side street an' along another turnin'.

"Arter that it was plain sailin'—all but the actual ketchin' of 'im. You can pretty easy keep a parrot in sight—he takes a rest somewhere every fifty yards or so. Nobody hadn't noticed in the quiet streets, but as soon as we got out a bit into the traffic the crowd got bigger every second, all huntin' the parrot, an' all ready to give 'im to me as soon as he was caught. 'Cause why? I dunno. I was just a-runnin' arter him with a- open cage in my hand, that's all. *I* never said he was my parrot. But everybody else kep' sayin' he was, an' it's a waste o' time to start contradictin' a crowd. So I kep' well up in the mob, an' kep' a lookout in case the old lady should turn up, or one o' them coal-office clerks. The crowd kep' gettin' bigger an' bigger, an' I got to be sich a celebrated an' conspickious character I began to feel a bit uncomfortable about it. You wouldn't think there was such a lot o' fools about ready to come crowdin' up an' shoutin' an' rousin' up the parish just because of a parrot gettin' loose. O' course, I expected there'd be a bit of a crowd, but I hadn't looked for quite sich a row as this, an' I didn't want it, neither. 'There 'e is—that's 'im!' they was a-sayin'. 'That seafarin'-lookin' bloke with the empty cage—'e's lost 'is parrot' Celebrity an' fame's all very well in its place, but a man o' business, settin' up for 'isself on credit, like me, don't want too much of it at once. An' the wust of it was, that there rediklus parrot was a-workin' 'is way nearer an' nearer to the main road with the tram-lines on it an' them coal-offices one at each end, an' the 'ole neighbourhood turnin' out as we went along.

"But nothin' lasts for ever, an' in the end he 'lighted on the sill of a attic winder at a corner 'ouse o' the main road, an' a slavey that was in the attic, she claps a towel over him an' stands there screamin' at the winder for fear he might peck through the towel.

"'All right, miss,' I sings out; 'old tight! He won't bite! I'm a-comin'.'

"So they lets me in the front door, civil as butter, an' I goes up to the attic an' in about half a quarter of a minute pretty Polly was inside the brass cage, as 'andsome and sootable as you please. I told the slavey she was the smartest an' prettiest gal I'd seen since fust I went a-sailin' on the stormy ocean, an' 'ow I wished I was a bit younger an' 'andsomer myself, for 'er sake, so it didn't cost me nothin', which was a bit o' luck, for I'd been countin' on havin' to fork out a bob to somebody for collarin' that bird.

"Well, the crowd began to melt a bit when I come out, the excitement bein' over, but I didn't like the look o' things much, so I made up my mind I'd get the job over as soon as I could. I didn't know when the old lady might turn up, an' though, o' course, I was only tryin' to ketch her parrot for her, what had got out accidental, things might 'a' looked suspicious. Still, o' course, anybody could see that if I'd been a thief I'd 'a' walked off with the bird an' cage an' all to begin with. A proper man o' business allus arranges things like that, for fear of accidents. Men o' business as ain't clever enough to manage it is nothin' but dishonest persons, an' liable to be took up.

"There was a fine big pub across the road, at a corner a little farther down—sich a fine pub that it was a hotel, with a proper hotel entrance at one side, with plants in tubs an' red carpets. It looked a sort o' place that could afford a price, so I went in—not the hotel entrance, but just the other side, where there was a choice of three or four bar compartments. I went in the private bar, an' got on to the landlord straight away as soon as I'd ordered a drink.

"'I wanted that drink,' I says, 'arter the chase I've 'ad for this parrot. Not but what he ain't worth it—I don't b'lieve you could match a parrot like that, not in the Z'logical Gardens. I meant him for my dear ol' pal Dobbs, at the coal-office along the road, as you might ha' known afore he died. When I 'eard the sad noos, I thought I'd take 'im up to Leaden'all Market an' sell 'im; 'e's worth ten quid of anybody's money, is that bird, an' the cage 'ud be cheap at a couple. But I managed to let him loose—my fault, through fiddlin' with the catch o' the cage-door. An' 'e's led me sich a dance, it'll be too late for me to git up to the market now.'

"The parrot had been a-straightenin' of his feathers out an' makin' hisself tidy arter the scramble, an' just at this very moment he gives a sort o' little grumble to hisself an' then raps out, 'Pretty Poll! Halloa! Shut up!'

"'Hear him talk!' I says. 'He'll go on like that all day, an' say anything you please. What an ornament he'd be to this 'andsome bar o' yours! People'd come a-purpose to see him. Come,' I says, 'you shall have him for five pound, cage an' all! How's that?' says I.

"Well, the landlord was quite on to buy him, but, o' course, he wouldn't do it without a haggle—'twasn't likely. But arter a bit we settled it at three quid, an' he handed over

"'COME,' I SAYS, 'YOU SHALL HAVE HIM FOR FIVE POUND, CAGE AN' ALL!'"

the jemmies. An' cheap it was, too. So he stood the cage up on the top o' where a partition joined the bar-screen, where everybody could see him, an' said he'd have a proper shelf made for him to-morrow. I didn't hang about much arter that, you may guess. But as soon as I got into the street who should I see but the clerk from the coal-office, the one that had sprung the five bob, talking to a chap as was pointin' to the pub. Of course, the fust thing I thought of was a bolt, but afore I could make up my mind he caught sight o' me; so up I went as bold as brass.

"'Halloa!' says I, 'that there parrot o' yours 'as led me a pretty dance. Got out o' the cage an' kep' me all the arternoon chasin' him.'

"'Yes,' says old gig-lamps, 'I wondered where you'd got to, but when I shut the office I heard about a parrot bein' loose, an' that man told me you'd brought it in here.'

"'Quite right,' says I,' 'an' so I did. Come in yourself an' see it. But the cage ain't settled for yet,' I says, 'an' it'll cost you five bob more at least, though the chap's askin' ten more.'

"So I led him into the compartment on one side o' the partition, an' showed him the bird an' the cage.

"'What are you goin' to stand?' says I. 'You can see what sort of a cage it is — two quid's nearer its real price than ten bob.'

"Old gig-lamps calls for whisky an' soda for two, an' says 'Pretty Polly!' to the bird, same as what any customer might do, and then he hands me over another five bob.

"'I think he'll take ten bob,' says I, 'an' I'll just run round an' see, if you'll wait here.'

"I was in a extra hurry, you see, for a very good reason. He was sittin' down, but I was standin' up an' keepin' a weather eye on the street outside; an' there who should I see, starin' up at the pub front, but the clerk from the other coal-office! 'What-ho!' thinks I; 'this tale o' the parrot hunt's got about, an' things is warmin' up!' So I skips out quick, an' ketches the chap by the arm.

"'Halloa!' says he; 'what about that parrot?'

"'Ain't you heard?' says I. 'He got out o' the cage an' led me no end of a dance. But he's all right,' I says, an' I led the chap off to another compartment, away from his pal.

"'I did hear about it,' says he, 'an' that's why I came here. I began to wonder where you'd got to.'

"'All right,' says I; 'he's safe enough—I left him in charge o' the landlord an' was a-comin' along arter you, 'cos I wanted to tell you something private. The fact is,' I says, whisperin' in his ear, 'the landlord's took a great fancy to that parrot. He's fair mad on it. O' course, the parrot's yours, an' you can sell it or not, just as you please. But if you *do* sell it, don't take less than ten pound; an' if you get ten pound — well, I think I ought to have a quid or two out of it, oughtn't I,

seein' as I give you the bird? That's fair, ain't it?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'that's all right. If I get a tenner for it, I'll see you afterwards.'

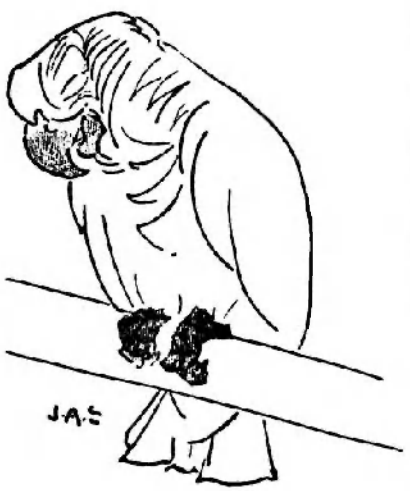
"'All right,' says I. 'You come in an' sit down, an' don't say nothing about it. You mustn't seem anxious to sell. I told the landlord I was goin' to see the owner, an' I'll go round the back way an' talk him confidential into givin' a good price. You lie low till I give you the tip.'

"So he goes in an' sees his cage there all safe with the parrot in it, an' he orders his drink an' sits down quiet. I thought o' rushin' round into the private bar an' tellin' the landlord he was a chap comin' to offer a price for the bird, just to mix things up a bit while I got away. But when I got outside there was another surprise, s'elp me. It was just gettin' dusk, an' there was the poor old lady as had lost her parrot, with a handkerchief over her head an' the cage in 'er 'and, comin' down the road disconsolate, lookin' up at the houses after her bird!

"When you've got a run o' luck, foller it up. That's my motto. It was a bit of a risk, but I skipped across the road an' said, 'Beg pardon, mum, but was you a-lookin' for a parrot?'

"'Oh, yes,' she says. 'Have you seen it? If you'll only help me find my poor bird I'll be *so* grateful! I didn't know he'd got out till I went to bring the cage in. Several people told me he'd come along this road an' been caught,' says she. 'Is that true? Do you know who's got him?'

"'Yes, mum,' says I. 'I can put you on the track at once. Your parrot's in that public-'ouse opposite, havin' been took there by the man as caught it. I'll see about it for you, mum,' I says. 'You come across an' sit down in the hotel entrance, mum. It's quite respectable there, mum. The man what's got it is a low sort o' chap, mum—a coalheaver, name o' Dobbs, a-sittin' in the jug department. You can see your bird from the hotel entrance, mum, stood up on a partition. O' course, a rough feller like that Dobbs wouldn't be allowed in the hotel entrance, an' a lady like you couldn't go into the jug department. *I'll* see about it. I expect he'll cut up rough an' want to claim the bird, mum, but *I'll* see you git your rights, mum!'



"'Oh, thank you,' says the old gal; 'I *shall* be so grateful if you will! I've been *so* distressed at the idea of losin' my dear Polly! If you will get him back I'll be *most* grateful. Of course, I'll pay a reward.'

"'Jesso, mum,' I says, jesso. But not more'n half a sovereign. I'll see you ain't swindled, mum,' I says. 'That chap Dobbs 'ud be extortionate, but not a farden more'n half a sovereign, mum,' says I, 'if you'll allow me to advise you. *I'll* see to it for you, mum. You just sit down in the hotel entrance, mum, an' give me the half-sovereign, an' I'll talk to him firm. It's the only way with these low characters. I'll talk to him firm, an' mention the p'lice. *I'll* see about it for you, mum!'

"So I sits the old girl down with her bird-cage on the settee in the hotel entrance, takes her half quid, an'—well, I left 'er there an' hooked it round the first turnin' an' travelled straight ahead, fast, for the next half-hour.

"That made pretty near four quid altogether, raised on credit. In my business a chap as can't start very well on four quid ain't fit to start at all, an' I done very well, startin' on credit, like I'm a-tellin' you."

"And you've never met any of your creditors since?" I asked.

"No, sir, I ain't. My business don't seem to take me that way. It's just a book debt, you see—just a book debt. *They* can't complain. What they was all arter—the two coal clerks, the landlord, an' the old lady—what they paid for, was nothin' but the parrot an' the cage, an' there it was for them, with them all round it. They couldn't expect more'n that, could they?"

For the first time during the story I could detect an indistinct chuckle from somewhere deep in Bill Wragg's throat.

"There's just one thing I was sorry for," he said, "but then you can't 'ave everything. I *should* 'a' liked to 'a' seen the shindy when them respectable parties got tired o' waitin', an' began to start in an' try to settle it all among 'emselves! I'd almost 'a' give a quid back to 'ear 'ow they *did* settle it! But that 'ud be a luxury, an' a man o' business starting on credit can't afford luxuries!"

"PHOTOGRAPHY," remarked Garry, apropos of nothing in particular, at the last meeting of the Strand Club, "has now been raised to the level of the fine arts; consequently it takes a dilettante—a man of a poetical and artistic temperament — properly to appreciate it."

The Club looked sympathetic, and Garry continued his narrative.

"Some of you may know," he said, "that I am not wholly unversed in the secrets of photography; but few are aware that, with me, it was not always a hobby—a mere pastime. There was a time when the fascinations of this mystic and elusive art had twined themselves inextricably around my very ego, until it became an all-pervading passion —the be-all and end-all of my existence. That, however, was several years ago.

"You may remember in one of the recent photographic exhibitions an exceedingly beautiful picture. It represented a species of primeval man (rarely met with nowadays) — a man who worked with his hands under the blue vault of heaven, with the fresh breezes of the country around him—a man who worked and was not ashamed of his labour. Beside him stood the trusted companion of

McCORMICK'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE GARRY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STORY.

his toil — his faithful mule. Need I say, gentlemen, that I was the artist?

"To the original I presented a copy of the picture. He received it in becoming silence, and a smile of intense gratification spread itself over his bucolic countenance. Presently I observed him showing it to a companion--a fellow-labourer. An intense curiosity to overhear their remarks took possession of me, and I stealthily approached them. Is it possible, thought I, that the divine spark of intelligence within them will be vivified by this triumph of artistic skill? If so, what effect will it have upon them? What form will their emotion take? Will they weep, or go into æsthetic raptures, or — or perhaps wash themselves?

DAVID WILSON'S IDEA OF THE CORPULENT LADY AND THE AMBIGUOUS SLAVEY.

"This, gentlemen, was their conversation as I overheard it :—

"'What d'ye think on it, mate?'

"'Aye, aye, well; surely now, it do be loike you, bain't it? But, I say, 'Erbert, 'oo's the bloke a-holding you by the bridle?'"

To McCormick was entrusted the task of providing a fitting delineation of the scene. How he availed himself of the opportunity may be seen by the sketch on the previous page.

Boyle: Have you heard this? A lady of ample and generous proportions had occasion to engage a new kitchenmaid. Shortly after her arrival Bridget was told (through the medium of a speaking-tube) to tell her mistress that she was wanted upstairs. "Hi, mum!" she gasped, "you're wanted oopstairs *through the poipe!*"

David Wilson's delineation of the portly dame and the ambiguous slavey is reproduced herewith.

Wornung: I was watching some recruits being drilled the other day. The men were very raw, and the sergeant's patience was being taxed to the uttermost.

"Attention!" he roared. "Throw your shoulders back! Farther — farther —as far as you can go."

One of the recruits thus admonished — a fellow somewhat older than the rest — began to bend himself back at an extraordinary angle. The sergeant beheld him, and glowed with pride. "That's right, me lad," he purred; "put some beef into it."

FRANK REYNOLDS'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE WORNUNG'S STORY OF THE ACROBATIC RECRUIT.

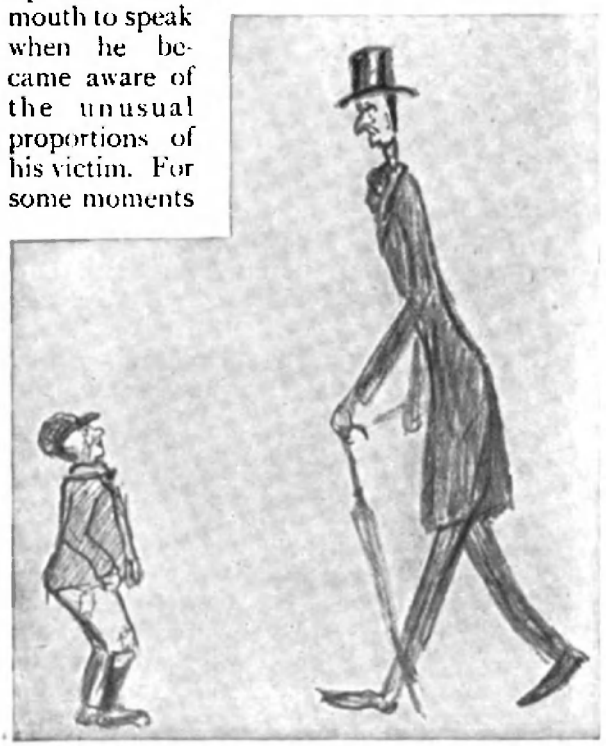
The process of bending, however,

slowly continued. Presently the head disappeared altogether from view. The sergeant grew manifestly uneasy. Then the head appeared again, this time between its owner's legs, and a choking voice proceeded to address the sergeant: "'Ow will this do, guv'nor?" The sergeant nearly had a fit, and had to be carried off the field. The man was an ex-professional acrobat.

Frank Reynolds volunteered to illustrate Wornung's narrative, and the characteristic design on the preceding page shows the result of his labours.

At this juncture Shirley advanced to the drawing-board and laboriously produced the appended rough diagram.

"I must apologize," said he, "for the crudeness of my draughtsmanship, but I am, as you are doubtless aware, no artist. However, I think this little sketch may serve to explain a not unamusing incident of which I was the chance spectator the other day. A street gamin had approached an extremely attenuated and ill-proportioned individual with the object, I presume, of asking the time. He had barely opened his mouth to speak when he became aware of the unusual proportions of his victim. For some moments



SHIRLEY'S DIAGRAM TO EXPLAIN HIS OWN STORY OF THE WITTY URCHIN.

he stood speechless—admiration and astonishment struggling for mastery over his features; and then, cautiously retreating from this terrifying apparition, he gurgled softly: 'Lor', sir! Did they make you *all in one piece?*'"

Booth told a story of the tramp who had applied at a wayside cottage for a little temporary assistance. "My good man," queried the housewife in amazement, as she became

BOOTH'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE HOUSEWIFE AND TRAMP STORY.

aware of her guest's indescribable filth and raggedness—"my good man, *did* you ever take a bath?"

"No, mum; no, mum," replied the vagrant, as he hastily crammed another chunk of bread into his capacious maw; "I never took anything bigger than a silver spoon."

When the artist had left the easel, after illustrating his narrative, Muttle was called upon by the Chairman for a contribution.

Muttle: Here is a story which may be new to you. An elderly gentleman, of a venerable and benign appearance, was walking one day in the neighbourhood of the Mile End Road, when he was accosted by an excited individual of the female gender.

"Oh, sir, come quick!" she cried, breathlessly. "There are three rough men jumping on an organ-grinder round the corner."

"Is he a big organ-grinder?" queried the gentleman, gravely.

"No, no; a small man—a very small man. Come quickly, or it will be too late."

"Then in that event," was the suave reply, "I don't see why I should interfere. The others won't need any assistance."

E. J. Clarke was selected by the Chairman

CLARKE'S BLACKBOARD DESIGN TO ILLUSTRATE MUTTLE'S ORGAN-GRINDER STORY.

for a pictorial rendering of the foregoing story, and the rapid sketch which that clever artist forthwith produced upon the blackboard may be seen above.

Lorrison: I wonder if Irish stories will ever lose their popularity? Here is the latest absurdity to be foisted upon that much-maligned and long-suffering country. Scene: A railway station. *Dramatis personæ:* Two jovial sons of Erin.

"Bedad," remarks one, "an' Oi've chated the ould railway company foinely now."

"Arrah, now," replies his companion, "an' how did ye do that same?"

"Why, Oi've taken a return ticket, an' Oi've no intention of comin' back at all, at all!"

Harry Furniss then proceeded with much celerity to execute the accompanying sketch.

Boyd's punning propensities are at once the terror and admiration of his friends. When, therefore, it was announced that he was prepared to provide the company with an entirely new and original specimen of his peculiar art there was some commotion, during which several members took occasion to slip unobserved from the room.

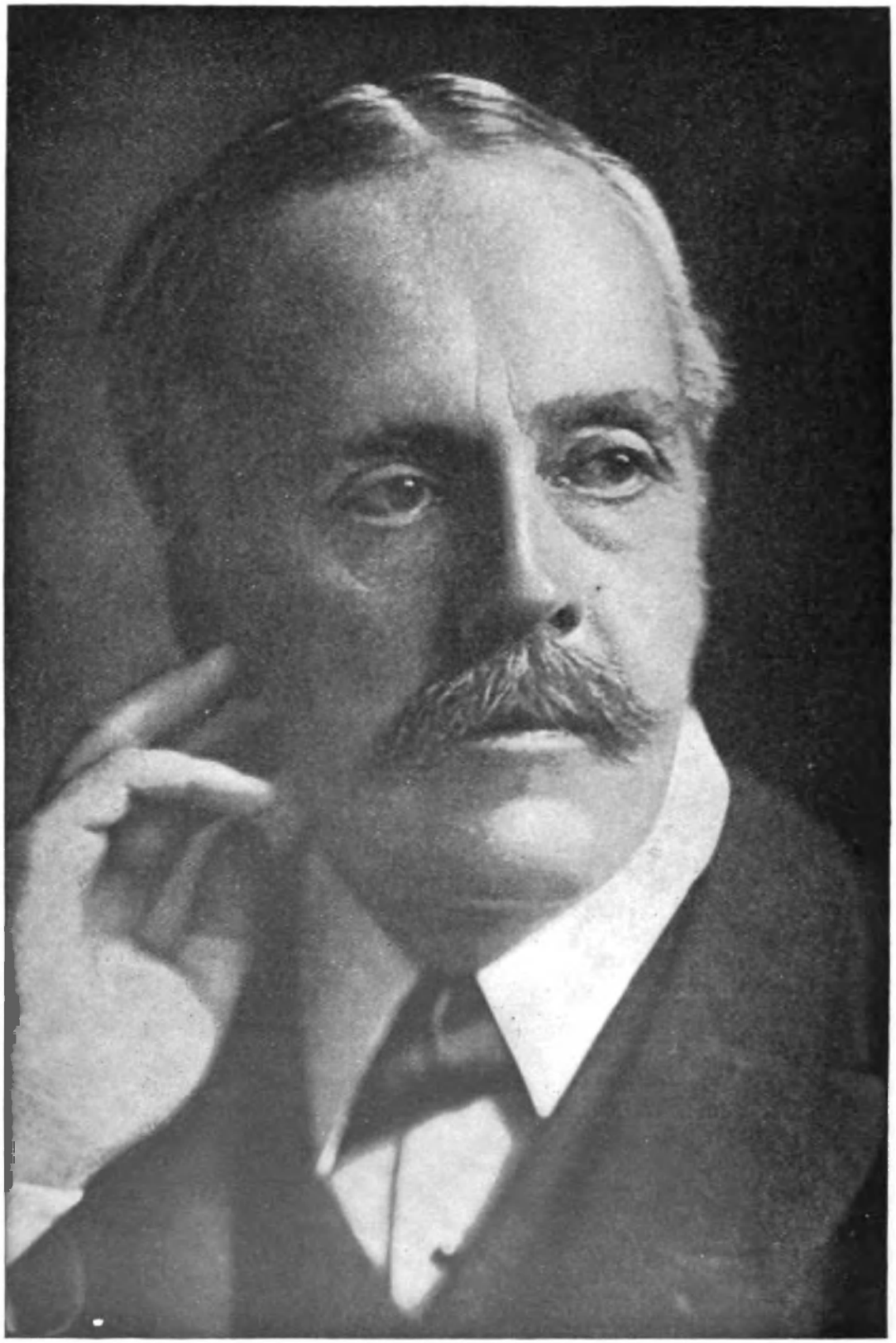
There was an electrical thrill in the air as the accomplished artist was gravely escorted to the drawing-board. Members trod upon each other's toes and visibly palpitated with excitement, and when the masterpiece was with all due pomp unveiled by the Chairman, even the coldly-reserved, if not to say lugubrious, waiters

HARRY FURNISS'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE THE IRISH ANECDOTE RELATED BY LORRISON.

could "scarce forbear to cheer." As may be seen, the picture represents a clever play upon the vowels—a, e, i, o, u, w, and y.

And so ended the latest meeting of the Strand Club.

BOYD'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN HIS VOWEL PUN.



THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.—PRESENT DAY.

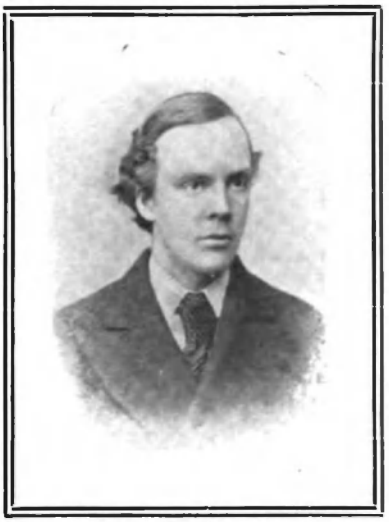
From a Photo. by H. Walter Barnett.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Mauil & Polyblank.

"GIVE me my books, my golf-clubs, and leisure," wrote Mr. Balfour to a friend, "and I would ask for nothing more. My ideal in life is to read a lot, write a little, play plenty of golf, and have nothing to worry about. If I could give up politics and retire to-morrow without disorganizing things and neglecting my duty, I would gladly do so."

It is a proof of Mr. Balfour's great abilities that, in spite of his innumerable activities in politics and his known sense of duty, he yet finds time to do what he wants. He reads a lot, writes a little plays plenty of golf, and, if we may trust what we hear of his disposition, has nothing to worry about. In many ways he is a veritable child of the fairies. He is the happy possessor of the four F's—fortune, family, friends, and fame—any one of which should make easy the path of an ordinary man's life. In addition to these, he owns an intellect which, had he possessed neither of the first three gifts, would still have gained for him the last.



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Cambridge.

Anyone can obtain from a handy book of reference the main facts of Mr. Balfour's life—his birth in 1848, his successful University career, and his appointment as private secretary to the late Lord Salisbury, which carried him by quick, successive periods to

AGE 15.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

the Irish Secretaryship, the leadership of the House of Commons, and, in twenty-eight years from the time he entered Parliament, to the Premiership. The very dates in that career speak volumes.

Of more immediate interest, however, is the man himself. What, you ask, is the real Mr. Balfour like? For reply you need only glance at the pictures taken from his boyhood to the present to discover a genial softness of nature which has made him so well liked personally even by his bitter political opponents. As the late Dr. Tanner, M.P., once said, referring to Mr. Balfour's work in the House during the stormy days of the Irish

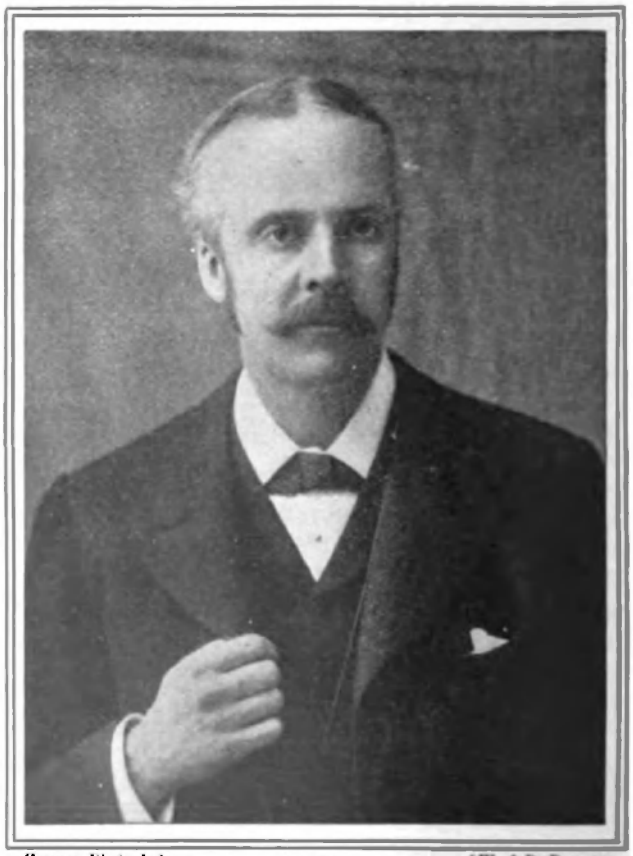
Secretaryship: "He tells us with exquisite politeness that we are fools when we meet him here, and he sends us to jail when we are in Ireland. But he has such a charming way with him that nobody can help liking him." This comment, to a large extent, sums up the personality—we might almost say the dual personality—of Mr. Balfour. His is a nature seemingly

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Prunier, Berlin

AGE 33.
From a Photo. by Horsburgh, Edinburgh

full of contradictions. He gives you to understand that his indolence is profound, yet he works like a slave. He calls himself a "child" in many matters of State, yet handles these matters with a remarkable knowledge of statecraft and a surprising foresight of results. His very bearing suggests a languid unfitness for the performance, at decisive moments, of great tasks, yet he has come through several trials triumphantly which demanded dogged courage and an iron hand. Even at the present day, when he has been thirty-two years before the public, he remains a puzzle. Some say, so far as his literary work is concerned, that he is not a great philosophic thinker, but a mere controversialist. In regard to his political abilities, some say he is merely an aristocrat in politics, not a constructive statesman with originality of method, and they call him "breaker," not "maker." And, it may be added, the publicists who have quarrelled over this particular puzzle have been very able men.

There is no better speaker in the House of Commons than Mr. Balfour. Our old friend "Toby, M.P.," says that his range "is exceptionally wide. He can, and frequently does, make the House roar with laughter, and upon meet occasion is capable of simply touching the chord of pathos. He has the gift, valuable to a Leader of the House of Commons, of being able to speak on almost any subject without laboured preparation. The great majority of his speeches are delivered without notes." This power of speech, be it noted, is not a gift, but an acquisition through hard work and continual practice. In his early days Mr. Balfour was a distinct failure as a speaker, so that his success to-day should be a stimulus to effort in every timid orator.



From a Photo. by AGE 47. [*W. & D. Downey.*

By C. C. Andrews.

SNOW was certainly coming—the leaden clouds were curiously low; it was absolutely windless and most bitterly cold. Mrs. Fanshawe, drawing the heavy buffalo-robe more closely round her, gave the reins an involuntary jerk that quickened the smart trot of the fine brown horse which drew the buggy. Besides the ring of his hoofs upon the frost-hardened road, the only sound that broke the iron-grey silence came from the forest which it skirted—now and then an ice-bound tree cracked with a report like a rifle-shot. Mrs. Fanshawe, turning her hooded head to listen, hoped that the snow would at least hold up until she reached home. For her way presently lay through the forest, and the road was not very good. Letty, she reflected, would be uneasy if it should begin. She had remonstrated in her pretty, half pettish, wholly-petted fashion against her riding over to Mrs. Lawson's at all. But the report of her neighbour's illness—in spite of the eight miles lying between their homesteads she was still a neighbour, according to the reckoning of that sparsely-peopled settlement—had left her, she considered, no alternative; no duty was ever knowingly shirked by Charlotte Fanshawe. She had found the helpless young father and mother of helpless young babies in a piteous state of fright and bewilderment, had put them and things straight with the readiness and capacity that belonged to her, and had promptly decided to leave behind her special factotum, the stout-armed, flaxen-headed German Minna, who, from long drilling, was almost as capable as herself.

But as she turned into the forest road and drove into the shadow of the ranks of sombre pines she reflected that it was nevertheless awkward, since it meant hindrance over the preparation of Letty's wedding-clothes. And there was not much time to spare, as the wedding was to be on New Year's Day. The wedding-gown itself was not her concern; Miss Eloise Merritt, the squire's sister, had graciously begged permission to present that, magnanimously overcoming her conviction that her nephew should have made a far better match than with Letty Fanshawe. But there would be a heap of sewing to get through, and Letty's fingers, though willing, were not specially skilful and were apt to tire. Altogether—— Her thoughts scattered and flew like a flock of scared birds; her involuntary drag at the reins brought the horse to a stand. At that point a footpath forked from the road, leading through a clearing; from that direction the cry had come—a shrill, panting scream of terror and horror. It came again, with a patter of wildly-running feet; a figure dashed out from between the pine-trunks. At the sight of it, with a cry almost as loud, she sprang out of the buggy.

"Letty!" she cried. "Why, Letty!"

Her daughter was in her arms and holding to her, shaking, shuddering, breathless. Her coquettish little hood, with its puckered lining of pale blue silk, had dropped back; her pretty, rosy face was blank and wild with fear; the latent likeness to her

mother, rarely perceptible, was visible in it for once. People, looking from the sallow skin and harsh features of the woman to the pink tints and soft roundness which made up the dainty beauty of the girl, were wont to decide that Letty must be like her English father, though whether this was or was not so Charlotte Fanshawe had never been known to say. She was no taller than her daughter, but she seemed to tower above as she clasped her. The attitude was oddly significant of their mutual relationship—from her babyhood a very passion of maternal love, almost fierce in its protective tenderness, had environed the girl.

"I—I—was coming——" she gasped. "Oh, mother—oh, mother! It—it's there!"

"There?" Mrs. Fanshawe followed the excited gesture of the little hand—it bore young Willard Merritt's engagement-ring—towards the trees. "Why, what's scared you this way, honey?" she questioned, soothingly. "What's in there?"

"The—the man!" gasped Letty.

"The man? What man?"

"I don't know—I didn't dare go near to look." She pulled herself away, trying to steady her voice, though still clutching her mother's hand. "I got tired of my sewing, so I put on my cloak and hood and guessed I'd come a piece to meet you, by the foot-path through the clearing. I was just on the other side of it—in among the trees—when I heard a shot. It sort of scared me, because it was real quiet in there, but not much, because I guessed it was only just somebody out with his gun. But I ran, and I just saw him—oh, mother, I'll never get it out of my head!—I just saw him fall."

"Him?" cried Mrs. Fanshawe.

"The man," shuddered the girl. "There was another man with a revolver, and he fired again—I saw him. And I screamed and ran out."

"And he saw you, child?"

"I don't know. But I guess he heard me, anyway, because he threw down the revolver and rushed across and in among the trees. Maybe he didn't see me—I didn't see him look. I didn't dare go near the other, but there was blood on the ground and he was quite still—I know he's dead. I just screamed and ran."

She began to sob.

Mrs. Fanshawe, hitching the horse to a tree-trunk with steady, deft hands, turned to her in a moment.

"Do you reckon you'd rather stay in the buggy, honey, or will you come with me?"

"With you? There? But he's dead," cried the girl, shrinking.

"Maybe he isn't dead, and, anyhow, I've got to see whether he is or not. Perhaps you had best come with me. You sha'n't need to come too near."

Letty nodded dumbly; a sweet, docile obedience was natural to her. She only spoke once as she followed her mother's erect, confidently-treading figure. "Mother, he—the man that did it—may be there!"

"Not much fear of that, deary—he's most likely a way off by this time. He heard you, if he didn't see you." She paused. "You'd know him, wouldn't you, Letty, if you saw him again?"

"His face? I guess I would. I'd know the way he was dressed. He looked pretty poor."

Mrs. Fanshawe nodded. A few minutes brought them to the clearing—an irregular circle of perhaps an acre, flanked by the gaunt black pines. One huge felled trunk lay across it like a fallen mast, and close by it a dark figure no less still. Letty lagged back, shivering and growing whiter; her mother advanced and looked down at it. It had been her lot to see death in more forms than one, and that this man was in truth dead her first glance assured her. Blood had flowed copiously from a bullet-wound in the throat and reddened the carpet of pine-needles with a ghastly patch; the upturned face, grey-bearded, middle-aged, and quite undisfigured, was totally strange to her. She stooped mechanically and felt the heart, growing only a shade paler. Under no circumstances could Charlotte Fanshawe have been a weak woman, given to excitement, hysteria, outcry; the whole conditions and experiences of her life, her years of solitary self-reliance, had tempered her nerves.

"You were right; he's dead, sure enough, honey," she said, soberly.

"It was murder!" ejaculated the girl, in a tone of horror. "Oh, mother, don't you think it was?"

"I guess so, deary. Couldn't be anything else, seems to me. Maybe they quarrelled first; though he's a real pleasant-looking man, poor fellow. Did you say he—the other one—threw his shooter down? Where?"

The girl pointed, not looking at the dead man—indeed, she had not once done so. For a few moments Mrs. Fanshawe searched—as she expected, fruitlessly.

"I didn't much reckon I'd find it," she said, quietly. "It isn't likely he'd leave it around to be picked up, you see, honey. I guess he waited till you'd run, and then came

back for it." She glanced at the still figure. "And for more than that, most likely," she added. "I miss my guess if we'd find much in his pockets. It was robbery, I expect; you say he looked poor. Well, we'll go now, dear—we mustn't touch him—and we've got to get the sheriff here. I'll send Abner Frost into town right away."

Letty did not answer. She almost ran out of the clearing, keeping well ahead of her mother now, and sprang into the buggy, cowering down under the buffalo-robe. Great rigorous tremors were shaking her slender body from head to foot. When the house was reached she hurried straight into the sitting-room and crouched down beside the stove. Old Abner Frost, called from his work in an adjacent barn, received his instructions with phlegmatic nods and tramped off to the stable, stolidly obedient, leading the horse and buggy. Mrs. Fanshawe turned into the sitting-room.

"If it was you or me that was shot I guess it wouldn't upset Abner any," she said, dryly "Now I'll get you a cup of tea, deary, and you'd best take off your cloak and lie down. If you can get a nap it won't do you any hurt; you look all done up."

Letty obeyed with her usual sweetness. That her mother should wait upon her was a thing she was so used to that she accepted the loving service without any thought of selfishness. She was half asleep on the lounge, her yellow hair streaming over the gaudy velvet cushion, by the time the tea was brought. Mrs. Fanshawe watched her while she drank it—watched her until her regular breathing told that she slept. Then she tucked the blanket round her and stole out, shutting the door. Crossing the hall-way and entering the kitchen, she paused by a window, looking out. The light of the short winter afternoon was beginning to fade, the grey sky looked more leaden and more low, the snow was nearer. Glancing towards the forest—this solitary farmhouse lay almost in its shadow—she shivered a little, recalling the figure which lay in the clearing, its ghastly face of death upturned. Involuntarily she wondered who the man might be. Strangers were rare in the neighbourhood.

She made ready her own meal and sat down to it, eating and drinking with her usual practical appetite, and that done went out to feed her poultry—generally Minna's task.

Returning, she heard a stir of movement in the kitchen, and entering quickly, stopped short. A darker shadow turned to her from among the shadows; she found herself face to face with a man.

To most women the sight would have been startling, even terrifying; to her it was simply unexpected and no more. She had given shelter and food to too many footsore pedlars and hungry tramps to feel alarm at the appearance of either. "She guessed they wouldn't hurt her any," she said, with some contempt for the suggestion that thus to harbour strangers might be dangerous. Now she did not even recollect that but for sleeping Letty she was absolutely alone in the house. The man's rough clothing, his aspect of weariness and dishevelment, his slow movements, even the very attitude in which he had been greedily crouching over the fire, were all alike familiar to her—as familiar as the apologetic, hoarse mutter with which he began to speak. She checked it

"YOU!"

crisply. She disliked to be either entreated or thanked.

"I guess that's all right," she said, tersely. "You're welcome to your supper and to stay the night over if you want to. There's a plenty of good straw in the barn, and I'll give you a couple of rugs—you'll make out comfortably enough. You won't be the first that's slept there by a good many. Draw up to the fire and get warm—it's real cold outside—we'll have snow directly, I guess. Say, you've got hurt, haven't you?"

The man had dropped into a chair, pulling off his hat. The movement showed that a handkerchief was bound round his head, and that there were spots of blood upon it. He nodded.

"Yes. I was running and got a fall. Not much, I think, but it cut my head and pretty well stunned me for a minute. I'll take it off, if you don't mind, ma'am.

"And welcome," said Mrs. Fanshawe.

She turned towards the great open fireplace, stirring and arranging its generous supply of pine-logs; the red flames, leaping up, illuminated her face and figure with a crimson glow. With an ejaculation the man started to his feet. She swung round, and the tongs she held fell clattering on the hearth between them. For perhaps a minute they remained so, staring at each other before her dry lips fell apart in a gasp. "You!"

"Yes; it's me, right enough!" He gave a hoarse sound like a laugh. "I didn't know you, though, any more than you did me. Twenty years, or whatever it is, have altered us both more than a little, I take it." He stopped. "It's deuced queer, our meeting again like this." He stopped again. "I suppose I might have been dead forty times over for all you knew, Charlotte, eh? I'm sure you might have been for all I could tell." He stopped a third time. "Hang it all—can't you speak? You're not dumb, I suppose? You're altered in more ways than one if that's the case!"

At each of his pauses she had fallen back a step; an automaton might have moved as stiffly; a statue might have shown as fixedly blank a face. Her lips parted twice before she spoke, slowly, as though the words were unfamiliar, her voice a husky whisper, thin and dry.

"Where—have you—been?"

"Where?" He repeated the sound of laughter. "In a goodish few places in twenty years. But I'm flourishing, you may be sure—you can tell that by looking at me, I should think!" He glanced round him. "It's a pleasure to a man to find his wife as comfortable as you seem to be, my dear!" He waited; she said nothing. He shrugged his shoulders, letting the blood-stained handkerchief fall. "Since I'm half-starved, and you don't seem disposed to ask me, I'll take something to eat, by your leave."

She made a gesture with her hand—all she could do. He swung round to the table and seated himself, beginning to eat voraciously, and she stood staring at him. This man, unkempt, road-worn, weather-soiled, ravenously devouring his food in wolfish gulps, was the husband from whom, with bruised body and torn soul, she had escaped twenty years ago; to look at him was like feeling the snap of fetters on her wrists, the gall of a chain about her throat. He was her husband, she was his wife, and across the entry, behind the shut door, was Letty—Letty!

With a sort of fascination of repulsion she kept her eyes upon him. No one but herself knew what a rage of misery the sight of him recalled. The story of her marriage had been commonplace enough—the story of an obstinate, passionate girl's headstrong infatuation for a handsome face. The tragedy of her life had been compressed into a few weeks of agony. Then he had beaten her. To remember it was to burn again with the tempest of fury and bewildered humiliation with which she had cowered under the blows. That had been the end. She had never known clearly what she had said or done, but she knew she had frightened him. If, presently, when he made an end of his meal, he should strike her again—there was something locked in the drawer there, if he should threaten that! With her eyes warily upon him she crossed over to the drawer stealthily and took it out, slipping it into her bosom. Then she moved to the door and shut it—it seemed an added barrier to keep Letty away. She was standing with her back to it when he looked up presently. Something in her face stopped him as he rose to his feet; he stood and stared at her. She took one step forward.

"You've got to go," she said.

"Have I?" He laughed. "Do you think I'm fool enough to turn out of a place like this and leave my wife snug in it on this sort of night?"

"This place is mine—my father left it me. I was born in it, I've lived and worked in it, and I guess I'll die in it. It's got naught to do with you, George Fanshawe, and it won't have. I'm no wife of yours, and I won't be. You've got to go!"

Her every repetition of the words came with an added weight of resolution; she did not raise her voice, but they had the force of blows. As, scowling, he made a step towards her, she slipped her hand into her breast—it was with such a look and gesture that he had struck her. But in making it he stopped.

"What's that? There's someone in the house. Who is it?"

She caught him by the arm, hearing, as he had done, the click of the parlour latch. In a moment Letty would come—would see! The door of a great cupboard stood open—she thrust him towards it; she was not a powerful woman, but, even had he resisted, her strength just then would have borne him back. As she closed it upon him, the girl appeared on the threshold. The firelight showed her fair hair hanging in curly disorder on her shoulders, her little face all rosy with sleep. She stretched her slender arms childishly, yawning, and advanced.

"I believe I've been asleep quite a while," she said. "I feel as if I had. Have you had your tea, too, mother? Oh, yes, I see you have. I guess we won't wash the dishes, though; we'll wait till after supper—I'll help you then. Why don't you have a light?—it's 'most dark. I'm going to light the parlour lamp and fill up the stove—it's a real cold night. Come and sit there with me, won't you? I want to get on with my sewing."

"'I BELIEVE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP QUITE A WHILE,' SHE SAID."

"Presently, deary. There's something I must do first. You—you'd best go and put your hair up, hadn't you? Somebody may come."

"Oh, I forgot!" There was only one somebody in Letty's little world. She laughed with soft consciousness, putting up a hand to her head. "Yes, I'd best go and prink a little, I guess. Don't be long, mother. I—I don't want to be by myself."

Mrs. Fanshawe's voice had been perfectly steady. As the girl went out she crossed to the door and shut it after her with a firm hand. Then she faced about, and met her husband's eyes as he emerged from his concealment. The moment's silence was broken by the sound of Letty's feet as she ran lightly up the stairs.

"So," Fanshawe said, slowly, "I have a daughter, it seems?"

"Yes."

Her teeth opened for the word and closed again; her whole body was braced and tense, her face grey. He half laughed.

"And you didn't intend giving me the pleasure of knowing it, eh?"

"No." She started forward suddenly. "No," she burst out, vehemently. "I didn't mean you to know! And she sha'n't know—she sha'n't. I—I haven't told her the truth about you—I've always made things soft to her as well as I could. She thinks you died before she was born. I've told her you were a real good man and a gentleman. She was wonderful pleased to think that about her father—wonderful pleased always, but more than ever since she's going to be married. And the squire, he thinks so, too."

"The squire?"

"Squire Merritt. It's his son Willard she's going to marry—the wedding's New Year's Day. He wasn't pleased about it—I guess he thought Willard ought to do better than Letty. I don't say it isn't so in a way—they're real gentlefolks, as well as rich. She fretted considerable—she hasn't ever been

strong. It wasn't easy, but I went to him about it. I told him I guessed they wouldn't be troubled by me much after they were married—I said I knew I wasn't the kind that Willard's mother was—I didn't set up to be, but that, anyway, Letty's father was a gentleman. I'd have told a worse lie than that for her. He's real pleasant about it now—he's fond of Letty—but he's proud, and Willard's proud. Maybe, if—oh, I don't ask where you've been or what you've been doing this twenty years—it isn't anything to me. But I can't have Letty hurt—she's loving and she's delicate. If things went wrong with her and Willard—she's wonderful fond of him! Don't you see why you've got to go?"

For all her vehemence her harshly-level voice had never risen; it broke with a note of piteous pathos now—she caught her breath in a dry sob. To save her very life she would not have made for herself the pleading gesture with which she turned to him. The passion of her maternal love and fear had swept this reticent woman out of herself for a moment. The man drew a little away.

"Most things can be bought, Charlotte," he said, deliberately.

"Bought?" Her hands dropped—she stared at him.

"Exactly. You want me to hold my tongue—take myself off—disappear—never to let the girl or her husband know that I'm in the land of the living. Well, I'm agreeable, so far. She's nothing to me—couldn't very well be, recollecting that I didn't even know of her existence ten minutes ago. But that sort of thing has its price, my dear!"

"Price?" Her eyes did not release him. "You—you mean you'd take money from me to—to——"

"Why not? You seem very comfortable here. I should judge you have plenty to spare, or, if not, you can probably get it. Make it worth my while, and, as I said, I'm agreeable. It would be pretty awkward if I turned up on the wedding-day—I advise you to think it over. Take your time—I'm in no hurry!"

With an insolent assumption of indifference he threw himself into a chair. His very attitude, the swaggering spread of his limbs, was abhorrent to her; she seemed to sicken with an absolute physical nausea as she looked at him. And again her hand stole up to her bosom. A wild thought darted into her head, staggering her. If she used what lay there—if, with a spasm of desperate courage—— Why should not one kill a noxious thing? Once, in Letty's babyhood, she had battered to death a snake which she had found coiled near the child's cradle. What would be said or thought but that she had been threatened—attacked, perhaps, by a wandering tramp, and that in self-defence—— She flung out her hands as though to thrust a tangible something away, and as she did so he started to his feet.

"What's that?" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "Listen! There's somebody coming!"

As he swung round he had caught up a knife from the table; the firelight showed it clutched in his hand. A sound had broken the silence of the gathering twilight—the ring of rapid hoofs upon the frost-bound road. She ran to the window, peering out.

"It's Willard," she said, in a suppressed whisper. "He'll come in—Letty will come—you've got to stay till he's gone. Go in here—quick—quick!"

She flung open a door—it led down a passage into Minna's bedroom—and eagerly motioned him through. She had feared resistance, perhaps a mocking refusal, but he dropped the knife, caught up his hat, and obeyed. She turned to a shelf and lifted a lamp that stood there. As she set it down upon the table Letty ran in from the entry.

"It's Willard, mother. I didn't really expect I'd see him to-night—he guessed he'd be busy. Won't you light the lamp? He'll think it's awful funny if we're in the dark."

Charlotte said nothing; she knew that she could not have commanded her voice to steadiness; her trembling hands clattered the glass as she lighted the lamp. The girl did not notice in her eager little, excited flutter—the coming of her lover absorbed her. She ran over to the kitchen door and threw it open as the wheels stopped outside. But at sight of him she fell back with a cry.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Willard, what is it? What's the matter? You—you look dreadful."

She had reason for her outcry. The young man's handsome, boyish face was white under its wholesome tan; he looked shocked, horrified; he was quite young and showed signs of emotion easily. Charlotte stared at him wide-eyed. Could it be that he—knew? Willard slipped his arm round Letty's waist; although the years between them were not many he had followed her mother's example of petting her almost like a child.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart; I didn't mean to scare you, though I guessed you'd see—and, of course, you must know, any way. I

thought I'd best come and tell you myself, before——" He broke off. "It happened I was with the sheriff when Abner came, Mrs. Fanshawe, and to save his time I drove him to the clearing. It's as well I did, on my father's account; but how I shall break it to him!—it's given me an awful shock. The man who's been shot—murdered—is my uncle!"

Letty gave a scream; her little face was a picture of white horror. "Willard! No, no!" she gasped.

"Yes—it's so, dear; it's so, Mrs. Fanshawe; you have never seen him, of course. He was coming over to us from New Hampton, I take it, though why he should be walking, and how he came to be set upon, Heaven knows. The sheriff and his men are searching the forest. They have got Indian Jake, the tracker, with them; he was in town, luckily. A bloodhound isn't keener on the scent, once he finds it, so they say. I pray they'll hunt the villain down! I—I could hang him myself! My uncle always thought as much of me as if I had been his son; you've heard me say so. And now——"

"THE MAN WHO'S BEEN SHOT—MURDERED—IS MY UNCLE!"

His voice broke into an irrepressible half-sob. Letty pulled herself free; her eyes and cheeks kindled brightly; she looked taller; all her natural tremors and timidity were lost at the sight of his emotion; in all her life her likeness to her mother had never been so strong.

"They'll find him, Willard," she cried, her voice shrilly clear and loud. "You don't need to be afraid they won't find him. And when they do there won't be any doubt, because, you know, I saw him shoot. I saw his face, and I'd know him anywhere. I thought it was awful then. I said to mother that I'd never forget it, but I'm glad I did now. Yes, I am—I'm real glad!"

She stamped her foot by way of emphasis. Willard nodded, recovering himself.

"I hadn't forgotten that, and, of course, you'll have to say what you saw, though I'd rather you didn't, Letty, dear. Never mind that now. Mrs. Fanshawe, I drove on first to tell you. They're bringing it—him—here. I thought you wouldn't mind, it being the nearest place, and it would give the squire and my aunt too much of a shock if he were taken home before they hear. I'm going on now to break it to them, though how I'm going to do it is more than I know."

Mrs. Fanshawe muttered something; her mind, reeling under the shock already sustained, was too stunned as yet to grasp clearly anything beyond it. At another time her fixed face, her rigid attitude, must have attracted their attention; now they passed unnoticed. As the young man turned towards the door Letty caught his arm, her sudden spirit collapsing.

"Willard, I'm coming with you," she sobbed. "I—I must. I'm frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, if they bring it here. If they do and I see it again I think I shall die. Oh, I just daren't—I daren't! I'll come with you and stay with Miss Eloise. I must go. Mother, mustn't I go?"

"Yes—go," said Mrs. Fanshawe.

If the appeal had roused her from her torpor she caught at the suggestion as she

might have clutched a rope in a raging sea. To get the girl away—ignorant, safe, unknowing! She ran for her cloak and hood and hurried them on, fetched a huge fur muff and wadded gloves; in a minute or two the wagon rolled out at the gates, Letty's slim figure a mere heap of wraps at her lover's side. She shut the door and for a moment staggered weakly against the table, the retreating beat of hoofs upon the iron-hard road seeming to swell into a roar in her ears. A minute or two went by before she steadied herself sufficiently to cross to the second door and open it.

Her cautious call was gruffly answered, and Fanshawe came out.

"Has he gone?" he demanded.

"Yes, he has gone."

"And for good—he won't come back?"

"No, he won't come back."

"So much the better." His eyes went round the kitchen with a sharp, furtive scrutiny. "Where's the girl?"

"She has gone with him."

"So much the better again. If we are to come to an agreement she's better out of the way while we do it. I suppose you sent her?"

"No; she was—frightened."

"Frightened?"

"A while ago. There's been a man shot—murdered—in the forest a piece from this. She was coming to meet me and saw it done and the man that did it. She's dreadful timid always, and——"

"She saw it? What!—it was she who——"

He caught back the words; he even clapped a frantic hand upon his mouth, but they were spoken. With dilated eyes and ghastly face his wife fell back from him.

"You!" she gasped. "My God—you!"

Her dry whisper seemed to ring like a shriek. Livid, he stood staring at her. His self-betrayal had been so unpremeditated, was so complete, that he realized the futility of denial. He raised his heavy hand with an involuntary gesture of menace, and let it fall again. "It was the old fool's own fault," he muttered, sullenly.

She made no movement and no answer: there was no play of expression in her frozen face; she was like a dead woman upon her feet. At some fancied sound beyond the window he swung round, listening fearfully, and swung back again.

"It was the old fool's own fault," he repeated, in a louder key. "I fell in with him just this side of New Hampton and begged of him—I was about beaten out, and I hadn't a cent. He gave me a pretty name or two, and swore he'd jail me if he saw me anywhere in town. He didn't know I followed him when he struck into the forest—it was easy to keep out of sight among the trees. I only meant to give him a scare when I pulled out the revolver in the clearing—I thought he'd unload quick enough then—but he struck me on the head. Then I fired—twice, to make sure. But the first shot killed him, I think." He stopped. "Then the girl screamed. I didn't see her properly—she rushed off in the other direction, as far as I could make out. I waited a bit, and went back and got the pistol. Then I came on here. What's to be done now?"

He stopped again. As he made a movement of advance she caught blindly at a chair-back, retreating so that it stood between them.

"I ONLY MEANT TO GIVE HIM A SCARE WHEN I PULLED OUT THE REVOLVER."

"I suppose I'm as safe here as anywhere—until morning, at any rate. I didn't see a creature—afterwards, and you're alone, as luck will have it. Or it may be safer to stay till the search is over—I suppose there will be one, curse it! As to who he was——"

"He is Willard's uncle."

"What?"

"The man you have murdered is Willard Merritt's uncle. He came here to tell me—and Letty. The sheriff and his men are searching the forest now."

"They are?" With a wild look of terror that distorted his face he gripped her shoulder and shook her. "You must hide me!" he said, hoarsely. "Hide me! Do you hear?"

"Hide you?"

"Yes. There must be places enough in the house, and no one but you knows I am here. And who would suspect you? I shall be safer than if I were fifty miles away. Quick! Where shall I go? Show the way!"

He made a movement to snatch the lamp from the table. As though all her faculties were suddenly reawakened she thrust him back.

"No; I can't hide you—it isn't any use. Indian Jake is with them."

"Indian Jake?"

"He's a tracker. He was in town and the sheriff took him along—Willard said so. If he gets on a trail he's surer than dogs. He'll find yours, and come here."

"You can say I'm not here. You can swear it."

"It won't be any use. The sheriff won't believe me. They'll search and find you."

"Curse it, I must go, then! What's that?"

There was nothing. He turned from his frightened stare at the window and clutched her shoulder again.

"Listen!" he whispered, fiercely. "Pull yourself together—you must help me. If I'm caught it sha'n't be like a rat in a hole; by the Lord I'll have a run for it! They'll come here, I suppose, but if I double on my tracks I may dodge them. It's my best chance—anyway, I'll risk it. I shall try to get back to New Hampton; I can take the cars from there. But I must have money."

"Money?" she echoed, mechanically.

"Yes. He—the old man—had only a few dollars in cash; I wasn't fool enough to risk taking bills. Have you money here?"

She made a gesture of assent, unlocked a drawer, took out a little bag, and gave it to him, shuddering as their hands approached. He nodded, slipping it into his pocket, took up his hat and stick, and glanced at the window.

"Look out," he whispered, hoarsely. "See that all's clear. I thought I heard something twice. Open the door; you can see better, and you can listen too."

She obeyed and threw it open. Doing so she uttered a cry, and darting back caught him by the arm.

"It's too late!" she gasped. "You can't go!"

"Can't go?" With an oath he flung her off. "What do you mean?" he demanded, savagely. "Is anyone there?"

"No."

"No? You're mad, woman! What is it?"

She pointed to the door. He swung round towards it, and uttered a sound that was like a half-stifled shriek of despair. The air was a whirl of softly-falling flakes; the path to the gates spread an unbroken, glittering sheet of white—the snow had come, and the snow had trapped him! He stood with a face fixed in a ghastly stare of comprehension and horror. Charlotte moved forward a step. Her hand was at her bosom.

"Where is your pistol?" she asked.

He stared at her. She pointed to the open door.

"You can't go now. There's no use in doubling back on your tracks—there's the snow to tell whichever way you turn. They'll be here directly—the sheriff and his men. I can't hide you; Indian Jake will know you're here. Where is your pistol?"

"I threw it away—afterwards—in the forest. Good God!—Charlotte!"

He sprang back from her. There was a very panic of terror in his livid face, for he saw what her withdrawn hand grasped. She held it out to him.

"Take it!" she said, eagerly. "Quick! It's loaded, and it's the only way! Oh, man, because you were husband to me once—and Heaven knows I'd have died for you before you broke my heart!—because of that I'd have helped you while there was a chance, but there's no chance now. You can't escape any other way, and you mustn't be taken, for Letty's sake. They'll find out who you are and how it is—everything. It's Willard's uncle you've killed; could he ever marry her if he knew? And she'll never live when she's been forced to help hang her own father. Do it, and they'll never know anything—she'll never know! I'll say you happened in here and did it when you heard them coming—they'll believe me. Quick!"

"You—want me to shoot myself!" he gasped.

"You must. It's the only way to save her—to save Letty. Take it—they'll be here! What's that? They are coming!"

A sudden distant swell of sound had broken the frozen silence. She sprang to the door and listened. The voices of men shouted and called to each other—the sheriff and his search-party had reached the edge of the forest. Fanshawe heard too; his grey face was all sweat-bedabbled; he fell back shuddering from her again-extended hand.

"I—I can't!" he muttered, hoarsely. "I'd sooner be taken—I'd sooner hang. And it mayn't come to that—I may get off; the girl must swear she doesn't recognise me; you must tell her who I am—she'll hold her tongue fast enough then. I—I won't do it—I daren't; I—ah, you murderess! Give it to me—I'll have it. Give it to me!"

"ONE HAND GRIPPED HER WRIST; THE OTHER, FAST UPON HER THROAT, BORE HER BACKWARDS."

He saw the tightening of her hand upon the revolver, read the desperate resolution in her eyes, and with a scream of rage and fear flung himself upon her. One hand gripped her wrist; the other, fast upon her throat, bore her backwards; there was a moment's frantic struggle, a flash and a report as the revolver dropped between them, and she reeled gasping against the table, while he, shot through the head, fell heavily to the floor at her feet. Her breath came back, and with a cry she sank on her knees at his side. For one frenzied moment it seemed to her that the dead could hear.

"I didn't do it!" she panted, wildly—"I didn't do it! Oh, I would have done it—I guess I would—for Letty's sake, but I didn't shoot! It was you—you, man—you did it; you've killed yourself! Oh, it's the way I wanted it—it's best for you, and she's safe—no one but me will ever see that she's got a look of this face of yours—but I didn't do it! You've killed yourself, and I pray there's mercy for you where you're gone!"

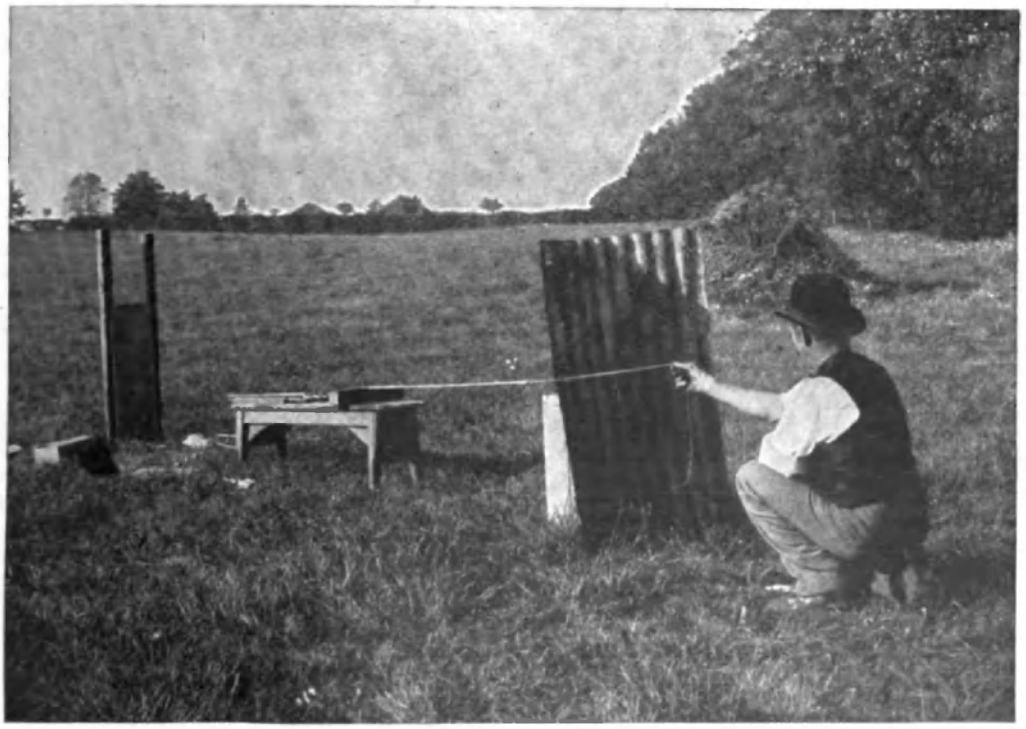
She rose to her feet. She was on a sudden absolutely calm. Even as she mechanically straightened her dress her thoughts were busy with the story she must tell—the story which, she felt, would be received without cavil or comment. The man had threatened and set upon her: the revolver, drawn in self-defence, had been fired as he struggled with her for its possession. She heard her steady voice giving the details, and knew they were coherent and convincing. She glanced about the room. Its air of peace, neatness, order, was incongruous—she disarranged a rug upon the floor, wrenched aside the table-cover, overturned a chair. Then she stood quiet, her eyes upon the open door—the snow-flakes were drifting in as softly as feathers. She had not moved when presently the gates were flung open and the sheriff and his men came tramping up the path.

Some Novel Projectiles.

By Archibald Williams.

IN his account of his travels in Abyssinia in 1770 Bruce, the great explorer, tells us of an interesting episode that took place during his stay at Gondar. One day, at supper, a native chieftain began to brag about his prowess with his gun, and added some slighting remarks about the Scotchman. Nettled by the insult, Bruce replied that the end of a tallow-candle in his gun would do more execution than an iron ball in the native's. This answer produced a scrimmage and the imprisonment of the Abyssinian.

Some days later the King suggested to Bruce that he could not expect his assertion about the tallow-candle to be credited. His guest at once offered to prove the truth of the boast. Three native bull-hide shields were brought and placed one behind the other. Bruce poured the powder-charge into his gun, rammed half a candle down on the powder, and fired. The candle pierced all three shields with the greatest ease, much to



A helper firing off the gun by pulling a string attached to the trigger. As a precaution against flying fragments, the pulling is done from behind a screen.

the astonishment of the King and a thousand other onlookers, and soon afterwards Bruce perforated a table with the other half candle. These feats established Bruce's reputation on a firm basis; any further statements that he made were accepted without question, and for many years afterwards the memory of "the man who shot through a table" was cherished by the simple Abyssinians.

When Bruce published the story of his adventures some hostile critics included this exploit among the statements which they were pleased to regard as mere travellers' tales. Yet the means of testing this particular incredibility were ready to hand, and a thoughtful reader might, even without experiment, have been prepared to believe what he read about the candle.

FIG. 1.—A rolled-iron plate, 1-8in. thick. The big dent at the top (¼in. deep) was made by a wooden rod; the hole by a brass slug, which almost penetrated a board 2in. thick.

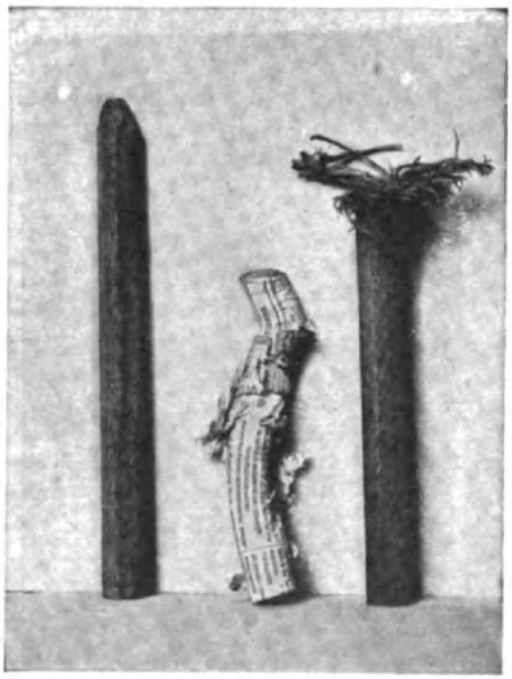


FIG. 2.—A wooden projectile before and after impact on a thick iron plate. Between them is a paper bullet, telescoped by an unsuccessful attack on the same plate. Before being fired it was somewhat longer than the stick on the left.

The penetrative power of a projectile depends on three factors: its velocity, its weight, and its cohesion. A light, loosely-compacted substance moving at high speed may have more effect than a much tougher substance travelling at a low speed. Theoretically, any substance would pierce any other substance provided that it strikes it with sufficient momentum.

The subjoined experiments will be of interest to readers who have not themselves made trial of the penetrative capacity of wood, candles, water, etc. I should state at the outset that the target was in each case very close to the muzzle of the firearm—about four feet away, and in a few cases only two feet—

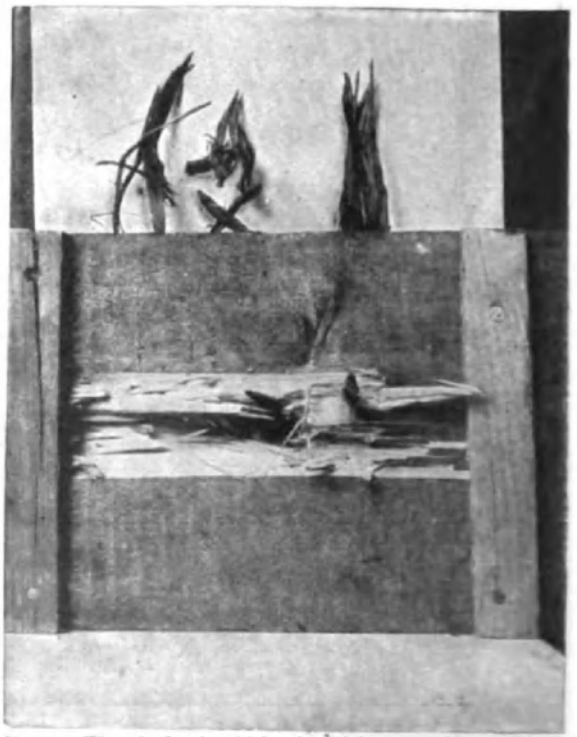


FIG. 3.—The plank, 3in. thick, pierced by a wooden projectile, the remains of which are seen on top of the plank.

as my object was to prove the effect of these projectiles at close quarters.

The weapons used were an ordinary sporting gun, 16-bore, and a Lee-Metford rifle, only a few experiments being conducted with the latter. My targets included two rolled-iron plates, one-sixteenth and one-eighth of an inch thick respectively, and a number of seasoned deal planks ranging from three-eighths of an inch to three inches in thickness.

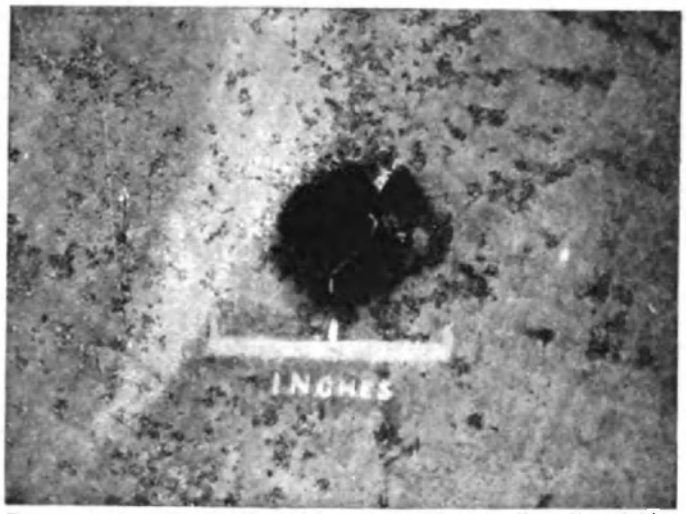


FIG. 4.—An iron plate, 1-16in. thick, perforated by a small candle weighing 40 grains, shot from a Lee-Metford rifle.

I first made trial of some oak sticks about eight inches long, fashioned to fit the gun pretty accurately. My initial target was a soap-box, five inches deep, filled with tightly-packed sand and stood on end. The stick passed through this obstacle, ploughed up the ground beyond, and, emerging again, made a final flight of thirty-seven yards. The end was very slightly bent over.

When directed against the thicker iron plate this rod failed to penetrate, but made a very deep dent (see Fig. 1), and the end was much splayed (Fig. 2).

Substituting wood for iron, I put the rods to another test. An inch-and-a-quarter plank failed to stop one. The plank was split down the centre, and the two halves, by one of those curious chances which might not be repeated in a huge number of attempts, were turned round on their bottom edges so that their outer edges came into contact, each half resting, as before, against one of the posts backing the plank.

The last rod was directed against a two-inch plank, strengthened by cross-bars to prevent splitting. Penetration resulted (see Fig. 3), but the projectile was shattered into small pieces.

My next projectile was a candle, fired from the gun through a one-inch board. Then, replacing the gun with the rifle and a blank cartridge, I used one of the small candles made for Christmas-tree decoration, weighing forty grains. This pierced the thinner iron plate (Fig. 4), and a second candle a board an inch and a quarter thick. Considering the extreme lightness of the projectiles, these results are somewhat remarkable.

Water in motion, or water struck by a fast-moving object, offers great resistance to opposition, as a clumsy diver knows only too well. Since water cannot be inserted into a firearm unless confined in some way, I had to make a cylindrical paper shell to hold the charge, cork it at one end, pour in the water, and cork the other. Though a projectile of this type penetrated some thin galvanized iron roofing, it jibbed at the thinner iron plate, merely doubling it up into a very twisted shape. Of a one inch board it made very short work (Fig. 5). I imagine that a water-charge fired at close quarters would "spoil" a man very considerably.

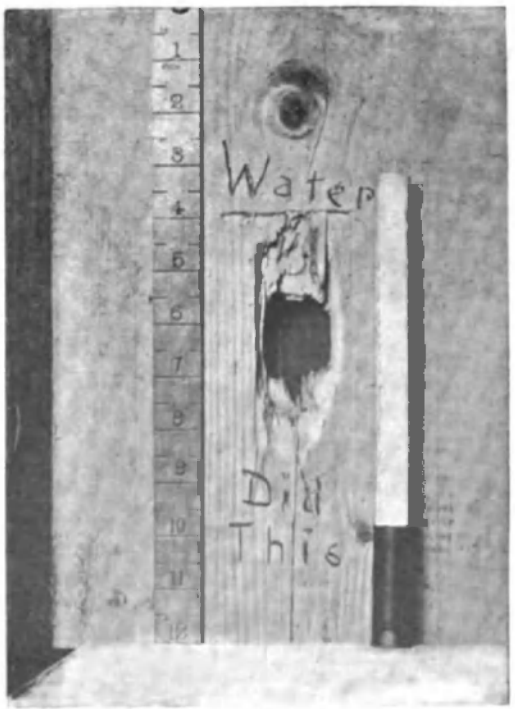


FIG. 5.—A cylinder filled with water penetrated a board 1in. thick. The projectile is seen on the right.

The converse of this experiment was to fire a hard object at a vessel full of water. As missile I selected a brass slug sawn off the end of a rod. My target was a biscuit-box filled to

FIG. 6.—This tin was filled with water and struck by a brass slug, which passed clean through, compressing the water so that its recoil bulged out the tin into a barrel shape. The white lines indicate the corners of the box.

FIG. 7.—The same tin seen sideways.

the brim. The slug, somewhat to my surprise, went clean through; but the water, being slightly compressed, gave a vicious outward kick, which distended the box into a barrel shape (Figs. 6 and 7). In this case there was no lid on the box. I might mention that a candle fired at another box with a tight-fitting lid did not pierce the metal at all, the impact merely causing compression, which ripped the box open very completely.

Next came three experiments with paper projectiles, made of pieces of newspaper rolled up into cylinders soft enough to be squeezed oval with the fingers. Two magazines, each half an inch thick, tied back to back, formed the first target (Fig. 8). The gun sent the missile through this very easily, punching out paper discs increasing in diameter towards the exit. The cylinder itself was spread at the business end into a form suggesting a tree (Fig. 9). A second paper projectile failed to get through the thinner iron plate, but was telescoped as shown in Fig. 2, the ends becoming very hard. A third, fired from the rifle, pierced a one-inch plank.

Among other projectiles used was a cylindrical piece of rubber. This had not

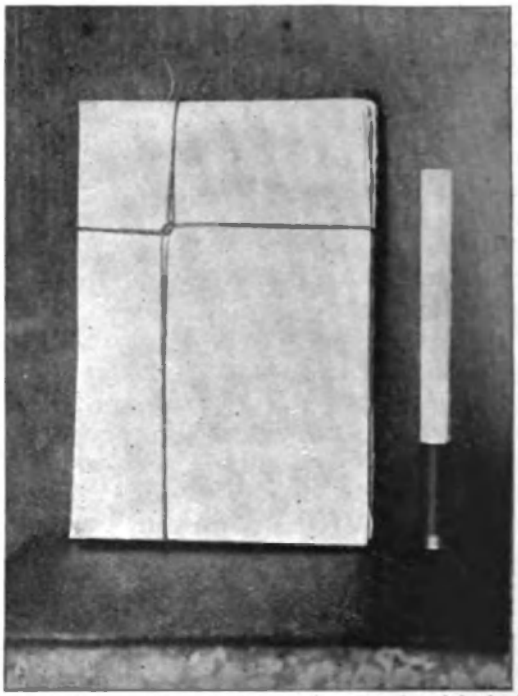


FIG. 8.—Two magazines tied together. On the right is the projectile made of paper twisted into a cylinder.

FIG. 9.—The magazines and projectile after discharge. Note the discs of paper of graduated size punched out of the magazines.

FIG. 10.—On the left are small lumps of lead, resulting from the fusing together of shot on striking an iron plate. The lump marked A is as heavy as twelve shot.

the least effect on wood, as one might have anticipated in view of its elastic qualities; but, curiously enough, its resiliency appeared to be destroyed by the shock, as in each of three trials it was found lying a few inches from the target. A possible explanation is that the thick felt wad behind prevented any rebound.

The only projectile which pierced the thicker iron plate was a brass slug. This punched a neat hole (Fig. 1), the part removed being embedded in a thick plank behind, through which the slug almost penetrated. Even shot were resisted by the plate, though they made a deep dent in it. This experiment illustrated very prettily the conversion of one form of energy into another. Below the plate I found some small pieces of lead, which proved to be the shots fused together owing to the energy of motion being suddenly converted into heat. For the same reason a leaden bullet fired at a steel target melts and splashes in all directions. Fig. 10 shows the fused lead lumps, and also shot in its intact condition.

A charge of shot passed through a three-inch balk (Fig. 11). On another occasion I sent a charge through a railway-sleeper. In that instance the felt wad ran up a crack in the wood flattening itself out into a continuous ribbon about nine inches long.

My last experiment was with the wads alone. These pierced a chocolate-box and a thin board behind, some five-eighths of an inch in all (Fig. 12). It is, therefore, not without good reason that during sham-fights combatants are forbidden to fire over the heads of men anywhere near. I was told recently of a rifle man who accidentally discharged a blank cartridge while the muzzle of his rifle pointed to his foot. The wad went through the stout upper and sole, but, fortunately, just missed his toes!

FIG. 11.—A 3in. beam penetrated by shot.

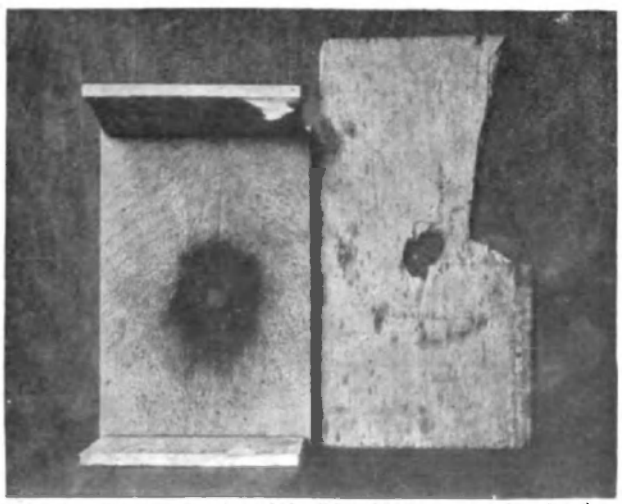


FIG. 12.—Three wads pierced the lid and bottom of a chocolate-box and also a thin plank behind it, making a total of 5-8in. of wood.

THE GREAT JOURNEY.

By J. J. Bell.

I.

"COME awa', Peter," said Mrs. Peebles, a little sharply. "Ye're late for yer tea again! Whaur ha'e ye been since denner-time? Eh?"

The old man entered the kitchen smiling, and seated himself at the table without reply.

"Ha'e ye been doon at the docks again?" his wife inquired, as she removed the brown teapot from the hob to the bright green woolly mat on the table.

"Jist that," said Mr. Peebles, mildly.

Mrs. Peebles made an impatient gesture, but checked an impatient remark. "Ask a blessin', Peter," she said, quietly.

Peter obeyed, and then attacked the buttered toast with a hearty appetite.

Presently he looked at his wife, still smiling, and observed:—

"It's an ill thing to manage is a young hert in an auld body, Bess. Is it no?"

"Tits!" muttered Mrs. Peebles. "You an' yer auld body!"

Mr. Peebles finished his slice of toast and helped himself to another.

"I suppose ye've been thinkin'," he resumed, "it wis a peety I ever retired frae wark. I used to be as reg'lar as the clock, but noo I'm aye late for ma tea, as ye say. Ay, I doot I'll ha'e to try an' get anither job, Bess. Whit think ye?"

"I think ye're jist a haver!"

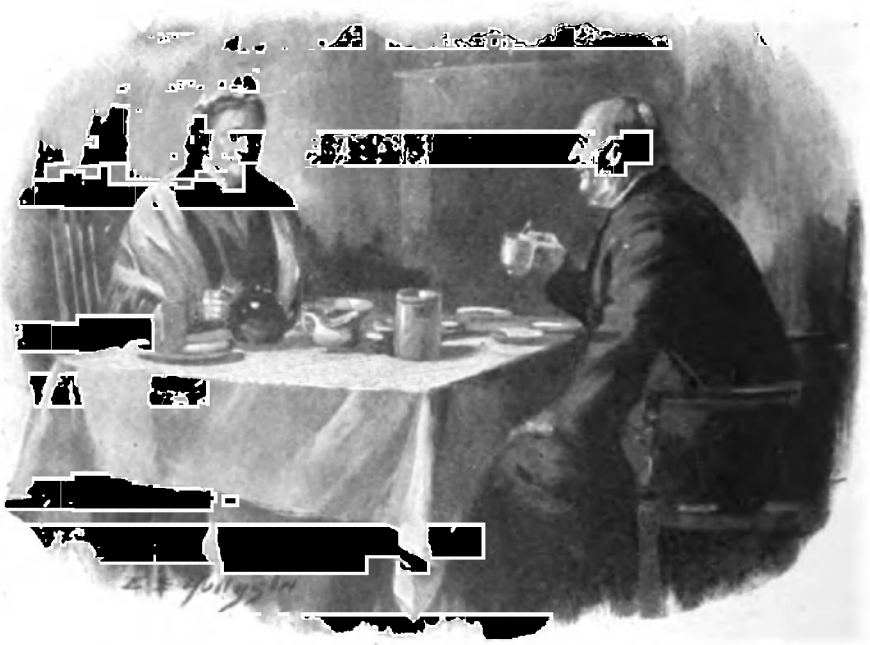
"I doot I wudna get anither foresman's job, an' I'm feart Maister Harvey wud think it gey queer if I wis to wark for ither folk an' draw a pension frae his firm—an' a guid pension forbye. But it'll never dae for you to ha'e a man that's drappin' intil irreg'lar habits, as they say; an' so ye've jist got to say the word, Bess, an' I'll——"

"Oh, haud yer tongue, man, haud yer tongue!" cried Mrs. Peebles. "But—but I ken ye're no serious."

"I'm no sae shair aboot that. I'm maybe three-score an' ten, but I've better health an' mair strength nor mony o' fifty. 'Deed, ay! I wis helpin' some lads doon at the docks the day at a big vessel that wis dischairgin' wudd, an'——"

"Ye wis whit?"

"Och, naethin'. Never heed."



"'OH, HAUD YER TONGUE, MAN, HAUD YER TONGUE!' CRIED MRS. PEEBLES."

"Whit wis ye daein' at the docks the day, Peter?" his wife demanded, with great firmness.

"Oh, jist—a—jist gi'ein' some lads a haun', ye ken," said the old man, unwillingly.

"Liftin' wudd?"

"'Mphm! That wis aboot the size o' 't. I maun dae something, ye ken. I'm ower strong to dae naethin'."

Mrs. Peebles threw up her hands in horror. "Liftin' wudd at the docks!" she wailed. "Peter Peebles, whit am I to dae wi' ye?"

"Dinna fash yersel', Bess," he returned. "I'm no that easy hurtit. Some o' the lads wis tellin' me stories aboot their traivels, an'——"

"Lees, I suppose! I wudna believe onything I heard doon at the docks."

"Wis ye ever there?"

"Never! An' I hope I'll never be!"

"Och, wumman, ye needna be that severe," said the old man, reproachfully. "Ye ken I like to hear aboot furrin pairts. Books is guid enough in their wey, but there's naethin' like the story frae the mooth o' the man that has seen the strange places and the strange things."

"But ye needna he liftin' wudd doon at the docks, Peter," said his wife, more gently. "I ken ye're daft to hear aboot strange places an' strange sichts, but—but—liftin' wudd! Oh, dearie me!"

"Aweel, I'll no dae 't again," Mr. Peebles returned, with an effort at cheerfulness. "I wis speakin' to a captain the day, an' he said he wud tak' me hauf roon' the warld an' back for twinty-five pound."

"I wud like to ha'e three words wi' that captain!" murmured Mrs. Peebles.

"He said he wud tak' the twa o' us for forty," continued Peter, mildly. "Eh! but it wud be a graun' thing to see the warld, Bess! Wud it no?"

"Ye're lettin' yer tea get cauld. An' whaur's yer forty pound?"

Peter smiled rather sadly.

His wife softened. "'Deed, Peter, ye may weel talk o' a young hert in an auld body—I'll no say a young heid on auld shoothers. Ye've havered aboot seein' the warld since I first kent ye; an' that's near fifty year back. I'm shair we've been rale happy in Glesca. Aye plenty to eat, an' a warm wee hoose to bide in; bairns that ha'e growed up to mak' us prood—a' daein' weel, an' happy mairrit; guid health for us baith, an' wur auld age providet for. Whit mair dae ye want, Peter?"

"I suppose ye're richt, Bess, I suppose ye're richt," he replied. "I suppose I'd better stop gaun doon aboot the docks. It's the ships that gi'e me the cravin', nae doot. I wisna as bad when I hadna time to hing aboot the docks, wis I?"

"Ye maybe didna speak sae often aboot seein' the warld," she admitted. "But ye dinna mean to tell me, Peter, that ye wud gang doon to the sea in a ship noo if ye had the siller?"

"I wud gang roon' the warld," he said, slowly, "if ye wud come wi' me."

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "Wud ye ha'e us leave wur hame—an' maybe never come back—at wur time o' life?"

"We're no that auld. We're no ower auld to enjey wursel's."

"Weel, I never! Fancy twa auld buddies like us yins gaun roon' the warld! I yinst gaed roon' the warld wi' a maygic lantren in the kirk ha'—an' that wis enough for me."

Mr. Peebles laughed good-humouredly. "Ye wud shin come wi' me if we had the siller. Weel, dae ye want me to stop gaun aboot the docks, Bess?" he asked.

"Havers! But dinna get cairrit awa' in yin o' the ships, Peter. An' nae mair liftin' wudd, if ye please! See's yer cup, an' eat up yer toast. Dearie me! Talkin' aboot gaun roon' the warld, an' him jist seeventy! Aw, ye'll ha'e to bide wi' me a whiley yet, Peter—till ye grow up."

Mrs. Peebles laughed at her own little irony, and her husband took it kindly.

"But it's a peety," he said, thoughtfully, "to leeve in a fine, big warld an' see hardly onything furder nor yer ain doorstep. I'm thinking the Lord'll he a wee thing vexed at the Day o' Judgment wi' the rich folk that aye stoppit at hame. We'll ha'e a guid excuse, Bess; but I doot some rich folk, unless they're blin' or lame, 'll feel gey sma' when the Lord speirs at them hoo they liket the wonders in Ameriky an' Jamaicy an' Fiji an' Greenland an' Australia an' Japan an'——"

"Ye've been readin' ower muckle aboot furrin pairts," said Mrs. Peebles, severely. "An' ye sudna talk o' the Day o' Judgment as if it wis gaun to be a time for jography clesses an' the like. Ha'e some jeelly."

II.

ONE spring evening a little less than six months after the foregoing conversation Peter came home—rather late, as usual—from the docks, to learn that he was the legal heir to a sum of nearly two thousand pounds. He could but faintly remember the brother whose death abroad had brought him the wealth, but any doubts he had as to his good fortune were speedily cleared away by the firm of lawyers acting in the matter. The money was clearly Peter's, and he could have it almost immediately.

Mrs. Peebles, after the first emotion, accepted the windfall calmly. She and Peter had already enough to live on; the money would be a fine thing for their children and grandchildren. Peter agreed with her entirely — or almost so.

"But whit in a' the warld dae ye want to

keep fower hunner pounds for?" asked Mrs. Peebles, one night, some weeks after the advent of the fortune. "We canna dae onything wi' it. I'm no sayin' ye've dealt onything but generous-like wi' the bairns, but they micht as weel get the hale thing, fur it's nae use to you an' me."

Peter chuckled.

"Is't no?" he said. "D'ye ken, wife, that ye can gang roon' the warld, first-cless, for twa hunner pounds? An' twice twa is fower—that's you an' me! Eh?"

Mrs. Peebles regarded him with a stunned expression. She had no words.

"'THEY SAY,' WENT ON PETER, 'THAT EVERYTHING COMES TIL HIM THAT WAITS.'"

"They say," went on Peter, "that everything comes til him that waits, an' I'm no gaun to deny it. I've waited since I was a laddie at the schule, an'—an' the thing has come at last. We're gaun to see the wunnerfu' warld, Bess; we're gaun to gang richt roon' it an' enjey it in wur auld 'age. It'll gi'e us anither ten year o' life. It wull that! Eh, Bess?"

"Oh, Peter!" whispered his wife, in a tone of awe.

"Is't no a great notion?" he exclaimed, exultantly. "It kin' o' taks yer breith awa' at the first, nae doot; but that's jist because it's sic a great notion. An' we've time to dae it. We're no like some puir rich folk that daurna leave their business in case they'll no be jist as rich next year as they wis last year. You an' me's independent, Bess! We'll gang roon' the warld wi' lichter herts nor ony millionaires! Wur wark's done, an' we're gettin' wur holiday! Eh, Bess?"

"Oh, Peter!" she whispered once more.

He looked at her. "Whit's ado?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, Peter, ye're no in earnest?"

"Ay, I'm in earnest. You an' me——"

"But, oh, Peter, I—I couldna gang; I couldna gang roon' the warld!"

Mr. Peebles looked his astonishment. "Are ye feart, auld wife?" he inquired, with a laugh. "Of course, it's a big job, but ye'll fin' everything rale comfortable an' commodious." He had already been studying pamphlets on World Travel.

She shook her head. "I couldna gang," she repeated, tearfully. "I couldna leave wur hame. I'm ower auld, Peter."

"Wha's haverin' noo?" he cried, struggling against a feeling of dismay. "Ye wis never in better health. Ye're jist in splendit——"

"It wud kill me," she said, wiping her eyes.

"Aw, ye'll shin get used to the notion," he said, after some hesitation. "We'll think ower it, Bess. But—but I wud like if we could mak' a stairt shin—next month, maybe. I wudna gang my lanesome, ye ken," he added, rising and patting her shoulder.

"Ye wudna get!" she cried, indignantly. "D'ye think I wud let an auld man like yersel' gang doon to the sea in a ship, an' maybe get wannert on some cannibal island?"

"Weel, I daursay I'll be gled if ye'll tak' care o' me, Bess. But—but we'll jist think ower it for a day or twa. An' if it's gaun to vex ye, we'll say nae mair aboot it. Eh?"

"I doot we wud be jist rideeclous amang a' the swell folk on the ships," she remarked later.

"We ken hoo to keep wursel's to wursel's," he replied. "An' we can pey wur wey. Ye needna be ashamed o' yer man, Bess."

"That's a stupid thing to say. Whit aboot gettin' sea-seeck?"

"That's a sma' risk on thae big steamers. Ye needna pretend ye're feart—you that yinst gaed to Cam'eltown on a bad winter day. But ye'll think ower it?"

"Ay; I'll think ower it," she returned, sadly.

And she did think over it; indeed, she could think of little else. The thing was so tremendous. It haunted her by night; it was with her ere she was fully awake, while she went about her household labours; while she knitted in the afternoon, when her man

"I kent ye wud," he said, with a gratified chuckle. "It'll be the time o' yer life!" he added, with enthusiasm.

"I doot—I mean I'm shair it wull," she replied, bravely.

"Oh, I'll guarantee ye enjey yersel', Bess. I jist wish I could mak' up ma mind aboot the best rout. There's that mony folk anxious to tak' ye roon' the warld. An' I'm disappintit aboot Greenland. I wantit to get a keek at Greenland's icy mountains, ye ken. But the boats dinna seem to gang that road. Ower cauld, maybe. But never heed. I'll

"SHE WATCHED HIM IN THE EVENING PORING OVER HANDBILLS AND BRIGHTLY-COVERED BOOKLETS."

was down at the docks; while she watched him in the evening poring over handbills and brightly-covered booklets, which he marked here and there with his pencil. She almost wished the money had never come to Peter, or, at least, that it had come twenty years earlier. . . . And yet Peter was hale and hearty, and the great journey was one that many weakly beings took for their health's sake. Perhaps she was a selfish old woman. Was her foolish fear to stand in the way of Peter realizing the dream of his life?

And so it came to pass that on the fourth evening she made up her mind and expressed it very simply.

"I'll gang, Peter."

Peter looked up from a tourist's guide.

gang roon' the offices the morn an' get information. An' ye'll get yer claes ready. I'm thinkin ye'll need white claes for the het places."

"White claes? Ye dinna mean that, Peter," she exclaimed, in an agonized voice. "Whit wud I dae wi' white claes? I wud be a—a perfec' sicht—a perfec' scandal!"

"Na, na. Ye'll jist be fine. I'll ha'e to get white things masel'!"

"You, Peter! Are ye gaun to play the buffoon at seeventy?"

"Ye get roastit alive if ye dinna weer white claes," said Mr. Peebles, easily. "A' the ither folk'll be weerin' them, so ye needna fash yersel'. Ye canna weer a black dolman at the Equator"

Mrs. Peebles collapsed, speechless.

"Ye'll shin get used to the notion," said her husband, reassuringly.

But the "white claes" seemed to be the last straw to Bess. "I've aye been respectable, onywey," she said to herself, bitterly.

A week passed ere Mr. Peebles could decide upon the details of the journey. Then, one afternoon, he announced that, instead of going down to the docks, he would proceed to the tourist agency and engage passages. His wife heard him with averted face. She looked pale and worn, but he was too excited to observe it.

"Peter," she whispered, as he left the kitchen, eager as a schoolboy on the first hour of holidays.

He did not hear the whisper. He took his hat from the peg in the little lobby and opened the outer door. Then he remembered that the latch-key was hanging in the kitchen. He closed the door again and retraced the few steps to the kitchen. He had left the kitchen door open about an inch. A sound made him halt. Then he peeped in, his hand on the door. Then his hand fell to his side.

His wife was on her knees, her face in her arms, leaning upon her man's chair.

"Oh, Lord," she was saying, brokenly, "his hert is set on the notion. Dinna let me spile it for him. Dinna let me be feart ony mair, oh, Lord. Dinna let——"

Peter Peebles turned away and left the house noiselessly.

When he returned two hours later it was with a nervous and ashamed expression of countenance.

"Weel, Peter," said his wife, cheerfully, her face shining from vigorous washing, "I suppose ye've did the deed. The tuckets'll be a mile lang, I'm thinkin'."

Mr. Peebles smiled feebly.

"I couldna dae it," he stammered at last. "I doot ye'll never forgi'e me, Bess, but—but I couldna dae it. When it cam' to the bit I took fricht."

"Whit's that ye're sayin', Peter?"

"Jist that I'm feart to tak' the great journey. I turned at the office door. It wis like gaun to the dentist, an' ringin' the bell, an' rinnin' awa'. I lost a' ma courage. I couldna face the furrin pairts. I wantit to bide at hame," he faltered.

"Oh, Peter!" she cried, chokingly. "Ye're no gaun to gi'e up the notion?"

"If ye say we're to gang, we'll gang," he replied, vainly endeavouring to remember the rest of the speech which be had so carefully rehearsed. "But—but—I doot I canna face it, Bess. I'm ower auld. I'm——"

He sat down, and Bess put her arm about him.

His studied words failed him, all except the peroration. "Wud ye like a month at Rothesay, Bess?" he blurted out.

"HIS WIFE WAS ON HER KNEES, HER FACE IN HER ARMS, LEANING UPON HER MAN'S CHAIR."

LONG HAIR AND MUSIC.

By Dr. FREDERIC COWEN.

DR. FREDERIC COWEN.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

WHY is it that so many musicians, foreign musicians especially, wear long hair?

The question often puzzles me, and the more I think about it the less able am I to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the mystery. I should like it to be understood, before proceeding with my remarks, that I do not wish to denounce the custom *per se*; it is purely a matter of taste, and I will even confess that I have sometimes had feelings of regret that Nature has for many years past precluded the possibility of my ever being in a position personally to gauge the amount of additional success obtainable by luxuriant locks.

It is the *reason* for the prevalent custom that I have tried so long to get at. Is it because musicians are, as a rule, impecunious in their youth, and grudge the cost of a periodical visit to the hairdresser, and that the habit, once acquired, remains with them in later life? Or is it that the high artistic sense fills those who possess it with an abhorrence of barbers and barbers' shops—even when the latter are run on strict L.C.C. lines?

Or are they afraid that, like Samson, if once shorn of their locks, they may fall into the hands of the musical Philistines?

Or, again, is it a sort of trade mark of their art, imitated from their masters, who imitated it from *their* masters, and so on backwards? If this be the case, who was the first musician to set the fashion, why did he do so, and when did he do so? gives us more food for thought and further cause for research.

We know that in earlier ages nearly all mankind wore long hair, and it may be presumed that the musical people of the time did the same—one can hardly, for instance, imagine a bald-headed King David, or Blondel, the minstrel, without long, fair curls descending to his shoulders.

But the world has since gone through a long period of wigs of all sorts and sizes, and from the portraits extant of the time it would seem that musicians generally were content to abide by the prevailing custom. The moment the wig period ended, however, long hair seems to have claimed musicians for its own again, although ordinary mortals were content to cut their locks.

There are undoubtedly some types of head and feature that seem naturally to require an abundance of hair to put the finishing touch to them, and the knowledge of this fact may be intuitive in their owners. Look at Beethoven's massive head, to quote but one striking instance.

Although greatness, or even ordinary talent or merit, can scarcely be said to exist in an artiste in proportion to the length of his hair, yet there is no doubt that to the executive musician who is in personal contact with the public (provided, of course, that he has the requisite artistic ability) an abundance of hair

is an important, I may say almost a necessary, factor for his success upon the concert platform, or at all events for his immediate popularity.

All the great executive artistes I can call to mind who have possessed the power to attract, unaided, large audiences all the world over, and to fascinate and rouse them to great enthusiasm, have been the proud possessors of luxuriant heads of hair.

WEBER.

SCHUBERT.

VERDI.

WAGNER.

BELLINI.

ROSSINI.

TSCHAIKOWSKI.

GOUNOD.

CHOPIN.

SCHUMANN.

The portraits of eminent composers on this page show their tendency to short hair rather than long. The exceptional cases of Schumann and Chopin are dealt with in this article.

Paganini, Liszt, and Rubinstein, not to mention others of more recent date whose names will easily recur to my readers, are good examples. That these men would have been equally great without this additional attraction (shall I say "capillary attraction"?) can hardly be denied, but would they have had the same charm and fascination for their audiences?

I almost doubt it, and in proof of this I could name other artistes, equally gifted, who, eminently successful though they may have been in many ways, have quite failed to exercise this extraordinary and indefinable magnetism over the public through having elected, from choice or necessity, to appear like ordinary every-day mortals so far as their hair was concerned.

Is this because the public look for something out of the common or abnormal in the personality of the artistes they go to hear? Or is it (I hope my readers of the fair sex will not feel hurt) because the feminine portion of an audience, which without doubt contributes to the largest extent towards an artiste's success and popularity, is generally impressed with the beauty and singularity of a style of

coiffure which they seldom see indulged in by their own male acquaintances?

Under any circumstances there is undoubtedly some subtle connection between music and long hair, at all events so far as the executive side of the art is concerned; for if we examine the question closely throughout the generations which have passed since the wig period, during which period it was, of course, impossible to trace any hirsute eccentricities on the part either of players or composers, we find an exceedingly interesting and curious state of things existing among musicians as regards the fashion in hair.

The first point which attracts one's notice is that all, or nearly all, of the men who won fame chiefly as composers appear to have been short-haired men, while those who were equally or entirely famous as executants have favoured long hair.

A glance at contemporary portraits of the great masters of musical composition will show that this is no mere haphazard assertion based upon the personal appearance of only two or three composers. I have before me as I write portraits of such master-composers as Weber, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, Verdi, and Tschaikowski, and, with perhaps the exception of Chopin and Schumann, all of these were short-haired men.

Chopin, it is true, appears in his prime to have been blessed with locks of more than ordinary length, but it may be that he was only following the fashion prevailing at that time: while even if this was not the case, was he not almost as great an executant as he was a composer? If he rarely performed in public it was certainly not because he lacked the power to attract large and appreciative audiences, for Mendelssohn himself pronounced him to be "a truly perfect virtuoso" as well as a thorough musician, with a faculty for improvisation such as, perhaps, no other pianist ever possessed.

As regards Schumann, the only other long-haired composer of note, and, therefore, a seeming exception to the rule, it is, I think, merely sufficient for me to remind my readers that Schumann was an exceptional individual in many ways. That he allowed his hair to grow long was in all probability due more to carelessness and general eccentricity than to anything else. Absent-mindedness, spiritualistic tendencies, and eventually madness claimed this brilliant composer for their own. I must, therefore, ask my readers not to rely too strongly upon Schumann as a lever wherewith to upset the theory that short-haired composers are the rule and not the exception.

I could, of course, extend my list still further. In my imagination I see before me the keen, intellectual face of Bellini, with the forehead high and broad as befits the composer of such masterpieces as "La Sonnambula" and "Norma." The hair is short and curly. "Short and curly" describes also the hair of Rossini, whose "Guillaume Tell," "Semiramide," and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" will live as long as music has power to sway the hearts of men.

With the features of Gounod probably most of my readers are acquainted. If so, they cannot have failed to note that in him also we find a type of the short-haired composer. Indeed, in the later years of his life, Gounod was perfectly bald, save for the fringe of white hair which, together with his snowy beard and moustache, added to the beauty of a countenance which in other respects also was unusually handsome.

It is, from the standpoint of this article, somewhat unfortunate that the "short-haired" test cannot be applied to all those who are numbered among the greatest composers the world has ever known. Unfortunately, I cannot call upon Bach, Handel, Mozart, or Haydn to substantiate my theory, for they all lived during a period of wigs, which ranged from the majestic full-bottomed variety, as worn by Handel and Bach, to the somewhat "skimpy" bob-tail which was in vogue at the time of Mozart, Haydn, and also of Glück. Under the circumstances it is impossible to speculate as to the coiffures which these men would have favoured had they lived at a period when wigs were unknown or unfashionable. We can, however, surmise with some degree of correctness in the case of Handel, for we know that in his later years he was perfectly bald, so that presumably he could not have worn long hair even had he wished.

Again, if we turn to eminent composers in the present day, I think we shall find that most of these also, though "big-wigs" in their profession, are but very ordinary individuals if judged by the standard of their hair. Names will no doubt readily occur to all who are conversant with the personalities of the modern musical composers. Indeed, it would be no easy matter to name off-hand a living composer of note whose hair could, except by the exercise of vivid imagination, be described as long. In some cases the hair is curly, in others thick and stubbly, and in a few cases it is wavy, but in none

can it be said to be long, especially if judged by the standard set by the locks of contemporary pianists, violinists, and instrumentalists generally. Before, however, I proceed to discuss the case of executant musicians pure and simple, I would like to direct the attention of my readers for a few moments to that interesting group of musicians who have not only been eminent composers, but active and prominent exponents of their art as well, who have, in fact, in their own day, at any rate, been just as famous as executants as they were as composers.

It is interesting to note that in this division we can place without hesitation some of the greatest names in the history of music.

MENDELSSOHN.
From a Photo. by Brackmann.

BEETHOVEN.

LISZT—IN AGE AND YOUTH.

RUBINSTEIN.

Such names, for example, as Beethoven, Rubinstein, Liszt, and Mendelssohn are but a few of the many that suggest themselves to me as I write.

If I base my remarks upon the "fashion in hair" adopted by these men, and by the others of their class whom I have in mind, I am irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that practically all great composers who have been at the same time equally great executants apparently adopted the fashion of wearing their hair long.

Let us examine the individual cases I have mentioned, and we shall see whether my argument is supported by the facts or not.

All the portraits of Beethoven with which I am familiar depict him as the possessor of locks so luxuriant that they may well be described as shaggy.

Mendelssohn, according to his portraits, appears to have been endowed with hair that—even if we cannot describe it as "shaggy," or even as "thick"—was decidedly long.

As for Liszt, his patriarchal mane once seen must have been a thing to remember for all time; while in the case of Rubinstein, his hair alone would have made him a marked man in any assembly of ordinary mortals.

I trust I have now made clear the point which I indicated as to the "composer-executants" possessing long hair to such a marked degree that they are in quite a different class, for the purposes of this article, to the composers with their short hair, so that long hair would appear to be the inevitable accompaniment of great executive skill.

GRIEG.

The above portraits show that composers who are also great performers display a tendency to long hair.

Such being the case, and assuming the soundness of my previous argument, we should expect to find, in the only remaining class—that of executants pure and simple—the same, or an even greater, development of hair which apparently attends the composer-executant as a class. And what do we actually find? When I contemplate the portraits of the most eminent of living players, be they pianists or violinists, I find heads of hair of

PAGANINI.

such appalling luxuriance that I can only stand aghast and, like the small boy on the occasion of his first visit to a conjuring entertainment, wonder mutely "how on earth they do it"! The aureole-like effect of the hair which adorns the heads of some of our great pianists is striking to an extraordinary degree.

PADEREWSKI.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

Virtuosi of the violin exercise, I admit, greater restraint upon the expansive tendencies of their hair, but I cannot think of one, in spite of this, who, even after his periodical visit to the barber—for I presume that even a musician occasionally submits himself to be tonsorially tortured—could honestly be described as even "shortish-haired."

Ole Bull and Ernst were two violinists who particularly delighted in the length of their hair, while Paganini is an exceptionally good example of the same thing, for he coupled luxuriant locks with extraordinary artistic ability in a manner which drew huge audiences and made him a target for the shafts of the caricaturists of his day.

JOACHIM.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

YSAYE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Musicians such as those whose portraits appear on this page, better known as performers than as composers, are almost invariably long-haired.

Run through for a moment the names of all the living executants you can think of. It will puzzle you to discover a single one who is short-haired. Indeed, I very much doubt whether anyone who was not intimately familiar, at any rate by hearsay, with practically every living executant of the day could think off-hand of a solitary exception to the rule.

I must confess that the more deeply I probe into this question of "long hair and music" the more mysterious and puzzling do I find it. I have already, at the beginning of this article, hinted at various solutions of this musical marvel, but the answers I have up to now suggested are, to my mind, not by any means exhausted. Can it be that all the would-be Paganinis and Rubinsteins adopt the fashion of long hair on the principle that it is good to be equipped from the outset with all the apparently necessary physical attributes of an artiste on the chance of what success Fate may have in store for them at some future time? Or is it possible that an artiste finds in his spreading locks a ready means of displaying certain little mannerisms which he could not otherwise "work off" effectively upon his admiring audiences?

SAUER.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

SARASATE.
From a Photo. by C. Gerschel, Paris.

KUBELIK.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

Of course, all this is mere conjecture on my part, but that there is some subtle connection between long hair and the executive

side of music is, I think, made plain by what I have already written, though from what that mysterious connection comes, and from what period of the world's history it dates, it is difficult exactly to state. That the custom is of hoary antiquity seems to be certain, for we have incontrovertible evidence from the classics that, even in those early days, long hair was the distinguishing feature of the bards, who, of course, stood for our pianists and violinists. Furthermore, was not Apollo himself, the very God of Music, almost invariably dignified by the appellation, "long-haired"?

And what of the bards of a later date than that of which Homer and Virgil sang? Can we conceive a close cropped Druidical bard, or, worse still, a bald-headed one? We might just as well imagine Robinson Crusoe without his umbrella, or Chamberlain without his eyeglass!

One final reason for the custom I will put forward. It is a serious one this time, and is, I believe, the true solution of the mystery.

Religion and music have always been closely connected, in so far as the priests themselves in all countries were in every case the first to introduce music and to use it for religious purposes. Now, as long as any record exists, old-time priests have been long-haired men. To allow the hair to grow has been an accompaniment to religious vows from the world's earliest history. In the Bible itself many cases are mentioned of men who swore not to cut their hair until some religious vow had been accomplished. That is to say, they made their vow for God's sake and it was a sacred thing. Thus, in the case of Samson, when he lost his hair he lost his sacredness, and so his power.

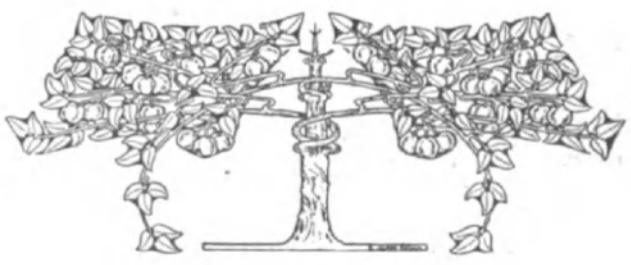
Thus priests of all nations used to wear long hair because they considered themselves, so to speak, dedicated to God, and therefore sacred. It was these priest-musicians who set the fashion for our long-haired musicians of the present day, for they taught their pupils and their imitators that music itself was a sacred thing, and that those who were exponents of it were, so to speak, high priests of music, and, therefore, under a sacred vow.

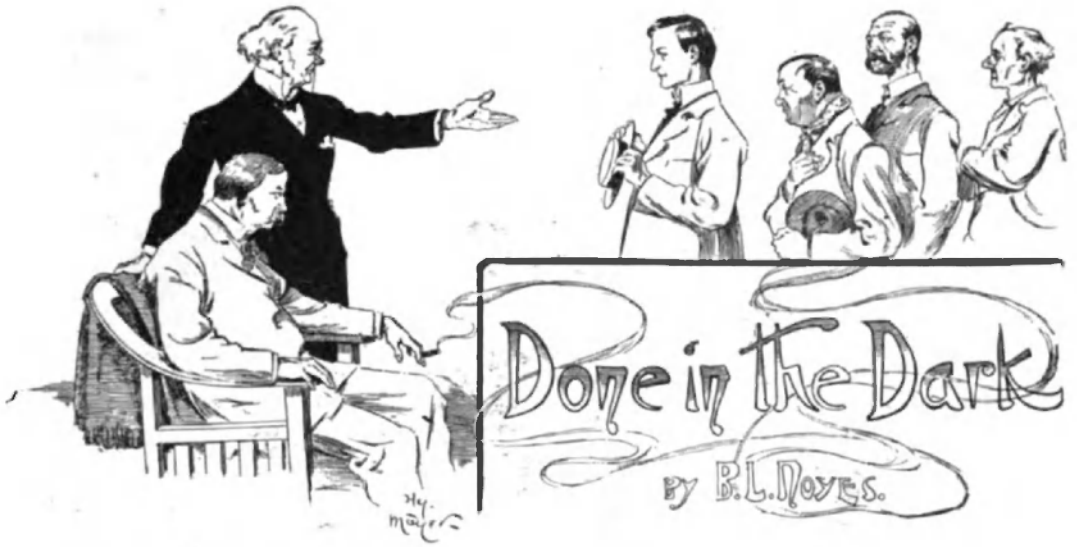
Nor when we look even more closely into the matter is music the only art whose "high priests," so to speak, wear long hair. There have been many cases of great artistes, great writers, and so on, who have gone about with their locks unshorn—in fact, long hair may almost be said to be the hall-mark of virtuosi generally, no matter what direction their talent takes.

At any rate, account for it as we will, we cannot get away from the fact that those executant musicians who have extraordinary heads of hair draw by far the largest audiences. Many, of course, will meet me with the objection that it is the magic spell of the music and the exceptional skill of the artiste which alone are responsible for these large attendances. But I opine that perfect mastery of an instrument and exceptional skill in playing are of themselves not sufficient to draw a huge audience. Something else is needed, and careful analysis and studious comparison of various artistes of practically equal calibre lead me to believe that long hair is what is really required.

It is, in fact, a case of drawing, as the poet sings, "by a hair," only from my point of view the poet's single hair must be raised to the "*n*th" power, till it assumes the proportions of a mane. In no other way can I satisfactorily account for the seemingly freakish penchant of so large a proportion of music-lovers and concert-goers for particular artistes.

Whatever the reason for the custom, I have no doubt that musicians will continue, to the disadvantage of the hairdresser and the delight of the street urchin, to wear long hair for many generations to come—perhaps until wigs once more become the fashion; and I will only add—what I hinted at in an earlier stage of my remarks—that, had Nature only been kinder to me, I might at this moment be numbered among long-haired musicians.





"WELL, how is it to-day, doctor?"

"Splendid; even better than I expected. There isn't any doubt about the success of the experiment now."

"Thank Heaven for that! My suffering hasn't been in vain, then."

"Nor my mental anguish," added the doctor.

"Nor the sacrifice of my ear," continued a third man.

They were in a room of the physician's residence. On two narrow cots, placed end to end, lay two men, their bodies strapped down, their feet extending in opposite directions, and their heads held close together in a plaster cast, so that they were immovable even for a fraction of an inch. This position they had occupied for several days, staring blankly at the ceiling or listening to a phonograph which an attendant kept going in the next room.

One of the men was understood to be a wealthy Southerner, whose object in coming to New York first became known when a reporter investigated an advertisement offering five thousand dollars for a healthy man's ear, of certain shape and dimensions, to be grafted on to the head of the advertiser. Among the several hundred people who professed a willingness to part with an ear in consideration of the sum mentioned was a young man who gave the name of Samuel Starr. After the physician in charge of the matter had declared Mr. Starr's ear to be perfectly satisfactory in every way a contract was drawn up, signed, and witnessed, and arrangements were made for the transfer. This was to be accomplished by severing the upper half of the ear from Starr's head, twisting it round, and grafting it to the head of the purchaser. If that part of the experiment proved successful the lower half was then to be treated in like manner, if not, the ear would still be serviceable to its natural possessor.

"This operation has been talked about so much that my reputation hangs on its success; failure would be a terrible blow to me professionally," said Dr. Spicer; "but everything seems to indicate that by to-morrow we can cut off the rest of the ear and release you gentlemen from your uncomfortable position. It will be a great relief to all of us."

"It certainly will. This Siamese Twin business isn't what it's cracked up to be. I suppose you feel the same way about it, Starr?"

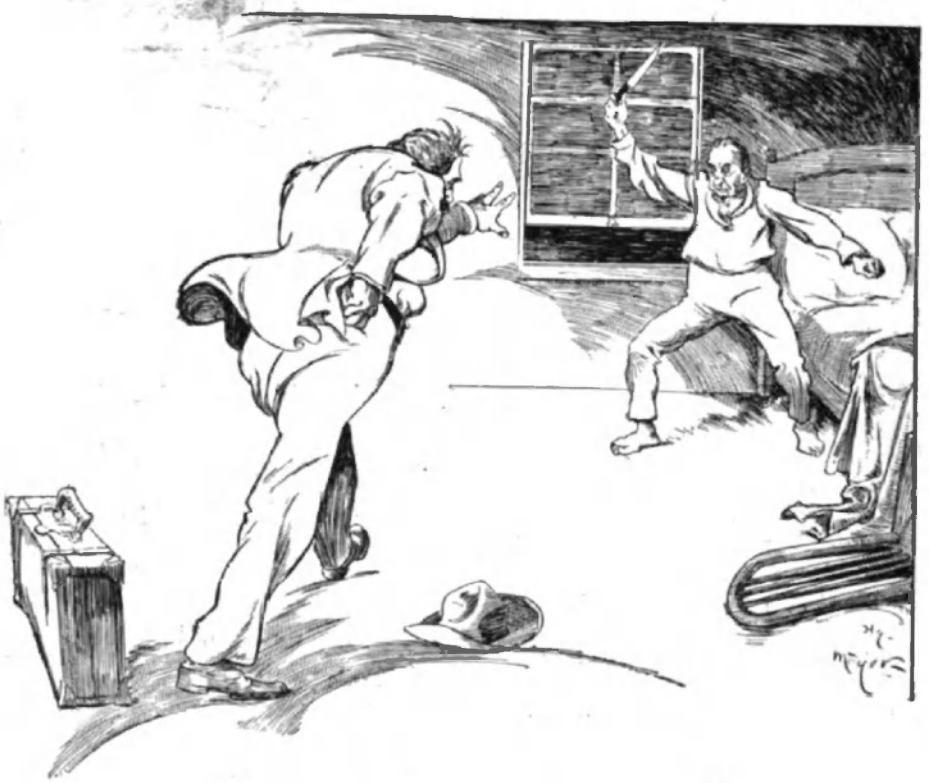
"Yes; that money isn't so easily earned as I thought it would be, but I'm satisfied."

"So am I. You can't imagine what annoyance and inconvenience I've suffered by not having two ears. I begin to feel like a new man already."

"These little things do count," agreed Starr, "and I've no doubt I shall be able to get another ear for a thousand dollars. By the way, are you ready to tell me how you lost yours?"

"That's something I seldom speak of, but perhaps you have a right to know. It happened down in Texas several years ago. I went back to my hotel late one night and

found another man in my room. The clerk had given it to him by mistake. When I went in the man thought I was a burglar, I suppose, and he attacked me. During the scuffle I turned out to be more than a match for him, so he grabbed a knife, made a slash at me, and cut off my ear completely. Then he came at me with more serious aim, and in order to save my life I was obliged to shoot. I missed him, but he was so scared that he jumped through a window and——"



"HE GRABBED A KNIFE AND MADE A SLASH AT ME."

"What was his name?"

"Holloway."

"What?"

"Holloway—T. Jefferson Holloway."

"Then you're Hiram P. Stevens?"

"Yes; how did you know that?"

"Oh, you scoundrel! No wonder you tried to keep your identity secret."

"Why, Starr, what's the matter with you?"

"Don't 'Starr' me! I'm no Starr. Washington, where's Dr. Spicer?"

"He done gone out, suh," gasped the amazed attendant.

"Send for him; and get him here in a hurry, too."

"Why, this is most——" began the wealthy Southerner.

"Don't you dare speak to me!" roared Starr. "If I had my hands free your life would be in danger. The thought that I have been lying here day and night joined to a murderer is enough to drive me mad!"

Fortunately for the peace of mind of both patients, the attendant found Dr. Spicer less than a block away and summoned him to return with all possible speed.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked, consternation written upon his face.

"This operation must stop, doctor," said Starr, white with rage; "you've got to undo what has already been done and restore my ear!"

"Restore your ear!" gasped the astonished physician. "But you can't go back on your contract."

"Contract—nothing!" shouted the young man; then he proceeded, more calmly: "My name is Paul Holloway. That contract is signed by Samuel Starr, and Samuel Starr has no right to sell my ear."

"But whatever your name is, you signed the contract."

"That makes no difference; and if you cut off the rest of my ear I'll sue you for damages."

"And if he cuts off my half of it I'll sue him for damages," retorted Stevens, heatedly. "It's growing on my head, and it's going to stay there. He's got to cut it off of either

you or me, and I swear I'll never give up my half of it. If you want it back, you can sue me for it."

"Try to be calm, gentlemen. I'm afraid this dispute will have a most unfortunate effect on both of you. What caused you to change your mind, Mr. St—Holloway?"

"I've just learned that this is the man who attacked my uncle in a Western hotel and drove him to his death. If it weren't for that fact, I shouldn't be so hard pressed for money now. You can easily understand, doctor, that I don't care to mutilate myself in order to repair the damage caused by my poor uncle in trying to defend himself."

"Well, I was only trying to defend myself, too," protested Stevens; "besides, it's all your own fault about the ear; if you'd given your own name in the first place, you wouldn't have been accepted for the 'mutilation.'"

"Well, here I am, and I've changed my mind," was the frosty response.

"But I haven't changed mine yet," retorted Stevens; "the bargain's entirely satisfactory to me."

"Then you know that contract isn't worth the paper it's written on."

"It was signed in the presence of reliable witnesses, and that settles it. If the operation hadn't gone so far, I'd be glad enough to let you off, for it isn't going to be any great pleasure to carry round your ear the rest of my life. But for you to back out now is out of the question."

"That's the way I look at it," ventured Dr. Spicer, trying to smooth things over. "You came of your own free will and made the bargain, Mr. Holloway, and I dare say you will view the matter in another light before morning. Think what a great help to you the money is going to be."

"I'll think nothing of the kind; my mind is firmly made up," was the curt reply.

"So is mine," reiterated Stevens, obstinately.

Dr. Spicer gazed at the two angry, helpless men.

"It puts me in an awkward position," he finally said; "I must think it over awhile."

"No need to think it over; the matter is already settled," persisted Holloway, "for as long as I have lung-power to rouse the neighbourhood, you'll not touch my head. I don't like to make trouble, but this is final."

"DR. SPICER GAZED AT THE TWO ANGRY, HELPLESS MEN."

"Satisfactory or not," mocked Holloway, "nobody would dare to cut off my ear against my will."

"The ear isn't yours, young man. Title to that ear passed to me when the contract was signed. I know some law myself."

"Well, I can't do anything now; I must attend to the rest of my patients. Try to

think it over calmly and come to a sensible conclusion, Holloway."

When the doctor returned from his interrupted round of visits he paced his office in deep thought. He was plainly troubled. Here was a beautiful bit of handiwork jeopardized by the crankiness of the material he was working on, and the more he thought it over the more he became convinced that heroic measures were called for. A grim look crept over his face.

"I'll do it!" he ejaculated, and struck his hands together to emphasize his resolution.

Late that night the doctor stole into the room where the Siamese Twins lay sleeping and skilfully chloroformed young Holloway. Then he roused Stevens and unfolded his plan. The latter gentleman chuckled audibly as he signified his approval. The lights were turned up, more chloroform was administered, and preparations to complete the work were soon made.

In less than an hour the operation was finished, Stevens was removed to another room, and the doctor dismissed his assistants and went to bed.

The next morning, before going to do battle with young Holloway, he called to see that Stevens was comfortable, and found that gentleman enjoying the relief from his nerve-racking position of the past few days.

"There'll be some fireworks when my other half sees you this morning, doctor; I'd give him his freedom by degrees, if I were you."

Holloway was just waking up when Dr. Spicer entered.

"Good morning, doctor. I want to apologize for the unreasonable way I acted toward you yesterday. This business has got on my nerves so that I lost my head. The operation may go on as soon as you're ready. I'm terribly hard up—right on my uppers, in fact—and so I must make the best of a bad situation, I suppose."

"That's the sensible thing to do," he replied, pleasantly. "You ought to sign the contract with your real name first, though."

"Just loosen my arm, then, and I'll sign it."

Dr. Spicer bent over and did what his patient asked. Then, after loosening the other bandages, he put the signed paper in his pocket, and said:—

"Now you can get up and stretch yourself, old man."

"But my ear? How can I?"

"HE PUT THE SIGNED PAPER IN HIS POCKET."

"Oh, that's all over; your ear's upstairs, and the sum of five thousand dollars is yours as soon as you ask for it."

Holloway stared at the vacant cot.

"I guess you stole a march on me, doctor."

"No; we caught you napping," laughed the physician.

"Well, I'll be hanged! I never knew I was such a sound sleeper."

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

By Walter Kruse.

MR. DAVID WILSON occupies a unique position. Not only has he had what may be termed a record for accidents, but also for coincidences, the remarkable thing being that they always happened on the same day of the year.

He was born on the Banwen Mountains, near Glyneath, in Wales, in 1846, and pursues the occupation of a coal-miner. On August 26th, 1857, at the age of ten, he fractured the forefinger of his right hand. When twelve years old, on August 26th, he fell from horseback and broke his left leg below the knee. On August 26th of the next year he broke both bones of his left forearm by stumbling, his arm striking the edge of a brick. On August 26th of the following year, when he was fourteen, he again broke his left leg above the ankle by his foot being caught under an iron rod, his body pitching forwards. Next year, on August 26th, he varied the fractures by breaking both legs, the right one being injured so badly that it had to be amputated. This accident was caused by a horse running away underground when hitched to a tram of coal, which caught him in a narrow passage and crushed both legs severely.

MR. DAVID WILSON.
From a Photo. by W. Kruse, Truro

He had had, therefore, five fractures in six years, and the last four accidents were in four consecutive years. All of these had occurred on August 26th. After this he thought there must really be some connection between the date and the accidents, and resolved to leave off working on August 26th, and accordingly abstained from work on that day for twenty-eight years, though working at other times of the year. But in the year 1890 he forgot the date and went to work as usual. The result was that he broke his remaining (left) leg for the fourth time. This was caused by a portion of the roof of the tunnel falling in while he was at work in Risca Collieries.

After considerable trouble I succeeded in tracing the man, when I carefully questioned him about his accidents and previous history. I found that he had lost the tip of his right forefinger, and he showed me the scars on his left leg below the knee, resulting from the last fracture, which was very severe, both the tibia and fibula being broken.

Since his last accident he has carefully avoided working on August 26th. He is still employed at the colliery.

The man is stoutly built, and must have had remarkable vitality to go through so many accidents and still retain good health. He is temperate in habits, and has been an abstainer for twenty-five years. He is intelligent, and able to give a clear account of himself and his family.

The number of accidents the man has had is wonderful, but by far the most remarkable fact in connection with his history is their all happening on a certain day in the year. If this had only occurred twice it might be simply a coincidence, but after occurring three times this idea is dispelled, and for an accident to occur six times on the same day and be a mere coincidence becomes almost a mathematical impossibility. It is only explainable on the supposition that some natural law is at work, and that this law is in some way connected with the earth's revolution around the sun, because the accidents always happened precisely when the earth reaches the same position in its orbit around the sun. It is very evident we have not arrived at the summit of our knowledge, and that there are causes and influences at work which are not noticed by the casual observer.

The Story of a Landscape During Twelve Months.

By John J. Ward.

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

(The Scene Depicted is Finham Bridge, near Stoneleigh, Warwickshire.)

JANUARY.—A heavy snowstorm has covered the roads and fields with a mantle of white, which the rapid thaw is dissolving almost immediately, while the brown remnants of last year's vegetation are again asserting themselves on the river's banks. The branches of the trees look black and grim against the sky, and show no signs of returning life. The one cheering note of the scene is the music of the robin, which sings sweetly from the ivy cluster at the side of the bridge.

FEBRUARY.—The scene has changed; irregular patches of fresh green now begin to decorate the water's edge, but fields and trees remain very much the same as they appeared before the snowstorm, and a bleak, cold wind blows that ripples the water and makes the pedestrian hurry along.

MARCH.—The water-current is not so swollen, and a delicate green tint enlivens the branches of the large willow tree at the back of the bridge, throwing into relief the dark-coloured branches of the alder in the foreground. Sunlight (the great engine which provides the motive power of all life) has commenced to play its part in the scene, and the little hawthorn bush that has been sheltered by the ivy clump and bridge throughout the winter months has been tempted to put forth some of its leaves, which shadow upon the bridge and remind us that the sun is really shining.

APRIL.—The oak and elm trees down the road begin to show their young leaves and blot out some of the white sky, while the willow goes on increasing its show of delicate green. The cold winds, though, restrain the developing buds from responding too freely to the occasional bright glimpses of sunshine. The lark, however, cannot resist them, and with every one it soars aloft from the neighbouring meadow and makes its sweet music heard. The yellow stars of the lesser celandine and the pale mauve blossoms of the ladies' smock, together with the wide-eyed dandelions, brighten the river's banks.

MAY.—The ash tree (which is much later in leafing than the oak lower down the road), on the extreme left, has begun to put on its summer finery, and the alder has awakened to the fact that it is time to be up and doing. The flowers of the ladies' smock by the water's edge are continually visited by the handsome orange-tip butterfly, which sips their nectar and then ungratefully deposits its eggs beneath them—which, later on, means that the caterpillars will feed upon their seed-pods. The predominating music is the bleating of young lambs.

AUGUST.—The keck's flowers are over, and their stalks have turned brown while the seeds ripen. Rank nettles jostle with the water figwort, whose meat-coloured flowers the wasp is never tired of visiting. Minnows throw the surface of the water into tiny ripples. Tortoiseshell butterflies flitter by the roadside, while the humming of the bees is incessant as they move amongst the rich blooms of the sweetly-scented meadow-sweet. But the atmosphere seems heavy and languid, and the rumbling of thunder foretells an approaching storm.

JUNE.—The background of sky so conspicuous in January and February is now almost obliterated by the rapidly-developing leaves. In the foreground a fine plant of one of the wild kecks has developed and added beauty to the picture. The strong smell of the may-blossom pervades the atmosphere, and a busy hum from a daily-increasing host of insects produces a new kind of music. The nightingale (too impatient to wait until nightfall) indulges in some notes that startle us by their variety and sweetness.

SEPTEMBER.—Much foliage has now more than completed its development, and many leaves are already showing their autumnal colours. Above the stream fluffy thistledown blows, and about its banks the mole has been busy throwing up many heaps of fine mould. The flowers by the water's edge have almost disappeared, strong clusters of nettles with tiny and unbeautiful green flowers predominate, and the few wasps that search amongst them for the late blooms of the water figwort seem sluggish, for the morning air is chilly for them.

JULY.—The scene has now reached the height of its glory. The ash on the left and the alder in the foreground are now both in full leaf; the keck plant has thrown up its umbels of white flowers high above the willow-herbs and grasses, and its blooms look handsome against the shadow in the stream. The music of the birds is comparatively quiet, but the humming of insects is greater than ever.

OCTOBER.—Red haws and hips now brighten the hedge-rows where once the blooms of the may and wild rose were found. Leaves have become browned and shrivelled, and here and there one flutters to the ground. About the river hang hazy mists that lift suddenly when the sun appears, leaving the grasses on the banks and the spiders' snares amongst them bespangled with glistening drops of moisture.

NOVEMBER.—In the photograph the landscape has now almost reproduced the May picture, but in reality it presents a very different appearance. In May a fresh, bright green enlivened trees and grasses, and everything was full of music and the joyousness of life; now that cup of life is draining out its last dregs, while a mournful quietness reigns around, broken only occasionally by the strong wind that shakes the branches and showers down the brown leaves to thicken the leafy carpet that covers the ground. Heavy rains have swollen the stream, and near the water's edge deposits of clean sand mark the line to which the river reached the previous day. Strangely-coloured and weird-looking toad-stools haunt the river's banks where once the celandine and dandelion showed their golden yellow; but with all the changes that sweet musician, the robin, remains.

DECEMBER.—Once again the bare branches stand out against the sky. The only green leaves now visible are those of the ivy clump, which during the leafy months seemed to sink into insignificance. Now, however, they have reasserted themselves; indeed, the richness of their green makes the ivy clump the bright and attractive centre of a landscape otherwise dull, for everything around looks cold and dead. Even the green of the grass has become so confused with brown stalks and fallen leaves that it has almost disappeared. The December sunlight has for a few moments smiled and cast weak shadows of the branches upon the bridge, which now are but rarely seen. The musical robin is absent, but two young male birds are vying with each other in praiseworthy emulation, though they yet have much to learn.

PIANO-PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.

MR. LESLIE POGSON, of Anwick, Sleaford, who is represented in the following photographs as an executant on the piano under various strange and trying conditions, is certainly well justified in calling his performance by the title of "Music under Difficulties." When exhibiting his abilities for the entertainment of his friends Mr. Pogson begins, as the first six photographs make sufficiently clear, by performing a difficult piece of music in attitudes with which most pianists are quite unfamiliar, going even so far, in one instance, as to dispense with the keyboard altogether and, removing the piano front, to play direct upon the hammers. An assistant then enters, and pretending that he wishes to write a letter, and that he is greatly annoyed by the musical solos, he shouts to the performer to cease playing. This having no effect, he throws two pieces of stick at the player, who picks them up and goes on playing with them instead of with his fingers, even when a table-cloth is spread over the keys. A quilt used in the same way fails to diminish the variety of his attitudes, and even when his hands are handcuffed and he is placed with his back to the instrument the flood of music still flows forth as volubly as ever.

Mr. Pogson states, among other interesting facts, that his most difficult feat is that in

AN EARLY VARIATION.

PLAYING WITH THE FEET.

PLAYING WHILE LYING ON THE FLOOR.

BACK TO PIANO AND HANDS OVER SHOULDERS.

OVER BACK OF PIANO.

PLAYING ON THE HAMMERS.

which he is enveloped in a sheet, as shown in the last illustration. His next most difficult performance is playing with the feet, as shown in the second illustration. "My feet," says Mr. Pogson, "seem to want to go anywhere but where *I* want them to, and altogether behave in a most exasperating manner." One night Mr. Pogson was passing unobserved through the crush of his late audience when he overheard the somewhat loudly-expressed opinion that "The whole thing was a fake, my dear. The man never played a note in his life; the piano is an automatic one!" The photographer did not succeed in portraying Mr. Pogson at that stage of the proceedings.

PLAYING WITH TWO STICKS THROUGH A TABLE-CLOTH.

PLAYING THROUGH A QUILT.

BACK TO PIANO, THROUGH A QUILT.

OVER BACK OF PIANO, THROUGH A QUILT.

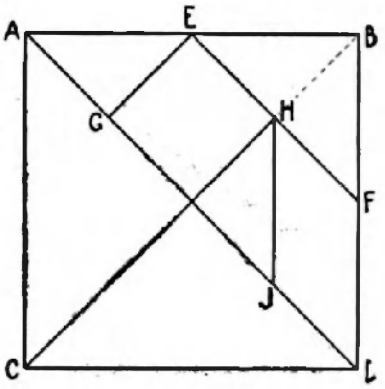
BACK TO PIANO, WITH HANDS BOUND AT THE WRISTS.

ENVELOPED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN A SHEET.

EUCLID INEBRIATED.

ILLUSTRATED BY PECULIAR PROPOSITIONS BY LOUIS NIKOLA.

FOR the purpose of demonstration, all that is required is a square of blackened card, divided as in the diagram herewith, in duplicate. Having accurately cut the square, which may be of any size from three to twelve inches, mark the diagonals A D and C B. Find the middle of the two adjoining sides A B and B D, and draw the line E F. Mark a point midway between the corner A and the centre of the square, and draw the line E G. Mark a similar point midway between the centre of the square and the corner D, and draw H J. If the square is now cut upon the firm lines shown in the figure, it gives two large triangles, one triangle half the size, two others half the size of that, and a square and a rhomboid. It is to be noted that the portion of the triangle diagonal H B, marked in the diagram by a dotted line, is not to be cut through. With the segments of the square so provided it is possible to construct an astonishing variety of figures, the discovery of which provides a fund of amusement in itself.



Let me begin by illustrating a touching story, with a moral: "The Story of the Unjust Lodger and the Virtuous Landlady." You will please suppose that the landlady has provided a bloater for the breakfast of the lodger. The lodger complained of the bloater. He said he respected antiquity, but did not admire that quality in relation to food. I regret to put on record that both parties so far forgot the natural dignity of their respective positions as to assume in their subsequent behaviour the mutually aggressive attitudes depicted in Fig. 3.

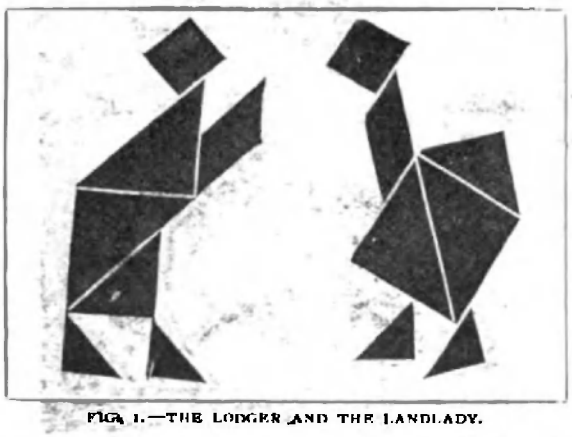


FIG. 1.—THE LODGER AND THE LANDLADY.

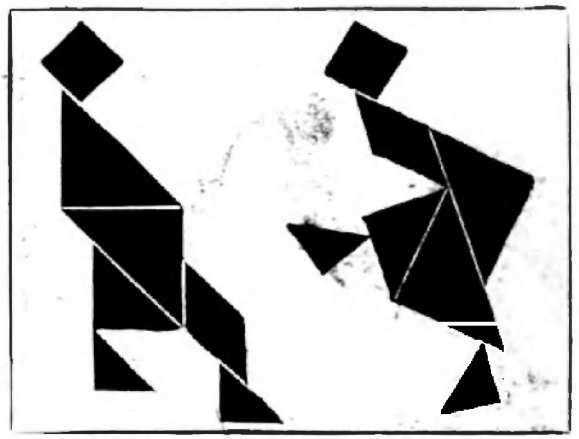


FIG. 3.—OFFENCE AND DEFENCE.

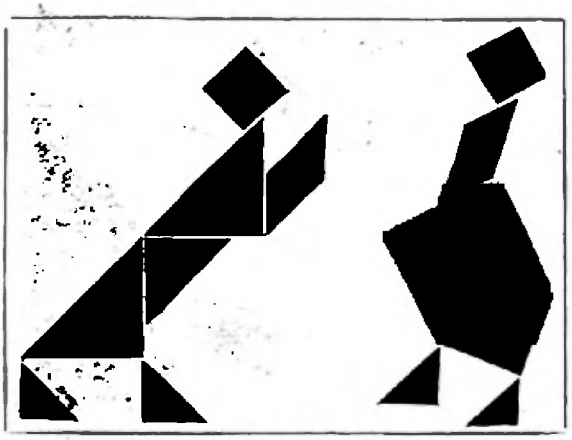


FIG. 2.—THE LODGER EXPRESSES DISGUST WITH HIS BLOATER.

This is the policeman called in—a type of all that is beautiful and noble in human nature; and the lodger was politely shown downstairs by "The Machinery of the Law," leaving a picture of tyranny chastised and virtue triumphant.

I will next endeavour to represent geometrically a short series of pleasing types of English sentiment.

4.—THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

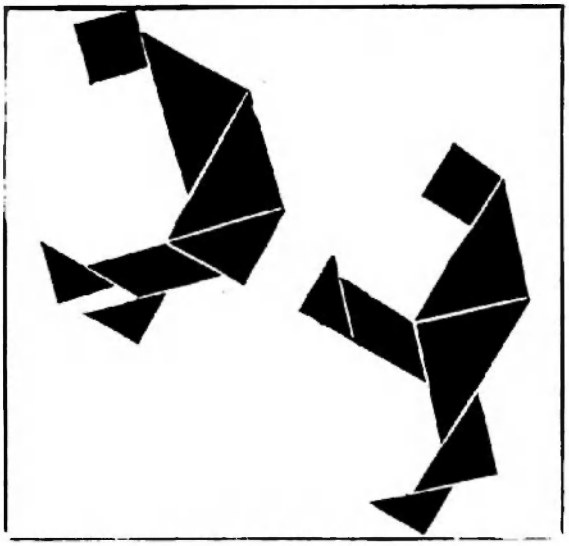


FIG. 5.—THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW.

In all cases, I feel sure, the underlying sentiment will directly appeal to sympathetic

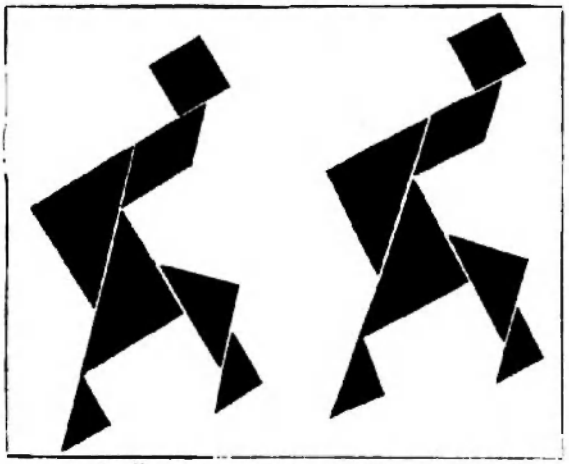


FIG. 6.—"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

natures and speak for itself. Here (Fig. 6) is a popular ballad pictorially illustrated, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Then comes (Fig. 7) a tableau from a murderous melodrama, "The Guileless Maiden and the Dreadful Duke."

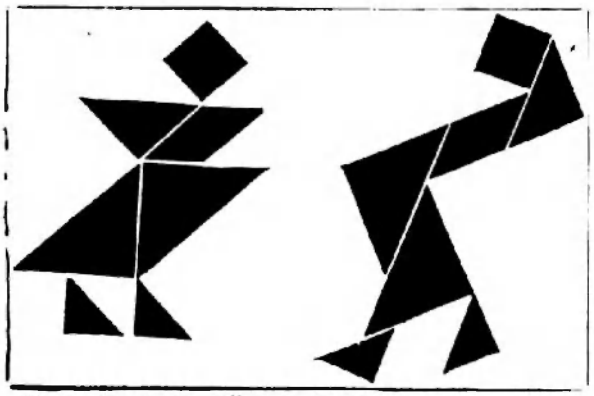


FIG. 7.—MELODRAMA: "THE GUILELESS MAIDEN AND THE DREADFUL DUKE."

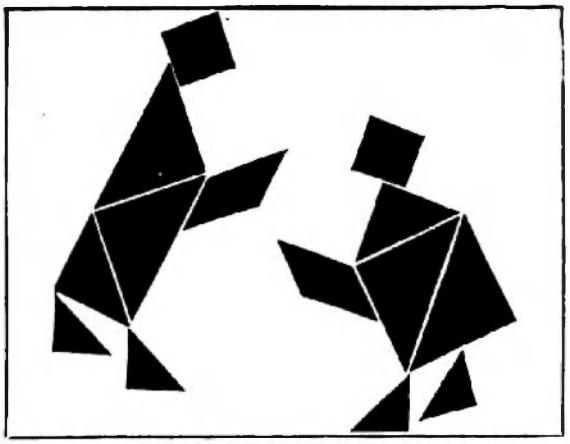


FIG. 8.—THE FISCAL PROBLEM.

Then we have two gentlemen engaged in a quiet, friendly discussion on the subject of the "Fiscal Policy" (Fig. 8), and next (Fig. 9) "Two ladies absorbed in discussing the interesting subject of dress during a lucid interval of a shopping expedition."

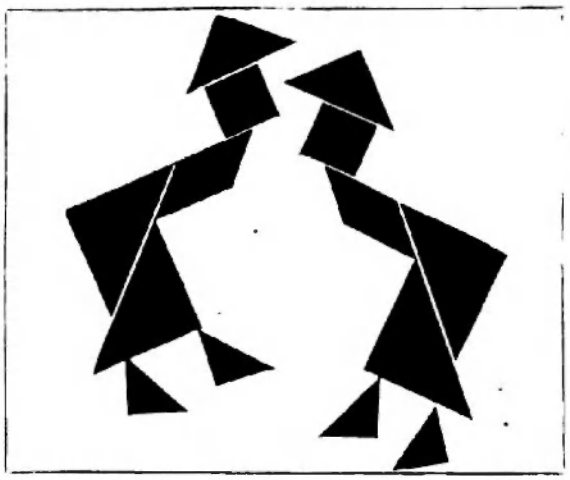


FIG. 9.—A FRIENDLY ARGUMENT.

Finally, we have perhaps the most successful of our series—two graceful modern dances (Fig. 10), the "Skirt Dance" and the "Cake Walk."

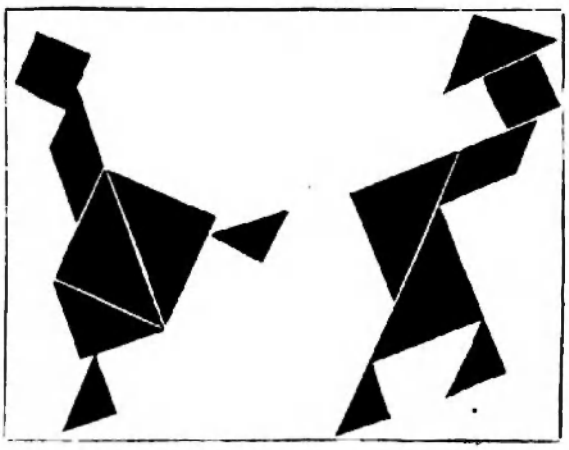


FIG. 10.—A SKIRT DANCE AND A CAKE WALK.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. Nesbit.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN you are young so many things are difficult to believe, and yet the dullest people will tell you that they are true. Such things, for instance, as that the earth goes round the sun, and that it is not flat, but round. Yet the things that seem really likely, such as fairy-tales and magic, are, so say the grown-ups, not true at all. Yet they are so easy to believe, especially when you see them happening. And, as I am always telling you, the most wonderful things happen to all sorts of people, only you never hear about them because the people think that no one will believe their stories, and so they don't tell them to anyone except me. And they tell me because they know that I can believe anything.

When Jimmy had awakened the sleeping Princess and she had invited the three children to go with her to her palace and get something to eat, they all knew quite surely that they had come into a place of magic happenings. And they walked in a slow procession along the grass towards the castle. The Princess went first, and Jimmy carried her shining train; then came Kathleen, and Gerald came last. They were all quite sure that they had walked right into the middle of a fairy-tale, and they were the more ready to be sure because they were so tired and hungry. They were, in fact, so hungry and tired that they hardly noticed where they were going, or observed the beauties of the formal gardens through which the pink silk Princess was leading them. They were in a sort of dream, from which they only partially awakened to find themselves in a big hall, with suits of armour and old flags round the wall, skins of beasts on the floor, and heavy oak tables and benches ranged along it.

The Princess entered, slow and stately, but, once inside, she twitched her sheeny train out of Jimmy's hand and turned to the three.

"You just wait here a minute," she said, "and mind you don't talk while I'm away. This castle is crammed with magic, and I don't know what will happen if you talk." And with that, picking up the thick, goldy-pink folds under her arms, she ran out, as Jimmy said afterwards, "most unprincesslike,"

showing as she ran black stockings and black strap shoes.

Jimmy wanted very much to say that he didn't believe anything would happen, only he was afraid something would happen if he did, so he merely made a face and put out his tongue. The others pretended not to see this, which was much more crushing than anything else they could have done.

So they sat in silence and Gerald ground the heel of his boot upon the marble floor. Then the Princess came back, very slowly, and kicking her long skirts in front of her at every step. She could not hold them up now because of the tray she carried.

It was not a silver tray, as you might have expected, but an oblong tin one. She set it down noisily on the end of the long table and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh, it *was* heavy," she said. I don't know what fairy feast the children's fancy had been busy with. Anyhow, this was nothing like it. The heavy tray held a loaf of bread, a lump of cheese, and a brown jug of water. The rest of its heaviness was just plates and mugs and knives.

"Come along," said the Princess, hospitably. "I couldn't find anything but bread and cheese; but it doesn't matter, because everything's magic here, and unless you have some dreadful secret fault the bread and cheese will turn into anything you like. What *would* you like?" she asked Kathleen.

"Roast chicken," said Kathleen, without hesitation.

The pinky Princess cut a slice of bread and laid it on a dish. "There you are," she said, "roast chicken. Shall I carve it, or will you?"

"You, please," said Kathleen; and received a piece of dry bread on a plate.

"Green peas?" asked the Princess, and cut a piece of cheese and laid it beside the bread.

Kathleen began to eat the bread, cutting it up with knife and fork as you would eat chicken. It was no use owning that she didn't see any chicken and peas, or anything but cheese and dry bread, because that would be owning that she had some dreadful secret fault.

"If I have, it is a secret even from me," she told herself.

The others asked for roast beef and cabbage—and got it, she supposed, though to her it only looked like dry bread and Dutch cheese. "I *do* wonder what my dreadful secret fault is," she thought, as the Princess remarked that, as for her, she could fancy a slice of roast peacock. "This one," she added, lifting a second mouthful of dry bread on her fork, "is quite delicious."

"It's a game, isn't it?" asked Jimmy, suddenly.

"What's a game?" asked the Princess, frowning.

"'IT'S A GAME, ISN'T IT?' ASKED JIMMY."

"Pretending it's beef—the bread and cheese, I mean."

"A game? But it *is* beef. Look at it," said the Princess, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes, of course," said Jimmy, feebly. "I was only joking."

Bread and cheese is not, perhaps, so good as roast beef, or chicken, or peacock (I'm not sure about the peacock. I never tasted peacock; did you?), but bread and cheese is, at any rate, very much better than nothing when you have had nothing since breakfast except gooseberries and ginger-beer, and it is long past your proper dinner-time. Everyone ate and drank and felt much better.

"Now," said the Princess, brushing the breadcrumbs off her green silk lap, "if you're sure you won't have any more meat you can come and see my treasures. Sure you won't take the least bit more chicken? No? Then follow me."

She got up and they followed her down the long hall to the end, where the great stone stairs ran up at each side and joined in a broad flight leading to the gallery above. Under the stairs was a hanging of tapestry.

"Beneath this arras," said the Princess, "is the door leading to my private apartments." She held the tapestry up with both hands, for it was heavy, and showed a little door that had been hidden by it.

"The key," she said, "hangs above."

And so it did—on a large rusty nail.

"Put it in," said the Princess, "and turn it."

Gerald did so, and the great key creaked and grated in the lock.

"Now push," she said; "push hard, all of you."

They pushed hard, all of them. The door gave way, and they fell over each other into the dark space beyond.

The Princess dropped the curtain and came after them, closing the door behind her.

"Look out!" she said, "look out! There are two steps down."

"Thank you," said Gerald, rubbing his knee at the bottom of the steps. "We found that out for ourselves."

"I'm sorry," said the Princess, "but you can't have hurt yourselves much. Go straight on. There aren't any more steps."

They went straight on—in the dark.

"When you come to the door just turn the handle and go in. Then stand still till I find the matches. I know where they are."

"Did they have matches a hundred years ago?" asked Jimmy.

"I meant the tinder-box," said the Princess, quickly. "We always called it the matches. Don't you? Here, let me go first."

She did; and when they had reached the door she was waiting for them with a candle in her hand. She thrust it on Gerald.

"Hold it steady," she said, and undid the shutters of a long window, so that first a yellow streak and then a blazing, great oblong of light flashed at them, and the room was full of sunshine.

"It makes the candle look quite silly," said Jimmy.

"So it does," said the Princess, and

"SHE WAS WAITING FOR THEM WITH A CANDLE IN HER HAND."

blew out the candle. Then she took the key from the outside of the door, put it in the inside keyhole, and turned it.

The room they were in was small and high. Its ceiling was of deep blue, with gold stars painted on it. The walls were of wood, richly carved. And there was no furniture in it whatever.

"This," said the Princess, "is my treasure chamber."

"But where," inquired Kathleen, politely, "*are* the treasures?"

"Don't you see them?" asked the Princess.

"No, we don't," said Jimmy, bluntly. "You don't come that bread-and-cheese game with me—not twice over, you don't."

"If you *really* don't see them," said the Princess, "I suppose I shall have to say the charm. Shut your eyes, please, and give me your word of honour you won't look till I tell you."

Their words of honour were something that the children would rather not have given just then—but they gave them, all the same, and shut their eyes tight.

"Wiggadil yougadoo begadee leegadeeve nowgadow?" said the Princess, rapidly; and they heard the swish of her silk train moving across the room. Then there was a creaking, rustling noise.

"She's locking us in!" cried Jimmy.

"Your word of honour!" gasped Gerald.

"Oh, do be quick!" moaned Kathleen.

"You may look," said the voice of the Princess. And they looked. The room was not the same room; yet—yes, the starry, vaulted blue ceiling was there, and under it half-a-dozen feet of the dark panelling, but below that the walls of the room blazed and sparkled with white and blue, and red and green, and gold and silver. Shelves ran round the room, and on them were gold cups and silver dishes, and platters and goblets set with gems, ornaments of gold and silver, tiaras of diamonds, necklaces of rubies, strings of emeralds and pearls—all set out in unimaginable splendour against a background of faded blue velvet. It was like the Crown jewels that you see when your kind uncle takes you to the Tower, only there were far more jewels than you or anyone else has ever seen together at the Tower or anywhere else.

The three children remained breathless, open-mouthed, staring at the sparkling splendours all about them; while the Princess stood, her arm stretched out in a gesture of command and a proud smile on her lips.

"My word!" said Gerald, in a low whisper.

But no one spoke out loud. They waited as if spellbound for the Princess to speak.

She spoke.

"What price bread-and-cheese games now?" she asked, triumphantly. "Can I do magic, or can't I?"

"You can—oh, you can," said Kathleen.

"May we—may we *touch*?" asked Gerald.

"All that is mine is yours," said the Princess, with a generous wave of her brown hand, and added, quickly: "Only, of course, you mustn't take anything away with you."

"We're not thieves," said Jimmy. The others were already busy turning over the wonderful things on the blue velvet shelves.

"Perhaps not," said the Princess; "but you're a very unbelieving little boy. You think I can't see inside you, but I can. *I* know what you've been thinking."

"What?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, you know well enough," said the Princess. "You're thinking about the bread and cheese that I changed into beef and about your secret fault. I say, let's all dress up, and you be Princes and Princesses too."

"To crown our hero," said Gerald, lifting a gold crown with a cross on the top, "was the work of a moment." He put the crown on his head, and added a collar of SS and a zone of sparkling emeralds which would not quite meet over his shirt. He turned from fixing it by an ingenious adaptation of his belt to find the others already decked with diadems, necklaces, and rings.

"How splendid you look!" said the Princess, "and how I wish your clothes were pr ttier! What ugly clothes people wear nowadays! A hundred years ago——"

Kathleen stood quite still with a diamond bracelet raised in her hand.

"I say," she said; "the King and Queen."

"*What* King and Queen?" asked the Princess.

"Your father and mother," said Kathleen. "They'll have waked up by now. Won't they be wanting to see you after a hundred years, you know?"

"Oh—ah—yes," said the Princess, slowly. "I embraced my rejoicing parents when I got the bread and cheese. They're having their dinner. They won't expect me yet. Here," she added, hastily putting a ruby bracelet on Kathleen's arm, "see how splendid that is!"

Kathleen would have been quite contented to go on all day trying on different jewels and

looking at herself in the little silver framed mirror that the Princess took from one of the shelves, but the boys were soon tired of it.

"Look here," said Gerald, "if you're sure your father and mother won't want you, let's go out and have a jolly good game of something. You could play besieged castles awfully well in that maze. Unless you can do any more magic tricks."

"You forget," said the Princess, "I'm grown up. I don't play games. And I don't like to do too much magic at a time—it's so tiring. Besides, it'll take us ever so long to put all these things back in their proper places."

It did. The children would have laid the jewels just anywhere, but the Princess showed them that every necklace, or ring, or bracelet had its own proper place on the velvet—a slight hollowing in the shelf beneath so that each stone fitted into its own little nest.

As Kathleen was fitting the last shining ornament into its proper place she saw that part of the shelf near it held, not bright jewels, but rings and brooches and chains, as well as queer things that she did not know the names of, and all were of dull metal and odd shapes.

"What's all this rubbish?" she asked.

"Rubbish, indeed!" said the Princess. "Why, those are *all* magic things! This bracelet—anyone who wears it has got to speak the truth. This chain makes you as strong as ten men; if you wear this spur your horse will go a mile a minute; or, if you're walking, it's the same as seven-league boots."

"LOOKING AT HERSELF IN THE LITTLE SILVER-FRAMED MIRROR."

"What does this brooch do?" asked Kathleen, reaching out her hand. The Princess caught her by the wrist.

"You mustn't touch," she said; "if anyone but me touches them all the magic goes out at once and never comes back. That brooch will give you any wish you like."

"And this ring?" Jimmy pointed.

"Oh, that makes you invisible."

"What's this?" asked Gerald, showing a curious buckle.

"Oh, that undoes the effect of all the other charms."

"Do you mean *really?*" Jimmy asked. "You're not just kidding?"

"Kidding, indeed!" repeated the Princess, scornfully. "I should have thought I'd shown you enough magic to prevent you speaking to a Princess like *that!*"

"I say," said Gerald, visibly excited. "You

might show us how some of the things act. Couldn't you give us each a wish?"

The Princess did not at once answer. And the minds of the three played with granted wishes—brilliant, yet thoroughly reasonable—the kind of wish that never seems to occur to people in fairy-tales when they suddenly get a chance to have their three wishes granted.

"No," said the Princess, suddenly, "no; I can't give wishes to *you*—it only gives me wishes. But I'll let you see the ring make *me* invisible. Only you must shut your eyes while I do it."

They shut them.

"Count fifty," said the Princess, "and then you may look. And then you must shut them again, and count fifty, and I'll reappear."

Gerald counted aloud. Through the counting one could hear a creaking, rustling sound.

"Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty!" said Gerald, and everyone opened their eyes.

They were alone in the room. The jewels had vanished and so had the Princess.

"She's gone out by the door, of course," said Jimmy, but the door was locked.

"That *is* magic," said Kathleen, breathlessly.

"Maskelyne and Devant can do *that* trick," said Jimmy. "And I want my tea."

"Your tea!" Gerald's tone was full of contempt. "The lovely Princess," he went on, "reappeared as soon as our hero had finished counting fifty. One, two, three, four——"

Gerald and Kathleen had both closed their eyes. But somehow Jimmy hadn't. He didn't mean to cheat. He just forgot. And as Gerald's count reached thirty he saw a panel under the window open slowly.

"Her," he said to himself. "I *knew* it was a trick!" And at once shut his eyes, for he was an honourable little boy.

On the word "fifty" six eyes opened. And the panel was closed and there was no Princess.

"She hasn't pulled it off this time," said Gerald.

"Perhaps you'd better count again," said Kathleen.

"I believe there's a cupboard under the window," said Jimmy, "and she's hidden in it. Secret panel, you know."

"You looked; that's cheating," said the voice of the Princess so close to his ear that he quite jumped.

"I didn't cheat." "Where on earth——" "Whatever——" said all three together. For still there was no Princess to be seen.

"Come back visible, Princess, dear," said Kathleen. "Shall we shut our eyes and count again?"

"Don't be silly," said the voice of the Princess, and it sounded very cross.

"We're *not* silly," said Jimmy, and his voice was cross too. "Why can't you come back and have done with it? You know you're only hiding."

"Don't," said Kathleen, gently. "She *is* invisible, you know."

"So should I be if I got into the cupboard," said Jimmy.

"Oh, yes," said the sneering tone of the Princess, "you think yourselves very clever, I dare say. But *I* don't mind. We'll play that you *can't* see me, if you like."

"Well, but we *can't*," said Gerald; "it's no use getting in a wax. If you're hiding, as Jimmy says, you'd better come out. If you've really turned invisible you'd better make yourself visible again."

"Do you really mean," asked a voice, quite changed, but still the Princess's, "that you *can't* see me?"

"Can't you *see* we can't?" asked Jimmy, rather unreasonably.

The sun was blazing in at the window; the room was very hot, and everyone was getting cross.

"You can't *see* me?" There was the sound of a sob in the voice of the invisible Princess.

"*No*, I tell you," said Jimmy, "and I want my tea—and——"

What he was saying was broken off short, as one might break a stick of sealing-wax. And then in the golden afternoon a really quite horrid thing happened; Jimmy suddenly leant backwards, then forwards, his eyes opened wide, and his mouth too. Backward and forward he went, very quickly and abruptly, then stood still.

"Oh, he's in a fit! Oh, Jimmy, dear Jimmy!" cried Kathleen, hurrying to him. "What is it, dear, what is it?"

"It's *not* a fit," gasped Jimmy, angrily. "She shook me."

"Yes," said the voice of the Princess, "and I'll shake him again if he keeps on saying he can't see me."

"You'd better shake *me*," said Gerald, angrily. "I'm nearer your own size."

And instantly she did. But not for long. The moment Gerald felt hands on his shoulders he put up his own and caught

them by the wrists. And there he was, holding wrists that he couldn't see. It was a dreadful sensation. An invisible kick made him wince, but he held tight to the wrists.

"Cathy," he cried, "come and hold her legs; she s kicking me."

"Where?" cried Kathleen, anxious to help. "I don't *see* any legs."

"This is her hands I've got," cried Gerald.

"BACKWARD AND FORWARD HE WENT."

"She *is* invisible right enough. Get hold of this hand, and then you can feel your way down to her legs."

Kathleen did so. I wish I could make you understand how very, very uncomfortable and frightening it is to feel, in broad daylight, hands and arms that you can't see."

"I *won't* have you hold my legs," said the invisible Princess, struggling violently.

"What are you so cross about?" Gerald was quite calm. "You said you'd be invisible, and you *are*."

"I'm not."

"You are really. Look in the glass."

"I'm not; I can't be."

"Look in the glass," Gerald repeated, quite unmoved.

"Let go, then," she said. Gerald did, and the moment he had done so he found it impossible to believe that he really had been holding invisible hands.

"You're just pretending not to see me," said the Princess, anxiously, "aren't you? Do say you are. You've had your joke with me. Don't keep it up. I don't like it."

"On our sacred word of honour," said Gerald, "you're still invisible."

There was a silence. Then, "Come," said the Princess, "I'll let you out, and you can go. I'm tired of playing with you."

They followed her voice to the door and through it, and along the little passage into the hall. No one said anything. Everyone felt very uncomfortable.

"Let's get out of this," whispered Jimmy, as they got to the end of the hall. But the voice of the Princess said:—

"Come out this way; it's quicker. I think you're perfectly hateful. I'm sorry I ever played with you. Auntie always told me not to play with strange children."

A door abruptly opened, though no hand was seen to touch it. "Come through, can't you?" said the voice of the Princess.

It was a little ante-room, with long, narrow mirrors between its long, narrow windows.

"Good-bye," said Gerald. "Thanks for giving us such a jolly time. Let's part friends," he added, holding out his hand.

An unseen hand was slowly put in his, which closed on it, vice-like.

"Now," he said, "you've jolly well *got* to look in the glass and own that we're not liars."

He led the invisible Princess to one of the mirrors and held her in front of it by the shoulders.

"Now," he said, "you just look for yourself."

There was a silence, and then a cry of despair rang through the room.

"Oh, oh, oh! I *am* invisible. Whatever shall I do?"

"Take the ring off," said Kathleen, suddenly practical.

Another silence.

"I *can't*," cried the Princess. "It won't come off. But it can't be the ring. Rings don't make you invisible."

"You said this one did," said Kathleen, "and it has."

"But it *can't*," said the Princess. "I was only playing at magic. I just hid in the secret cupboard—it was only a game. Oh, whatever *shall* I do?"

"A game?" said Gerald, slowly; "but you *can* do magic—the invisible jewels—and you made them come visible."

"Oh, it's only a secret spring and the panelling slides up. Oh, what am I to do?"

Kathleen moved towards the voice and gropingly got her arms round a pink silk waist that she couldn't see. Invisible arms clasped her, a hot invisible cheek was laid against hers, and warm invisible tears lay wet between the two faces.

"Don't cry, dear," said Kathleen; "let me go and tell the King and Queen."

"The——"

"Your Royal father and mother."

"Oh, *don't* mock me," said the poor Princess. "You *know* that was only a game too, like——"

"Like the bread and cheese," said Jimmy, triumphantly. "I knew *that* was!"

"But your dress and being asleep in the maze, and——"

"Oh, I dressed up for fun, because everyone's away at the Fairwich Fair, and I put the clue just to make it all more real. I was playing at Fair Rosamond first, and then I heard you talking in the maze, and I thought what fun; and now I'm invisible, and I shall never come right again—never. I know I sha'n't. It serves me right for lying, but I didn't really think you'd believe it—not more than half, that is," she added, hastily, trying to be truthful.

"But if you're not the Princess, who *are* you?" asked Kathleen, still embracing the unseen.

"I'm—— My aunt lives here," said the invisible Princess. "She may be home any time. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Perhaps she knows some charm——"

"Oh, nonsense!" said the voice, sharply; "she doesn't believe in charms. She *would* be so cross. Oh, I daren't let her see me like this," she added, wildly. "And all of you here too. She'd be so dreadfully cross."

The beautiful magic castle that the children had believed in now felt as though it were tumbling about their ears. All that was left was the invisibleness of the Princess. But that, you will own, was a good deal.

"I just said it," moaned the voice, "and it came true. I wish I'd never played at magic—I wish I'd never played at anything at all."

"Oh, don't say that," Gerald said, kindly. "Let's go out into the garden—near the lake, where it's cool, and we'll hold a solemn council. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Oh!" cried Kathleen, suddenly, "the buckle: that makes magic come undone!"

"It doesn't *really*," murmured the voice that seemed to speak without lips. "I only just *said* that."

"You only 'just said' about the ring," said Gerald. "Anyhow, let's try."

"Not *you—me*," said the voice. "You go down to the Temple of Flora, by the lake. I'll go back to the jewel-room by myself. Aunt might see you."

"She won't see *you*," said Jimmy.

"Don't rub it in," said Gerald. "Where *is* the Temple of Flora?"

"That's the way," the voice said; "down those steps and along the winding path through the shrubbery. You can't miss it. It's white marble with a statue goddess inside."

The three children went down to the white marble Temple of Flora and sat down in its shadowy inside. It had arches all round, except behind the statue, and was cool and restful.

They had not been there five minutes before the feet of a runner sounded loud on the gravel. A shadow, very black and distinct, fell on the white marble floor.

"Your shadow's not invisible, anyhow," said Jimmy.

"Oh, bother my shadow," the voice of the Princess replied. "We left the key inside the door, and it's shut itself with the wind, and it's a spring lock."

"I'm—I'm——" said a voice broken with sobs, "I'm the housekeeper's niece at the castle, and my name's Mabel Prowse."

"That's exactly what I thought," said Jimmy, without a shadow of truth, because how could he?

"'YOUR SHADOW'S NOT INVISIBLE, ANYHOW,' SAID JIMMY."

There was a heartfelt pause.

Then Gerald said in his most business-like manner:—

"Sit down, Princess, and we'll have a thorough good palaver about it."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jimmy, "if we were to wake up and find it was dreams."

"No such luck," said the voice.

"Well," said Gerald, "first of all, what's your name, and if you're not a Princess, who are you?"

The others were silent.

It was a moment full of agitation and confused ideas.

"Well, anyhow," said Gerald, "you belong here."

"Yes," said the voice, and it came from the floor, as though its owner had flung herself down in the madness of despair. "Oh, yes, I belong here right enough, but what's the use of belonging anywhere if you're invisible?"

(To be continued.)

From Other Magazines.

THE BAREFOOT DEVOTEE CLIMBING SLOWLY FROM ONE KEEN KNIFE-EDGE TO THE NEXT, WHILE THE GREAT CROWD WATCHED IN AWE-STRUCK SILENCE.

CLIMBING A LADDER OF KNIVES.

AMONGST the Chinese there are still in existence various forms of self-torture and methods of voluntarily inflicting bodily pain and discomfort to atone for the sins of others and to make peace with the powers that be. The rungs of the ladder employed in climbing the ladder of knives consisted of twenty-four long, keen blades, edge uppermost. I can guarantee the sharpness of every rung, for each was critically examined by me before the ladder was hoisted into an upright position. The devotee completed the journey to the top and down again without apparent injury.—F. KNOCKER, F.Z.S., IN "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

A JUDGE WHO JOKES.

MR. JUSTICE MAULE, one of the most notable of the Victorian judges, is the prince of judicial wits. "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy," exclaimed a witness when cautioned by the judge. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Justice Maule; "but the question is how long you have been a widower."—L. TEMPLE GRAY, IN "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

LEAD MINING IN DERBYSHIRE.

IN that piece of country known as the King's Field, comprising the Wapentake of Wirksworth, anyone has a right to prospect for lead when and where he pleases, with three exceptions — he may not prosecute his search in a garden, orchard, or on the high road. This curious right came to light some years ago, when a descent of prospectors was threatened on a big estate, and the owner, to protect himself, was obliged to plant one of his meadows with fruit trees. Needless to say, when all danger of the invasion had vanished the fruit trees quickly followed suit.—"COUNTRY LIFE."

BARGAINS AT AUCTIONS.

THE auction-room is the prime place for bargains if you can find the time to watch and attend sales. Some of the finest gems that have fallen to my share have been spotted in mixed lots herded away with common stamps.

E. J. NANKIVELL, THE WELL-KNOWN PHILATELIST.

Once I found a very great rarity lotted as an ordinary rare stamp, and I felt sure, as it was known only to a few of us, that it would fall into my net. So I kept in the background and gave my commission to a dealer to start it at shillings, but to go as far as twelve pounds if forced to do so. But, alas! I was not the only Richard in the field. It was started, not at shillings, but at thirty pounds. I was not so fortunate as a fellow-specialist who, on a similar errand at another sale, got for eighteen shillings a rarity he was prepared to bid for up to twenty-five pounds.—E. J. NANKIVELL, IN "THE CAPTAIN."

"RANJI'S" ROMANCE.

IF I understand the matter rightly, it will be a case of poetic, as well as real, justice should the Indian Government sanction Ranjitsinhji's succession. It will certainly be a decision extremely popular with the other Princes of Rajputana, and naturally with the British people at home. People in England possibly regard Ranjitsinhji as a cricketer and nothing more. We who know him intimately know him as a man admirably fitted to rule.—C. B. FRY, IN "C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE."

A LION-SHOOT WITH THE RAJSAHIB OF WANKANER. RANJITSINHJI HAS HIS FOOT ON THE LION, ON HIS LEFT IS THE RAJSAHIB, AND ON THE LATTER'S LEFT IS RANJITSINHJI'S ELDEST BROTHER.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A "HAM AND BEE" SHOP.

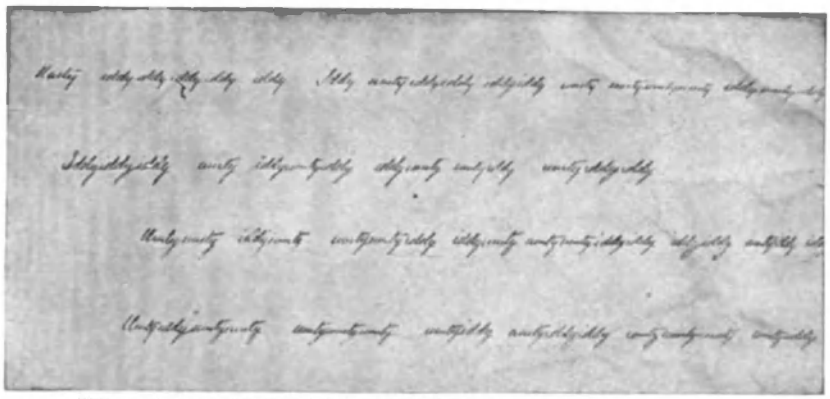
I SEND you the photograph of a shop at Herne Bay. The window offered the invitation shown in the print during the whole of last season, to my own knowledge. Herne Bay trippers are evidently careless of what they eat, for the photograph represents the principal "Ham and Bee" shop in the place.—Mr. John T. Day, 80, Elmbourne Road, Tooting Common, S.W.

A PLANT WHICH FLOWERS WITHOUT EARTH OR WATER.

THE weird bulb reproduced here, and known as Saumoratum Guttatum, or more familiarly "Monarch of the East," has the extraordinary power of being able to sit on a table or mantelpiece in mid-winter and, without earth or water, produce a huge flower eighteen inches high. Its only necessity is something to sit on. It belongs to the same family as the white arum lily, and the flower is like a tall, narrow edition of its white cousin, but is of a splendid yellow, richly spotted with velvety crimson. The bulb (which is not expensive to buy) is not unlike a large halfpenny or a small penny bun, and must be placed, without earth or water, on a mantelpiece. In an incredibly short time the flower will appear; when it has faded the bulb should be planted in the garden, where in spring it will throw up a stout stem two feet high, covered with dark purple spots, and bearing at the summit a huge umbrella-shaped leaf. Dig up the bulb in autumn, wash it and make it tidy and put it on the mantelpiece, and it will bloom just as before; in fact, the fascinating formula may be repeated year after year.—Mr. Clarence Elliott, White Webbs, Hadley Common, Herts.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

SOME time ago I met with a very serious accident. I was riding a bicycle from Heidelberg to my residence, when I was struck by lightning. The current made a hole in the back of my head and passed over my back and arms. My clothes were nearly burned off my body; one shoe was taken clean off. The drums of both ears are broken. The consequence is that I am very deaf. I send you a photograph of myself taken after the accident. I am fairly well now, although I had to keep my bed for six months. The only thing that troubles me is deafness and noises in my head. I consider it a most wonderful escape from sudden death. Photo. by F. W. Drirselmann, Heidelberg, S.A. — Mr. Herbert Bowker, Nigel, near Heidelberg, Transvaal.



AN ADDRESS IN THE MORSE CODE.

A CORRESPONDENT, name unknown, has sent us the curiously-addressed envelope which we reproduce here. The strange words, we are informed by the Post Office authorities, represent the sounds as made by the key of the modern Morse instrument. "Ide'y iddy" stand for "dots" and "umpty" for a dash. The envelope reached us as easily as if it had been addressed in the orthodox way.

A DIAMOND IN A POTATO.

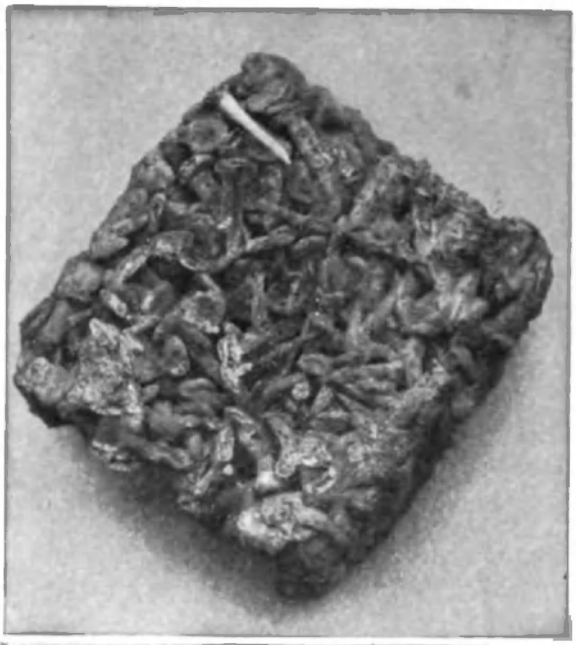
HIDDEN safely in an ordinary potato there reposed for over a year, undiscovered, a pure white gem valued at something over six hundred pounds. The fortunate possessor of this unexpected treasure is Mrs. John P. Riche, of Portland, Oregon. One day she received through the post a mysterious package with the South African post-mark. On unpacking she found that the parcel contained what looked like an ordinary lump of clay. The subject offering no more interest for the time being the spherical lump was placed on the drawing-room mantelpiece. Over a year afterwards, by some lucky accident, let it be said, someone knocked the clay ball to the ground, whence it rebounded and split in two halves, revealing a white, flesh-like substance which subsequently turned out to be an ordinary white peeled potato. This latter again split in half, and lo, out rolled a peculiar hard substance! Not knowing what it was, Mr. Riche submitted what looked like a pebble to a scientific friend of his, and to everyone's astonishment the pebble proved to be nothing less than a diamond of great value. Upon mature reflection Mr. Riche remembered that some years back, when prospecting in Alaska, he had run against a man very much down on his luck. Mr. Riche shared his provisions with him, and together the two endured the hardships of the place. The Riches are naturally anxious to get some news from this man, who they believe has sent them this magnificent present, and should these lines meet his eyes or those of anyone who knows him, Mr. Riche and his lady will be glad to hear from them.

A "SPEAK-PIPE."

THIS curious contrivance is built on to the rectory garden wall at Stockton, near Rugby, and illustrates an original method of education. The notice explains the objects of the "speak-pipe," and reads as follows: "Boys and Girls speaking up this Pipe the sayings and texts taught by the Ven. Archdeacon Colley (Dio. Natal), Rector of Stockton, Warwickshire, will, as a First Reward, have roll down to them (in an Orange or an Apple), a Penny on holding their hands below the mouth-piece of the Pipe up which they speak. And when twelve sayings have been said each speaker — shewing by good behaviour that what is learned has been outwrought in daily life—will then have One Shilling, and know how much more than Pelf, Pence or Pounds, shall further follow the doing of what the wisdom spoken through the Speak-Pipe teaches should be done."—Mr. W. Wilson, 16, Parade, Leamington.

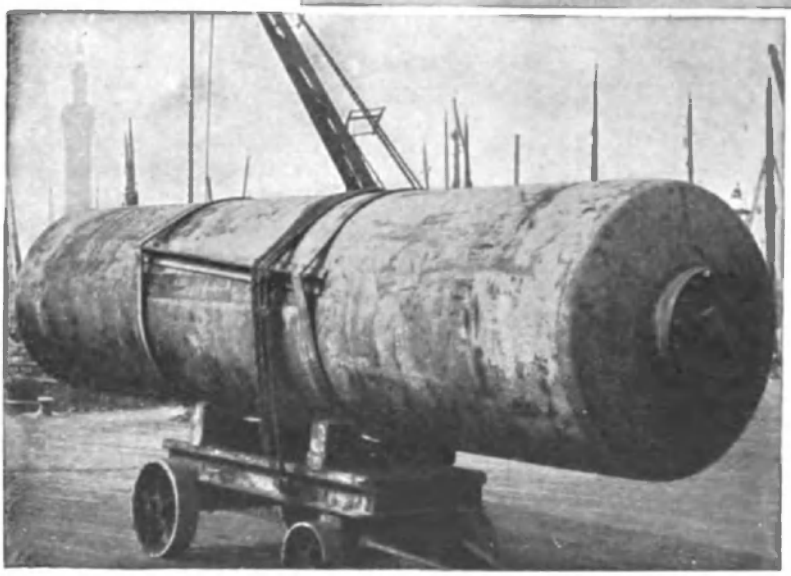
A STRANGE RELIC OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

I SEND you a photograph taken by myself of a box of tin-tacks which were fused together in the great fire of Chicago. The white-looking one in the top corner is an ordinary tack. The photograph is full size. — Mr. C. E. Bromilow, Ravenslea, Rainhill, Lancs.



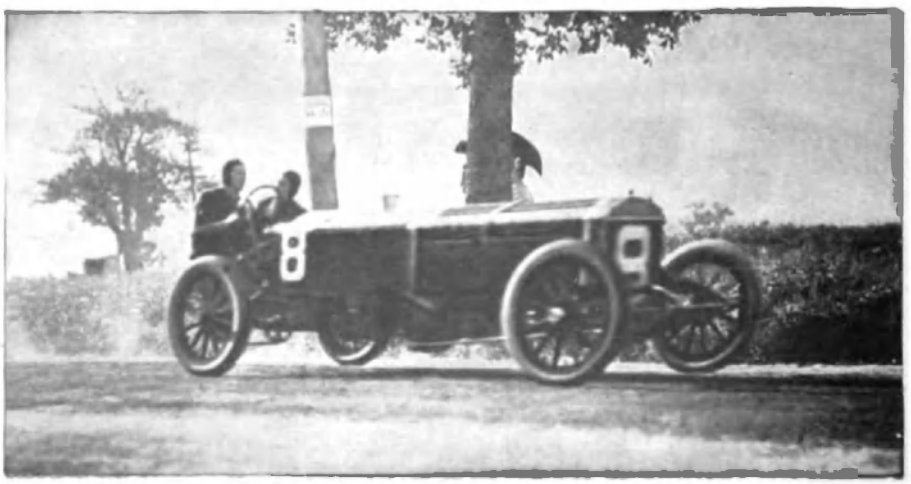
A CURIOSITY OF FLOTSAM.

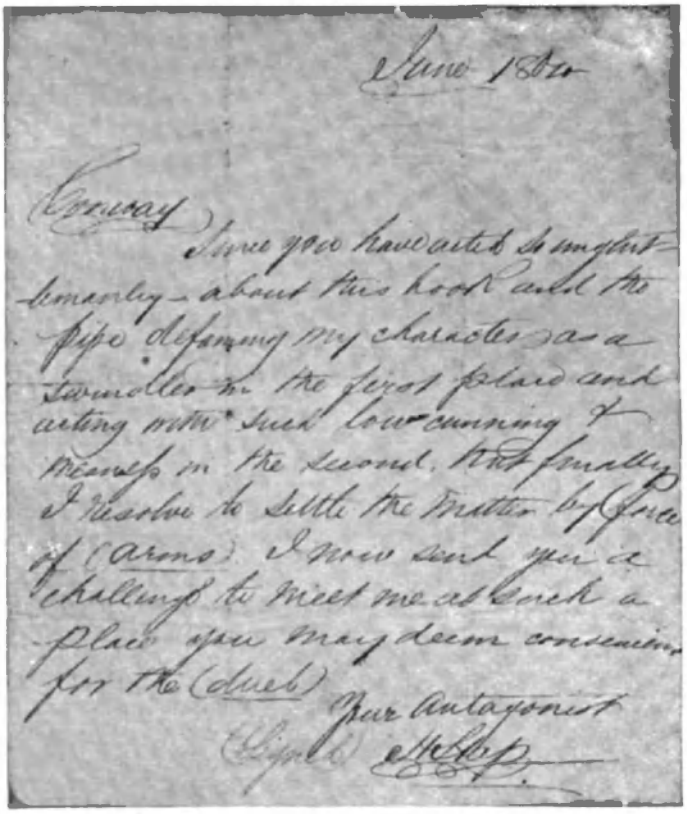
CURIOUS things are sometimes lost and found on the sea, as well as on the land, but surely few more remarkable than that shown in the photograph given below. Your readers will, perhaps, be interested to know that, whilst fishing in the North Sea sixty miles from Spurn Point, in April last, I found this peculiar-looking object floating on the water. As it was very dangerous to vessels fishing in the vicinity, I decided to pick it up and bring it home to Grimsby. To get it on board my ship, the *Mercia*, however, proved more difficult than I at first imagined: much precious time was lost, and almost every rope we possessed was broken before success crowned our efforts. What a sensation we created when we arrived in port with this extraordinary "catch"! The structure is of iron, length nineteen feet, diameter four feet six inches, and weight three tons. I wonder if any of your readers can say what it is, or explain how it came to be adrift on the open sea. Photo. by A. Forster, Grimsby,—Captain Underhill, 333, Wellington Street, Grimsby.



DOES THE TOP OF A WHEEL MOVE FASTER THAN THE BOTTOM?

OVER a year ago I noticed in your "Curiosities" a photograph of an automobile omnibus which was just starting to move. In the picture the upper halves of the wheels were blurred while the lower halves were not, illustrating the fact that the top of a wheel running on a surface moves with a greater rapidity than the bottom. I enclose a picture of Robertson, the American driver, in a Thomas flyer, while travelling at a rate of sixty-five miles an hour in the recent Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island. It can easily be seen that the upper parts of the three wheels visible are blurred and indistinct, while the lower portions are clear, proving the phenomenon is not caused by the act of starting, but can be observed at any speed. The fact of course is that any point at the top of the wheel is moving forward with two motions: (1) Its own round the axis; (2) that of the car itself. On the other hand, a point at the bottom of the wheel, while moving forwards with the car, is also moving *backwards* by its motion round the axis—so that it appears stationary. —Mr. C. W., Newark, N.J.




June 1804

Conway

Since you have acted so ungentlemanly about this hook and the pipe defaming my character as a swindler in the first place and acting with such low cunning & meanness in the second, that finally I resolve to settle the Matter by force of (arms) I now send you a challenge to meet me at such a place you may deem convenient for the (duel)

Your Antagonist

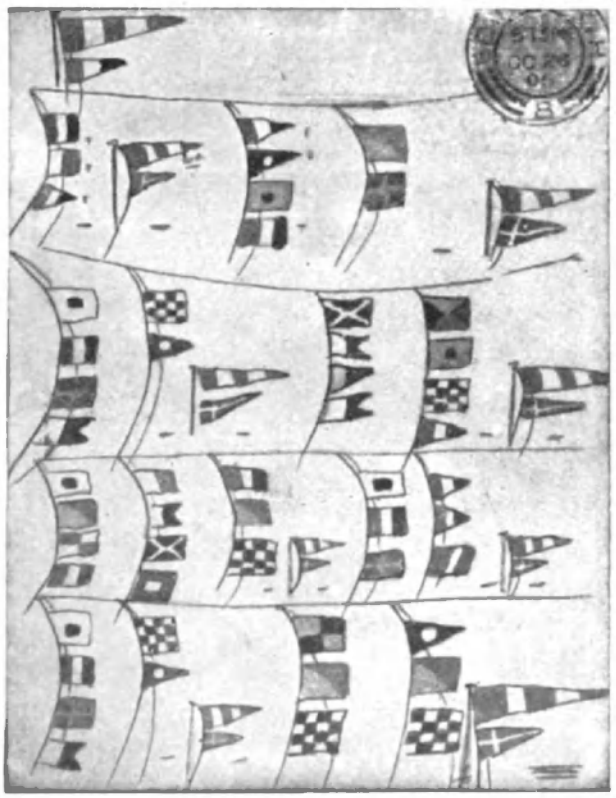
Signed H Stap

AN ACTUAL CHALLENGE TO A DUEL.

I SEND you a copy of the original paper requesting a gentleman to name place, etc., to fight a duel: "June, 1804. Conway,—Since you have acted so ungentlemanly about this hook and the pipe, defaming my character as a swindler in the first place and acting with such low cunning and meanness in the second, that finally I resolve to settle the matter by force of arms. I now send you a challenge to meet me at such a place you may deem convenient for the duel.—Your antagonist, (signed) H. Stap."—Mr. A. A. Blunden, Ranelagh Road, Sheerness-on-Sea.

AN INTERNATIONAL CODE ADDRESS.

I NOTICED a curious address in THE STRAND some months ago, and am sending this as an example of the international code applied to addresses. I hope it will reach you safely, as the Post Office people are wonderfully clever and very painstaking.—Mr. C. A. Merrillees, c/o Milne, 10, Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh.



A SELF-TIED STEEL KNOT.

THE following photograph is taken from a knot, self-tied in a steel-wire rope, seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. The rope referred to is in use in the Running Lode Mine at Black Hawk, Colorado, which is owned by the Gower

Mines Syndicate, Ltd., 155, Fenchurch Street, London. This rope, while detached from the ton bucket which is used for hoisting ore, was raised two or three hundred feet before it was discovered that the bucket was detached. When the discovery was made the rope was lowered, and while this was being done the end must have caught on something in the shaft which held it and formed a loop through which the end of the rope dropped after freeing itself. When the rope was attached to the bucket, the weight of the latter tightened the knot, which was not noticed until it reached the sheave-wheel above the shaft.—Mr. S. E. Fowler, Agent, 415, Charles Buildings, Denver, Colorado.

ONE EXPOSURE AND ONE SITTER.

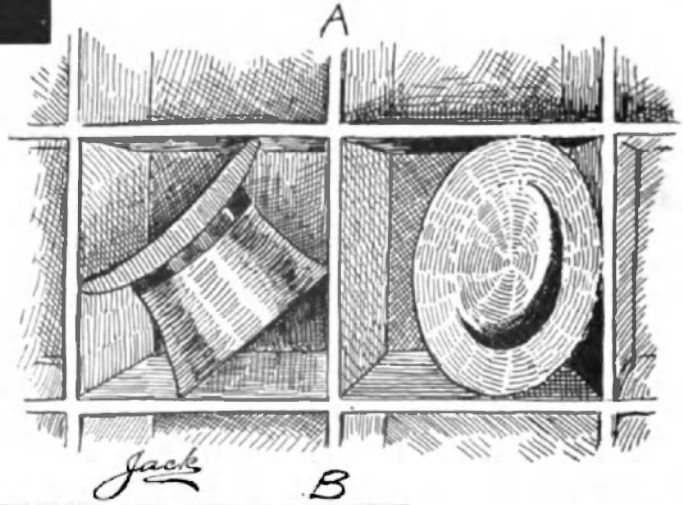
I TOOK the foregoing photograph through a glass ornament lent me by a schoolfellow of mine named H. Jenner. The glass gave sixteen separate images of the same object, with the curious result shown.—Mr. H. Howard, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.

A "RIVER-SERPENT."

ALTHOUGH even now there remains some controversy as to the reality of the "sea-serpent," no opinion has so far been expressed as to the existence or otherwise of the "river-serpent." The original of the photograph I send is what remains of a tree which some years back overbalanced into the Wyong River, N.S.W. Struck with its resemblance to a serpent, a local resident, with the aid of a tin of white paint, turned out a creature of a somewhat terrifying aspect. With the exception of the teeth, which are made of zinc, the "river-serpent" is entirely original.—Mr. L. B. Boardman, Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

I SEND you a drawing wherein I have created an optical illusion artificially. Seen from point B you see the outside of the straw hat; from point A you see the inside. Perhaps a humorist would say that when you turn a hat upside down you must see the inside. The top hat in the picture has no other object than to support the general idea of a compartment hat-rack, since the straw hat, if alone in its particular though usual position, might be mistaken for a dish or something else. You notice I do not continue the line of the inner circumference all round, but leave its position to the imagination, which is easily assumed by the inference of the shaded portion. That line continuation was omitted for the reason that its position is not the same in both cases. From point B the hat is an inclined plane in perspective necessarily, for here the shadow also indicates the outer hat-band, and part of the upper left-hand brim



is narrowed by the imaginary crown edge as well as diminishing perspective lines. From point A the hat is a vertical plane no longer in perspective, and so the brim has equal width everywhere, and what was formerly the outer hat-band has now become an inner shadow; so in this case the imaginary line shifts its position from where it was in the former category.—Mr. W. H. Jack, jun., Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

"Washington's Birthday Party"

Are you at a loss to think of ways in which to entertain your friends?

Entertaining attractively *is* difficult, but we are sending the solution to the vexing question free to those who write for it. Our book "Entertaining with Cards" pictures and describes many novel and delightful ways to entertain.

For instance, it suggests this form of entertainment so appropriate to Washington's Birthday:

Let your invitations be dainty cards bearing a small silhouette or sketch of George Washington and the following:

"Come, ye dames of highest station,
Come, ye maidens young and fair,
Lend your beauty,
Lend your graces,
Flashing eyes,
Bepowdered hair.
Lend your wit, your smiles, your laughter,
Beauty spots and
Dimples rare;
'Tis the nation's
Father's birthday,
Patriots, dames and maids, be there."

Guests may be asked to attend "en costume" if you choose. Colonial or patriotic decorations present a pretty effect in the home.

The tally cards may be painted to represent big red cherries, or paper hatchets may be used with red, white and blue stars for scoring.

An effective center-piece for the refreshment table is a miniature tree laden with artificial cherries. In a gash in the tree a tiny hatchet may be placed. The menu may include cherry punch and ices, brandied and conserved cherries for garnishing, hatchet-shaped sandwiches, salad in cocked hats, etc. For prizes, silhouettes of George and Martha Washington—a burnt-wood photo frame or fruit bowl decorated with cherries, Martha Washington plate—or in silver, a copy of the Washington candlesticks, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, salt cellar, tray, cuff buttons or sword.

Congress Cards used at the head table should be George and Martha Washington backs, and at the various other tables other Colonial and Indian backs should be used. You should use Congress Cards, which are designed especially for such entertainments and reflect the dainty art of Colonial days. You should use Congress Cards because Congress Cards are made to please observant people who understand and appreciate the "fitness of things"—Congress Cards, because they possess a playing quality which is necessary to good entertainment—Congress Cards because they please people who abhor clumsiness and can easily avoid it with Congress Cards.

Congress Cards

Congress Cards are the finest—the handsomest cards made today—dainty—flexible—thin as wafers of ivory—yet firm and easy to handle. All the essentials to attractive entertainment and good playing quality are found in Congress Cards.

Get Congress Cards and issue your invitations to a Washington's Birthday Party or one of the other entertainments described in the free book we want to send you.

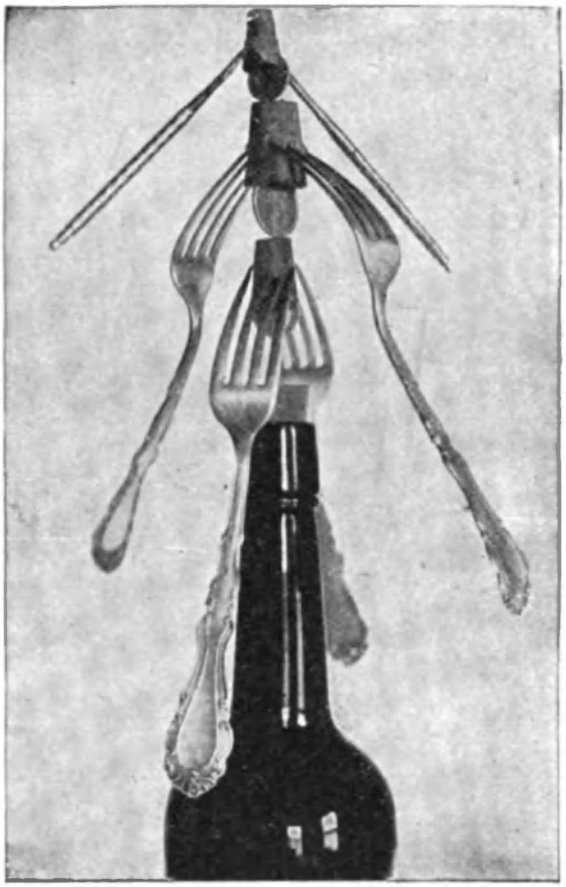
Get Congress Cards of any dealer—a hundred different designs and color schemes to select from. If your dealer cannot supply the back you want, we will send a sample pack of Congress Cards for 50c.

Send us three two-cent stamps for mailing expense, or the inside wrapper from a pack of Congress Cards and we will send book and illustrations of all Congress Card back designs.

We will send you a handsome pack of cards free if you will suggest any new and suitable form of card entertainment or any novel feature for card parties not found in our book "Entertaining with Cards."

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Station O, Cincinnati, Ohio

Curiosities (continued).



BALANCED COINS.

THIS is a development of the well-known trick of balancing a coin on the point of a needle. The coins used were two dimes and a quarter.—Mr. E. A. Tyler, 14, Vanderpool Street, Newark, N.J.

MAMMOTH BALL OF TWINE.

MR. N. H. SHERMAN, of Worcester, Mass., has been patiently winding twine on to this ball for six years. It is already five and a half feet in circumference, and needs an exceedingly muscular man to handle it.—Mr. L. A. Becker, 33, Austin Street, Worcester, Mass.