

CHATTERBOX.



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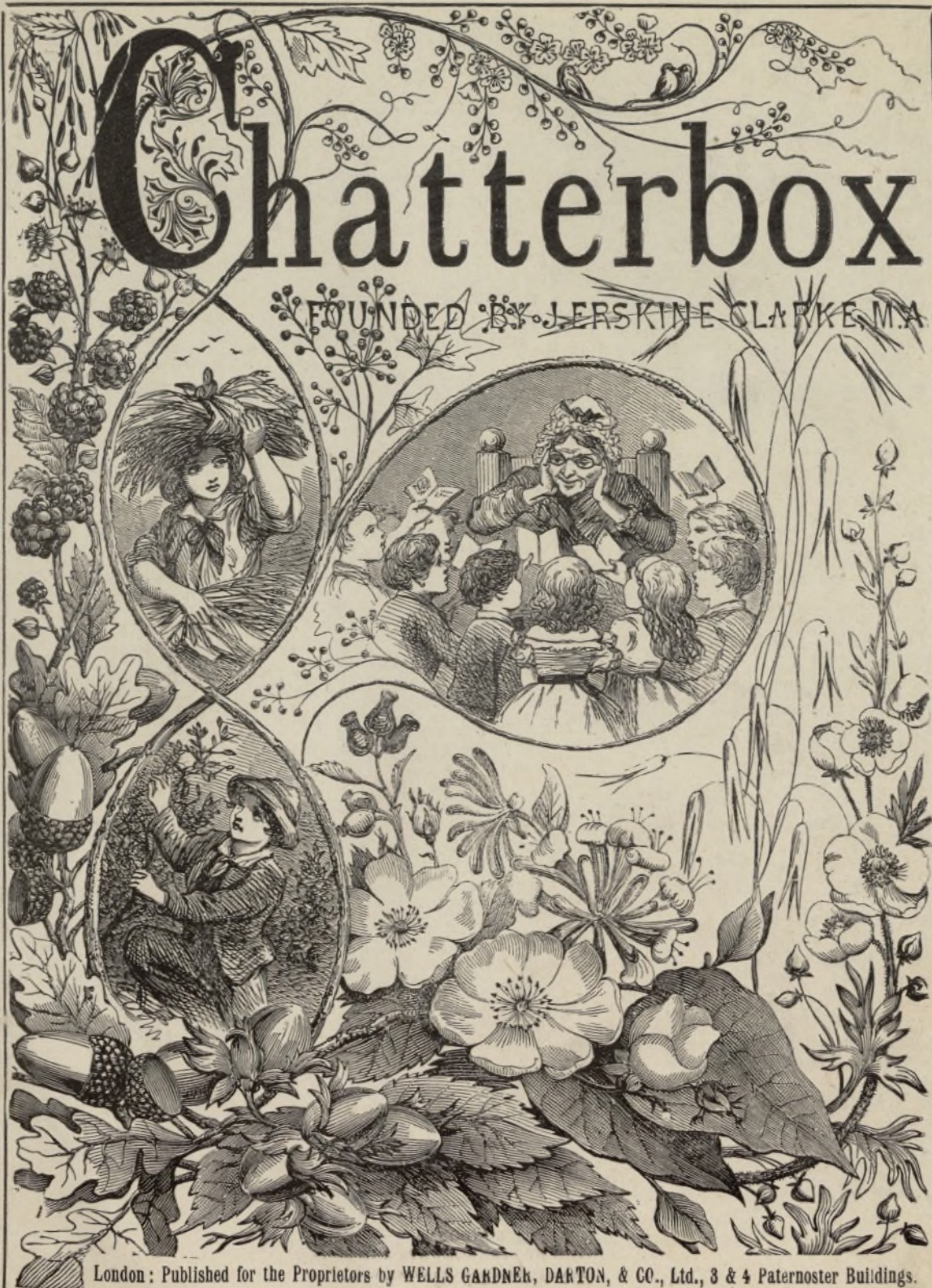


CHATTERBOX

CHASING GUN-RUNNING DHOWS.

Chatterbox

FOUNDED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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CHATTERBOX.



“ ‘Poor lad! he is hurt.’ ”

B

PÈRE COUTRÉ'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

A Story of Canada.

PRairie, miles and miles of prairie, as far as the eye could see. Only on the sky-line was the monotony broken by a tiny bluff, and in the shade of this Père Coutré pulled up his old white pony, and equally old buggy, and took a long careful look at something that was advancing in a curious zig-zag fashion across the waste.

'Ma foi!' he said, 'but there is something strange about that beast, unless my eyes have suddenly grown too old to see aright.'

He sat watching until the object declared itself to be a horse and rider, the steed going at its own sweet will; the rider, reins slack in his hand, rode with drooping head, and one arm in a sling. As soon as he caught sight of the sling, Père Coutré stirred up his old pony and hurried to meet him.

'Poor lad! he is hurt, and a long ride in the sun. I know, I know. Blessings on the good God that I chanced to be here. Ah!' he added as he drew near, 'what a lad it is! Hullo, there!' raising his voice, 'won't you ride with me?'

The boy looked up, and a sudden look of relief passed across his face. 'I'm about done,' he gasped painfully.

'But yes, poor child, one can see that,' returned the old man. 'Here, take a drink.'

He handed over his water-bottle, and the boy drank feverishly. 'I'm afraid I have not left much,' he said, handing it back, 'but I have had nothing since I left home.'

'And that was—?' Père Coutré was busy inside the buggy, and his voice was muffled.

'At dawn this morning.'

'And you left—why?'

'Because I got hurt. I was going to Bigrock to-day to find something to do, anyway. But I broke my arm yesterday, and they can't afford to keep a useless log about there, so I slipped out. They won't have to feed me, anyway.' He spoke with the bitterness of youth.

'Ah!' The old man emerged from the buggy with an understanding look on his face. 'Creep in there,' he said, 'you will be more comfortable,' and the boy, nothing loth, obeyed.

'Your parents, yes,' pursued Père Coutré as he gathered up the reins again, 'they will be anxious.'

'My father is dead,' answered the boy, a quiver in his voice. 'Killed at Yprés.'

'Ah! the Germans, yes. I know they march again through my country. Ah! much evil is laid up against them. I remember 1870, when they came. I was a young man then. We were preparing for Christmas. Ah! the children, my little ones, when I came back from the village with my cart—they were gone, all gone! Only the little Christmas-tree was left standing there so sadly, and on the shelf my father's old Bible; somehow they had missed it—all else was ruins, black, smouldering and silent; so silent!'

His voice trailed off and stopped; after awhile he resumed: 'Now they march again through Belgium and France; maybe they will bring the children back with them. Who can tell?'

Who indeed? Certainly not the boy, stretching himself with relief on the bed of dry grass in the buggy. He was just falling into a doze when the old man popped his head in. 'Your name, child?' he asked.

'Lisle,' came the sleepy answer; 'Burnage,' was added as an after-thought; and again there was silence, broken only by the creaking of the buggy and the clattering of the little hoofs.

Lisle stayed many days at Père Coutré's little white shack. 'See,' the old man said, 'you stay and work for me; you are not well enough to seek work without. Stay with me; there is much you can do, and I will pay you for what you do, and when you are quite strong you shall go to Bigrock. Is it not so?'

'You have been very good to me, Père; yes, I will stay for awhile,' answered the boy, gratefully.

'You are soft-hearted—you will not laugh at an old man's fancies. Come, you shall see what I have planted for the children.'

'What children?' asked Lisle, as he followed the old man into the little patch of garden.

'My children. They will come when the Germans march again through Alsace. See, I have planted many, but only one has grown.' And he proudly displayed a little spruce fir, just the boy's own height.

'Why, what a topping little Christmas-tree,' he cried. 'Just about the right size, Père.'

'Yes, indeed.' The old man rubbed his hands joyously. 'It will be ready when they come. This Christmas, Lisle, that will be the day. Come in and see the Bible. Now you are stronger you shall read it to me.'

They went into the house again, and Lisle handled the great book reverently.

'Yes,' he said; 'Mother reads this of an evening. Hallo! it's in French. Why, I can't read French!'

'Then I will teach you. You shall read my Bible in my native tongue.'

Lisle drove back from Bigrock in the doctor's buggy, a very anxious expression on his face, for Père Coutré was very ill.

'Who are these children he keeps talking about?' asked the doctor, standing in the little sitting-room warming his hands at the stove. It was bitterly cold.

'His own, I think, who were killed or carried off in 1870,' answered the boy. 'He thinks they will come back.'

'Humph! Well, if they don't turn up very soon it will be too late,' said the doctor, shortly. 'Don't you know of any children?'

'Well, I know of some, but—' Lisle hesitated.

'Then get them by hook or by crook—steal them if you can't any other way—but get them here, and that tree dressed, and them all dancing round it, if that's what he wants, or he will not see the week out!'

A big lump rose in the boy's throat. Père Coutré had been very kind, and he then and there made up his mind. 'I'll get them, Doctor,' he said. He went softly into the inner room and bent over the old man. 'The children are coming, Père,' he said, comfortingly. 'I'm just going to put the horse in and fetch them. You will be all right till I come back.'

'Yes, yes—my little ones!' the old man answered. 'Yes, yes—fetch them; their little feet are not strong enough to walk so far. Yes, go, dear lad. I shall be all right.' His eyes were bright and restless, his voice low and hoarse, and his feeble hands wandered over the counterpane, but he was clear-headed enough when he talked of the children.

Lisle went out, buttoning the collar of his coat tightly under his chin; his lips were a little grim as he thought of the drive before him over the frozen prairie.

As long as he lives Lisle will never forget that drive: the waste of snow, the silent, biting cold, and behind it all the terrible anxiety lest he should be too late. He was thankful indeed when he reached his home at Cleffpine. What a welcome they gave him as he hugged his mother again and again!

The first transports over, Lisle began to talk. 'See here, Mother,' he said, soberly. 'I want you all to wrap up as warmly as you can; collect all the rugs and cloaks you have and something to eat on the way, and come back with me to-night.'

'But, my dear boy——' began his mother.

'Please, Mater,' he interrupted, appealingly, do as I say, and I'll tell you all about it as we go; only be quick. We *must* be quick.'

Mrs. Burnage was an ideal mother; she looked at her son's earnest face and understood. In less than half-an-hour they were ready, while Lisle harnessed their own horse instead of his tired pony.

As they drove back again through the frosty night he told them all about it; the children soon fell asleep, curled warmly in the rugs, all but Dolly, who knelt up in the buggy with bright, eager eyes, drinking in the pathetic story of the old man waiting for the children who never came.

'My little ones! My little ones!' Père Coutré stretched out eager hands to brown-eyed Dolly peeping shyly round the door, and she went to him at a sign from Lisle, pulling forward little Betty and Mary as well.

The old man turned triumphant eyes on the boy. 'I knew they'd come!' he said; 'we must have the tree dressed.'

'Yes, Père, I'll go and see about it now,' said Lisle, and with never a thought of rest for himself he went out to do it.

A few hours later they gathered round the stove, Père Coutré in his big armchair propped up with pillows, little Betty between his knees, the two little girls on each side of him. Before him stood the Christmas-tree, gay with its many-coloured load and flaring candles.

'Ah! it is as it should be,' the old man smiled happily. 'See,' drawing a small locket from his breast, 'a portrait of my wife: your little Dolly is very like her.'

Mrs. Burnage leant forward with an exclamation. 'Why!' she cried, 'that is my mother!' and opened a similar locket she wore round her own neck.

'Your mother! It cannot be!'

'My mother was French, and I was born in Alsace; it must be; these are your grandchildren.'

Old Père Coutré clasped his hands, while grateful tears ran down his cheeks. 'Then I may keep them always,' he cried, 'my little ones who have come back to me at Christmas-time.'

M. E. HEWARD.

SNOWDROPS.

LITTLE flowerets, all so modest, with your bells so white and still,

In the twilight, 'neath the bushes, almost hidden by the grass,

Are you frightened? Why that shudder, making all your petals thrill,

When the dusk creeps slowly o'er you, and the songs of daylight pass?

Do you watch the bright stars burning in the silence of the blue?

Are your faces always bending sadly towards the dewy mould?

Or when night has flung her shadows over lawns bedimmed with dew,

Do you raise your heads more gaily to the moon all shining gold?

Do you see the catkins swinging in the first warm breath of spring?

Does the violet whisper secrets when she shyly breaks to bloom?

Do you hear the swallows coming when the spring is on the wing?

Or does night-time see you fitting like a ghost-moth through the gloom?

Do you hurry into hiding when the great owl comes your way?

Do you fear the bats at twilight? Little snowdrops, I am told

'Tis no wonder you are sleepy, hanging dreaming all the day,

Spending nights among the star-beams and in moonlight ropes of gold.

MRS. S. L. WRENCH.

[*Note.*—The above rhyme was taught to a class of children after a story told them, 'The Flowers' Ball,' This story is based on a Celtic fancy, that the flowers with drooping heads, like the snowdrop, spend their nights in dancing among the stars. They are then too tired and sleepy to look up during the day.]

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

I.—THE OLD MARKETS.

I EXPECT when you look at my title, you will wonder what romance there can be connected with spices. In fact, you will be inclined to think that I have hit upon a very unattractive and uninteresting subject. But I can assure you that, as I have been reading about this subject, I have been carried, in imagination, to glorious tropical countries where are wonders of the animal and vegetable kingdom past the understanding of us who dwell in temperate lands. Besides all this, I have read of desperate fights on land and sea met with by those who sought to bring spices to these lands; fights very picturesque in detail and vastly interesting when we compare them, as we must, with these times of submarines, aircraft, mighty Dreadnoughts, and smaller vessels of enormous speed. One reads, for instance, of a ship leaving the Thames in 1611 and not returning till 1615, performing in four years a trip which in this century would take perhaps four or five months. It just fetched a cargo of spices of great value, but it encountered enough adventures to fill a book, adventures of the kind which fascinate all boys.

You and I do not perhaps consider spices of much account in the world; we think we should not miss them much if the supply suddenly ceased. But far back in history many thousands of pounds, many valuable lives and ships were risked to bring them to these islands. Governments quarrelled and fought over them, and much history is bound up in these comparatively unimportant commodities.

Of course, under the term 'spices' were included many articles of commerce of which we do not at first think.



An Old-time Pedlar going his rounds.

Personally, if any one had asked me to make out a list of what I considered useful spices, I should have put down cloves, nutmegs, ginger, and perhaps pepper, and I should have thought that those would cover the bulk of them. But I have before me a list of imported spices, many of which, I must own, were unknown to me until I looked them up. Here they are: Pepper, cloves, mace, nutmegs, cinnamon, ginger, long-pepper, worm-seeds, coriander-seeds, hynny pepper, almonds, dates, galls, gums, spikenard, galingale, turmeric, setwall, cassia fistula, guinea-pepper, senna, barbaries, rice, erius, stavesacre, fenugreek, cassia, lignum, grains of paradise, and carraway-seeds.

In each of these articles I propose to tell you something of the history and homes and preparation of one of the spices, and I feel that you will find much to interest you as it has me. I shall make the first part of each article tell of the growth and development of the spice trade, and the second part I shall devote to a particular spice, picking out those which are of the

greatest interest. I shall also give you some idea of what all the strange spices are which are named in that list.

Now, you must understand that in early times in England there were of course no shops where you could go to make your purchases. Shops, as we know them, are almost a modern introduction. They appeared first in the big cities, and, as you no doubt know, even now, away in the country you find villages with perhaps only one 'general shop,' where everything is sold, instead of one shop for each class of goods. But in early times shops of any kind in villages were quite unknown, and people relied for their stores on the fairs which were held in the neighbouring towns at regular intervals.

These fairs were the events of the year, and to them came every man and maiden to enjoy some fun, just as they do now. But at these fairs there was not only merrymaking, but much important trade was done. All the farmers brought their surplus stocks of hay, corn, and so on, to sell or exchange for other stores

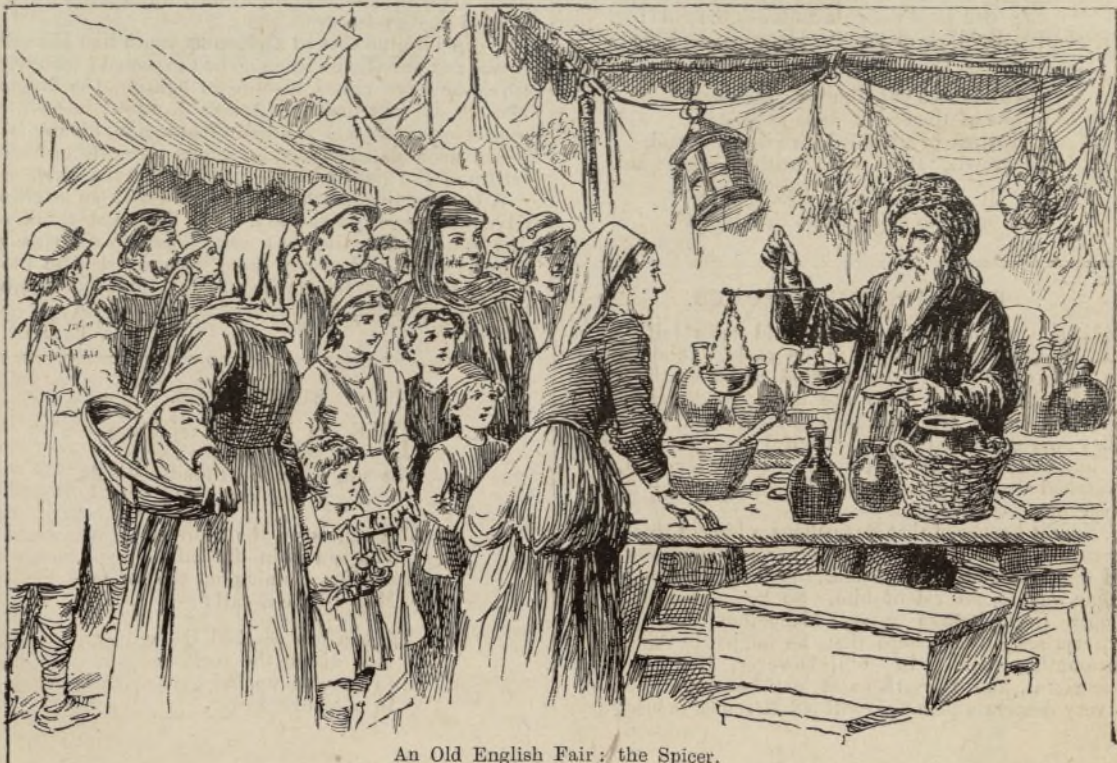
which they required—stores of groceries, as we should now call them. The person responsible for the stores at the great castles of the times came to purchase them and also luxuries for his lord and lady—jewels, silk, spices, cloth, tallow, and the like. The great monasteries of those times, too, sent their working brethren to buy stores for the household.

To these fairs came also pedlars and chapmen, or what we should now call hawkers. Here they assembled from all parts to restock their packs, do a bit of business if they could, and to gather the news of the world. After these fairs they went forth to the villages and did business with those unable to go to the fairs. They brought out the news, and were, in fact, often the only medium of news, as newspapers were then of course unknown. The pedlars earned many a night's rest and entertainment just by retailing their news of the world. You may be sure they were not slow to improve on the news at their disposal, and embroidered their facts to make them tasty. You will read, if you have not already done so, of the pedlar, Autolycus, in the *Winter's Tale* (Shakespeare). He sang his wares. Here is a specimen of his song, giving an idea of the variety of his wares:

'Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel;' &c.

Also in several of Sir Walter Scott's novels you will find accounts of the ways and customs of the pedlars of old times.

Then in certain cities, mostly where there were Cathedrals, markets were established. Even now in many cities and towns there are what are called Chartered Markets, that is, markets which were established hundreds of years ago by royal permit. One of the oldest and biggest is the Hay Market just outside the City of London, in Aldgate. Where these markets exist they cannot be closed. Sometimes the towns where they are have become very prosperous and rather fancy themselves; therefore they do not like an open market to be held in their streets or market place on certain days. They say it brings a lot of people into the town of a kind which they do not want, and the shop-keepers say it injures their trade. In order to get over this difficulty, many tradesmen now have stalls in the market. But the town is powerless to stop this market if it is chartered. You see in the old, old days these market days were the shopping days for the town and its neighbourhood, and of course were duly appreciated. Vendors of all kinds of merchandise came to these markets. All the roads to the market were crowded from early morn with people on business bent. Farmers met and discussed the prospects of the different crops just as they do now. Thus the markets became great centres of trade and in them the different articles sold began to be arranged into what we now call separate trades. They were in general much like our present trades, but some were differently named. Here is a list of trades represented in the Colchester Market in 1305: Spicers, shoemakers, tanners, smiths, weavers, butchers, bakers, fullers, girdlers, marmers, millers,



An Old English Fair: the Spicer.

tailors, dyers, fishermen, carpenters, lorimers and cordwainers, and mustarders. Now you see that spicers and mustarders were separate trades, so you can guess how important the spices were considered. You will understand the trades of most of these, but one or two are a little strange. A fuller is one who thickens cloth in a mill. A girdler was one who made girdles, an article of dress much used in early times. A lorimer was one who made saddles and armour plates (recalling the days of steel armour). A cordwainer was a boot-maker. This dividing up of the general merchandise into separate trades was the beginning of the establishment of separate shops; but of this I will tell later.

When I am visiting different towns, I always make a point of investigating the markets. In some of our big cities the markets occupy fine buildings and are splendid shopping centres. In other towns the market is held in the street. One of the finest open markets I have seen in England was at Knaresborough in Yorkshire. Here I wandered up and down the long rows of stalls and marvelled at the variety of things one could purchase! The din of the men and women calling their wares was terrible, each one trying to be heard above the others. The whole scene fascinated me and held my attention for hours. The varied gay colours of the awnings over the stalls, the quaint country costumes, the odd north-country dialects, all combined to make an impression on my memory fresh to-day, though it is now years since I visited that market.

(Concluded on page 11.)

BEN BOLD.

BEN BOLD is always late for school;
Ben Bold delights to break the rule;
Ben Bold plays pranks, his work to shun;
Ben Bold stays in when school is done.

Ben Bold sets out, I'm sure, each day
In lots of time; but stops to play;
And when he's blamed, I've heard it said,
He growls, 'Don't care!' with hanging head.

But all who hear what I have told,
Will cry, 'No more about Ben Bold!'

JOHN LEA.

THE GOLDEN APPLES.

THE Golden Apples—so the old tales tell—grew in the loveliest garden in the world. It abounded in fruits of the most delicious kind, but of all the fruits the Golden Apples were the most wonderful. Lest any one should break through to steal them, therefore, they were guarded by a dreadful dragon. It had a hundred heads and as many eyes; it never slept, but watched always by the tree, the most terrifying sentry ever seen.

Now it happened that Eurystheus, a king of that time, became jealous of Hercules, a brave and dauntless hero of the land, and, being jealous, the king tried to devise some way to get rid of him. So he commanded the youth to undertake several dangerous and difficult enterprises, in the hope that he might be killed in attempting them. In each, however, Hercules was successful, and Eurystheus at last bethought him of a very desperate plan. 'I will bid Hercules to bring me

the Golden Apples,' he decided. 'I shall certainly get rid of him in this way, for the dragon must kill him.'

The story of Hercules' quest of the golden fruit is perhaps one of the best stories of rewarded perseverance ever written. No doubt the hero was aghast at the king's command, but he made up his mind to see the matter through. He did not even know where the garden was, but that mattered little; he set out on his journey determined to win through.

After travelling for many months and making many inquiries, he came upon some nymphs during his wanderings. They directed him to the god of the seas, Nereus by name, who, so they said, could put him on the way to the garden. Hercules turned in the direction that they pointed, feeling that at last he had a clue.

But, having at last found Nereus, it was no easy matter to obtain the information he required. The sea-god was not anxious to give away the secret, and to get rid of Hercules, he changed himself into different shapes, hoping to frighten the hero away.

Nothing, however, daunted the persevering Hercules. Nereus changed from a stag to a sea-bird, then to a three-headed dog, then to a goat, and lastly to a snake; finally he became himself again, realising that the stranger meant to have his way, and he directed him to go to Atlas, the great giant, who was holding up the whole world on his shoulders. 'Ask him,' said Nereus, 'to show you the way.'

To Atlas, then, Hercules went, on his way killing the strong and terrible god, Antæus, and repelling whole hordes of pygmies who attacked him while he slept. His search for Atlas was a long one, but the giant was found at last, and then Hercules, instead of being given weapons, was informed that he must hold the earth upon his own shoulders for awhile, while Atlas himself fetched the golden fruit.

I can imagine that to a vigorous youth like Hercules it was not exactly the thing he had expected; far rather would he have risked his life in fighting the dragon. But he did not question Atlas's decision; instead, he undertook what was required of him, and, holding the world upon his shoulders, he waited patiently until the return of the giant with the gold fruit in his hand.

A tame ending to what might have been an exciting adventure, some might say. But I do not think so. The name of Hercules has come down to all time as a great hero, and a real hero does not despise little things for great and daring deeds; things that seem tame are often the most difficult things to do of all!

ETHEL TALBOT.

SUNSHINE.

THE sun is in the raindrops,
The sun is in the sky,
The sun is in the thunder-clouds.
Can you tell me why?

The sun is on the doorstep,
The sun is in the hall,
I see him running up the stairs—
May I give a call?

The sun has reached the nursery,
He's kissed the rocking-chair,
He's covered up the gramophone
In a mantle fair.

The sun has caught my pinafore,
 He's climbing up my sleeve;
 He's touched my neck, and face, and hair—
 He LOVES me, I believe!

HILDA FAIRFAX-BROWN.

CHINNA.*

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Tota,' 'The Price of Empire,'
 etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a hot and breathless Indian afternoon. Thick clouds were piling heavily one above the other, on the horizon, while the blue of the sky was changing to a dull and sullen yellow, and seemed to hang like a heavy canopy above a lonely bungalow set amidst a great plain on the banks of a river. Crossing this river was a bridge, about which a crowd of native workmen were busy. Their shrill chatter floated up to the bungalow verandah, where the three Galbraith children were gathered. It was too hot to play; too hot to do anything but wait until the storm burst.

'It won't be long before it breaks now,' said Nancy. She was the oldest of the three by a year or so.

'It's lucky the bridge is almost finished,' said Brian. He came next in age. 'Daddy told me the other day that, if there was very heavy rain and the river rose suddenly, the bridge might be swept away if it wasn't strong enough.'

Brian was deeply interested in the bridge. He had watched it lengthen, span by span, under his father's direction. And he had quite decided that some day he, too, would be an engineer, and would build great bridges and railways leading to and from them, as Mr. Galbraith did now. Frederick had not yet made up his mind what he would be or do. But as he was a good deal younger than his sister and brother, there was plenty of time to spare. He was a great favourite with the Indian servants, who told him many wonderful tales, in the most of which Frederick firmly believed. 'The bearer says,' he began now, 'that the river spirit is very angry because Daddy's built the bridge. It thinks that the river belongs to it, and that no one ought to interfere. And it wants to revenge itself, because Daddy's put a bridle on it like you put a bridle on a horse.'

'That's all nonsense,' said Brian. 'It's silly to listen to it.' As an elder brother he felt that he ought to bring up a younger brother properly.

And, at that, Nancy added hastily, lest Frederick should be hurt, 'I don't wonder the servants think that

* The story contained in the following pages centres round the little wild people of Central India, amongst whom the author found herself during some months of a camping tour. She would like to acknowledge her indebtedness to Mr. Forsyth's *Highlands of Central India*, and Mr. Crooke's work on Indian folk-lore and popular religions, which have helped her to verify many of the facts that came to her knowledge. As for Chinna himself, he, or one of his cousins, walked into her camp one Indian afternoon and stood balancing himself on a tent-peg in wide-eyed shy amazement, until he was coaxed to the side of the camp fire, and his tongue loosened with the help of tobacco.

The tale of the slaying of the tiger by the little man is true save for a few small and unimportant details.

there's a spirit in the river. Listen to the noise the water's making. It sounds exactly as if it was talking.'

And, as they listened, through the shrill chatter of the coolies came a low, threatening murmur. And Frederick whispered to himself, convinced that, for once, Brian had made a mistake, "I'm very angry. I'm very angry indeed. I want to revenge myself." That's what the spirit's saying.

'Children, children,' Mrs. Galbraith called from the bungalow at this moment. 'Come inside quickly; the storm is almost here.'

And, as she spoke, the wind rose very suddenly, and came blustering across the plain, driving a thick cloud of dust before it. There was just time to shut all the doors and windows before the dust was whirling round the bungalow and trying to force its way in everywhere as does an invading army. And, soon, the children could feel the dust on their cheeks and their lips, and it covered everything they touched. And, just as the very air seemed too thick to breathe, down came the rain in a cleansing torrent. In such sheets it fell it seemed to be almost solid.

'Has Daddy come back yet?' Nancy asked, as she watched the deluge. 'He'll get dreadfully wet if he's caught in this storm.'

'He won't be home till sunset,' said Mrs. Galbraith. 'He told me he had to inspect some work which is rather distant to-day. Luckily there's shelter near by, I know. And the rain is so heavy it will almost certainly have stopped before he has to start.'

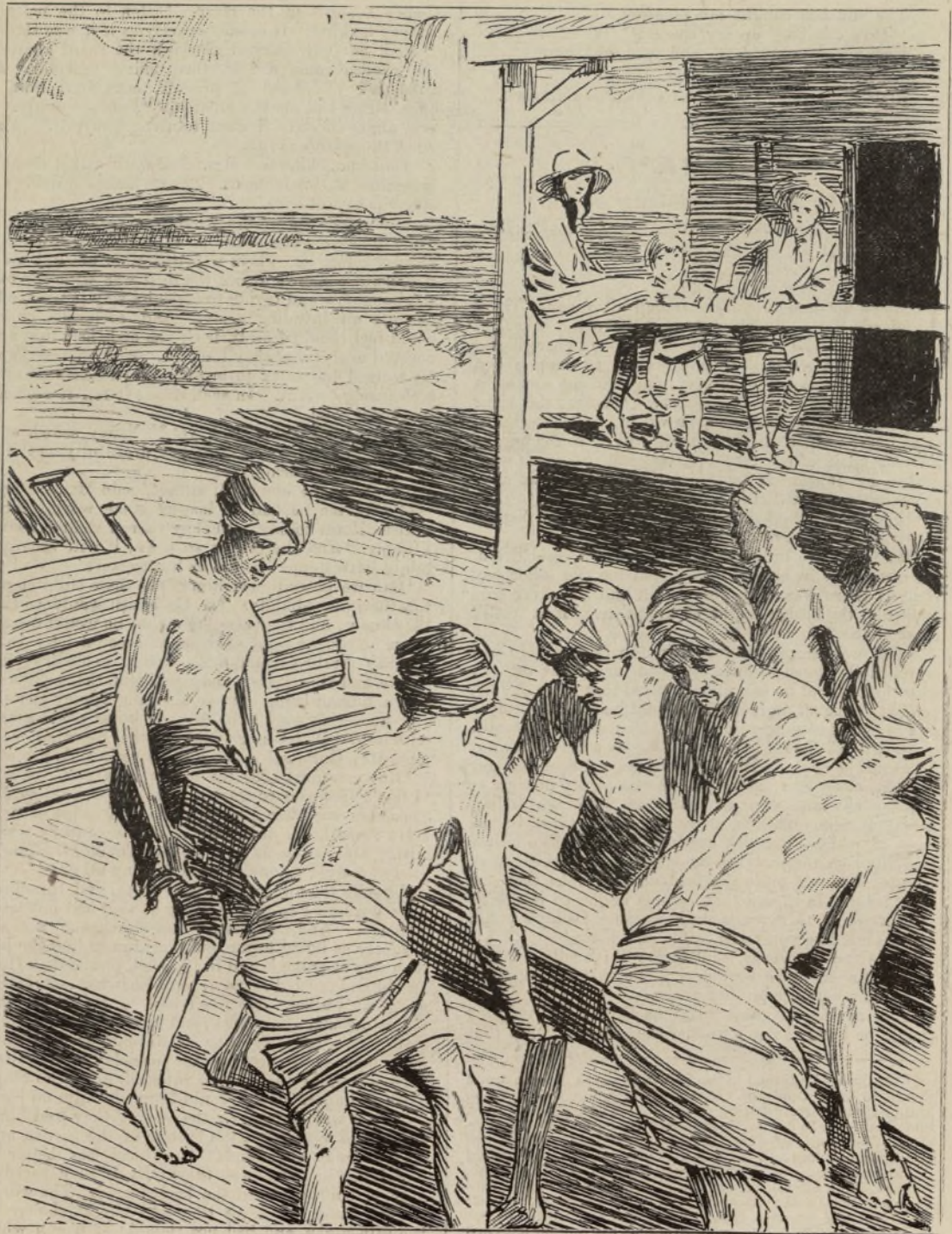
'Can we go and meet him?' the three children asked together, immediately. Mr. Galbraith would be riding, they knew; and they also knew that he would dismount when he caught sight of them, and would let them ride his bay Arab, Secundra, in turn. Secundra was so gentle, and affectionate, and intelligent, that he was more like a human being than an animal. Nancy and Brian and Frederick were sure that no horse could compare with him. 'Do let us go, Mother,' they repeated, eagerly. And Mrs. Galbraith, after a little hesitation, assented.

'But you must take the bearer with you,' she added. 'I don't like you to go far from the bungalow alone. There are no other Europeans within miles of us, you know; and lower down the river the country is wilder still. You can go as soon as the rain stops. You'll be glad of a walk as you've been shut up all day.'

Already the air was cool and fresh, and the children were beginning to feel as lively as they had felt languid hitherto. And, presently, the downpour ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and they ran to find the bearer who was cleaning lamps in the back verandah. He was an old and trusted servant, but somewhat crotchety and no great walker. He liked best to potter about the bungalow and compound, and now he received Mrs. Galbraith's message with scant enthusiasm; and he made one excuse after another for delay, hoping that his master would return in the interval, until the children grew so impatient they could bear with him no longer.

'We'll wait for you by the bridge,' they told him, for the bridge was just at the bottom of the garden and so was not out of bounds. Anything was better than remaining in the house, they felt, as they raced each other down the hill to the bridge-head. The workmen had all disappeared, for they had sought shelter when the rain began, and had not thought it worth while to return for the little daylight that remained.

(Continued on page 10.)



"A crowd of native workmen were busy."