



"She brought out a little wooden comb, and began to pass it through her long black hair."

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

MOST eagerly Brian jumped up to follow, but Chinna stood considering him for a moment, and then pointed to his feet. 'Take off those leather coverings,' he said. 'And bind thy feet with soft cloth only. To-morrow I will make thee shoes of grass, meet for a hunter's work.'

And while Brian, nothing loth, pulled off his shoes and wound his stockings round his feet, Chinna disappeared into the hut, and came out again, carrying three or four arrows of an unusual appearance, for the head of each was smeared with some dark substance. Chinna wrapped a green leaf around these arrows to keep them apart from the others; and then, picking up a stone, he flung it on the heap at the foot of the tree. And, afterwards, he signed to Brian to follow him, and the two disappeared into the forest.

'Why did he throw a stone on that heap?' Frederick asked of Mrs. Chinna immediately.

'It was an offering to the spirits who live in the tree-trunk,' Mrs. Chinna explained. 'That there might be success in the hunting. And, always, morning and evening, do we add a stone that nothing may come near to harm us. And ever have the spirits granted us their protection, and made the tree their home. When they are angry, then harm will befall the tree, and they will depart. Thus we shall know.'

And she stooped and picked up a stone, and flung it on the heap. 'Lest I should have given offence,' she added hastily, 'by talking so freely of such great ones. It is lonely in the forest when my man goes hunting,' she went on presently. 'Glad am I, very glad, that ye have come to keep me company.'

It certainly did not seem a good moment to suggest again that they should take their departure, and so Nancy asked: 'Have you lived in this clearing for a very long time? Where are your own people?'

'They live in the forest also,' said Mrs. Chinna. 'But not too near, that each may not spoil the other's hunting. And this has been our home since my man bought me from my father. Proud was I that so great a hunter should choose me as his wife. Proud was my father also, and he paid much money that I should be duly decorated for the honour.'

And she pointed to her bare legs which were covered with the most elaborate patterns, tattooed on the skin, and then painted blue. So interwoven were the many lines that, at a little distance, Mrs. Chinna seemed to be dressed in long blue trousers beneath the short blue skirt she wore. In addition to this skirt she had a piece of white cotton cloth loosely draped round her shoulders, one end of which she sometimes threw over her head. She was also bedecked with a quantity of cheap Indian jewellery, and had huge earrings in her ears, and a hoop ring in her nose.

She began now to busy herself with various tasks, bustling hither and thither like a cheerful, fussy, black ant. She collected the best of the peahen's feathers, and laid them aside carefully that they might be used later for winging arrows. She scrubbed the big brass pot in which the stew had been cooked until it shone as

brightly as a piece of glass. And, lastly, she brought out a little wooden comb, and began to pass it through her long black hair with one hand, while she rubbed cocoanut oil into the roots with the other. And, all the while, she found breath and leisure to ask Nancy a stream of questions, and listened to the answers as Frederick would listen to a fairy tale.

'And ye live in a house far bigger than ours,' she said. 'With many rooms? And ye have servants to wait upon you? Without doubt ye are the sons and daughter of some great king. Presently, will your parents send to fetch you? Indeed, there is no need that my man should leave the forest as ye did wish him to do.'

'But they won't know where to look for us,' Nancy objected.

Whereupon Mrs. Chinna shook her head vigorously. 'Never will they be content until they find you again,' she said. 'Lo, children draw the heart after them as the flower draws the bee to its honey. Would I not seek for a lost child of mine until I found it, living or dead? Be content then. All will be well. And now we will gather wood for the fire that it may be warm and pleasant against the return of the men.'

And Mrs. Chinna began to trot about the clearing, or, rather, round the edge of it, collecting armfuls of dry wood; and Nancy and Frederick, much amused that Brian should be called a man, helped to collect wood also. And Nancy, as she worked, thought of what Mrs. Chinna had said, and more and more reasonable did it appear. Surely, the search for them would never be abandoned until their fate was definitely known? Surely, a search party might at any moment appear? They could not be far from the main course of the river, as the forest had been visible from its banks. In any case, it seemed that the most foolish thing that they could do was to wander off again alone, and lose their way as they had lost it before, and get further than ever from the river, and find no kind Chinna to feed and protect them. And be cruelly treated, perhaps, by the treacherous villagers of whom he had spoken.

'Nancy,' called Frederick at this point in a startled voice. 'There's things in the trees. I expect it's Chinna's spirits. Come and look.'

He had wandered a little way from the clearing, and now came running back again. And, from the trees above his head, broke out a loud clattering and chattering, and a shower of leaves and twigs came fluttering down. But, before Frederick had time to be really frightened, Mrs. Chinna called, smiling, 'It is but the monkeys, little one, who guard our home for us. They are our sentinels. Always they give us warning of anything strange or dangerous. They have been all day feeding in the forests, and so they do not know as yet that ye are our friends. But, soon, they will understand.'

She went into the hut, and brought out a handful of grain, and threw it on the ground. And, from the trees, the monkeys came swarming, pushing against each other, snatching at the food, quarrelling and capering. They were of every size and every age, from the huge leaders of the flock to the tiniest babies. These last were boldest of all, and sidled nearest to the hut, until their mothers caught them, and shook and scolded them. And then the whole troop scattered into the trees as a shout came from the darkening forest.

(Continued on page 63.)

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

IN the streamlet that gently flows on through the mead,
In the song of the wind, there is music indeed;
In the hum of the bee and the carol of birds
There are melodies sweet, there are songs without words.

In the tones that for pity and tenderness plead,
In the word that forgives, there is music indeed;
In the sighs of compassion from Love's tender chords,
There are melodies sweet, there are songs without words.

FRANK ELLIS.

HOW SOME REGIMENTS GOT THEIR NAMES.

THERE are some regiments whose names are easy to explain, while others are more difficult. For instance, any boy could say why one regiment is called the Northhamptons or the Dorsets; but not so many would be ready with a reason for the name Hussars. Then, why should some be called Guards and others not?

The Guards are so named because originally it was their special duty to guard the person of the prince or king, from which it will be easy to understand the meaning of Life Guards. Another name for these regiments is Household troop, and in the British Army there are six regiments, some cavalry, others infantry, whose peculiar duty is to attend the sovereign and defend the metropolis.

Of these the Grenadier Guards are well known because of the song, 'The British Grenadiers.' There are two lines in it which indicate how the name came to be given. They are—

'Our leaders march with fusils
And we with hand grenades.'

The Grenadiers, years ago, were the men who went in front of the infantry and threw grenades or bombs at the enemy. As the better the thrower, the more the destruction done, the very strongest men were picked for this. A champion cricket-ball thrower would have stood a good chance. Grenades, which are small shells of iron or glass filled with explosives and bits of iron, are still thrown in war, but not by any special regiment. Most of our men in the trenches have tried their hand at throwing, and some have even made grenades out of jam tins.

The word 'Dragoon' would suggest to a thoughtful boy the other word, 'dragon.' It is thought by some that they are so called because in olden times they had a dragon on their standard, others suggest that it is because they were armed with a short musket called, in French, dragon. A dragoon used to be a soldier trained to fight either on horseback or foot: now the term is used for heavy cavalry, as opposed to hussars and lancers. The famous Scots Greys was the earliest dragoon regiment.

Of course, every boy knows why the Lancers are so called, but clever men have found the word 'Hussars' one difficult to explain. It was thought by some to be due to the fact that in olden times in Hungary one horse-soldier had to be provided from every group of twenty families, the word for twenty being *husz*. Others have considered it due to the raiding horse-soldiers of a king of Hungary, named Matthias Corvinus,

who lived about the time of the Wars of the Roses. This troop was nicknamed 'the gooseherd,' or 'hussar.' Others, again, believe it to be an altered form of the same Latin word from which our word 'corsair,' meaning 'pirate,' comes.

Fusiliers, like the word Grenadiers, is one which has gone out of date. In olden times, the men who belonged to these regiments were armed with a fusil, a gun with a piece of flint in the hammer for striking fire and lighting the powder. It would go hard with the Fusiliers to-day if that was their only weapon. The rifle which is now in common use gave its name to several regiments, as the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Irish Rifles, and King's Royal Rifle Corps.

One of the Guards, the Coldstreams, got its name from a small Scottish village on the River Tweed. Here, General Monk, who had a great deal to do with the return of Charles II., raised a troop of soldiers, and the name has kept with them ever since.

Other names are easily traced. The Sherwood Foresters reminds us of Robin Hood and his merry men; the Welsh and Scottish Borderers take us back to the times when the land between England and Scotland, and Wales and England, was the scene of many a fierce fight; whilst the Highlanders are an evidence of the wisdom of the great William Pitt. You remember how in olden times the daring inhabitants of the Highlands were ever ready for a fight. They were always a trouble to the officers of the law until Pitt thought, if they loved fighting so well, they would make good soldiers of the King. He started to enrol them in 1757, and two years later they were amongst the first who scaled the cliffs at Quebec and followed Wolfe to victory and to death.

But whatever the origin of the names of our regiments, we know the soldiers in them will carry out the spirit of Nelson's command, 'England expects every man to do his duty.'

P. HAWKINS.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SO plentiful is the provision made for man that harvesting is *always* going on in the world, in one place or another. In January, wheat is being cut in New Zealand and in the vast fields of the Argentine. During the two following months it is cut in Egypt and the East Indies. In April, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Cuba, and Persia have their harvest. China and Japan have theirs in May. Reapers in Turkey, Greece, Spain, southern France, and most of the southern States of America, are cutting wheat in June, which is the busiest harvesting month of the year. July is harvesting-time in the more northerly American States, also in Germany, Austria, and some parts of Russia. August is our own harvest season; that of Sweden and Norway is September and October. Pera and South Africa gather in their corn during November and December. Thus harvesting goes on all the year round.

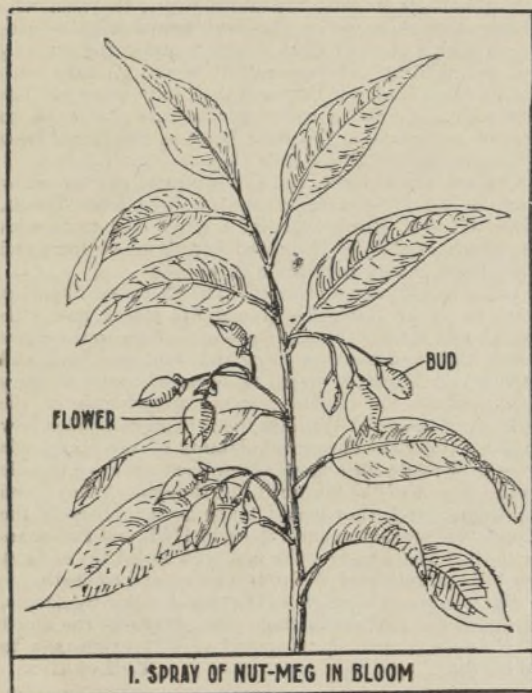
E. DYKE.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

II.—THE PEPPERERS AND THE NUTMEG.

I MUST tell you now what the shops of ancient times, where our spices were sold, were like. It seems that when our cities and towns were first built, very little thought was given to the necessity for shops! They developed gradually from the markets of which I

have already told you. Trades began to separate from one another, like trades seeming to attract one another, so that in certain parts of cities or towns you found them living as neighbours. This seems strange to us now, because we do not usually find a number of drapers, say, taking up their residence in the same street.



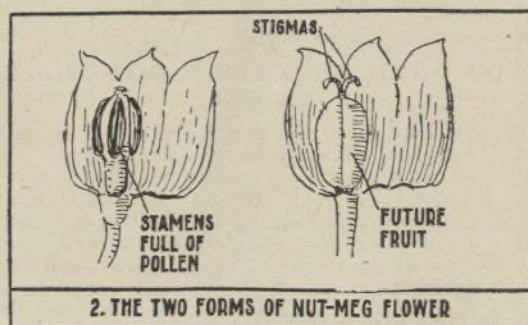
But so it was in olden times. A tradesman and his family would reside in the upper floors of the house (which generally had overhanging floors), and he would manufacture his goods or store his merchandise on the ground-floor and in the back premises. He generally had several apprentices, who had to serve for a number of years under their master, thus thoroughly learning the trade. (I will tell you more about apprentices later.) For shops the trader then had narrow trestle-tables outside his front windows, or in the road in front of his house. Here the goods were introduced to the passers-by by the apprentices, who would vie with one another in trying to obtain the custom of the public, making, I fear, a terrible noise with their shouts!

I always think of those times when I pass that quaint bit of old London known as 'Holborn Bars.' There you can picture happening just what I have told you. There are the overhanging floors, and the low shops with very unimportant windows; no doubt these were very fine shops in Elizabeth's day!

The gathering together of tradesmen of like trades is even in these days indicated by the names of streets, not only in London, but in many other cities and towns. In Westcheap (now Cheapside) and Eastcheap were to be found what we should now call provision merchants, that is, they sold cheese, spices, bread, &c. Eastcheap was the home of the most important butchers. Part of Cheapside, still called 'Poultry,' tells its own tale. In Chester, a most delightful old city, where are many

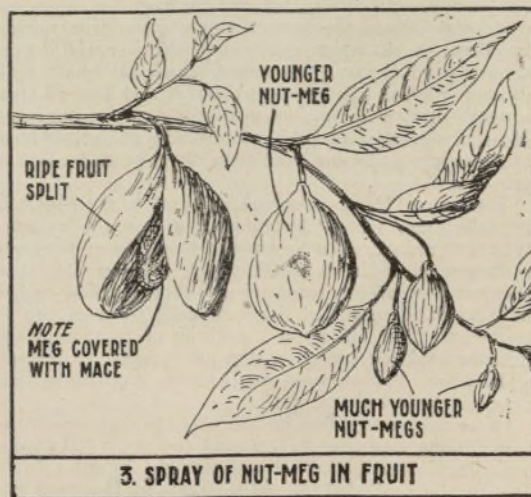
examples of ancient shops there called 'Rows,' you find a Pepper Street; in Norwich there is still a Spicery Row, and in Dartmouth there is a Butter Walk. There are lots of reminders of old business ways in ancient towns, and the names of streets will often reveal to you much interesting history.

With the increase of trade and the establishment of shops came the formation of craft-gilds. In early times there were many gilds, their work being to regulate the rules of their trade and see that they were kept; and to see, also, that no one was allowed to trade unless he had served his proper number of years of apprenticeship.



Then, too, a person in some cases could not just come into a town and set up a shop for his trade; he had to be formally admitted, and supported by six men of the town, who undertook that he was of good character and a desirable addition to the town!

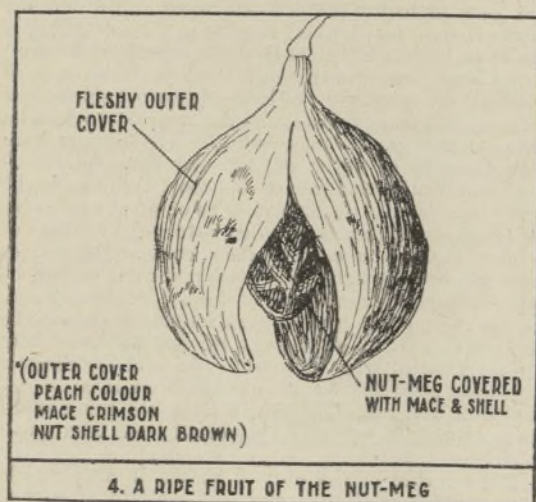
Now the spice trade at this time was conducted by Spicers and Pepperers. It seems queer to us in these times that people should actually make their livings, and good livings, too, by dealing only in spices. As I have said before, we do not lay so much store by spices in these days—they are more common. But you must understand that in early times the food of the people



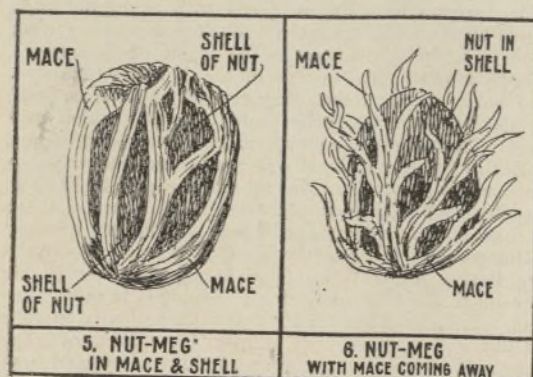
was very rough and very unappetising, and so, to make it more acceptable, it was often highly spiced. Thus you see spices were of greater concern then than now. These spices were brought great distances by land and

by sea at immense expense and peril, and were sold at very high prices. Among the rich, too, spiced drinks were very popular; in fact, spices were among the chief luxuries of the time. With these explanations, it is easy to see how the trade of the Spicer came about, and consequently Gilds of Spicers arose in different parts of the country.

But an older and more important gild than the Spicers



was the Pepperers, though it is very difficult to make out what was the difference between their trades. In a very interesting book, called *The Grocery Trade*, by J. Aubrey Rees, I found a copy of certain rules which the Pepperers made and enforced, with the help of the



Mayor of London and his Aldermen. I copy them here, as they give you a very good idea of the power and importance of the Pepperers' Gild. Here they are:—

'That no one in the trade, or other person in his name or for him, shall mix any of the wares, that is to say, shall put old things into new, or new things with old, by reason whereof the good thing may be impaired by the old; nor yet things of one price, or of one sort, with other things of another price or of another sort.

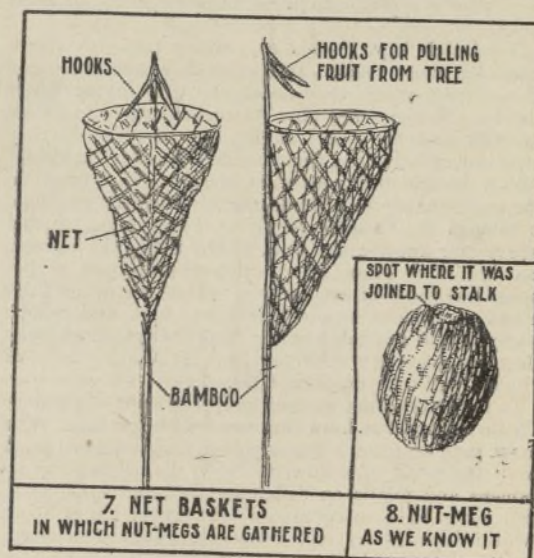
'That no person shall sub any manner of wares' (that is to say, to arrange various bales so as to make the ends

of the bale contain better goods than the inner part, and thus deceive the buyer into thinking the whole bale of one high quality).

'That no one shall moisten any manner of merchandise, such as saffron, alum, ginger, cloves, and such manner of things as may admit of being moistened; that is to say, by steeping ginger, or turning the saffron out of the sack and then anointing it or bathing it in water, or any deterioration arise to the merchandise.

'That every vendor shall give to his buyer the thing that is on sale by the hundredweight of 112 pounds to the hundredweight, 16 ounces to go to every pound, save (that) things confected and powdered are to be sold by the 12 ounces to the pound, the same as always been the custom. Also that all their weights shall agree the one with the other.'

You will see by this that there were some rogues in trade in those days, as always! The reason for the first part of this document was to prevent adulteration.



Then the next part refers to the fact that deceptions were often practised on buyers. This happens now sometimes. Take the case of strawberries: you will sometimes get a basket with beauties on the top, but rubbish at the bottom! Then as to 'Moistening': this is an old trick for making things *weigh more*, and thus the trader would get more money for his goods.

Now, as I have already said, the Banda Islands were the chief centre of the Nutmeg trade many years ago. I want you to fully realise the size of these islands, so please refer to the large map again (see page 12). There are really ten islands in this group, but some are so small that I have not put them in. The largest island is Lonthor or Great Banda, and it is more or less crescent-shaped; its greatest length is six miles, and its greatest width is one mile and a half; so you see even that largest island is quite small. Nutmegs grow and have grown for hundreds of years there quite *wild*; they require practically no cultivation and no manure. They never develop any forms of disease, as

plants usually do when they are made to grow away from their native soil.

In Bickmore's *Travels in the Eastern Archipelago* I read that during most of the sixteenth century the Portuguese were masters of Banda, but in 1609 the Dutch made up their minds that they would take possession. So they went out with what was then a great force, of seven hundred men; but they had a very warm reception. Though Banda is only a very small bit of the world, the then occupants fought very hard to keep their rich possessions. It took the Dutch eighteen years to conquer the Portuguese, but when they did finally manage it they had killed quite a quarter of the natives, and the remainder went away to other islands. So the Dutch had to find people to work their gardens, and to do this they first of all brought slaves, and later (when slavery was forbidden) they had convicts to do the work. When Mr. Bickmore visited these islands, many of the people he could at once recognise as convicts, for they were compelled to wear iron rings round their necks.

The Dutch kept the entire nutmeg trade to themselves for many years. To do this they used to destroy all the trees which they could find growing on other islands. Nutmegs are now cultivated largely in South America and the West Indies, but nowhere do they grow so perfectly as in their native islands of Banda.

Now let me tell you what they are like growing. The proper name for the nutmeg is *Myristica fragrans*. It belongs to the same family as the Myrtles, which I expect you know quite well. Like them, the nutmeg has beautiful clear green, glossy, evergreen leaves, rather like those of our laurels. The trees when fully grown are from twenty to thirty feet high, and branch nearly to the ground, forming beautiful compact trees. They are generally sheltered by huge Canari trees, of which I will tell you more later.

To understand the nutmeg properly I must introduce a little botany, but I am sure you will forgive me. You know that to form a fruit, pollen from stamens must reach the pistil of a flower. Now, the nutmeg has its stamens and pistils on different trees, and so some of both kinds have to be grown; the proportion is about two-thirds pistil-carrying, and one-third stamen-carrying, so you see that not all the trees carry fruits.

In fig. 1, I show you a spray of nutmeg in bloom. The flowers are of a deep cream colour, and they have only three petals; but the details here are too small to show which form of flowers they are. In fig. 2, I give a drawing of each kind cut open. The climate in these spice islands is so hot, all the year round, that flowers and fruits in various stages are always to be found.

The fruits when ripe are very like peaches both in size and colour. When quite ripe they split into two equal parts, showing within a dark brown nut covered with a beautiful tracery of crimson. Fig. 3 shows a spray of nutmeg in fruit, carrying fruits in various stages of ripeness. The crimson tracery on the nuts is what is known in commerce as Mace. Fig. 4 shows a ripe fruit with nut within. Fig. 5 depicts the nut and mace without the outer cover. Fig. 6 represents a nut from which the mace is separating. The ripe fruits are collected from the trees in a sort of net bag suspended on bamboos, something like my sketch in fig. 7.

The outer cover is removed and the mace stripped from the nut. The mace is dried in the sun in baskets till quite light yellow in colour. It is then ready for

use, and is packed in casks and shipped off to commercial centres.

The nuts are spread out on trays under which is a slow fire by which they are dried. When they are quite dry, the kernel rattles in its outer cover; this cover is removed by hand, and the nutmegs, as you know them, are the kernels (fig. 8). These are sorted out in sizes and packed in teak casks. These casks are marked with the year in which the contents were grown and the name of the 'park' where they were grown. (Park is the name by which the gardens of nutmegs are known.)

All that then remains for them is to be sent to market. At one time these bales of precious spices used to be carried many miles across the continents which lie between the spice islands and us. The carriers were many months on their journey, and encountered experiences and adventures of the most thrilling kinds. Their merchandise was known to be of great value and, in consequence, they were often attacked by bands of robbers anxious to capture their goods. Many lives were lost in these fights, and much pluck and endurance was exhibited in the bringing of those spices to England. Later, when a sea passage was found, of course the trade was carried on always by sea, but even here pirates were in wait to capture the valuable cargoes, and many a sea fight has been fought over these spices, and sums were paid for them in those old times which make us wonder now that they could have been worth it all!

The sketches of the nutmeg shown in this article were made from illustrations kindly placed at my disposal by the authorities at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

E. M. BARLOW.

BLIND MEN'S DOGS.

WE still sometimes see a blind man led along the streets by a dog attached to a chain or leash. These blind men's dogs are not so often seen now as they used to be, possibly because the traffic of the streets, though so much greater than of old, is better regulated, and blind men find that they can get about from place to place without any other help than that which they receive from the police and from kind-hearted strangers.

But in years gone by it was not uncommon to see a blind musician or a newsvendor accompanied by his dog. Usually such a man would take up his stand all day at some busy corner, where he was well known to many of the people who regularly passed that way. There the dog, having brought him from home, would sit by his side until the time came for returning. It must have been a rather sad life for any dog to sit patiently on duty all day, while other dogs enjoyed their freedom; but knowing how much dogs enjoy human society, and how much they are attached to their masters, the lot of the blind man's dog was, perhaps, not so hard as we might think it to be.

The use of dogs as guides and protectors of blind men goes back to remote times, and, with the exception of hunting and watching, is one of the oldest uses to which they have been put. In one of the manuscripts in the British Museum there is a picture of a blind beggar being led by a dog. This picture is nearly six hundred years old, and the man is dressed in a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a hood which covers all but his face. He wears long shoes with pointed toes, and carries a staff as tall as himself. He looks, in fact, just like a pilgrim;

and it is quite possible that he journeyed from town to town like the pilgrims, begging by the way, and lodging at night in the inns or in the guest-houses of the monasteries, just as the pilgrims did. His dog, which looks rather like a fox, is held by a long leash.

In St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, there is a window known as the 'Pedlar's Window.' The church is nearly five hundred years old, and it is said that about the time when it was new a pedlar left an acre of land to the parish of Lambeth, on condition that a window should be set up in the church, and that he and his dog should be represented in the window. As time passed, the acre of land became more and more valuable, and now, it is said, the rents from it amount to a thousand pounds a year. Some years ago the Pedlar's Window was removed, and another one was put in its place; but the change aroused the indignation of many people, who thought that the pedlar's memory ought to be fully respected, and these people raised such an outcry that the old window had to be restored.

In the time of Shakespeare the city watchmen were often accompanied upon their rounds by dogs. In the dark and narrow streets, full of corners, arches, and passages where thieves and other evil-doers might lurk unnoticed by the passing watchmen, alert dogs must have been very useful, both for finding the hidings and protecting the watchmen. At the present time watchdogs are being used for the same purposes upon our docks and also in the streets of many foreign towns. The watchdogs of Shakespeare's time sometimes followed at the heels of the watchman, and were sometimes led by a chain.

W. A. ATKINSON.

THE PHANTOM FUNDS.

A School Story.

TREACHER was not a popular boy at Longford's. Not that he ever interfered with any one or complained of the unjust way in which many treated him; but the fact that he found his own society sufficiently entertaining was regarded by the community of which he was a member as a distinct insult.

'I can't do with a silent cove,' said Kenneth Watson to his chum, Galloway. 'One never knows what he is going to be up to next.'

Galloway quite agreed; but it must be pointed out that these two boys were over-sensitive concerning the secret actions of others, because they had a weakness themselves for forming secret societies. In a single term Kenneth Watson had been known to establish at least twenty clubs with mysterious rules and still more unaccountable names. To none of these would Treacher seek election, and his willingness to hold aloof was very galling. Treacher did not care for secret societies; Treacher had other matters to occupy his mind, and on one occasion he stung the president and secretary into a state of fury by informing them that he objected to the noisiness of their secret doings. After that they let him go his way, but without forgiveness.

One afternoon when the Christmas term was drawing near its close, Treacher made a strange and wonderful discovery. In the course of a lonely 'mooch' about the deserted quarters of Longford he found himself in a ruinous out-building, the history of which gave much room for speculation to the more imaginative scholars of the old school. It was the general impression among such antiquarians that this building represented the

sole remaining fragment of a mediæval castle with a past far more glorious than its present. The gardener at Longford disagreed entirely with such romantic notions, and found it necessary to express his views pretty strongly at times in order to stop 'them interfering boys' from meddling with his tools and various garden produce, which he kept in the two gloomy, stone apartments furnished by the 'Conqueror's Keep'—as Treacher and Co. insisted on calling the place.

On the afternoon in question, Treacher had come with more than his usual enthusiasm to investigate the walls of the larger of the two chambers: an enthusiasm stimulated by an exciting story he had lately read concerning a quantity of treasure hidden away within the walls of an ancient stronghold, and only revealed in modern days by the stroke of a workman's pickaxe.

'Ten to one,' said Treacher to himself, 'that something of the sort is hidden here. Anyhow, it'll be a bit of a lark to search for it.'

So he began at once the engrossing task. In true and proper style he walked round the chamber, tapping each of the four walls with a stout stick. He tapped them up and he tapped them down, scarcely missing a single stone, and at last the sound he expected fell on his ears.

'There's a hollow here,' said Treacher, 'or why is the sound so dull? There's a secret space behind this stone!' The spot referred to was hardly a foot above the ground, and was in the wall which divided the two chambers. Treacher whipped out his knife. Immense was his delight to find that by a little scraping of the mortar he could loosen the stone. A moment more and it slipped bodily from its position to reveal a cavity that made Treacher gasp. He had provided himself with one of those delightful little electric torches, so useful when peering into sombre nooks and corners. He turned a brilliant beam into the cavity, and what he saw was nothing short of bewildering. A number of ancient-looking coins lay before him, resting comfortably on a crumpled document of weather-worn appearance. Treacher's mouth watered. Here was matter for investigation: here was mystery of the most captivating order!

With a greedy hand he swiftly took possession of the treasure, but had hardly made it his own when a babel of voices on the further side of the wall filled him with dismay. His alarm was all the greater when he recognised among them the strident tones of Galloway and Watson. Clearly enough they had chosen the second chamber in the Conqueror's Keep as the trysting-place for their secret society. With cautious hand Treacher slipped the stone back into its place; worked in a quantity of mortar and dust to hide all signs of its recent removal, and stole silently away.

'This is business!' said he to himself when far enough off to feel safe. 'Little do the boobies guess what they might have found if they had had the sense to look.'

Clutching the treasure in the crumpled document, he hurried to a secluded corner of the common-room, and here, secure from prying eyes, he unfolded the wonder for closer inspection.

Then did the unmistakable signs of disappointment, concern, dread and fear, take possession of Treacher's face. Leaping to his feet, he thrust the treasure-trove deep into his pocket, and sped from the room, eager to compose himself before any one could detect his confusion. His subsequent actions were circumspect in the extreme.

(Concluded on page 58.)



"A number of ancient-looking coins lay before him."