



CHAYTERSON.

BOUNCING.—(A CANADIAN WINTER SPORT).



"Chinna hauled the nets on board."

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## CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 63.)

### CHAPTER V.

IT was very early next morning when the children woke, for, no sooner was the sun above the horizon, than Mrs. Chinna was bustling about, scrubbing and clattering her pots and pans. And the monkeys began to chatter and to leap joyously from bough to bough, and the goat baaed loudly for her breakfast.

There was a deep pool at the edge of the clearing, into which the little stream fell sparkling, and this made an ideal bathing-place. And Mrs. Chinna produced a spare comb with which Nancy was able to tug the knots from her hair. And then all three were ready for a drink of the milk which had been heating meanwhile over the fire.

'We will go and look in the nets for fish,' said Chinna, presently. And Brian jumped up eagerly, very anxious to show that he remembered all he had been taught on the previous night, and equally anxious to learn more.

It was still so early that many creatures of the dark were yet abroad. Strange rustlings came from the undergrowth. From bush to bush, and from tree to tree, stretched a network of spiders' webs, in the corners of which crouched huge spiders, hairy and sullen. Chinna, with quick glances from right to left, led the way through the forest, until presently the trees ended abruptly on the edge of a very blue lake which was bounded on the further side by a low, green shore.

'There are my nets,' said Chinna. And he pointed to a line of floats, bobbing about in the water a little way out. And then, from beneath the bushes which clustered round the bank, he pulled a small raft made of bamboos, tightly lashed together. On to this he and Brian clambered, and Chinna, with a little wooden paddle, guided the raft towards the floats, hauled the nets on board, and emptied out the fish that they contained. There was quite a large pile, and he smiled, well pleased, more firmly convinced than ever that his visitors were bringers of good fortune.

He sat down to smoke after he had shown Brian how to string the fish on a piece of stick by passing it through the gills. And, presently, he pointed to an island which rose from the lake about half-way between either shore. It was small and rocky, and covered with low scrubby growth.

'That is the place to which the messengers come,' said Chinna, nodding mysteriously. 'When we have finished our work we will go and see if there is need of me to-day. On the other side of the island do the messengers wait. I have forbidden that any should watch my comings and goings.' And he puffed out his chest, and stuck his chin in the air, and looked immensely important.

'For what would you be needed?' Brian asked, as Chinna began to paddle again, and he himself tried to help the raft along with a spare paddle he had found. His efforts were not altogether successful at first, but he soon got the knack of it.

'For many things I am needed,' Chinna answered.

'Sometimes they call on me to work a spell. Am I not Chinna, the spell-worker, as well as Chinna, the hunter?' And he looked, if possible, yet more important.

'What kind of spells do you work?' said Brian. Perhaps there was a shade of doubt in his voice, for Chinna answered severely, and somewhat sharply: 'All manner of spells do I know. But mostly the village people come to me to cure them when sickness descends on their villages.'

'How do you cure them? Do you give them medicine like a doctor does?'

'Sometimes I give them medicine; very good medicine. But medicine is of little use unless the angry spirit, which sends the sickness, is duly appeased. I make offerings, therefore, of rice and mohwa spirit; and, at times, of a white cock. And I sing the song of banishment that my father taught me, and his father sang before him.'

'And is the sickness cured when you have finished?'

'If still it persists,' said Chinna, 'I take a white kid, in all things perfect. And I tie a garland round its neck, and let it go free. And it takes away with it the wrong the people have wrought, and by reason of which the spirit is angry. But, if even this is not sufficient, then it is plain to all men that the evil is altogether too great for forgiveness. That is not my fault, but the fault of those who have sinned.'

(Continued on page 78.)

## THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

### III.—THE FIRST GROCERS: THE CLOVE.

IN my last article I spoke of the ancient Guild of Peppercers. Well, after a long and varied career, this guild died out. Many of its members had been ruined by Edward II., who got very large 'loans' out of them. So for some years nothing much seems to have been known about them.

In the meantime other trades began to separate themselves into parties, and to form a sort of brotherhood for mutual help. They found that it was a desirable thing to have meetings from time to time, so that they could talk things over and discuss the trade generally. So in 1345 the London Peppercers had a little conference, starting with a dinner to put them all on good terms with each other. At that conference they decided to ask two other bodies of traders to join them, viz., the Canvassers and the Spicers. The canvassers were traders in all kinds of shipping necessaries, and as both the peppercers and spicers were powerless without means of obtaining their goods by sea, naturally the canvassers were people to be cultivated. This combination of trades formed the 'Fraternity of St. Antony.' They were very particular as to whom they admitted to the rights of this fraternity; they had to be quite respectable and of very good character. They paid thirteen shillings and fourpence yearly subscription and a penny a week for a priest to pray for the fraternity. These sums seem absurd to us now, but you must remember that the value of a penny was very, very much higher then than it is now.

The fraternity made all kinds of rules, and also established charities to be dispensed to any members who might meet with bad luck in the course of their business. The conditions of apprenticeship also were

considered. The apprentices in those days had to wear a uniform. They had blue cloaks in the summer and gowns in the winter. They also had white breeches and stockings and flat hats. One often sees this costume depicted in old prints, and you can always be pretty sure the persons so dressed are apprentices. An apprentice was considered a member of the family of his employer, but I have always thought that he had a mighty poor time of it in most cases. He seemed to be a sort of extra servant who could be called upon to do almost anything which the family chose to ask of him. He had to wait at table and attend his master as 'lunk-man' (that is, carry a lantern or torch to light his master on his way at night, before the days of street-lighting. He served for seven years, and often a large sum of money was paid as premium to the master by his parents. Young men of good birth came to London as apprentices in those days, and the fact of their being 'in trade' did not in any way prevent them from holding high positions in after-life and being greatly respected. The objections to trade seem to have come about later, and it is a great pity that they ever came about at all.

Now, as time passed, these traders who were members of the Fraternity of St. Antony began to get into trouble with other traders, because they gradually introduced into their shops merchandise other than was generally acknowledged to belong to their trades as pepperers, spicers, and canvassers. This kind of thing still goes on, you know, even in these days, for you will find grocers selling wines and spirits, and other things which really seem to belong to other trades. Also all the companies of other trades, as well as those in which we are particularly interested, were jangling about their representation on the City of London Common Council. So you can guess they were pretty busy when they had their meetings. These great traders felt that as they were leaders of business in the City, they ought to be well represented on the councils which managed the affairs of the City. They therefore were occupied with these matters as well as with their own business.

Then the Fraternity of St. Antony changed its name and became the 'Grocers' Company.' The reasons for the change are not at all clear, nor is the meaning of the word 'grocer.' The best explanation seems to be the fact that these merchants bought their goods in very large quantities, that is, 'in gross.' We have the verb 'to engross,' one meaning of which is, to take the whole of, to monopolise. This seems to suggest that these grocers were very jealous of their trade, and even, perhaps, that they tried to take the whole stocks of merchandise which were not necessarily theirs—to corner the market, as business men would say nowadays. Well, whatever the reason, sure it is that our pepperers and spicers became grocers. But we still find that their chief stocks were the valuable spices which were mainly used only by the richer folk, because they were so expensive!

In the fifteenth century, Mr. Rees (in the valuable book I have already quoted) tells us that the chief spices used were 'ginger, mace, cloves, cinnamon, almonds, raisins, prunes, dates, figs, rice, comfits, and nutmegs.'

Shopkeepers of to-day have many rules and regulations to put up with, but I do not think, as far as I can make out, they have nearly such a bad time as did the shopkeepers of early times. They were constantly being

visited by 'searchers,' and if they were found to be adulterating the goods, they were heavily punished. Not by fines! No; they were put in the public pillory, and often their bad merchandise was burned under them! Then another rule they had was, that before they were allowed to sell their goods to the public, they had to allow certain 'big-wigs' to come and have their choice—and they did not get very wonderful prices either!

One of the practices of the dishonest spicer was to sell his goods in an unclean state, thus getting payment for dirt, for all was weighed up together. The Grocers' Company therefore established an official 'Garbler' for London—that is, a cleaner or sifter. This gentleman was a very powerful person and could demand to examine the stock of any trader in spices at the time. Then, in 1447, the King made the Grocers' Company official garblers for the United Kingdom. If these garblers found unclean goods, they seized them, and half went to the King's exchequer and the other half to the Grocers' Company. You see this was profitable, and brought in money to the Company!

Another source of revenue was the care and working of the King's Beam. This was a weighing-machine, a 'steelyard,' in fact, with official weights. It was ordered that at certain times various articles must be weighed in this machine, and, of course, there was payment according to the value of the merchandise. The management of the King's Beam remained with the Company until quite lately.

Now let me tell you of some of the adventures of those who, in Tudor times, 'went down to the sea in ships' to obtain these valuable spices.

I have already told you the history of the nutmeg. I suppose there is no doubt that the clove is the next most important spice after the nutmeg and mace. Now the original home of the clove seems to have been the Moluccas group of islands, and, like the nutmeg, it seems to have had a long and romantic history. Cloves were certainly known to the ancient Romans during the early Christian times; the Emperor Aurelian had them, and they were carried overland at great expense, and were, of course, a luxury only within reach of the wealthy. They were also much valued by the ancient Chinese.

The clove grew wild in Amboyna, as did the nutmeg in Banda. The Portuguese owned the East Indies nearly two hundred and fifty years—up to about 1600—and they instituted a monopoly of the cloves; that is, they kept the entire trade to themselves. At that time cloves grew in about five islands off the coast of Gilolo, which were at that time known as the Moluccas. But about 1600 the Portuguese were driven out of their possessions by the Dutch. They went further than the Portuguese in the matter of the monopoly, for they systematically destroyed all cloves except in the Island of Amboyna. Thus they kept the monopoly of the clove right up to 1770. About that time, however, the French managed somehow to take some plants of clove to the Mauritius and other parts. In something like ten years later they were planted in the West Indies, and now for many years they have been cultivated in Zanzibar, where the climate seems to suit them uncommonly well and fine harvests are gathered.

Many people have described clove-trees at different times, and all agree that they are very handsome. An old writer, named Rumphius, says of it that 'it is the most beautiful, most elegant, and most precious of all

known trees.' This is indeed high praise, but, from all I can find out, I do not think it was much too high.

The proper name for the tree is *Eugenia aromatica*, and, like the nutmeg, it belongs to the Myrtle family. It grows to a considerable height, perhaps forty or fifty feet, with a thick trunk, the bark being olive colour. The branches are spreading, and the leaves dark and glossy and of a clear green colour. The flowers are carried at the ends of the branches in clusters of about fifteen or twenty.

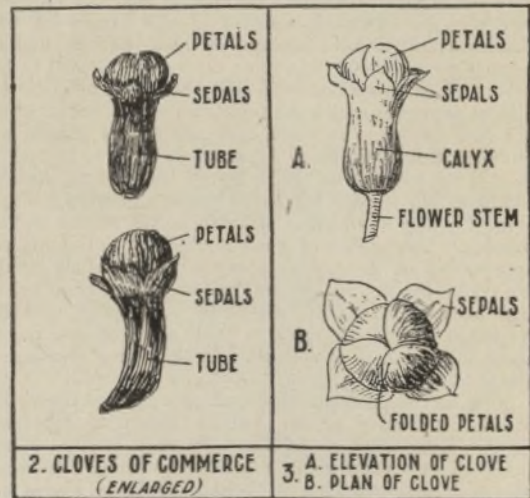
Now, I wonder whether when you have carefully picked out the cloves from your apple pudding or pie, and put them on the edge of your plate, you have ever



realised what they really are? I have read of them often as 'fruits.' But they are not fruits; they are *flower-buds!*

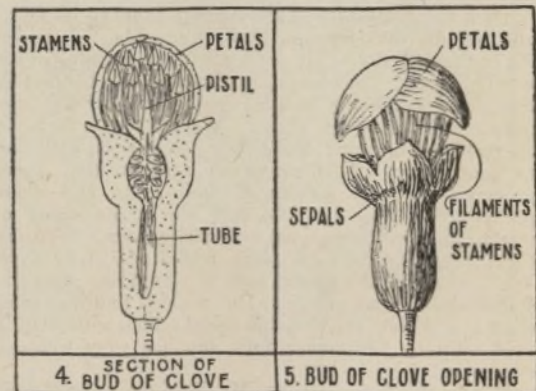
In fig. 1, I show you a nice spray from the clove-tree in bud. It has leaves and buds in various stages of development, but no *open* flowers. These I will show to you later. You see the leaves are very like laurel leaves, and also like the nutmeg's. The clusters of buds are at the ends of the twigs, and, if this sketch were in colour, you would see that according to the age of the bud, it would be either white, green, or red. When red, the buds must be picked, or they would be useless for the spice trade. They are gathered into spread cloths, being knocked from the trees with long bamboos. They are then dried, when they turn nearly black, as we know

them, and as I show one in fig. 2. At fig. 3, I have an enlarged clove bud in two positions, A and B. Here you notice the flower has four sepals which stand out round the four petals, which fold over, forming a kind of cap. If you cut a bud down the middle, you would



find the state of things shown in fig. 4. The flower you note has a tube-shaped formation, with a pistil in the middle, and a number of stamens all round. If the bud is left on the tree too long, the petals get pushed off, as seen in fig. 5. The stamens then spread out and form a fluffy cluster (fig. 6). These sketches are from certain drawings at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

Clove-trees yield two crops a year, one about Christmas and the other near St. John the Baptist's Day (June 24th). The whole tree is very aromatic in scent. A valuable

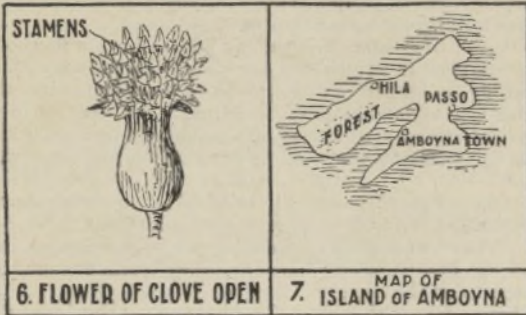


volatile (that is, evaporating) oil, oil of cloves, is extracted from the clove. The trees do not produce cloves till they are from eight to ten years old, but they go on for something like a hundred years when they once make a start.

In the fifteenth century the price of cloves was very high, costing as much as thirty shillings a pound, and

of course thirty shillings in those days was worth much more than now.

The origin of the name Clove is very interesting, but rather involved. However, all authorities point to its likeness to a nail. The native name for it is 'chenki,' which it is thought comes from the Chinese 'theng-ki,' which means sweet-smelling nails! The Dutch called



it 'nagelenboomen,' which also means nail-trees. The Spanish used the word 'clavos,' again meaning nails, and this is probably the direct origin of our word, clove.

The Island of Amboyna, where the Dutch made their monopoly of cloves, is very beautiful. If you look at my first article (page 12) you will see the island just below the western end of Ceram. Fig. 7 shows a little

map of it. It is composed mainly of two big peninsulas, and Amboyna town lies in the bay between the peninsulas. Amboyna is really the capital of the Moluccas, and a very ancient settlement. It is lucky in having no active volcanoes, but the island often has earthquakes. I have read that if ten months passed without any shocks, the people knew they were in for a big one.

Mr. Wallace (whose great book on the Malay Archipelago I have mentioned already) gives a very long and interesting account of Amboyna, and makes you want to go there, even if they do have earthquakes! He says the harbour is like a fine river, and the sea is very clear and full of beautiful and wonderful things. The whole island is covered with a wealth of foliage—ferns, palms, and rattans in great profusion. Rattans are a sort of climbing palm, from the stems of which rattan canes are made.

E. M. BARLOW.

**THE MEDAL.**

A Tale of Reprisals.

ON the morning of Saturday, November 12th, 19—, Scorby (with his chum, Callaway, kneeling beside him) was in the act of lifting the lid of his locker in the common-room at Rutherford College, when he suddenly assumed an expression of alarm, and gripping Callaway's wrist, muttered sepulchraly: 'Sh-h-h! Did you hear that?'

'Hear what?' growled Callaway, snatching himself



**A PICTURE PUZZLE.**

The Farmyard: Find the Farmer, his Dog, his Duck, and his Pig.

free with an injured look. 'Another of your silly bogies, I suppose.'

'Shut up! There it goes again,' continued the other. 'Just as I guessed. It was the door of Cumberland's study opening and shutting, and, mark my words, the bounders mean to carry out their threat, for no honest person would have entered the captain's den as stealthily as that.'

'I didn't hear anything,' reiterated Callaway. 'Here, stop a bit! Give me my paint-box before you go! There won't be time after school, as I want to get away early.'

But Scorby was tip-toeing towards the door, holding back a warning hand. 'Come lightly!' he whispered, as Callaway drew alongside. 'You don't know what I know. You didn't hear Warden and Green make a solemn vow the other day, that if Prince's House won the river medal they would take jolly good care that we didn't keep it many days.'

Callaway coughed scornfully. 'Warden and Green?' he cried. 'Bosh and nonsense! Who stoops to notice the sayings and doings of such a booby gang as theirs?'

'I do,' retorted Scorby. 'My head is screwed on better than yours, old man, and I consider it my duty to save Prince's House from losing a medal that it took so much trouble to win.'

'Very well,' sighed Callaway. 'I'll stand by in case of need; but don't forget I'm off by special permit for the week-end, and must have that box of paints you borrowed before I go.'

Scorby treated such trivial matters with silent contempt. Scorby's loyalty to his House was far too exalted to be interfered with by borrowed paints, and paltry permits for week-end leaves. Engrossed by the conviction that rival candidates for river honours had raided the captain's study, and carried off the precious medal lately enshrined upon his mantelpiece, Scorby pursued the path that led to the rifled apartment with the determination of a sleuth-hound.

Occupying as he did the important position of captain's fag, he entered Cumberland's study without much ceremony, and a glance at the mantelpiece confirmed his fears. 'There you are!' he gasped, pointing dramatically across the room. 'What did I say? Gone as clean as a whistle. Oh, the bounders! Oh, the cads! I'll let 'em jolly well see!'

With face aflame, and bristling at all points, he ramped into the corridor again, waving off Callaway's efforts to restrain him with the gestures of one who was swimming against a strong current. A moment later, plunging headlong down a distant flight of stairs, a mighty clatter telling of his descent came back to Callaway, who greeted the uproar with a sigh of resignation. Full well he knew that all chance of obtaining his paint-box was at an end for several hours, since there would be no time to bring Scorby up to scratch again before classes met.

It was, no doubt, due to a consciousness of this pressure of time that the captain's fag took immediate action, and on rounding up the enemy (which there was little difficulty in doing), he opened communications in a way which was certainly direct, if not diplomatic.

Green, Warden, Fisher, and two or three others received him with expressions of wonder.

'Now then, you sneaking cads,' he panted. 'Hand it over! Don't let us have any nonsense! I know all about it!'

He thrust out one hand so close to Warden's waistcoat

that Warden bent himself double from a pardonable desire to avoid being hit below the belt.

'Get out! Be off, you nasty little boy!' he cried with a laugh, as if Scorby were a noisy baby. For he saw that Scorby was in a rage, and consequently a fit object for persecution.

'What's the little chap so hot about?' sneered Green, stepping suddenly up and stroking the back of Scorby's head with insulting tenderness.

Galled to greater fury, the fag poured forth a flood of accusations in which he denounced individually the smiling crowd before him. 'You have taken the medal from Cumberland's study,' he yelled. 'I heard you do it. I heard you all sneak in a minute or two ago like the thieving cads that you are, and I followed directly, and—'

'Oh, naughty! naughty!' cried Warden with round reproving eyes. 'You mustn't say such things!'

'What a cute chap he must be,' whispered Fisher in the ear of a friend. 'Fancy his being clever enough to catch us on the hop!'

'Who'd have thought it?' said Green. 'But he must be punished, all the same.'

Green's reputation for gentleness and intelligence was decidedly poor, and as he made a sudden dive at Scorby, his face assumed an expression which left no room to doubt that the punishment would be as severe as he could make it. The next moment a lively scuffle was in progress. Scorby's arms were whirling like the sails of a windmill, and Scorby's head ducked and dodged and jerked about with bewildering agility. So rapid and unexpected were his movements that Green had some difficulty in breaking through his first line defences, and indeed might have been held longer at bay had he not called for support from his allies. The response was unanimous and enthusiastic, but before the campaign could be carried to a successful issue, the sudden appearance of a powerful neutral brought the war to an end.

'Cave! Cave!' whispered some one. 'Here comes Prince!'

At this announcement the battle disintegrated as though a bomb had exploded in the midst of the contending parties, and where the strife had been fiercest, nothing but a cloud of dust remained.

Still fuming with what he considered to be righteous indignation, Scorby stormed back to his fag-master's den, and flung open the door with a brusqueness justified only by harrowing circumstances. As he expected, Cumberland was in. 'They've taken it!' he panted. 'They came here this morning when you were out. I heard them creeping in, and they've stolen it. I knew they would!'

Cumberland gazed upon his dishevelled fag with silent wonder. 'Stolen what?' he asked presently in bewildered tones.

'The medal,' said Scorby. 'Our river medal.'

The captain wheeled round in his chair, roused to wakefulness by this dread announcement. But his alarm was instantly dispelled, for there, on the mantelpiece, propped in its velvet case, stood the medal as usual. The gasping, fiery fag saw it too. As Cumberland's spirits rose, Scorby's sank. He mopped his streaming brow with his handkerchief and looked again. Yes; there could be no mistake, and to the captain's inquiring glance he could only stammer out: 'How did it get there?'

'You are in a fever,' said the other. 'Over-study, or

not enough, has brought on some illness. You had better see the matron.

A wan smile broke on Scorby's face, and while it burned more hotly than recent hostilities could account for, he told his story.

'Run away, run away!' said Cumberland, with a wave of the hand. 'You deserve what you got. It was I who took the medal away and brought it back. None but an ass would act upon the evidence of his ears alone.'

Scorby retreated, rubbing his neck with his handkerchief, and engrossed by conflicting thoughts. In considerable mental turmoil he went to classes and, much to his subsequent detriment, was not among the first to arrive. The form-master's disapproval expressed itself in the shape of an imposition to be worked out in the early hours of the afternoon; but as the morning progressed, Scorby displayed such remarkable deficiencies as a member of that particular form, that he was called upon to forfeit the whole half-holiday—a most lenient punishment he was assured by the long-suffering master.

The news of his misfortune was quickly carried into the enemies' camp, and was hailed with songs of triumph; for Warden, Green, and their allies, were bent upon making ingenious reprisals, as we shall shortly see.

A few hours later, when Scorby was in the act of commencing his weary term of imprisonment in detention-room, he happened to glance through the open door. A boy was standing in the passage performing extravagant antics. It was Callaway. Without the aid of speech, it requires some artistic skill in pantomime to convey the information that 'I want my paint-box.' But by dint of tucking his thumb through an imaginary palette and vigorously painting on the passage wall, Callaway at last had the satisfaction of seeing his chum begin gingerly to respond. He lifted the lid of his desk, turned over the contents with the air of one who was looking for something, then snatched up the required article, thrust it into his coat-pocket and closed the desk again. This action being accompanied with sundry mouthings and nods, Callaway finally gathered that he had received Scorby's permission to open his locker, and take out the property of which he was in quest. With an inaudible acknowledgment he stole away, and the melancholy Scorby turned to his task.

Fuming at the delay all this had caused, Callaway bent his steps to the common-room, and was soon prosecuting a diligent search. But the chaotic condition of the locker, together with the small amount of time at his disposal, brought on a fit of despair, and to avoid further hindrance, he abandoned all hope of obtaining the paint-box. Perhaps it was by way of compensation that he helped himself to a treasure which was likely to be of service during his absence. This was nothing less than a silver watch and chain, which lay in a conspicuous position on the pile of rubbish that Scorby had collected.

'He wouldn't leave it here if he wanted it very badly,' said the conscientious Callaway as he slipped it into his waistcoat pocket and button-holed the chain. 'If he misses it, serve him jolly well right for keeping me here so long. Besides, I can tell him I took it as security for my paints.'

He gave the watch a wind or two on departing, and paused for a moment in the entrance-hall to put it right with the great clock that stood there. Comforting him-

self with the assurance that, checked by this glorious timepiece, he might safely make a détour on his way to the station, he left the precincts of Rutherford on a pair of lightsome heels. Alas! no sooner were all possibilities of verifying the correctness of the watch left behind, than Callaway discovered that it had stopped. He shook it; he wound it; he held it to his ear; but the only result was a feeble, irregular tick, and then silence. Realising that it was impossible to tell how much time had elapsed since the suspension of animation took place, Callaway was seized with panic, and quickened his speed to a sharp run.

The path he was now following was in the open country, a good mile from the station, and bordering a large private park, well known to the boys of Rutherford College as a forbidden region. Under the shadow of its tall oak fence our hero was hurrying along, when suddenly, at a sharp bend, he ran plump into the arms of a crowd of boys coming from the opposite direction. A shout of derision greeted him.

'Stop thief! It's Callaway of Prince's!' cried Green.

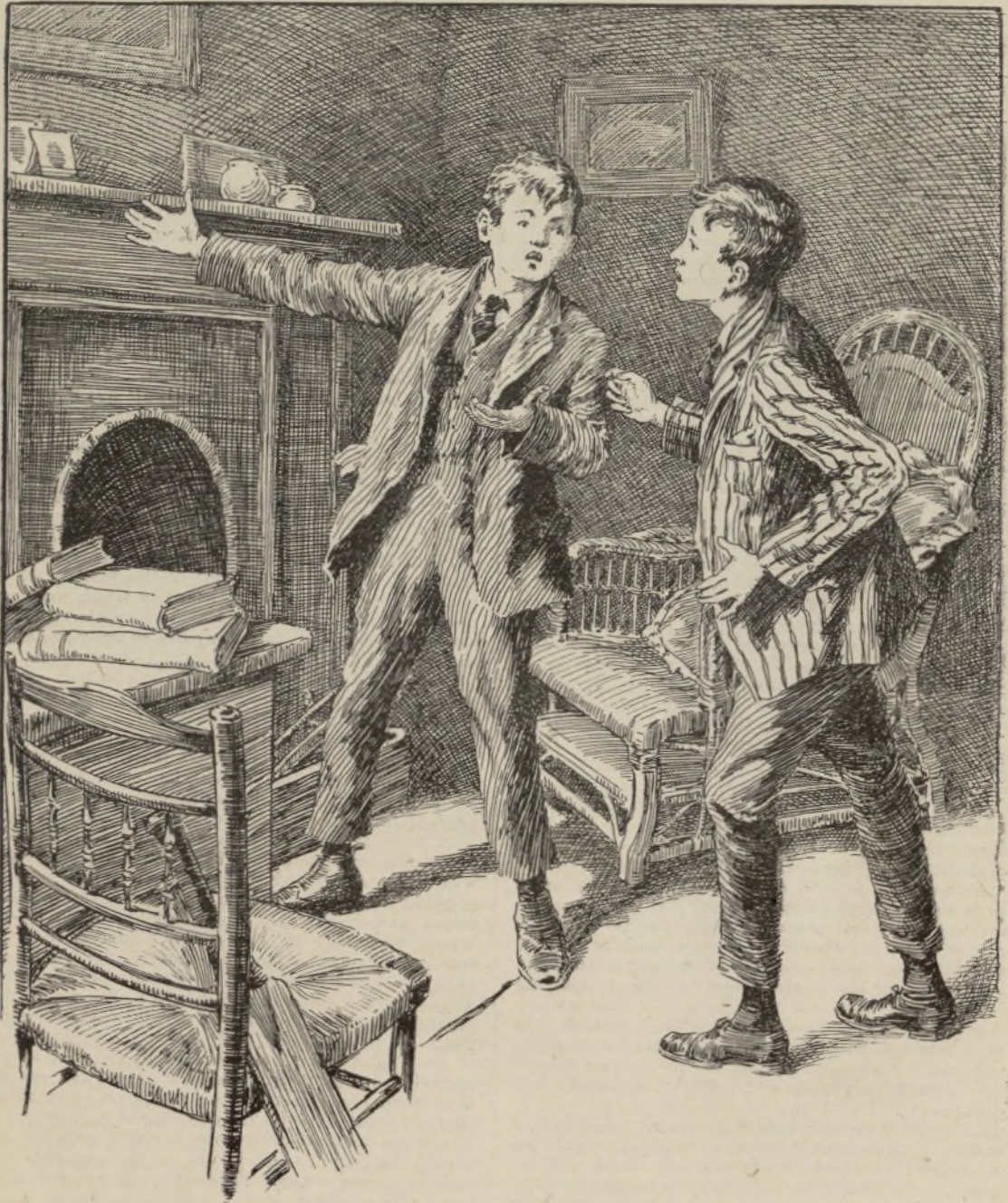
'Old Scorby's chum,' yelled another.

'Grip him tight! Don't let him go!' was the general chorus, led by Warden, who spread out his arms, and dodged from side to side.

Callaway sought in vain to avoid him. He pleaded by look and word. He explained the necessity of haste on his part, but the laughing, persecuting gang had no pity. They hustled him, punched him, turned him about, and finally one of their number, snatching his cap from his head, tossed it into the branches of a tree that grew on the further side of the park fence. It lodged high up on a bough near the trunk, and next moment, uttering wild shouts of hilarity, the crowd decamped, capering joyously away like so many frolicsome sheep.

Sorrowfully Callaway pondered the situation. There was nothing for it but to scale the fence, and climb the tree with as little delay as possible. And this he did. The trunk was large, and difficult to negotiate on account of several little spurs and knots protruding from the bark. But desperation drove him on. At last the bough was reached and the cap secured. He was on the point of beginning the descent when a distant rustle of dead leaves fell on his ears, and glancing earthwards he saw a keeper approaching in a deliberate way. This was too much. Why should he lose more time by stopping to explain: he who was entirely the victim of others' evil deeds? He simply would not do it—not for all the keepers who ever carried a gun. Setting his teeth with determination, he descended the trunk at a run, pained and scarred by the rasping protuberances. They scraped his legs and chest with a viciousness that brought a pucker to his brows, but, ignoring such minor distresses, he scrambled over the fence, deaf to the call of the man in velveteens. A moment more and he was scurrying along the path like a rabbit, and ten minutes later burst tempestuously into the ticket office at the station almost too breathless to explain his wishes. It was some consolation, however, to find that he had not missed the train, though it was at the platform as if waiting to receive him. The guard's whistle rang in his ears. He plunged into the first compartment that offered; the door banged behind him, and he sank exhausted into a window-seat, every pulse throbbing with the exertion he had made.

(Concluded on page 74.)



“‘They’ve taken it!’ he parted.”