



"Brian begged the loan of Chinna's bow and arrows."

CHINNA.

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

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CHAPTER VII.

THE day passed peacefully after the excitement of the morning. Chinna made no attempt to go hunting again. There was plenty of meat in the larder, and the little man did not hunt merely for pleasure, but chiefly that the necessary food might be obtained; or when he needed money and wished to sell the meat. He considered it a waste of strength to hunt at any other time. Chinna knew that only by keeping his strength at its highest pitch could he hope to battle successfully with the fierce wild things amongst which he lived. And now there was special need to be strong, since he must face the fiercest of any who at all times disputed the overlordship. So Chinna drowsed by the fire while the daylight hours sped past.

Mrs. Chinna, on the other hand, was very busy. She was by nature a hard-working little person, and she was scarcely idle for a moment, save when she slept after the mid-day meal, or at night. She bustled about now, flinging stones on the heap beneath the tree in a sudden panic lest the spirits be offended; cooking a strange concoction of bitter fruits under Chinna's direction, and with Nancy's zealous help. When this was ready, the juice was strained through a piece of muslin into an empty gourd, shaped rather like a bottle with a narrow neck, and the gourd was hung up inside the hut. And then Mrs. Chinna began to teach Nancy how to polish a brass pot with a handful of dry sand, and Nancy scrubbed away till she was almost purple in the face.

Brian, meanwhile, had begged the loan of Chinna's bow and arrows, and made a large black mark on a tree with a piece of charred wood, and was practising shooting at this. And was so happy when he hit the mark several times running that he almost forgot about the tiger-hunt. Frederick, when he was not watching Brian, or running to pick up the arrows and bring them back again, tried to make friends with the monkeys; but his efforts were not crowned with much success. They chattered rude replies to all his remarks, and expressed their disapproval of almost everything he did. And, if he strayed beyond the clearing even a yard or so, they threw sticks and leaves at him as on the previous day, and talked yet more loudly. Frederick puzzled over this conduct until he thought he had found the explanation. 'I think,' he told Brian, 'they think that we belong to Chinna and Mrs. Chinna, and they mustn't let us go away.'

'And I think that they're just a nuisance,' said Brian, for the monkeys had distracted his attention at exactly the wrong moment, and an arrow had gone wide of the mark. And Brian picked up a handful of small stones, and did some throwing in his turn, and the monkeys transferred their enmity to him with redoubled vigour, and were almost friendly to Frederick in comparison.

With the coming of the dark Chinna grew alert, and set about the preparations he deemed necessary for his encounter with the tiger. First he propped a large flat stone against the hollow tree-trunk, and smeared it with red paint. And in front of the stone he put a handful of rice, and a small pot of a dark wine-like fluid made from the blossoms of the tree itself. The rice and

the wine were offerings to the spirit, Mrs. Chinna explained in a whisper to the children. And the red smeared stone represented the evil demon who protected the tiger, and whose favour must be won. And, when all these things were arranged to his satisfaction, Chinna danced a most weird dance in front of them. He waved his arms wildly, and began to chant solemnly, and this is what he chanted:

'O mighty one,
I call on thee.
Oh, by thine aid
Enable me
The striped one to slay.
'I Chinna am,
Thy humble slave,
And of thy strength
This boon I crave,
The striped one to slay.
'Soon we must meet.
Yes. Face to face.
One dies. One lives.
Oh, grant me grace,
The striped one to slay.
'Look on my gifts
Of rice and wine.
All that I have
It shall be thine,
If I the striped one slay.'

And then Chinna ceased to dance, and crouched down on his heels before the stone, and stared straight in front of him. And his eyes were dull and glassy, like the eyes of a blind person, and there was no expression in his face. And Mrs. Chinna whispered, very softly, to the children, 'Do not speak. Do not disturb him. Lo, his body is here, but he himself talks with the spirits. He is as a man asleep.'

And the children huddled together, watching, much interested, and awed a little. All round the dark forest kept watch, while the camp fire threw gold and glancing beams amidst the shadows, and seemed to touch them to a dancing life, and outlined the figure of Chinna crouched motionless before the red-smeared stone.

It seemed a long while before the little man rose to his feet, though in reality it was but a few minutes. His eyes grew slowly luminous again, and he yawned and stretched his arms above his head.

'The spirit has spoken to me!' he chanted. 'The spirit has spoken to me! I shall surely slay the striped one. The spirit has promised.'

And with that he became his ordinary self again, and ordered Mrs. Chinna to prepare food, saying that he was hungry.

(Continued on page 94.)

A SEARCH FOR SPIES.

IT was the half-term holiday at the school, and Joe and I had made up our minds to make the best of it. To begin with, we were rather wild to have to be at school at all, when we both felt sure that we should be ever so much more useful if we were only old enough to enlist, or help in some proper sort of way. Being Scouts, however, we didn't grumble, but set our minds to make the best of a bad business, and decided at the same time that if we ever *did* get an opportunity to 'do our bit,' we'd do it with a will.

'Tom,' said Joe to me on the day before the holiday, 'what do you say to a good long tramp to-morrow? Right over the cliffs, and perhaps as far as the Pirates' Cave?'

He looked at me with a sort of wink as he said it, for both he and I had our own ideas about what was going on in the Cave, and though no one else seemed to think there was any sense in what we said, we had made up our minds that there was a chance of an adventure ahead, and perhaps a bit of work to be done, too.

The fact was that for several weeks there had been signalling going on from our cliffs; trawlers out fishing at night had seen the lights, and though the police were keen to discover who it could be, so far nothing had been accomplished.

The next day saw us ready for business. We put on our thickest boots, filled our pockets with enough bread and cheese to keep us going till tea-time, and off we went. It was a jolly kind of day: not cold enough for snow, but with a frosty nip in the air that made walking a pleasure. In a very short time Joe and I were at our best stride, tramping along at a good many miles an hour.

'Only one thing more to complete my pleasure do I want,' said Joe presently, 'and that is to catch a spy.'

'How soon do you expect to do *that*?' I was beginning, when my friend gave a start. 'I believe *there's* one,' he said.

I roared with laughter; I couldn't help it. We were quite off the main track certainly, but it was broad daylight, and no one would expect spies to come out just because Joe wanted to catch one.

'You've got spies on the brain,' I said.

But Joe didn't answer; he was staring in front of him, and he began to step out faster than ever. Of course I kept pace, and soon I could see that there was some kind of a figure in front of us walking over the cliffs and a long way ahead.

'Some one's out early,' said Joe. 'I wonder what *his* business is?'

We strode on, gaining on the figure, and then all of a sudden we both burst out laughing, for as we drew near we saw that the person we had been following was a *woman*, and not a man at all!

'Just like my luck!' growled Joe. 'I made sure I'd got one then, and it's only a lady visitor taking a walk.'

But I was watching the figure, and the more I noticed the way the stranger strode along, and the way she swung her arms, I could not help thinking that she was a queer kind of woman, or else my eyes were deceiving me.

'I don't like the look of her, somehow,' I said to Joe.

It was *his* turn to laugh at me. 'I say,' he said, 'who's got spies on the brain now? Why, I saw that woman in the post-office this very morning buying stamps as I was on my way to your house. She's just a visitor.'

(Concluded on page 90.)

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

III.—NEWHAVEN TO PORTSMOUTH.

NEWHAVEN to Dieppe—the two words seem to be so closely connected together that one hardly realises the possibility of taking the dull little Sussex port as a starting-point for any other journey. To-day,

however, instead of setting out across the Channel we will travel along its coast, stopping for a while at each of the towns which stud the long line of the railway as if they were beads threaded on to a great necklace.

From Newhaven to Portsmouth, then, that is to be our journey to-day, but before we begin to travel westward, we will go back a few miles and pay a visit to Seaford, a village which, in the past, was a large town and one of the famous Cinque Ports.

That was far back in the Middle Ages, but, even before that time, mention is made of this place in history, for here Northern pirates landed on one of their raiding expeditions, and, doubtless reminded of their homes, they gave the village a new name as they sailed up the little harbour in their strange high-prowed ships.

Sea-Fjord, they called the South-coast Saxon hamlet, and it must not be forgotten that the word, *ford*, here has its Scandinavian meaning, and signifies an inlet of the sea, and not, as elsewhere in England, a passage through running water.

The latter history of Seaford is very much like that of many other English coast towns, for its large trade and consequent prosperity were dependent on its harbour, and as the latter became choked with drifting sand, so the former dwindled away and vanished.

As Seaford went down in the world, its neighbour and rival, Newhaven, increased in importance, but here, too, in due course, the harbour silted up and the well-being of the town was threatened. For some time Newhaven was almost deserted, but in 1731 steps were taken to repair the mischief, and now, instead of being a dead city like Rye and Winchelsea, it is a thriving port and linked to France across the water by one of the regular lines of steamers.

From Newhaven the railway takes us inland to Lewes, the county town of Sussex, a sleepy old-fashioned place enough, but interesting as having been the scene of one of the fiercest and most important battles ever fought on English ground.

It was here that the barons and their followers, wearing the white cross of Simon de Montfort, in token that their cause was sacred, met the forces of Henry III., and, by their victory, secured the liberties and rights which had been wrung from the king's treacherous father on the plain of Runnymede.

It is said that five thousand men fell in this battle, on what is now the Lewes racecourse, and among the prisoners taken by the victors were Henry III. himself, his brother, and the two Scottish chieftains, Robert Bruce and John Comyn.

Lewes Castle, the ruins of which still remain, was built by William Earl of Surrey, the son-in-law of William the Conqueror, and not far away was a large priory, where in 1264 the royal captives were imprisoned and where the famous treaty called the Mise of Lewes was drawn up and signed.

It is only about eight miles from Lewes to Brighton, but the short journey seems to carry us out of ancient into modern times, for 'London-by-the-Sea,' as the great watering-place has been called, is not only the largest but the newest of south-coast towns.

A village, Brighthelmstone, existed before the eighteenth century, but it was only a small place with eight thousand inhabitants, and it is very difficult to realise now as we look down the long sea-front, or up at the network of streets with which the hills behind are covered, that the Prince Regent, to whom the town

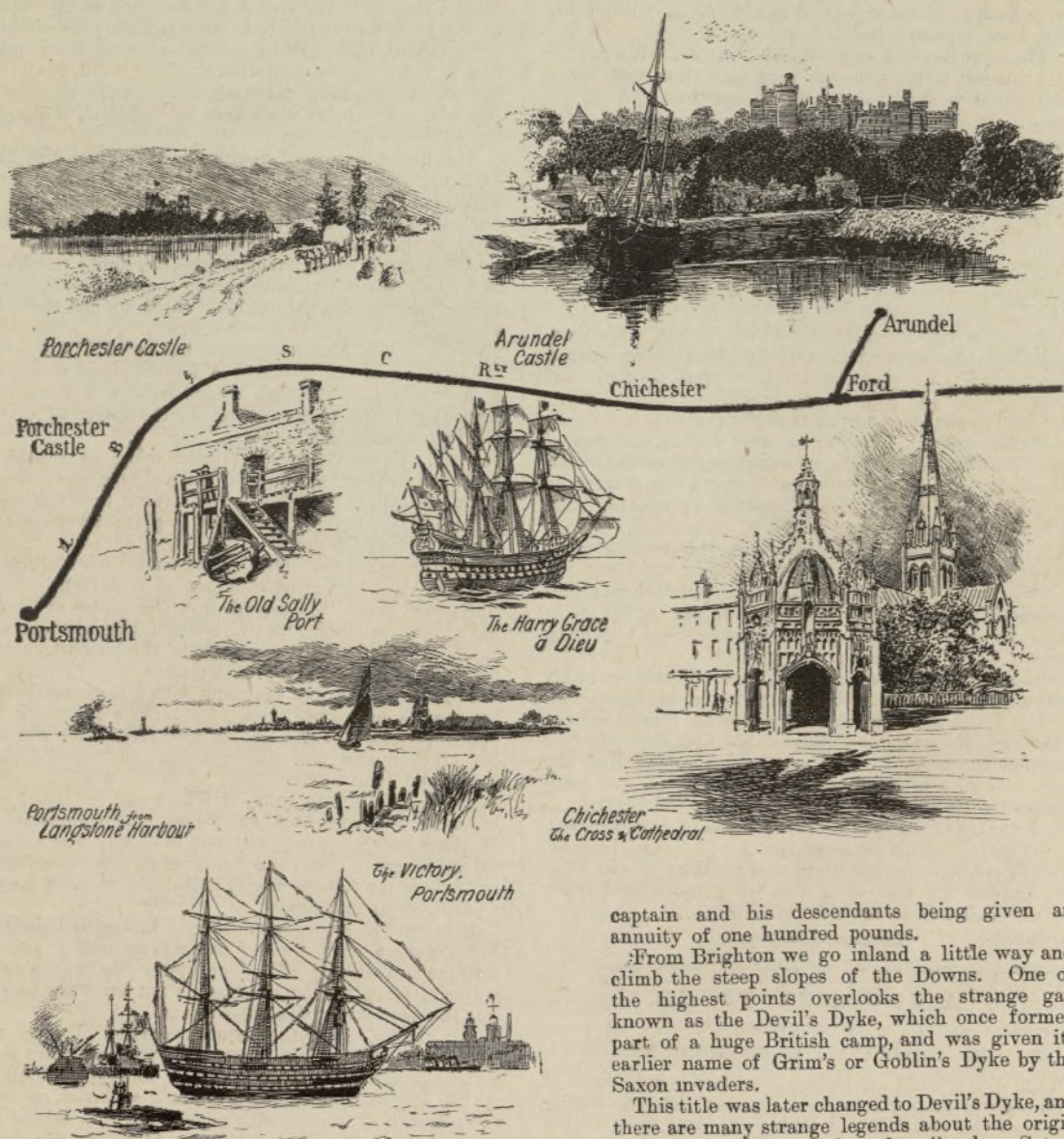
owes its importance and character, first came here less than a hundred and fifty years ago.

Those were gay days for Brighton when the Prince drove down from London, and wonderful festivities were held in his quaint royal palace, the Pavilion; but even in fashionable Brighton, hidden away among the crowding shops and houses, there may be found some traces of an older history. It was near Brighthelmstone, for instance, that Charles II. took refuge after his defeat at Worcester, and he stayed for a night in the George Inn before his escape to France in the coal-brig of Captain Tetttersell.

In the graveyard of the old parish church a tomb-

stone is still to be seen which was raised to the memory of Captain Nicholas Tetttersell, 'Through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty, King Charles II. was faithfully conveyed to France.'

It was no easy matter in those seventeenth century days to carry a fugitive monarch across the Channel, but, although Charles accepted the services of his faithful subjects, he was only too apt to forget them when brighter days dawned and rewards might have been given. Captain Tetttersell, however, managed to jog the memory of his royal master by sailing his grimy little vessel up the Thames and mooring it opposite the palace of Whitehall. This scheme proved successful, the



captain and his descendants being given an annuity of one hundred pounds.

From Brighton we go inland a little way and climb the steep slopes of the Downs. One of the highest points overlooks the strange gap known as the Devil's Dyke, which once formed part of a huge British camp, and was given its earlier name of Grim's or Goblin's Dyke by the Saxon invaders.

This title was later changed to Devil's Dyke, and there are many strange legends about the origin of the chasm. One of these describes how Satan,

A Journey from Newhaven to Portsmouth—

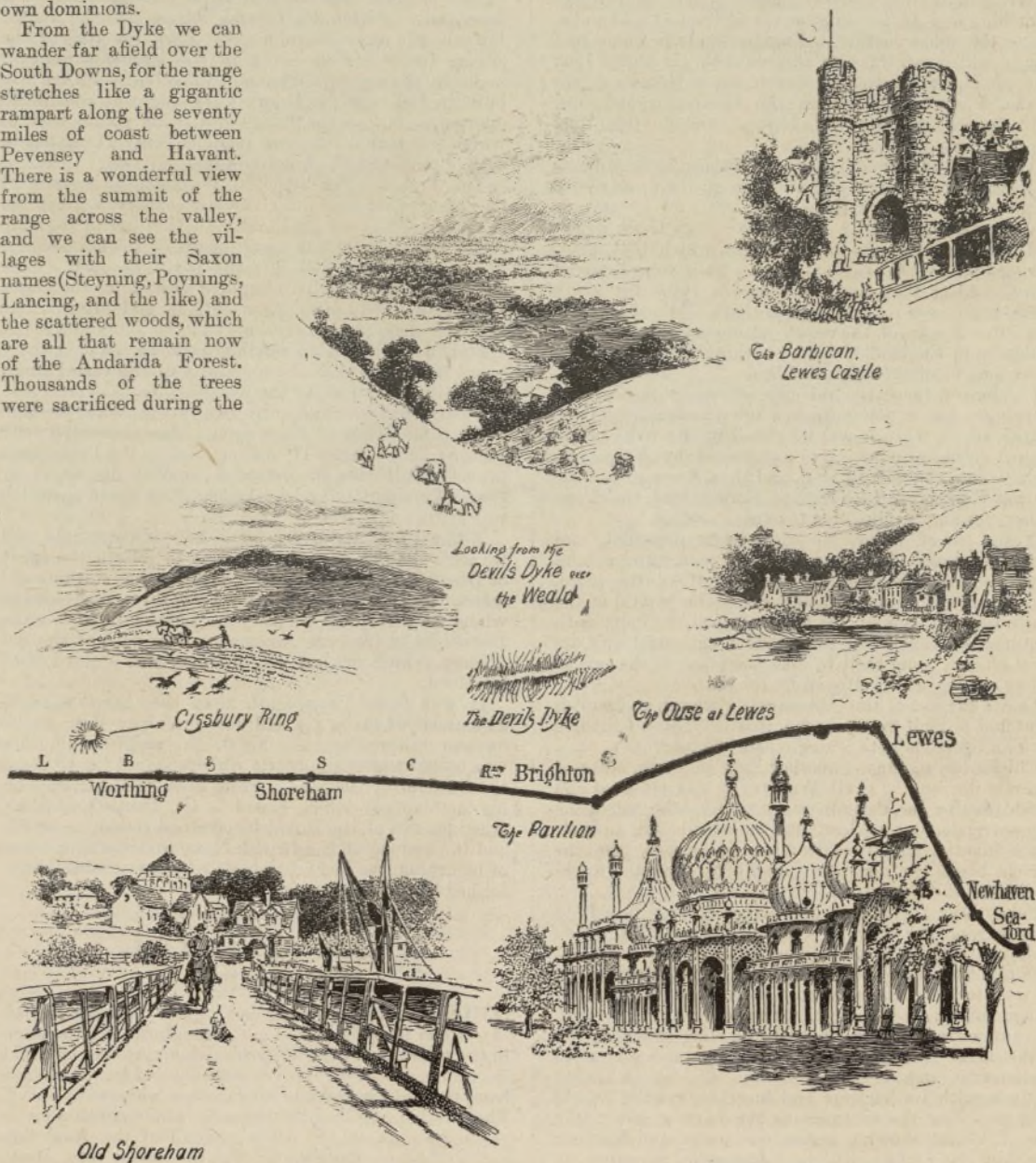
angry at the building of many churches in the Weald valley, determined to destroy them by cutting a rift through the barrier of the downs and letting the sea flow in and flood the country.

A work of this magnitude could not, however, be performed noiselessly, and a pious old woman, awakened by the sound of goblin pick-axes and realising what was afoot, set a lighted candle in the window of her cottage. This terrified the Devil, who, mistaking it for the rising sun, abandoned his work of darkness and fled to his own dominions.

From the Dyke we can wander far afield over the South Downs, for the range stretches like a gigantic rampart along the seventy miles of coast between Pevensey and Havant. There is a wonderful view from the summit of the range across the valley, and we can see the villages with their Saxon names (Steyning, Poyning, Lancing, and the like) and the scattered woods, which are all that remain now of the Andarida Forest. Thousands of the trees were sacrificed during the

eighteenth century for the building of warships—those 'hearts of oak' which defended England in the critical days when Napoleon prepared his rafts of invasion and the tents of his great army were pitched across the water on the hills round Boulogne.

Besides the Devil's Dyke there are traces of many other ancient camps along the South Downs, and the most imposing of these is undoubtedly, Cissbury, three miles from Worthing. It is said that five thousand



warriors must have been needed for the defence of this huge fortress, which covers no less than sixty acres of ground.

Cissbury was used in turn by the Normans, Saxons, Romans, and Britons; but the strange flint weapons and implements which have been found within its boundaries show that it dates from the mysterious dark ages which lie behind even British times, and was built originally thousands of years ago by the soldiers and workmen of the Neolithic period.

We rejoin the railway, and travel on through Worthing and Littlehampton till we come to Arundel, one of the oldest castles in England and the home of a family which can trace its descent back, through a long line of Howards, to the Saxon hero, Hereward the Wake, who defied William the Conqueror and died fighting in his Camp of Refuge among the East Anglian fens.

We first find Arundel Castle mentioned in documents of King Alfred's reign, and all through the centuries of English history since then the castle and its owners have borne their part. There have been three sieges, and it was only in the last of these, which took place during the Civil War, that the old walls were battered down. After that the castle lay in ruins for many years, but it was restored by the tenth Duke of Norfolk and now is one of the most interesting and famous buildings in England, although nothing but the Norman keep remains of the original fabric.

Chichester, the cathedral city of Sussex, is the next stopping-place on our journey, a town which dates from British times, when it was inhabited by the tribe of the Regni. The province was conquered by Vespasian, whose camp can still be seen, and then Regnum became an important place with a great Roman road, the Stane Street, running northwards towards London.

Years passed away, the conquerors departed, and Regnum became British again; but soon new enemies appeared, and the chieftain Cissa captured the town, renamed it after himself, and made it the capital of the South Saxon kingdom. It was not until the fourteenth century that Chichester was made a cathedral city, its great church being built to take the place of the one at Selsey, which was destroyed by the sea.

One of earliest of the bishops was Richard, an English saint and miracle-worker, who, it is said, once fed three thousand persons with a single loaf of bread.

Chichester, like many another English town, suffered severely during the Civil War, for it was besieged and bombarded by the Parliamentary troops, who, when the city surrendered, plundered the cathedral and, in their fierce fanaticism, stripped away the brasses, tore the ancient books and documents, and broke the fine work-work with their poleaxes.

Selsey, the forerunner of Chichester, is situated not far away on the narrow peninsula, Selsey Bill, which in Saxon times was called the Land of the Sea Calf, because of the numerous seals which were found there. It was, in those days, almost entirely surrounded by water, except on the west, where, old writers tell us, was 'an entrance about the cast of a sling in width.'

We must return to Chichester now and go on to Portsmouth, one of the greatest of English naval stations, with its harbour and busy dockyards, its old forts guarding the entrance to the narrow strait, the Isle of Wight showing across the water, and Nelson's flag-ship, the *Victory*, still in commission, flaunting its

pennon in company with grim modern 'Dreadnoughts' and cruisers.

The deep inlet and safe anchorage of this place have always caused it to be used as a naval centre, ever since the Romans established themselves at Porchester, a little way to the north. That settlement continued to be the principal naval port of England through Saxon and Norman times, but gradually, as warships increased in size, the new town, Portsmouth, took its place.

The big ships of those days were very small compared to our modern vessels, and it is strange to read a description written by Leland, telling how he visited Portsmouth and saw in a great dock the ribs of the *Henry Grâce à Dieu*—'one of the largest ships ever made in the memory of man.' The *Grâce à Dieu* was built in the reign of Henry VIII. and was considered enormous, but at the King's death his whole fleet, in which this man-of-war was included, only amounted to twelve thousand five hundred tons.

The French often attacked Portsmouth in spite of its defences, and in the sixteenth century a great sea fight took place off Spithead. In this battle the ship *Mary Rose* was sunk in consequence of the carelessness of the crew, who had left the port-hole open. It is strange to find that two hundred years later the *Royal George*, with Admiral Kempenfeldt and 'twice four hundred men,' was lost almost in the same place. A writer, describing this terrible accident about twenty years later, says that the top-masts of the vessel could then still be seen above the water at low tide.

Portsmouth has many historical associations, for here the famous Duke of Buckingham was assassinated by Felton; here Charles II. was married to the Portuguese princess, Catherine of Braganza; and at the adjoining town, Landport, Charles Dickens, the great novelist, was born.

A naval port, however, should have a sailor hero, and we have not far to seek, for, as at Plymouth the spirit of Drake dominates the town, even as his statue commands the Hoe, so here, in Portsmouth, it is Nelson of whom we think, and Nelson who seems still to rule the British Navy from the wooden quarter-deck of the old *Victory*, which once, a century ago, was stained with his blood.

It was from Portsmouth that the great admiral embarked when he set sail for Trafalgar Bay, where he was destined to meet his death; and here his body was brought after the battle which ensured for England the freedom of the seas. From here Nelson started on his last journey which ended in St. Paul's Cathedral, when princes of the Royal blood stood round the coffin, and the seamen of the British Navy first wore, in token of mourning, the black kerchiefs which, ever since, have formed part of their uniform.

THE CHINAMAN.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

THE rain had stopped, and it was blowing fresher when Dawson looked out through the scuttle hatch in the raised top of the *Wapiti's* cabin. At first he could see nothing, because his eyes were dazzled by the change from the light below and his face was whipped by spray. Then he distinguished the island to windward that broke the angry seas and the white turmoil of the flood tide racing through the sound. On the other side, about

two hundred yards off, a vague black mass marked the giant forest that fringes the Pacific coast of Canada. The little sloop rolled and plunged at anchor on the confused swell, for the breeze that swept the narrow sea between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia was strong.

Dawson heard the halyards slap against the mast and the chain cable ring as the boat sheered across the stream; then the roar of the surf drowned the other noises, and he dropped back into the cabin, where Jake Winthrop studied a chart. They were both young—Dawson had left school in England six months earlier—and the sloop was rather large for two boys to manage; but Jake sometimes sailed her with the hired man's help, and Dawson had won a yachting cup at home.

They had left the Winthrop ranch on the previous night, and after landing the hired man at a spot where he meant to clip some sheep, started back with a light, fair wind. The wind dropped, and in the flat calm a fast tide stream carried them off their course, while thick clouds spread across the sky. In the afternoon it began to blow, and after beating for some hours against a white head-sea, they ran into the sound for shelter.

There was about three feet of head-room under the cabin-top, a locker ran along each side of the boat, and the centreboard trunk occupied much of the floor. Lockers and floors were wet, because water had come in through the skylight and scuttle while she plunged across the steep head-seas.

'What's it like outside?' Jake asked.

'Blowing,' said Dawson. 'I think the moon's coming through, but the sea's got worse. The anchor holds, but she's straining hard at her cable.'

Jake nodded. 'There'll be more sea as the tide rises and brings in the swell, while if the stream gets stronger, we'll have to heave up and run. The trouble is I don't know where to run for. There's 'most a dozen islands off this point, and I can't tell which we've got behind. If I could hit the bay round the big head, we'd be pretty safe, but she'd go to pieces soon if we made a bad shot and put her on a rock.'

'That's so,' Dawson agreed, as cheerfully as he could. 'Perhaps we'd better stop as long as the anchor holds. In the meantime I'll make some coffee.'

He poked the little stove which was burning fir-bark, but the kettle was slow to boil, and while they waited the wind howled drearily and the cable jarred across the stem. Then, when puffs of steam began to curl from the spout, Jake looked up sharply.

'What's that?'

Dawson heard a faint measured thud that was presently drowned by the turmoil of the sea.

'Sounds like engines,' he remarked, and both scrambled up on deck.

The moon had come out, and its light touched the tumbling water and then was hidden by flying clouds. As a bright beam spread across the mouth of the sound, a slanted funnel, a short mast, and a white pilot-house lurched up among the foam.

'She's coming in!' Dawson shouted. 'Perhaps she'd tow us as far as the head.'

'Get the warp up ready,' said Jake. 'I'll hail when she's near enough.'

While Dawson dragged out the hard, wet rope from under the cockpit floor the steamer came on. Now she was behind the island, she steadied to an even keel, and he noted how the tide swept her up the sound. Bright

lights shone through the ring-ports in her raised cabin: she looked safe and comfortable, and had engines that could, if needful, drive her head to gale. By contrast, the *Wapiti*, plunging in the spray, looked very small. Then, while Dawson pulled out another length of warp, Jake stood up and shouted. There was no answer, and the steamer did not change her course; her red port-light faded, and they knew she was leaving them astern.

'Try again,' said Dawson. 'Make a proper noise.'

Jake did his best, but the steamer got indistinct, and vanished as a cloud drove across the moon.

Jake sat down and banged his hand on the cabin-top. 'They could have heard us if they'd liked. Steamboat men are selfish hogs! I suppose it didn't strike you that we could have lit a flare?'

'It didn't,' Dawson admitted. 'Did it strike you?'

Jake's annoyance vanished, and he laughed. 'Doesn't look as if it had until it was too late. When you haven't done what you ought, it's a comfort to get after somebody else.'

They went back to the cabin, and while they drank their coffee Dawson asked about the vessel.

'She's a little Government propeller,' Jake replied. 'Looks after the fisheries, and sees the drift-netters don't cut up the shore salmon-traps. Then I expect she does some patrol work for the Customs. There's money in smuggling opium and Chinese fixings; but I don't see why she's cruising here. Nobody but a few ranchers lives along the piece of coast.'

They lay down on the lockers, and although Dawson was anxious and his clothes were wet, he soon went to sleep. He was awakened by a curious banging, as if somebody were beating carpets, and jumping for the half-opened scuttle, found his comrade stuck fast in the hole. Jake kicked him as he wriggled through, and when Dawson got on deck he saw a small fore-and-aft schooner rolling across the tide between them and the mainland beach. Her loose canvas thrashed furiously, and then stopped, as a staysail was hauled to weather and she fell off before the wind. She drove past the sloop, and a few minutes later vanished into the gloom. Dawson noted that she carried no lights.

'Well,' said Jake, 'that's curious! Looks as if they'd let her head-reach in behind the point, but I don't know why, because they didn't send a boat ashore. Anyhow, we'll coil away the warp you left mussing up the boat. We don't want it getting foul of things if we have to clear out.'

They laid the rope in neat coils on the cockpit floor, and when they had finished the moon shone through a break in the clouds, and Dawson glanced at the canoe that rode astern. They used the craft to carry them ashore, and she was very light and small. Now she was half full of water, and he supposed they ought to bail her and pull her up on deck; but it would be an awkward job, and he was tired. A few moments afterwards Jake seized his shoulder and stretched out his arm, as if to indicate something in the water.

Close by a round, dark object drifted across a glittering belt of moonlight. It swung round in an eddy that washed it towards the sloop, and Dawson saw a yellow face that looked lifeless until the curious narrow eyes moved. Then a hand rose out of the water, clutched the boat's side, and slipped; there was a bump against the counter, and the head drove on with the tide.

(Continued on page 90.)



"Jake stood up and shouted. There was no answer."