



"Brian bent anxiously to stare into the water."

H

CHINNA.

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

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ON Brian walked until he came to the spot where the path which led to the lake branched off, and then he flung down a little of the grain. It would be best, he thought, to let the monkeys know that he really did mean to feed them, or very likely they would give the alarm directly he stepped across the boundary. And down they came crowding immediately, but there was so little grain upon the ground that only the largest and strongest were able to snatch a share. The rest were cuffed back into the trees by their superiors, where they sat watching with greedy, wistful eyes, all else forgotten in eager hope.

Brian stood still for a moment, watching the sleeping figures in the distance. Not one among them moved, and he turned gleefully towards the lake, the monkeys following him as though they were a flock of sheep and he the shepherd. The cheeks of the biggest were still stuffed with the grain they had not had time to eat, so afraid were they lest they should miss a further supply.

Brian felt certain now of success, and he ventured to walk more quickly. He scattered a little of the grain from time to time, but kept a reserve for the last. Then, when it seemed to him that he was far enough away from the encampment, he threw all that remained upon the ground, and began to run as fast as he could towards the lake. Behind him he could hear the monkeys scuffling and quarrelling over the spoil, but none among them pursued him. They were clever enough to grasp that they had got all that he had to give, but not clever enough to realise that they had allowed him to escape from the encampment.

On Brian ran, treading very lightly (as Chinna had taught him) and following the track. And soon he stood by the water, and undressed in the warm sunshine, and began to rub the brown fluid all over his legs and arms and body, upwards from the waist, and over his face. He used it as sparingly as possible, because there was only a small supply, and the water of the lake made a looking-glass into which he could glance from time to time, and judge of the effects of the dye. He was certainly a much paler colour than Chinna when he had finished; but he was undoubtedly brown, and not white any longer. And there are so many shades of colour among the natives of India that he hoped he might not attract any special attention.

'I've seen boys quite as yellow as I am often,' Brian decided. 'Every one will think I'm just one of the yellow ones.'

The dye was all used up, in any case, so that it was not possible to make himself any darker; and Brian unfolded the piece of cloth, and began to wind it round his hips. But, with this part of his disguise, he soon found he was not at all successful. There was so much of the cloth, and he was so small and slim compared to squat, square Chinna. And, when Brian had finished and bent anxiously to stare into the water, he had to admit that he looked exactly like a top, the cloth being the body of the top and his own self the two points.

'I shall have to cut the cloth,' Brian thought, and he began to hunt for his knife in the pockets of the coat he had just taken off. He was rather frightened at his own daring. It would certainly anger Chinna very

greatly to find his cloth had been cut, for the stuff would be of little use to him afterwards. But, then, he might be angry in any case about the dye and the grain. 'It is much better to finish the thing properly now,' Brian concluded, desperately. 'After all, Chinna can't be more angry than as angry as possible.' And he opened the knife, and began to unwind the cloth from about his waist. And, as he turned round slowly to help it untwist, he came face to face with Chinna, who had crept up noiselessly.

'So,' said Chinna. And he looked at the empty gourd, and at the cloth, and he held out his hand towards Brian, and on the palm of it were a few dusty grains. And then, just as Brian thought he was going to be ferociously angry, Chinna suddenly began to laugh, and he laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks, and he collapsed weakly on the ground.

'Thou art like,' he gasped, 'thou art like the donkey of the village washerman with two great loads of clothes on either side. And wherefore hast thou turned thief, oh, little donkey? Was it well done thus to treat those who had befriended thee?'

Brian fidgeted from one leg to another, uncomfortable and ashamed, as he listened. He certainly had behaved badly; and yet he did so dreadfully want to be present at the death of the tiger. Surely Chinna, who was so great a hunter himself, would understand if he explained very clearly.

'It was the tiger,' said Brian, looking eagerly at Chinna. 'You said you wouldn't take me, and I wanted so much to come. And I thought, if I was properly disguised, and was here waiting, perhaps you would change your mind. Oh, do take me with you. I'll do everything you tell me. I won't be a trouble, I really won't.'

Chinna considered this answer for a few moments. He was much pleased that Brian should be so anxious to take a share in such a dangerous expedition; he thought it showed a right and proper spirit, worthy even of a son of his own. Moreover, the disguise could easily be made effective. If the cloth were arranged properly, the yellow of Brian's skin might well pass muster, since it would be almost dark by the time the village was reached.

'Give me the knife,' said Chinna; and, to Brian's immense relief and delight, the little man himself divided the cloth, twisted the larger piece round the boy's hips, and made of the rest a turban for his head, so that his brown hair should be hidden from sight. And now, when Brian bent to look into the mirror of the lake, it was an Indian boy who looked back at him, a boy completely transformed. Frederick and Nancy even would fail to recognise him, he thought. He could scarcely recognise himself.

Chinna, too, seemed quite satisfied. He handed the bow and arrows to Brian to hold while he began to unmoor the raft. Brian handled the arrows very carefully, for all were poisoned, and he knew that the least little prick from those dark tips might carry death with it.

Chinna soon had the raft loose, and took the paddle in his hand, and called to Brian to clamber aboard. And then across the lake they began to move, while Chinna chanted a new verse of his song in time to the strokes of the paddle:

'O! mighty one. For forth I go,
 Bless thou the bow, The striped one to slay.'
 The arrow speed,

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OUR BAZAAR.

PLEASE step this way a moment, Sir, the journey is not far; This is a public building, and we're holding a bazaar.

We wish to raise a certain sum to purchase acid drops, But somehow at our stalls to-day no single person stops.

And yet we have a splendid show, I'm sure you will agree, Of fancy things and useful things, of things for lunch and tea.

Just see this choice assortment, Sir, of buttons large and small,

And those most lovely seaside shells upon our fancy stall.

We have odd pairs in dollies' shoes, a kite without a string, Some broken bits of coloured glass, and bells that will not ring.

That shuttlecock and battledore I cannot offer you, Nor this nice birthday cricket set—they're much too nearly new.

You'll notice the refreshment stall is at the further end: There everything is very nice if you can just pretend.

Oh, thank you, Sir! 'Will sixpence do to clear the lot away?'

You've guessed exactly, Daddy dear, the price of things to-day.

EILEEN CARFRAE.

THE GHOSTIE-GANG.

A Story of Long Ago.

I.

'WILT come with me and help to drive the cattle from the byre?' said Rab.

He glanced rather shyly down at his little cousin; although he was a full year older than she—for his tenth birthday would fall next Martinmas—yet he felt a little awkward before her town ways. 'They will not harm you,' he added kindly, as little Moll shrank at the idea; 'they be quiet beasts enough.'

Moll tried hard to be brave. It was only yesterday, however, that she had come to the village to live with her aunt and cousin in the farmhouse under the moor. Country ways seemed very strange, and she missed the bustle and hum of the town.

'Wilt take care of me, Cousin?' she said; 'and may Nix come too?' as she slipped her little hand into her cousin's firm fingers, and put down the puppy that she had been nursing by the fire.

'Aye,' said Rab. He held firmly to his little cousin's hand as she picked her way daintily over the muddy road. 'Twere better to leave your shoon at home, to say nought of the wee doggie,' he said, striding along with his bare feet; 'happen he were to come to a peat-bog!'

'Oh, Cousin Rab! what's yon?' asked the little town cousin.

'A peat-bog!' Rab laughed, and pointed to the lower side of the moor. 'See where the wee, white cotton-grass is blowing? And there's bog-myrtle there, too; when the wind blows strong this way, maid, 'twill often bring the scent with it.'

His little cousin sniffed in the moorland breeze. 'I feel mighty strange,' she said, in rather a quavering little voice; 'and Nix, too, is not used to country ways!'

'Nay, now, Cousin,' said Rab; his sturdy steps slackened to keep pace with the little girl's feet, and he looked down at her with a good-humoured smile on his sunburnt face. 'Twill soon be home to you. Keep clear of the water-holes, and there's nought to fear. We country folk would do ill without the fuel that we get from the peats.' He seized a sapling as he spoke, and ran forward to chase the lazy cows on to the moor: 'Come up, then, for a lazy Bess!' he called to the nearest.

'Rab!' said his little cousin, as they made their way homeward, 'what is yon house on the pathway before us? Must we go by there?'

'Thou silly lassie!' laughed Rab. 'Yes, sure enough we pass it. 'Tis but a crofter's hut, where lives Auld Janet. See her, maizie, at the door.'

'A fine night, Janet!' he shouted, as they passed by. 'I canna hear you; but away now with the wee dog!' said the old woman, none too pleasantly, as Nix sniffed at her skirts.

'Oh, Rab, call him off, Cousin!' cried Moll. 'Oh, I like not that woman!'

'Hist, hist, Moll!' said Rab. He laid hold of her hand and called the dog off. 'Moll, Janet will not harm you. She has been here in this wee house for many years; though folk say she is uncanny, 'tis little hurt she could do.'

'Uncanny, is she, Cousin Rab? Oh, I knew fine that she was a witch!' said silly little Moll. 'I am fearful of her, Cousin Rab. Tell me, she turned and gazed uneasily behind her at the old woman, who was still gazing after them, 'does she live there alone?'

'Aye, alone indeed,' said Rab; 'and why not?'

''Tis the only cottage on all the hillside,' said little Moll; 'how lonesome she must be.'

'There's a town lassie!' laughed her cousin. 'Nix! Nix!' For the little dog seemed to have taken a strange interest in the old woman at the cottage door; he had retraced his steps and now stood at her side, growling and showing his teeth at her, while old Janet called to him to be off in no gentle voice.

'Away wi' ye!' she shouted, reaching for a stone.

'Oh, Rab!' begged Moll, 'she'll do him a mischief.' Laughing heartily, Rab dropped her hand for a minute and ran back to fetch his little cousin's pet, lifted him up, and carried him off. 'Better leave him in the house next time,' he said; 'there seems to be ill blood betwixt him and Janet. There, see that tree there, Moll? Run to it and show me how the town lassies can step out.' He raced her to the edge of the moor, and into the farmhouse, at the door of which his mother stood waiting for them.

'And how went the afternoon for wee Moll?' she asked, smiling at her little niece, as she gave each of the children a piece of scone before hurrying them to bed.

'She will do fine,' said Rab. 'Maybe she's still a wee bit afraid of old Janet, but—'

'Yon's a strange body; I remember her since I was a child myself,' said his mother; 'but she will do no hurt to little wenchies.'

'No, she'll not eat you, and for good reason,' laughed Rab. 'Moll, for a town girlie what dost think of *this*? Yon old woman in the cottage takes as much as a sack of flour, my wench, from the miller each week!'

'What does she do with it?' asked Moll, with round eyes.

'Aye, what?' Rab laughed, with his mouth full.



"'Away now with the wee dog!'"

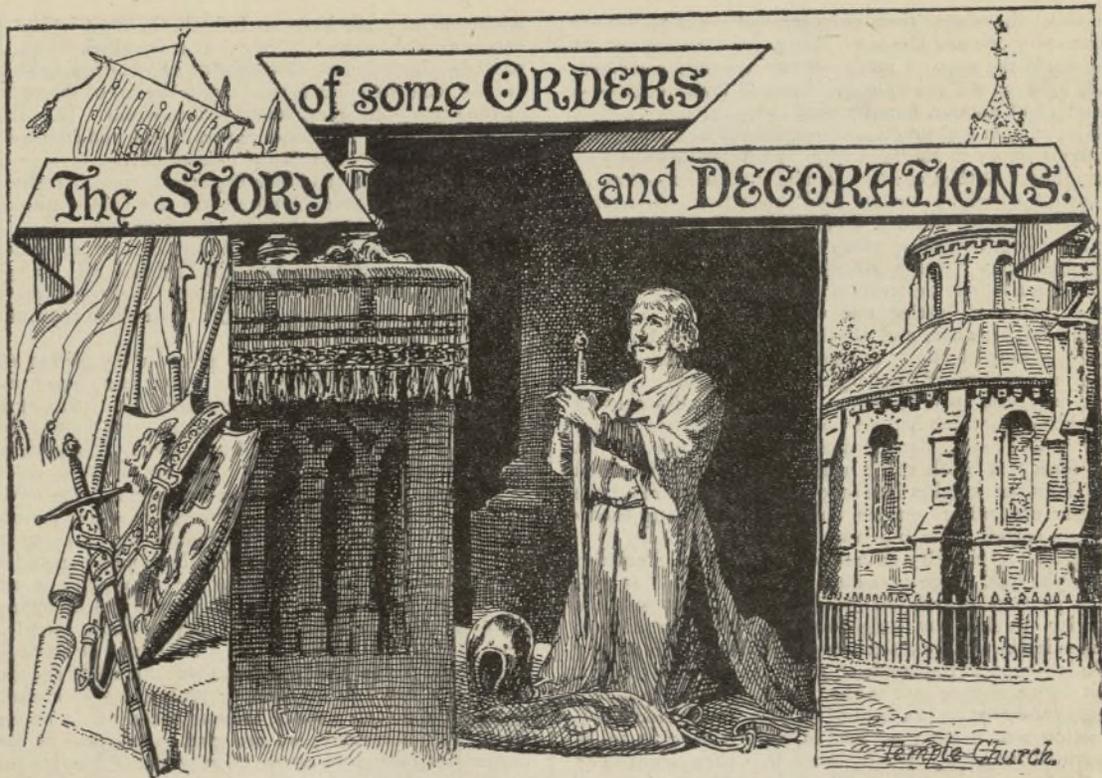
'Well, there's some say she bakes and eats her fill of scones. And there's some say again that she hoards it — though if she is a miser of *flour*, 'tis a mystery where——'

'Hoots, laddie!' his mother was beginning, with a

look at Moll's frightened face, when suddenly without warning the door opened, and a stranger that the little town girl had not yet seen burst into the farm kitchen.

'Mistress, hast heard the news?' he cried.

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THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

I.—ABOUT CHIVALRY AND KNIGHTHOOD.



At a time when our country has been plunged into a great War and many a noble deed of daring has won for its hero a personal recognition of his bravery, it seems not unfitting to tell the story of some of the orders and decorations being bestowed, so that *Chatterbox* readers may not only understand about the orders themselves,

but also realise something of the true spirit of chivalry and knightood which has ever prompted all brave and noble deeds.

Knighthood is, in one word—*service!* There is surely, then, no disgrace in service; indeed, we have only to look back into the

Middle Ages to find that, underlying the whole duty of a gentleman—which then meant a man of noble birth—was chivalry, represented by personal service to God, his lord, and his lady; for a knight in those days was a soldier as well as a chivalrous gentleman, who thought a great deal of the honour of knightood and the obligations it implied.

The old Anglo-Saxon term, which is the equivalent

of our word 'knight,' originally meant a youth, and later on a servant or attendant, becoming finally restricted to the military attendants upon nobles and great officers of State, or one who held land of his sovereign, on condition of rendering him, in return, military service—became, in fact, his knight. You see



"Conferring knightood on the field of battle."

by this, therefore, that chivalry and knighthood are practically one and the same thing, for chivalry taught the world the duty of noble service willingly rendered, and held up an example to those of lower degree—a standard of honour, honesty, and sobriety.

The custom and practice of knighthood as a profession of arms dates in England from the Norman Conquest, though it was then chiefly a feudal institution—that is, a system by which vassals held lands from their lords on condition of military service. It did not even stop at the obligation of serving in arms, but, we are told, included also 'rights connected with the mill, the pigeon-house, the cultivation of the demesne, the administration of justice, and the supply of the castle with food, firewood, and all that was required for daily use'; estates, or 'fiefs' as they were called, being only held on condition of discharging such services.

It was not until the time of the Crusades that to knighthood—which had previously been merely a matter of war and feudal dependence—was added chivalry, in the form of a brotherhood of noble soldiers; this bound all Christian knights into an order, and consecrated the soldier not only to service, but also to life-long obedience to certain rules and laws.

As long as chivalry maintained its original character, a knight was, as we have already said, a soldier as well as a gentleman and landowner, and so great was the dignity implied by knight-service, that the highest prince in the land counted himself honoured by receiving a knighthood at the hands of some famous commander, this being, even as late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, often conferred on the field of battle; so coveted a distinction was it, that we read of squires begging to be knighted before a battle in order that they might fight in the front ranks, and of others 'winning their spurs'—as did the Black Prince—in their first battle, and receiving after it a degree of knighthood called 'banneret,' from the fact that their pennon was exchanged for a banner.

In the fourteenth century the education of a knight began at a very early age. Boys of noble birth were left under their mother's charge until they were seven years old, at which age it was customary to send them to some nobleman to receive a knightly training among the other squires and pages who served him. Upon reaching fifteen or sixteen, the youth wore a collar. This entitled him to be called a 'squire of the body,' and the various domestic duties he had previously fulfilled were left to his younger companions, whilst among many other personal services now required of him, the following became his duty: 'To bear the shield and armour of his leader in battle, display and guard in battle the banner of the knight he served; if unhorsed, to supply him with his own or another; rescue him if captured; bear him to a place of safety if wounded; bury him honourably if dead.' If he bore himself worthily until he attained twenty-one—that being the age of full manhood—he was accounted fit to be a knight.

Among the gentler forms of chivalry was the beautiful institution of brotherhood in arms by which two knights vowed faith and love to one another. They wore the same arms and clothes, in fact shared everything, undertaking further to support each other in battle or quarrel and to have the same friends and enemies.

The actual ceremonies practised in conferring knighthood have varied in different ages, but there were two forms chiefly used from earliest times in all countries

where chivalry was known. In both, the most important one consisted in the 'dubbing,' as it is called, when the candidate knelt before 'the chief of army or some valiant knight' who struck him thrice with the flat of the sword, at the same time pronouncing certain words. This older and more simple form was naturally the one adopted in conferring knighthood on the field of battle.

Then there was the other or more formal investiture (or making of a knight) which was of a partly religious character; this latter became more general after the founding of the orders of militant or fighting monks in Palestine, such as the Knights Templars and Knights of St. John, of whom we shall speak later on. In the meantime you may be interested to hear some account of the ceremony itself.

The investiture was usually preceded by fasting and bathing, followed by a midnight watch in a church and the reception of the Holy Sacrament. In token of his determination to lead a holy life, the new knight laid his sword upon the Altar, redeeming it by the payment of a sum of money.

The benediction having been pronounced, the sword was girded on by the highest Church dignitary present, who, before doing so, dealt the young man a sharp tap on cheek or shoulder ('dubbing' him) and saying: 'Be thou a good and faithful knight,' or some such words, whereupon he took an oath to protect the distressed, maintain right against might, and never by word or deed to stain his character as a Christian. If he broke any part of his oath he was degraded: his spurs chopped off with a hatchet, his armour broken, his escutcheon reversed, and each piece of armour taken off in succession. This ceremony, we are glad to say, was of rare occurrence, though of course there were bad knights just as there are bad Christians.

Nowadays, when a knight is personally made, he kneels before the sovereign, who lays a drawn sword (usually the Sword of State) on either shoulder and says: 'Rise,' calling him by his name with 'Sir' before it.

After the long wars it became customary for the sovereign to receive money compensations from those of his subjects who were unwilling to accept knighthood; this led to many grievances, and, finally, in the reign of Charles I., to the abolition of knight-service. Since then, knighthood has been conferred irrespective of rank or property and only as a mark of the sovereign's esteem or as a reward for service rendered to crown or country. The first English civil knight—that is a knight who is not a soldier—was Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who won the distinction by slaying Wat Tyler in the presence of the king.

But it is of nobler deeds that we have to tell—deeds which remind us that not only does true knighthood and chivalry still exist, but that to-day, irrespective of rank, it is open to all to 'win their spurs.'

THE CHINAMAN.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Concluded from page 90.)

THE man opened his eyes as they pulled off his blue jacket, but he did not speak, and after wrapping him in their blankets they put him on a locker. Then he blinked at them vacantly, but in a few minutes took a can of hot coffee from Dawson. He drank some and spilled the rest, and afterwards a little colour came into

his face, and he sighed once or twice. When Jake brought out some cold pork and a bannock, he shook his head, and for a time they watched him silently.

He was not young, but it was hard to guess how old he was, for Chinamen of different ages look much the same. He did not wear a pigtail, and his clothes were good, while now he was recovering his eyes were keen and intelligent. Dawson did not think him a common coolie. The boy had seen other Chinamen, of whom there are a number on the Canadian Pacific coast, and had generally found them industrious, steady folk. For all that, he had heard tales about mysterious secret societies, and knew the white workmen disliked the Chinese, partly because they took low wages. They had to pay a high duty and satisfy the immigration officers before they were allowed to enter the country.

'I want to find out how he got into the water,' Jake said, when he had put away the food. 'I have a notion, but don't know if he can understand me.' He turned to the Chinaman. 'Say, John, how far you swim?'

The man shook his head, and Jake resumed: 'No savvy? You come from schooner? Swim from sailing ship?'

The other gave him a quick, searching look, and Jake remarked to Dawson: 'Guess I've hit it! They must have seen the Government propeller and were afraid to stop and lower a boat. Wanted to get rid of the fellow, and I expect he reckoned he could make the beach by the point, but found the tide running harder than he thought. I wonder if he understands what I'm saying.'

They could not tell if the Chinaman understood or not, but he made a vague movement with his yellow hands and drank the rest of the coffee when Jake filled the can. Then he shut his eyes and turned his head from the light.

'I don't know if the anchor will hold us, but there's nothing we can do,' Jake remarked. 'One of us had better keep awake, and I'll take first watch.'

Dawson spread a sail on the floor beside the centre-board trunk, and pulling some of the canvas over him, lay down. He heard the water splash against the planks, the jarring of the cable, and the halyards slapping on the mast, but after a time he went to sleep. When he woke the lamp burned with a dull yellow light, and he could see the drifting clouds through the half-opened scuttle. He sat up, shivering, and noted that the sloop was not straining at her chain and her movements were languid, although the water splashed about her as she rolled. Then he missed something and drowsily looked about. Jake sat on the locker close by, but his head had fallen forward and he was fast asleep. Two or three blue Hudson's Bay blankets lay on the opposite side, and for some moments Dawson looked at them with dull curiosity. Then he got up with a jerk, for he knew what had puzzled him. The Chinaman had gone!

He woke Jake, and they went out on deck. It was daylight, and the wind had dropped. The sloop had swung round and rode nearer the shore; the tide was running out and the water nearly smooth. Not far off a line of weedy rocks projected for some distance from the mainland beach, behind which white mist rolled about thick forest. Then Dawson glanced astern, and saw the canoe riding at the end of her rope. She was very low in the water, and he thought she was nearly full.

'How did the fellow get ashore?' he asked.

'It looks as if he swam,' Jake replied.

'But why didn't he take the canoe?'

Jake shrugged. 'Perhaps he thought she'd capsize and he couldn't find anything to bale the water out. Perhaps he was afraid she'd float off the beach and we'd send the police after him for stealing her. I reckon he'd want to keep clear of them.'

'Why?'

'Five hundred dollars is a nice little pile, and that's what they charge a *Chink* for landing in Canada,' Jake said dryly. 'Anyhow, it's not very far to the rocks, and I expect he went when the tide was slack at high-water. I allow I must have been pretty fast asleep.'

'But he looked exhausted.'

'I reckon he must have got better quick, or perhaps he wasn't as used up as we thought. There are very few white men as cunning as a *Chink*. But it's a fair wind home, and if you'll get breakfast, I'll shorten cable and loose the sails.'

Half an hour later they got the sloop under way and reached the inlet near the ranch in the afternoon. When they landed and told their story, Mr. Winthrop looked thoughtful.

'I suppose it was your duty to see the fellow didn't get away,' he remarked.

'How were we to stop him?' Jake asked. 'Ought we to have tied him up with a rope and stunned him with the pump-handle if he objected?'

'I thought you said he was half drowned!' Mr. Winthrop rejoined with a twinkle.

'Well,' said Jake, 'when I pull a man who's nearly drowned out of the water, I don't want to begin by tying him up. Would you?'

'You might have kept awake and watched him,' Mr. Winthrop said dryly.

'I certainly might,' Jake owned. 'Still, I don't know I'm sorry I didn't watch him now. I believe we saved the fellow's life, and wouldn't like to think we'd finished the job by giving him to the police. I'm not an immigration officer, and don't know that he's broken their regulations, anyhow.'

Mr. Winthrop pondered for a few moments and then said, 'Well, perhaps you had better drive across to the settlement to-morrow and report the matter. Then you will have done your duty and the rest will be policeman Nelson's business.'

'We'll go,' Jake agreed with a chuckle. 'Old man Nelson hasn't caught anybody he got after yet. I reckon they gave him the job because the folks all like him and he's not much use. Besides, they know he won't interfere with them.'

In the morning the boys drove through the forest to the settlement, which was some distance off, and Jake stopped for half an hour at the policeman's log shack. When he came out he grinned as he got into the waggon and started the team.

'Nelson's got an important job and can't concentrate on anything until it's fixed,' he said. 'Somebody's hogs have raided Mellor's pumpkin patch! Guess it will be a week or two before he's ready to get on our Chinaman's track, and if he spots the fellow, after what I told him, he's much smarter than I thought.'

Dawson laughed. In the small settlements the ranchers largely manage their own affairs, and they had chosen Nelson for policeman because he was getting old and could not work at clearing land. On the whole, Dawson thought the Chinaman was safe.



"The Chinaman had gone!"