



"The two children peered into the darkness."

THE GHOSTIE-GANG.

(Continued from page 100.)

II.

'NEWS! Is it ill tidings, neighbour?' said Rab's mother, rising quickly from her chair at the kitchen table, and speaking anxiously, while Rab and Moll laid down their supper scones and stared.

'Aye, ill tidings, indeed,' said the stranger, gravely. He came in and laid his glengarry down. 'Didst happen, perchance, to hear sounds in the night? There were evil doings afoot. Neighbour Gray was sore affronted and robbed and——'

'The robbers! 'Twas the Ghostie-gang!' shouted Rab, jumping up in his excitement. 'Have they come again?'

'Hush, laddie,' said his mother, warningly, with a look at the terrified Moll; 'speak not with such vehemence.' Then, turning to her little niece, 'Wilt not sweet Moll go to her bed?' she said kindly, 'and sleep?'

'Oh, I cannot, Aunt; I prithee ask me not,' begged the little girl. 'Let me listen, too, I beg, to the tidings that this stranger has to tell.' Her eyes filled with tears as she fixed them on the farmer's face.

'Speak on; then, Neighbour Robertson,' said the good woman, anxiously.

'Twas three hours before midnight,' said he; 'and as you know the moon is at its last quarter. Neighbour Gray, however, was returning from town in a goodly state, having sold the three cows he had that morn taken to the market. And——' the speaker lowered his voice, 'sure, mistress, as he passed the bridge over the Tromie river there came a sound at his back. He was attacked, and knew no more than a babe unborn what happened, save that he was robbed, and left upon the king's highway unconscious!'

'Oh!' said Moll, clasping her hands, 'the evil men!' 'Evil, indeed!' exclaimed her aunt, taking the little girl's shaking hand and holding it tight. 'Such doings should not be. Say, neighbour, didst hear whether our neighbour Gray was able to count his assailants?'

'Aye, he was; he believes there were many of them. Ten, at least, says he, and——'

'And ten was the number last month!' cried Rab, excitedly. 'Ten robbers—aye, and they stole Farmer Blair's cattle; and others of his flock they left in a sore plight. And the month before——'

'Tis truly terrible!' sobbed little Moll. 'But, oh, Cousin Rab, why didst call them the Ghostie-gang?'

'Tis because there's none knows from whence they come, nor whither they go,' said Rab. 'Out of nowhere, folk say, and——'

'Could not brave men go and search for these ruffians?' faltered the little girl.

'Men have searched,' said Farmer Robertson, gravely, 'but from no dwelling in this region do these robbers come. Some say that they be the spirits of the hills, who return there. There is but a handful of crofters' huts scattered round on the moor here, and none that would hold ten stalwart robbers. 'Tis a mystery. These ruffians are in the neighbourhood, but from whence?' He turned to Rab's mother: 'I came to warn ye,' he said. 'Stay in the house, mistress, nor leave it betwixt sunset and sunrise. Evil doings be afoot——'

'Surely, neighbour, so we will do,' said the good

woman. She rose and took Moll's hand, 'Sweet Moll shall lie with me to-night,' she said; 'for I fear she is sore affrighted.'

She led the little girl from the kitchen and up the stair, stayed with her while she undressed, and did not leave the room till the child was safe and warm in bed; then she went downstairs, leaving the door ajar and a faint rush-light burning.

But little Moll could not sleep. She lay and listened to the voices in the room below, and every chance word set her heart beating with fear. 'The Ghostie-gang!' she heard; and 'a hiding-place that no man knows!' and she lay and trembled. It was not until the neighbour had gone and her aunt lay down beside her that the frightened child fell into a troubled sleep, and then she woke to scream and cry out, after a dreadful dream.

'Why, 'tis a foolish maid,' said her aunt, waking and taking the little girl in her arms. 'Wert thou dreaming?'

'Oh, 'twas terrible,' sighed Moll; 'I thought that Auld Janet was here—and the Ghostie-gang!' She shivered and trembled with terror.

'Sleep now, my pretty,' said her aunt; 'for naught can harm you. 'Twas but an evil dream.' She turned on her side again, and the little girl lay awake alone.

'I am but a silly wench,' she said to herself; 'all the house sleeps, and so will I. I wish I were as brave and strong as Cousin Rab.' She turned on her side, but hardly had she done so when a faint noise in the courtyard below made her sit up in bed and hold tightly to the coarse linen sheet, while she listened with all her might. 'Aunt! Aunt! Prithee waken!' she whispered.

But the good woman slept heavily; she was difficult to awaken. 'Oh, what should I do?' sobbed Moll. 'Is it the Ghostie-gang?'

But as she spoke the sound began again; down in the yard below a scraping was heard, and a whining noise. 'Why,' said Moll, her eyes opened wider, and she dried her tears; she jumped out of bed and ran to the casement, 'tis not the Ghostie-gang at all, but surely, 'tis a trouble indeed!'

For, though outside the light was dim, she could see the little figure of her dog, Nix; he was scratching at the heavy door, and whining sadly to be let in.

'Nix! Nix! Oh fie, for a naughty dog!' said his little mistress, peering from the casement, and full of distress; for a moment she forgot her fears. 'How came he there?' she said to herself, in dismay.

Nix whined and cried again. 'Oh, foolish that I am!' said the little girl, 'he must have crept from the house with Neighbour Robertson in the gloaming, and my aunt did not notice him. Oh, Nix! Nix! I will come and let you in.'

With a last look at her aunt's still sleeping figure, she tip-toed out of the room and down the creaking stair; her heart beat wildly, but the little dog was still whining outside and she could not bear his cries. 'Nix! Nix!' she said, softly; 'wait awhile!' as she tried to draw the heavy bolt that her aunt had secured last night.

It was a difficult task, and she could still hear Nix whining in the yard. She spoke to him as reassuringly as she could, 'Stay there, wee doggie!' she called, softly, 'and I will see that naught harms thee.' Then she dragged at the bolt with her little hands till they felt sore. 'I cannot do it,' she said at last. 'I must call to Cousin Rab.' She made her way softly upstairs again

to the little room where the tired boy lay asleep. 'Cousin Rab!' she whispered, 'wake up!'

'Is't the Ghostie-gang?' said Rab, waking suddenly and sitting up in bed. 'I'm on to them.'

'Nay! nay, Cousin!' said Moll, half crying with fear and fright, 'tis but poor Nix, he cries in the court-yard below, and I cannot for all my efforts open to him. The bolts are so mighty stiff, Cousin.'

'Aye, surely,' said Rab, 'I will come.' He rubbed his eyes and jumped up. 'Away and sleep, maidie,' he said, 'I will see to the beast.'

'Nay,' said the little girl, 'I shall come with you, and call to him; he knows you not as yet, as he knows me.' She was shivering with cold, but she followed her cousin down the stair again and waited till he had drawn back the heavy bolt and pushed the door open. 'Nix! Nix! Come here, you rascal!' he called, before the little girl could speak.

The little dog made as though it would have entered the passage, but at the sound of Rab's strange voice it seemed to fear; turning, it ran down the pathway that led towards the moor; the two children peered into the darkness, but nothing could they see. 'Nix! Nix!' cried Moll. 'Oh, Rab, he is gone! Nix, Nix, come back, poor doggie.'

There was no sound, however, and though the children watched for a minute at the door and listened, there was no sign of the little dog.

'Leave him, Cousin, and away to your bed,' said Rab, sleepily; 'sure, he will return with the morning light.'

'He will *not*,' sobbed Moll. 'Always has he slept in my arms. 'Tis my wicked fault that he is lost; 'twas on account of my fears that I forgot him last night. I was sore over-tired, and——' she sobbed pitifully. 'Nix! Nix!' she cried. 'The Ghostie-gang will get him!'

'Listen, Cousin,' said Rab. 'The Ghostie-gang lies low for a night after it hath been abroad; men say so, and it is true. Always has this been the case; and what should they do with a wee beastie like Nix?'

'Then—he will drown in a peat-bog! Oh, Rab! Rab!' sobbed Moll; 'yourself, you warned me of them, and Nix is town-bred, as I am myself.'

'Listen, Cousin,' said Rab, good-naturedly, stifling a yawn; 'I will step out and bring him back. Guard you the door. 'Tis but a few paces maybe that he has gone. Sit here on the stair.' He flung on his plaid and made as though to start out. 'I will bring wee Nix back to you,' he said, 'so cheer up.'

'But—the Ghostie-gang!' faltered Moll.

'Twill be but a minute ere I return,' said Rab, and was gone before his little cousin could stop him. 'Nix! Nix!' he called, as he slipped into the darkness.

'Sure, I must not be foolish. Nix shall be chidden when he returns,' said the little girl, drying her eyes and sitting on the steps as Rab had directed her. 'Cousin Rab is brave; I will be brave, too.' She shivered a little and settled herself to watch.

But the minutes went by, and Rab did not return; the wind blew in from under the door and chilled the little girl, and she grew more and more frightened. 'Oh, I prithee, Cousin, return!' she whispered. 'Oh, I was selfish to let you go! Oh, if evil should come to you! And Nix!' She clasped her little hands as she sat still as a mouse on the wooden stair.

Where could Rab be?

(Concluded on page 118.)

HIGH HEELS.

HOW is it that we have heels on our boots and shoes?

It is said that they had their origin in Persia, long, long ago. Blocks of wood were fixed beneath the sandals in order to raise the feet above the burning sands of that country.

The blocks thus used by the Persian women were from eighteen inches to two feet in height (much higher than those of the men), and might therefore be described as stilts.

Many years later, a similar fashion prevailed in Venice, where it was encouraged by husbands with 'gad-about' wives, who thought that such cumbrous, inconvenient foot-gear would keep the women in what the men considered their proper place—at home. The supports of these Venetian shoes were called 'chapineys,' and in order to gratify the vanity of the ladies, and also, perhaps, to 'sugar the pill,' they were highly ornamented. A woman's chapineys proclaimed her rank. The higher they were, the higher was her position. Thus, the nobler the lady, the greater must have been her discomfort.

E. D.

DUMPS.

DUMPS is a most unlucky boy!

He always happens to annoy
The people that he wants to please.
Just listen: he does things like these.

Says Mother, 'Put the kettle on
For tea, Dumps dear.' The boy is gone
To do her bidding like a shot:
Puts on the fire an empty pot!

Says Father, 'Fetch my slippers, please,
That I may get a little ease
After my work.' What does Dumps do,
But fetch—one slipper and one shoe.

Says poor old Granny from her bed,
'My snuff is on that shelf o'erhead.'
'All right!' says Dumps, 'I'll go myself.'
Gets *pepper* from the kitchen-shelf!

When Baby cried and cried to go
To bed, 'twas Dumps who helped, you know,
And *thought* that he'd done all things right,
But—*Baby* slept in boots all night!

Now, not a person can deny
That Dumps does try and try and *try*
To help. 'But,' say his family,
'I'd rather he helped you than me!'

E. TALBOT.

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

IV.—LONDON TO EAST ANGLIA.

FROM London to Cambridge, Ely, and King's Lynn, by the Great Eastern Railway. It seems as if this, our fourth journey, ought to take us in the direction of the rising sun, but really, when we leave London, the train carries us almost due north. It follows the course of the Great North Road, which before the time of

railways was one of the principal high roads of England, and of the still older Ermine Street, along which the clanking Roman legions marched on their way to Lincoln, Doncaster, and York.

There is not very much that is beautiful or interesting to be seen during the first part of this journey, for, coming out of Liverpool Street Station, we travel through some of the poorest and ugliest districts of London, where there seem to be nothing but factories, tall, smoking chimneys, and miles of dreary, sordid houses. To find any romance we must look back into the past, and try to realise that once upon a time the forest of Hainault stretched almost to the city walls, and that only a century ago West Ham could still be described as 'a large village, pleasantly situated.'

Stratford reminds us of very early days in our English history, for here Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., caused an arched bridge to be built, because of the dangers of the ford over the River Lea, and because, as Stow tells us, 'she herself had once been well washed in the water.'

This arched bridge, or bow, was one of the earliest of the sort in England, and for its upkeep tolls were levied on travellers and their conveyances. A waggon laden with corn, wood, or coal had to pay a penny, but one which carried a dead Jew was charged the large sum of eightpence.

There was a great abbey at Stratford-atte-Bow in the Middle Ages, and it was there that Chaucer's prioress, Madam Englethynne, learned to speak her ungrammatical French.

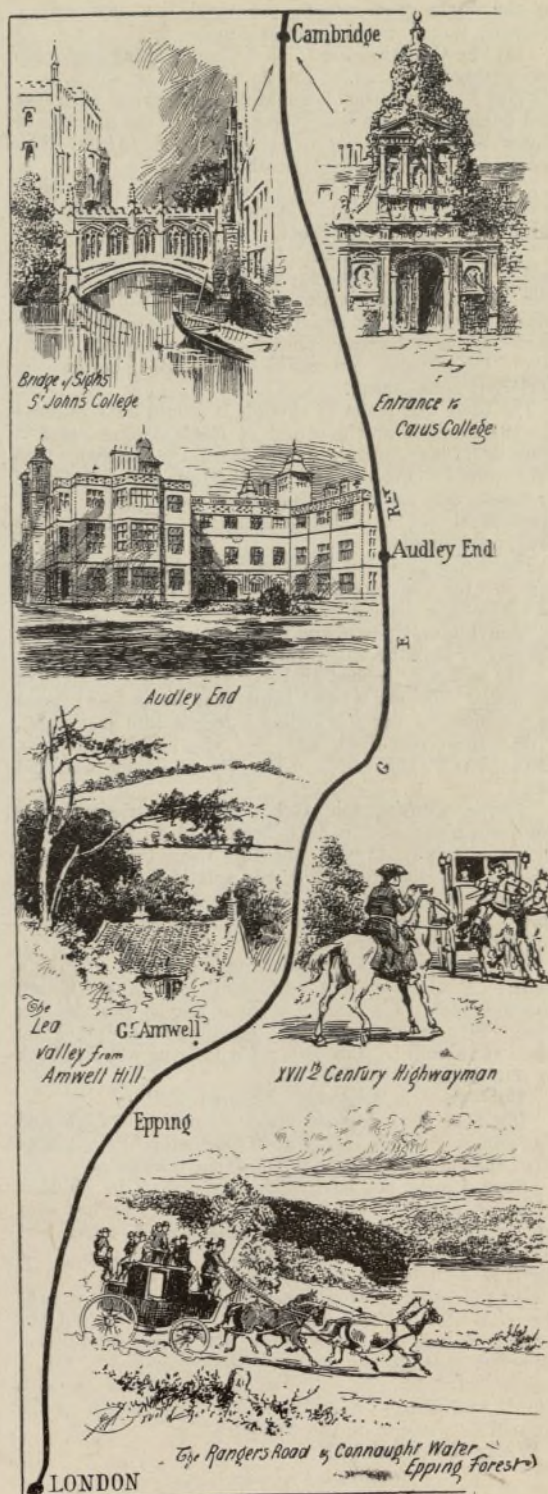
When at last we leave London and its dismal suburbs behind us, the train carries us northward towards Broxbourne, and on the right in the distance can be seen the wooded hills of Epping Forest. In this direction, too, lies Waltham, with its abbey, where Harold is buried, and its cross raised to the memory of Queen Alianor, whose funeral procession passed through the town and rested there on its long journey to London from the north.

This forest district used to be a dangerous place for travellers in the old days, and there are many stories told of robbers and highwaymen. After the Peace of Ryswick, thirty or forty soldiers who had been discharged from the Army built themselves huts round Waltham Cross and, threatening passers-by with their pistols, forced them to pay a toll.

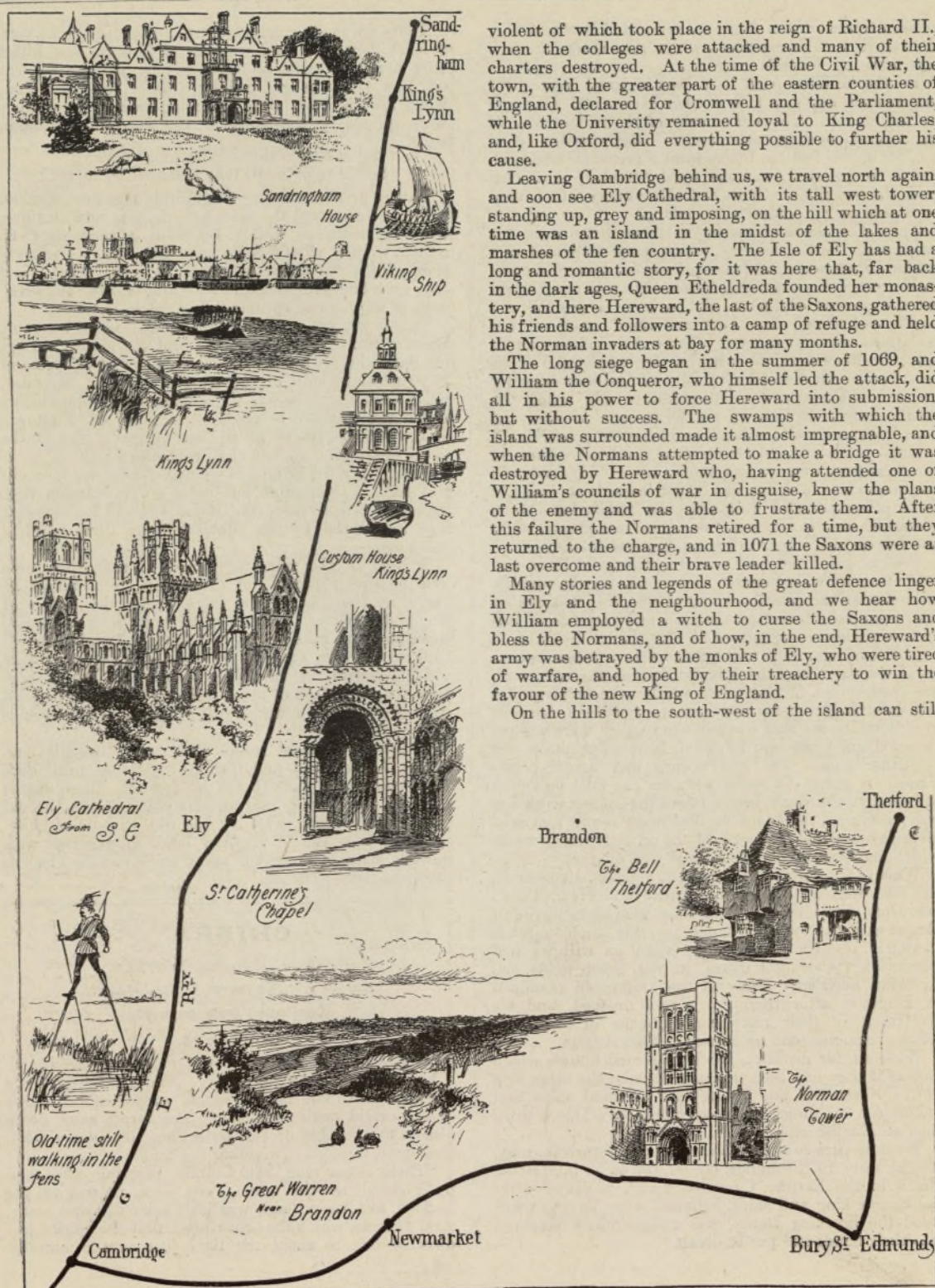
It was here, too, that the notorious highwayman, Dick Turpin, encountered another thief, King, and not recognising him, rode forward and demanded his money or his life. Explanations followed, which led to a partnership in crime, and for long these two robbers haunted the neighbourhood and terrorised travellers along the Great North Road.

About sixty miles from London or a little less, we come to Cambridge, one of the two chief Universities of England, which legend says was founded more than two thousand years ago by a Spanish scholar named Cantaber. History, however, more truthful, if less ambitious, says that the oldest college, Peterhouse, was only built in the thirteenth century, although there were probably schools here before that date, and the place was certainly a Roman settlement, if not a British stronghold.

During all its history there have been disputes and quarrels between the students of Cambridge and the townsmen, and these often led to open riots, the most



From London to—



—East Anglia and the King's Home.

violent of which took place in the reign of Richard II., when the colleges were attacked and many of their charters destroyed. At the time of the Civil War, the town, with the greater part of the eastern counties of England, declared for Cromwell and the Parliament, while the University remained loyal to King Charles, and, like Oxford, did everything possible to further his cause.

Leaving Cambridge behind us, we travel north again, and soon see Ely Cathedral, with its tall west tower, standing up, grey and imposing, on the hill which at one time was an island in the midst of the lakes and marshes of the fen country. The Isle of Ely has had a long and romantic story, for it was here that, far back in the dark ages, Queen Etheldreda founded her monastery, and here Hereward, the last of the Saxons, gathered his friends and followers into a camp of refuge and held the Norman invaders at bay for many months.

The long siege began in the summer of 1069, and William the Conqueror, who himself led the attack, did all in his power to force Hereward into submission, but without success. The swamps with which the island was surrounded made it almost impregnable, and when the Normans attempted to make a bridge it was destroyed by Hereward who, having attended one of William's councils of war in disguise, knew the plans of the enemy and was able to frustrate them. After this failure the Normans retired for a time, but they returned to the charge, and in 1071 the Saxons were at last overcome and their brave leader killed.

Many stories and legends of the great defence linger in Ely and the neighbourhood, and we hear how William employed a witch to curse the Saxons and bless the Normans, and of how, in the end, Hereward's army was betrayed by the monks of Ely, who were tired of warfare, and hoped by their treachery to win the favour of the new King of England.

On the hills to the south-west of the island can still

be seen traces of the Norman camp, and it is said that the raised track or causeway which runs across the fens was made by William's soldiers.

In the Middle Ages Ely was a great centre for pilgrimages, and men and women came from all parts of England to visit the shrine of St. Etheldreda, or St. Audrey, as she is often called. Merrymakers came, too, for on the festival of the saint a great fair was held, and it is believed that the word 'tawdry' is derived from the gay ribbons, laces and other finery which used to be sold on St. Audrey's feast day.

From Ely the train carries us through the wide, flat expanse of the fen country, which until comparatively modern times was a wild desolate region, a place of great meres, dangerous bogs, and stretches of sedge and rushes. At the present day most of the land is drained and highly cultivated, but here and there tracts of unreclaimed swamp remain. These help us to picture what the fens were like centuries ago when the Vikings from the North were able to sail their beaked ships far up into the heart of Cambridgeshire and when the inhabitants of the district walked on stilts through the bogs from one isolated farm or hamlet to another.

Until lately the fen people were a strange, primitive race, and even now we find among them old legends, old customs, and old industries which have long vanished from other parts of England, but which have been preserved here in the same way that rare plants, birds, and insects still linger in the remote marsh-lands.

Peat is cut, dried, and used for fuel, wild duck and other water-fowl are snared by ancient devices, and the willow wisps are collected and woven into baskets by men who have inherited the skill and patterns of far-away coracle-making ancestors.

Not long ago, there was a place near Wisbech where woad, the blue dye of the Ancient Britons, was extracted, and at Brandon, not far away, we find the survival of a still older industry, for there, among the chalk, are beds of flint which are still worked—and which were worked thousands of years ago by the mysterious people of the Neolithic Age. The spear-heads and arrow-points shaped by those old-world warriors can still be found at Brandon, and when, lately, one of the ancient workings was excavated, the flakes of flint were found scattered on the ground and the marks of the primitive implements which had been used showed fresh and distinct.

When, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the fens were at last drained, great numbers of Dutch labourers were employed, and these men must have felt almost as if they were at home, for this low country is strangely like the Netherlands, with its willows and windmills, its straight dykes, its flat, green fields, and its wide horizons. Many of the Dutchmen remained in England after their work was finished, and we find traces of their taste and influence in the architecture, customs, and industries of East Anglia.

Wisbech, for instance, has high-roofed houses which look as if they had been transported from the other side of the North Sea, and Lynn, with its canal, ships, and quaint old buildings, is almost more like a Dutch town than an English one.

We now turn southward, and, on our return journey, stop at Bury St. Edmunds, one of the most interesting places in the Eastern Counties, which is named after the Saxon king and saint, Edmund, who, having withstood the invading Danes, was treacherously betrayed into their hands and put to death.

There are many stories and legends about the martyrdom of this hero, and we hear of how he was killed with arrows beneath an oak-tree, how his head was cut off, how this was guarded by a fierce wolf, and how, when his followers were searching in the forest, they were guided by the voice of the dead king himself, which

'Never ceased to call that longe daye,

So for to crye till they came where he lay.'

Later a great monastery was built in this East Anglian town, and although the most part of it is now in ruins, two fine churches and a beautiful Norman doorway remain to show what it must have been like in Mediæval times, when the abbot ruled all the country round and kept open house for rich and poor alike during the seven days of the famous autumnal fair.

To this festival, in later Tudor times, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, used to come in his gilt chariot, bringing with him his royal wife, Mary, sister of the King of England and widow of the King of France; and later, when their daughter was sixteen years old, John Dudley raised the standard of rebellion in Bury St. Edmunds and summoned the people of East Anglia to uphold the cause of Queen Jane and the Protestant Faith.

From Bury St. Edmunds we travel westward, on our way back to Cambridge, and come to Newmarket with its breezy heath, where the Royal sport of horse-racing was introduced by the Stewart kings three hundred years ago.

It was in the reign of James I. that this town first became popular, and there were great festivities there in the Restoration days, when the people of England, tired of Puritanism with its long faces and sober customs, were glad to welcome the Merry Monarch back to his own again. We hear of many celebrities visiting Newmarket in the eighteenth century, for those were the great days of horse-racing, and the North Road was crowded with coaches, post-chaises, and long strings of horses.

And now we must travel back again, through Cambridge, Audley End, and Bishop's Stortford, until once more we reach the suburbs of London, those dismal acres of bricks and mortar, stretching across the flat plain, which once was, so the old chronicler, Fitz-Stephen, tells us, 'A meadow land, interspersed with flowing streams in which stand mills, whose clack is very pleasant to the ear.'

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

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

(Continued from page 98.)

CHAPTER IX.

ACROSS the lake went the raft, past the island, towards the further shore. And soon Brian could distinguish a little landing-stage, supported on stakes and overlaid with bamboos. The forest came down almost to the edge of the water, but there was a wide, clear path through it, dividing the trees.

'There is our road,' said Chinna, pointing, and then he glanced at the sun. Very near it was to the horizon, and the village was still some distance away. And Chinna was quite convinced that the spirits had directed him to shoot the tiger just as the sun dis-

appeared, and that they would help him at that moment and at that moment only. He had broken a raw egg before he left the camp, and had flung the yolk and white on the ground, and it was from the shape these had taken as they fell that he believed he had interpreted the intentions of the spirits.

'We must walk quickly,' he said to Brian, as he moored the raft with a piece of coarse rope. And he sprang on shore and began to trot up the path at his steady, tireless pace; and after him went Brian, very glad to run, for he felt extremely chilly, dressed as he was merely in a small piece of cotton cloth. It was all very well for Chinna, who went clad thus usually, but Brian had not yet grown accustomed to bare arms and shoulders and legs.

But he soon got warm, so brisk was the pace that Chinna set, and was glad enough of a rest when the little hunter halted presently and again looked carefully at the sky, and nodded as if he were satisfied.

Then Chinna examined the arrows, one by one, and tested the string of the bow. 'Now all is ready,' he said. 'The time is near. We will go forward again.' And again the two began to run, and almost immediately they reached the edge of the forest. It gave upon wild, open ground which closely resembled the country through which the children had wandered on the night of the flood, and which was intersected with ravines in the same fashion, and clothed with grass and scrubby bushes.

Only one difference there was, and that was the presence of a village. It was rather a large village, with thatched houses and big tiled barns, for the storing of grain. On its outskirts was a great pool, which provided the inhabitants with water to drink and in which to wash; and the village cattle drank and washed in the pool also, sharing equally with their owners. At the far end grew a great peepul-tree with silver trunk and massive branches. Beneath it was a little masonry platform, on which the elders of the village were wont to sit while they discussed their own affairs and those of their neighbours.

It was at sunset usually that the edges of the pool were most crowded, that the village council most often met. But now the water lay deserted and peaceful, outspread for the setting sun. There were no chattering women on its banks, filling their brass pots for the evening's needs; no splashing, laughing children; no cows and buffaloes drinking, ere they made their slow way to the byres; no grey-bearded elders, smoking solemnly and wisely nodding. On the platform was a broken pipe-stem only, and, stuck in the mud against which the wind-ripples lapped, a little shoe without a pair or owner.

Beyond the pool the main village street lay bare to view. It also was deserted, and the house doors that gave on it were tightly closed, save for one door at the very end of the street. This alone stood open, leaving a square of darkness visible, darkness pitch-black against the grey mud walls, the yellow-brown of the thatch.

Chinna stared at the open door, his eyes narrowing. Then he raised his hand and pointed towards it, and Brian understood. The striped one lurked behind the blackness, the great and powerful creature which held all the village at its mercy, and against which the little hunter was about to match himself unaided, save for a limitless faith.

Chinna's pointing hand dropped, and he looked quickly from side to side, his head turning as a bird's head turns with sharp and darting movements. There was a mango-tree near by, facing the peepul, and towards this he now crept, signing to Brian to follow. Behind the trunk there was just room for the two to shelter, themselves unseen. Yet, from this position, all that passed in the village street was plainly visible to them.

All day there had been a hot wind, but now this wind was dying. With its last sighing breaths it sent the dust of the street swirling against the lintels, and it seemed to Brian that it forced the closed doors open the merest fraction. Or was it hands from inside that pulled them ajar? And did scared faces peep through the cracks, faces which turned with one accord towards the square of darkness, whither Brian's eyes also wandered again and again.

And as he looked, something seemed to move in the square, something that chequered the blackness with greys and yellows. And forth into the street there strode a tiger—huge, magnificent, deep orange in the light of the setting sun.

For a moment he stood thus, with head raised and nostrils expanded, testing the air. Then slowly he strode towards the pool, limping as he walked; and, as he moved, the doors closed swiftly with one accord, and Brian's breath came in swift, short pants, and he looked swiftly at Chinna. Surely, surely the little hunter would flee, and bid him flee also? How could he hope to withstand this fierce and powerful beast which was drawing each moment nearer to the pool?

But as Brian looked he saw that Chinna's face was quite calm. The strong black hands which held the bow were steady; there was no hint of retreat about the sturdy, squat figure. Instead, Chinna looked from the tiger to the sky, as if he were merely waiting for a signal to be given. He found time to smile at Brian even, and the smile was so wholly confident it was most reassuring. It was impossible, seeing it, not to trust in Chinna. And now Brian began to watch the tiger with something of the same daring.

Down the village street the tiger came, and reached the platform of the elders, and lay down to rest thereon in insolent ease. And he licked the paw on which he limped; and, after a little, rose and yawned and shook himself, and strolled towards the water. And still Chinna glanced at the sky ever and again, patiently and trustfully, waiting on the moment he believed had been granted to him.

To the brink of the pool the tiger came, and lowered his great head to drink. And, as his lips touched the water, a red stain spread from them in ever-widening circles. Straight from his meal had he come, that meal the carcass of a cow which he had slain in the sight of all the villagers, and had dragged within the house he had made his own and there devoured at his leisure.

He drank, and, his thirst satisfied, he raised his head again and looked instinctively from side to side. And, as he looked, he stiffened; thus a dog stiffens when it points. And his ears lay flat to his head, and his lips lifted a little and showed the cruel, sharp teeth. And his fierce, cat-like eyes fixed themselves on the mango-tree in a glance which seemed to pierce right through it to the two figures crouching behind.

(Continued on page 114.)



"Chinna stared at the open door."