



"I found another cat was there."



## FLUFF'S FRIGHT.

O H, dear! oh, dear! the other night  
I really had a dreadful fright:  
I'm surprised my fur did not turn white—  
I felt as if it would!

It happened just like this: I sat  
Beside the window on my mat—  
My mistress said, 'Good Pussy-cat,'  
Because I looked so good.

But when she'd gone I winked my eye,  
The sideboard wasn't very high;  
'Fish stands up there,' I thought, 'I'll try  
To find some nice fried plaice!'

But when I clambered up with care,  
I found another cat was there,  
And all he did was stand and stare—  
He'd such a silly face!

I moved up closer; so did he!  
In all I did he copied me,  
Until I banged quite suddenly  
My head against his head!

Just then my mistress chanced to pass.  
'Poor naughty cat,' she cried, 'alas!  
You did not know the looking-glass  
Was there'—and then I fled!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

## IV.—THE EAST INDIA COMPANY: GINGER.

IN this article I want first to give you a slight picture of the state of the spice trade in the time of the Tudors. Up to that period, England as a country had not done much in the way of increasing her trade abroad by way of the sea. Her merchants, of course, had to bring the spices and other goods long distances, but not longer than could be helped. Spices were known and used in very early times by the Romans and other ancient peoples, and they were brought overland and sold in the great markets of the world, Venice being one of the greatest. Then, as I have already said, the Portuguese found the way to the Spice Islands, and they held the trade for some time by selling the spices in Lisbon at cheap rates. This they were able to do because the cost of carriage was much less by sea than by land. Later again, the Portuguese brought their wares right round to Antwerp, which was convenient for the English market. Then the Dutch, who, though a small kingdom, were very enterprising, thought that they too would like to have a picking from this rich spice trade, so they sent out expeditions, and finally, as I have already told you, they exterminated the Portuguese, and established a closer monopoly than even the Portuguese. Now, the downfall of the Dutch monopoly seems to have come from the fact that they put up the prices of the spices to such an extent that the merchants of England, who were very good customers, began to complain. At last the English Grocers' Company decided to try to establish trade in the East for themselves with English ships, men, and money. Thus came about the formation of the great East India Company, which included many wealthy grocers.

Soon after the formation of this Company, the Dutch

started a similar one, and naturally the competition was great.

As giving an idea of the difficulties of the trade of these times, I will here insert an account of a visit by the great explorer, Sir Francis Drake, to the islands of the Moluccas in 1579. He did not set out especially to go to the Moluccas, but he visited them among many other lands. You know what a hero of the sea Drake was, and you will realise from the following account what tact and ability were required to conduct expeditions such as he loved. This account was written by Richard Hakluyt. He heads it thus: 'The Famous voyage of Sir Francis Drake into the South sea, and therence about the whole Globe of the earth, begun in the Year of our Lord, 1577.' He got back to England in 1580. This visit was paid before the monopoly by the Dutch (this was not complete till 1605, but they had tried to get control in 1578), and shows what great wealth there was in the spice trade for the native kings:

'The fourteenth of November we fell with the Islands of Maluco [Molucca], which day at night (having directed our course to run with Tydore), in coasting along the Island of Mutyr, belonging to the King of Ternate, his Deputy or Vice-king, seeing us at sea, came with his Canoa [canoe] to us without all fear, and came aboard, and, after some conference with our General [Drake], willed him in any wise to run in with Ternate, and not with Tydore, assuring him that the King would be glad of his coming, and would be ready to do what he would require, for which purpose he himself would that night be with the King, and tell him the news; with whom, if he once dealt, he should find that, as he was a King, so his word should stand; adding further, that if we went to Tydore before he came to Ternate, the King would have nothing to do with us, because he held the Portugal as his enemy. Whereupon our General resolved to run with Ternate, where the next morning early we came to anchor, at which time our General sent a message to the King with a velvet cloak for a present and token of his coming to be in peace, and that he required nothing but traffic and exchange of merchandise, whereof he had good store, in such things as he wanted.'

Trade was done largely by exchange in those days. The Vice-king interviewed the King, and evidently gave a good impression of Drake, for he sent a signet and promised to come in person to the ship. Here I insert the account of his coming in state to conduct the ship to better anchorage: 'The King purposing to come to our ship, sent before four great and large Canoas, in every one whereof were certain of his greatest states [nobles] that were about him, attired in white lawn of cloth of Calicut, having over their heads, from the one end of the Canoa to the other, a covering of thin perfumed mats, borne up with a frame made of reeds, for the same use, under which every one did sit in his order according to his dignity, to keep him from the heat of the sun; divers of whom, being of good age and gravity, did make an ancient and fatherly show. There were also divers young and comely men attired in white, as were the others; the rest were soldiers, which stood in comely order round about on both sides, without [outside] whom sat the rowers in certain galleries, which being three on a side along the Canoas, did lie from the side thereof three or four yards, one being orderly builded lower than another, in every of



which galleries were the number of four score rowers.' Was not this a stately procession?

All were armed, and they rowed round the ship and 'did their homage with great solemnity' as they passed. The King did not come on board, but said he would the next day. However, 'he brake his promise,' and sent another brother with excuses, and asked Drake to go on land. Drake was suspicious, and kept the Vice-king as hostage! He did not go himself, but sent some of his gentlemen. You see how dangerous were the times—they had always to be on the look-out for treachery.

Here is the account of the King's reception, which is truly picturesque: 'The place that they were brought unto was a large and fair house, where at least a thousand persons assembled. The King being yet absent there sat in their places sixty grave personages, all which were said to be of the King's council. . . . The King at last came in guarded by twelve lances, covered over with a rich canopy, with embossed gold. Our men, accompanied with one of their captains called Maro, rising to meet him, he graciously did welcome and entertain them. He was attired after the manner of the country, but more sumptuously than the rest. From his waist down to the ground was all cloth of gold, and the same very rich; his legs were bare, but on his feet were a pair of shoes made of Cordovan skin. In the attire of his head were finely wreathed hopped rings of gold, and about his neck he had a chain of perfect gold, the links whereof were great and one fold double. On his fingers he had six very fair jewels, and [when he was] sitting in his chair of state at his right hand stood a page with a fan in his hand, breathing and gathering air to the King. The fan was in length two foot, and in breadth one foot, set with eight sapphires, richly embroidered, and knit to a staff three foot in length, by the which the page did hold and move it. Our gentlemen, having delivered their message and received order accordingly, were licensed [allowed] to depart, being safely conducted back again by one of the King's council.' Having concluded their exchange of merchandise, they departed. Undoubtedly Drake obtained a fine cargo of spices.

In those days the southern seas were not charted at all, and it was all new ground to this expedition, and they never knew how soon they might run on rocks. For instance, Hakluyt says on 'the ninth of January, in the year 1579, we ran suddenly upon a rock, where we stuck fast. . . . We lightened our ship upon the rocks of three tons of cloves,' and other things, and then they got off safely. All through these voyages they had constant adventures. From Ternate they went to other islands, where they saw many quaint and interesting things. But when they had been at Java some time they were told one day 'that not far off there were such great ships as ours, wishing us to beware; upon this our Captain would stay no longer.' These ships were evidently some other expedition, either Portuguese or Dutch, and Drake did not want any more trouble, so he made straight for home. Hakluyt concludes: 'We arrived in England the third of November, 1580, being the third year from our departure.'

Now, when you are using spices to-day you are the heirs of Drake. But the peril of getting them is not so great now. Let us take another one, and see how it is obtained—Ginger. I expect you have met it as 'preserved ginger' in those quaint blue and white pots

enclosed in an open sort of trellis of cane with a handle (fig. 1). Also, no doubt you know it in chocolate and as 'candied fruit.' But do you know what it really is?

Well, its proper name is *Zingiber officinale*. It is rather a strange-looking plant. In fig. 2 you have a sketch which I obtained from illustrations in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London. It has leaves which are very smooth, long and pointed, and which continue down the stem in the form of a sheath. The flowers are carried in a curious-looking head of tightly overlapping scales. There seem to be only two or three flowers in bloom at a time. At A, I show a single flower, which is mainly dark purple in colour; it is a one-sided flower with a decided lip. The roots are the part of most interest to us, for from them are made all the different preparations known to us as 'Ginger.' These roots are what are called rhizomes—that is, they are a sort of cross between true roots and true stems. They are something like our Solomon Seal roots, or the roots of the common bracken (see pages 91-94). You see there is a thick part immediately below the stems, and then below these there are ordinary roots. The thick parts throw up each a shoot; at B is a young one just making its way up, and at C is a very young one only just starting out in life. The roots proper (D), so to speak, are somewhat strange; they branch in rather a queer way, forming bunches of roots on the ends of some of the main roots.

Now, 'preserved ginger' is made of pieces of the young tender root, which are steeped in sugar syrup. This is the kind used in all confectionery. Then there is the ginger we use as a flavouring in cookery, which is the 'spice' proper. This is made of the older roots scalded, then scraped, then dried. At this stage it is ready for the shops, and is white and hard, in funny shaped pieces just as they were chopped off the root. In fig. 3, I show you a piece I have sketched from our spice-box. It is used in various ways, sometimes crushed and sometimes in sticks as it is, but in this case it is generally fished out again from whatever it is flavouring. Cooks put it into little muslin bags, which they can easily remove from their stewpan when they think it has been in long enough to give the right amount of flavour.

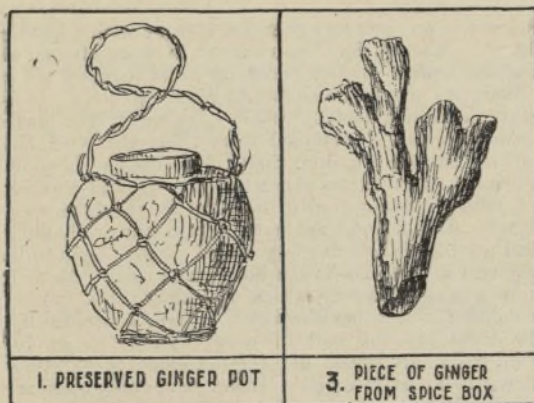
Sometimes ginger is dried and not scraped; then it is black, and in this state it is very useful and valuable in medicine.

Ginger is a tropical plant, and is now grown all over the tropics of Asia and America. It was cultivated in the East Indies first 'from time immemorial.'

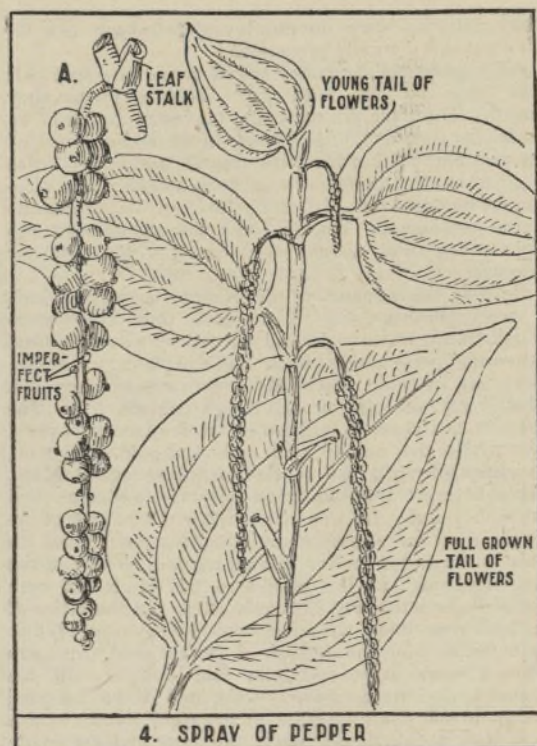
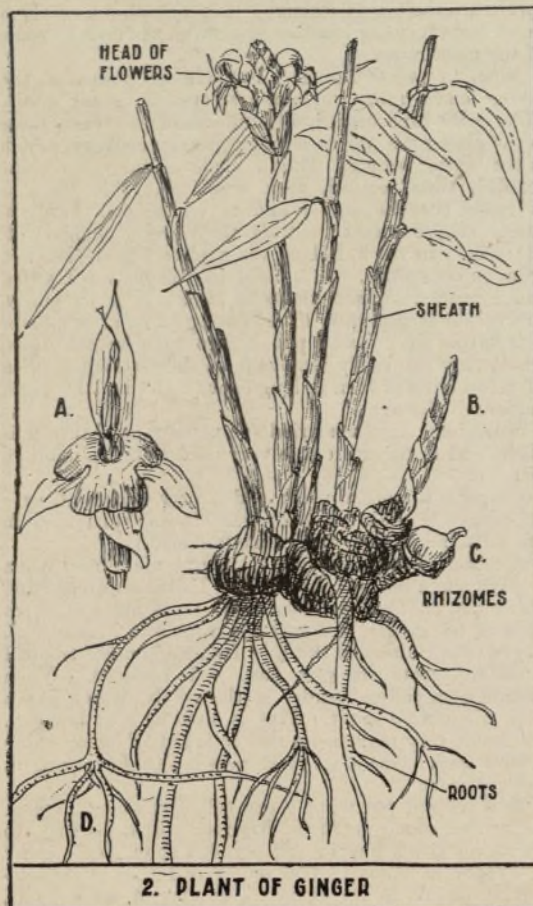
Another of the queer spices which I mentioned when I gave you a list was Turmeric. This is obtained from the roots of *Curcuma longa*; its roots are similar to those of the ginger, so I will not trouble to illustrate it. It grows in China and the East Indies and other tropical lands: its roots are very hard and resinous. When ground up a yellow powder is the result, which has a very distinctive scent. This is used as a yellow dye, but is not very permanent, and so is not of much value in that way. One of its chief uses is as a flavouring in curry powder.

Now let me see what I can tell you about Pepper. Its proper name is *Piper Nigrum*, which is easy to see means Black Pepper. In fig. 4, I show you a spray of Pepper in bloom. You see it is rather a curious-looking plant; its leaves have a number of main veins,





all starting from the stalk and connected by a network of smaller ones. The joints of the stem are very distinct, and when the plant dies down it breaks off at these joints like a begonia. The long tails of flowers you see are developed opposite the leaves. At A, I give you a careful drawing of a tail of berries. If you could see this in colour you would find these berries tinted



variously green, yellow, and red. These have to be collected before they are ripe and then dried. If these are ground up as they are when gathered—that is, without removing the pulpy part of the berries—then the powder produced is Black Pepper, but if when gathered this outer covering is removed, then the remaining hard berry ground is White Pepper.

I do not expect many of you lay much store by pepper, but in days long ago it was one of the valuable commodities which drew our attention to India, where it grows to such perfection. Mr. Rees, in the book I have mentioned, tells us that 'Pepper from the Malabar coast of India was used by the cooks of ancient Rome, who gave as much as ten shillings a pound for it.'

E. M. BARLOW.

#### THE ROUSING OF BEVIS MAYLINS.

ON the sill of an open window in Meadside School, Bevis Maylins lolled one summer day, reading a letter he had just received from home. But he scarcely heeded the words till a sentence suddenly caught his attention, and, straightening himself up with a jerk, he exclaimed, loud enough for any one in the court below to hear, 'What's that?'

The ejaculation was accompanied by a scowl at the letter as though it had made an attack upon him; and then he read the passage over again: 'Arrangements have been completed, and Tony will arrive at Meadside on Tuesday next. It is my hope that you will do all in your power to make poor Tony's path easy. Show for him all that sympathy which means so much from an elder brother. Remember, Tony is a





"A boy was seen clambering over a gate."

little boy, never very strong, and this is the first time he has been among strangers, away from home.'

Bevis crumpled the letter up into a ball of paper and pushed it deeply into his trousers pocket. 'That settles the game for *me*,' he growled, turning from the window. 'Tony is coming on Tuesday next; Tony is to be petted

and pampered because he is my brother. . . . Nonsense! The little beggar must look after himself. If he doesn't like what he gets, they had better send him to another school. I am not going to make myself unpleasant to any of the fellows on his account.'

Now, though Bevis settled the matter in this (to him).



satisfactory way, it did not really comfort his ruffled spirits, and on the Tuesday afternoon he 'mooched' down to the station in a temper which promised a far from brotherly welcome for the small, shy boy, who at that moment was rapidly approaching his journey's end with growing fears of what awaited him there.

The sight of Bevis, as he stepped on to the platform, was at first reassuring, but a second glance sent a chill to Tony's heart, for Bevis advanced towards him with a sulky face.

'Where's the luggage?' was his abrupt greeting. 'I hope it's not more than you can carry yourself, for I don't mean to fag up to the school with it.'

'Oh, no, Bevis!' replied Tony. 'I can manage it quite easily. It isn't far, I suppose?'

'A tidy step,' growled Bevis; 'and it was no end of a nuisance to have to meet the train. I think it's an awful pity you have come to Meadside, and what their idea was in sending you is more than I can understand.'

He repeated this interesting fact many times as they walked back to the school, so that there should be no mistake about it. The little boy beside him, panting under his burden and suffering the pains of home-sickness, bore it all with silent patience, even feeling at times that he was to blame for causing poor Bevis such annoyance.

And that is how Tony Maylins came to Meadside. Bevis made no effort to guide his small brother free of the many pitfalls into which new boys at school are apt to stumble. Rumours reached him from time to time that Tony suffered at the hands of more than one bully; that he had been lured into the companionship of scapegraces, and that altogether the small boy was having a troublous time. Yet Bevis, fearing to make himself objectionable to others, ignored the rumours, and came to the conclusion that 'it was no concern of his.'

One Saturday afternoon, when Tony had been a few weeks at Meadside, the elder boy was returning from a bicycle ride along a road about half a mile from the school, when he heard loud cries of pain mingled with shouts coming from a market-garden on the further side of a hedge that bordered the road.

The cyclist quickened his speed, but before he could reach the place the uproar ceased, and next moment a small boy was seen clambering over a gate farther down the road. A man with a stick in his hand was laughing behind the hedge. The boy was Tony. Without turning his head, he ran limping away. Bevis called, but he did not hear. Bevis called again, but he still ran on, and even when he was overtaken he kept his white face forward like one over whom terror had cast a spell.

'What have you been up to? What has been the matter?' cried Bevis, dropping from the saddle.

'Oh, is that you, Bevis?' panted the small boy. 'I did not know you were near me. They told me the strawberry-bed belonged to the school. They sent me to pick some—'

'Who did?' snapped the elder boy.

'Westcott and the others.'

'What have you to do with *that* set?' cried Bevis. 'Don't you know they are idle louts, sure to get you into mischief?'

'No,' said Tony, still staring ahead and trotting as well as he was able. 'No one warned me.'

'And I suppose Jenkins caught you in the bed and gave you a thrashing?' said Bevis, coldly.

'Yes, he did,' came the reply; 'but never mind, Bevis. I'm sorry if it has annoyed you. I promise to say nothing about it at the school. Forgive me if it leads to any trouble; but it all seemed so natural—and I didn't know. Perhaps I ought to—but I didn't.'

Bevis was silent. All the way back to Meadside he spoke no word, and the small boy trotting at his side was silent, too.

But Bevis Maylins was now suffering far more in his heart than his brother. Conscience, slowly awakening, was revealing to him the darkness of the course he had followed. All that day and the next he was ill at ease, and whenever he met Tony, the placid expression on the latter's face, the brightness of his eyes, were more disturbing than any show of misery would have been.

Thus it came about that after a restless night, on the following Sunday Bevis stole from his bed at the earliest glimmer of dawn. He would dress and go out. Anything was better than lying there. Stealing to the wash-stand by the window, he was about to pour out some water, when, glancing into the courtyard below, he caught sight of some one under the shadow of a wall, creeping towards the gates. There could be no mistaking that tiny form. It was his brother Tony! Bevis's heart beat fast; for all too readily he guessed that, unable longer to bear his troubles, Tony was running away from Meadside.

Watching, spellbound, till the small figure, having passed the gate, was hurrying along the road that led to Borden Hill, Bevis flung on his clothes with feverish haste. Caution, however, checked his speed, and ten minutes elapsed ere he, too, was on the road.

Conscious that a stern chase is a long one, he did not spare himself, but, on reaching the foot of the hill, was relieved to see, far ahead, a small figure trudging up the slope. It reached the summit and passed from sight. Bevis panted on, spurred to exertion by repentant thought. He, too, reached the top at last, and paused with a little gasp of surprise, for there, only a few yards further on, sat Tony bending over the pages of an open book.

He did not look up till the elder boy drew near; he did not move his eyes from the page till he heard his name called.

'What, Bevis!' he cried. 'I did not know you ever came to see the sun rise!'

'Tony,' replied Bevis, in a trembling voice, 'I thought you were running away!'

'Running away?' echoed the other. 'Why should I run away?'

'Because I have been an unbrotherly beast to you,' was the reply, as Bevis sat down at his side. 'I never helped you, as Mother asked me to: I did not comfort you when I might have done.'

'Never mind,' returned Tony. 'I have had help from this, you know. Mother told me always to read it, and it's so quiet out here.' He placed one hand on the open book on his knees, and Bevis saw that it was a Bible.

'And if I had looked at mine I should have remembered the meaning of brotherly love, and how we owe it to one another. Tony, old chap, will you forgive me?'

'Of course I will,' came the ready answer. 'How can you ask? But look, Bevis!' pointing to the distant horizon. 'There's the first spark of the rising sun!'

And as Bevis watched, he saw the golden glory slowly expand, driving before it the shadows that had covered the sky.

JOHN LEA.



## CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

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

(Continued from page 115.)

## CHAPTER XI.

NO one moved in the circle round Chinna. Each stared at his neighbour as if he thought it was that neighbour's duty to produce the reward with which he himself had no possible concern.

And Chinna repeated a little shrilly, looking at the headman of the village, he in whose house the tiger had lain: 'Bring me those things which are mine by right, and which ye did promise by your messenger to give me.'

And at that the headman stepped forward a pace or two, shuffling his feet and rubbing his hands together. And he answered, half in a cringing fashion, half impudently: 'Those things which we did promise to give? Surely, little man of the woods, thy memory has played thee a trick. There may have been talk of a kind; of hens, also, perchance. But is one small arrow worth an axe and silver? There is some mistake here.'

Chinna did not answer for a moment. He was too angry, indeed, for speech. Brian could see by the flickering light of the torches that the little hunter's face was twisted with indignation and his black eyes were gleaming. And at last, in a furious splutter, the words came: 'And so ye would cheat me of my just reward? Take care. I, who have slain this enemy of yours, can bring others against you. The spirits of the forest will grant me any favour that I ask. Do not trifle.'

The headman looked somewhat scared at this, and answered in a soothing voice: 'I forgot the axe. Without doubt I forgot the axe. The hens, and the kid, and the axe, that was the reward named. Take it, great hunter, and depart in peace as thou hast said. Let there be no ill-will between us.'

'And the silver,' said Chinna. 'And the silver,' he repeated indignantly as he received no reply. And then, slowly, he wheeled round, and began to march towards the forests, and he called back over his shoulder: 'I have warned you, and ye would not listen. On your heads and the heads of your children be the punishment that shall follow. I go to mine own place.'

And at that a great clamour broke from the crowd, and there were cries of 'No, no; curse us not. Turn again, Wonder-worker!' Cries which redoubled in strength until Chinna turned slowly and came back again, just as Brian was on the point of slipping out of the tree after him, afraid that the little man had forgotten his existence altogether. And now every one seemed anxious to make amends, and implored Chinna to come to the village, and assured him he should receive the reward in full. But Chinna chose to be haughty, and, seating himself on the body of the tiger, he waved the crowd away. And he bade them bring the kid and the hens, the axe and the silver, to lay at his feet. And, as the villagers scattered obediently, Chinna sent a glance in Brian's direction which was almost a wink, and which seemed to say, 'Thou and I, we know that the only way to deal with these people is to frighten them. They must surely be taught who is master.' And Brian settled himself more comfortably

on the rather knobbly branch on which he was perched, much relieved to find he was not forgotten, after all, and very glad that the little man was to have the reward he had so amply earned. And then he watched, with deep interest, as those of the villagers who were left began to drag pieces of fallen wood together and to make a huge fire, while Chinna produced his little axe and set to work most cleverly to skin the tiger. But, first, he drew out the whiskers, one by one, and the claws also, for the people of India believe that the claws and whiskers of a tiger act as a most powerful charm, and they preserve these, in consequence, very carefully.

'The flesh shall be yours,' said Chinna to the watching crowd. And Brian wondered if the people of the village intended to eat the body. It seemed a most horrid kind of food, he thought. But he found out afterwards from Chinna that the flesh would be cut up into tiny bits and used as medicine, and that it was supposed to be a cure for rheumatism and all manner of other illnesses.

It was a long business, the skinning of the tiger, and Brian grew very weary before it was finished. He shifted about on his branch uneasily, and presently, looking downwards, was aware that one of the villagers was standing at the foot of the tree, and staring up at him through the leaves. And, after a little, the man said: 'Why dost thou sit up there, little son of the wild man? Come down and look at the striped one. Or art thou too greatly afraid to do so?'

Brian was just about to retort indignantly that he was not at all afraid, and to slide down from the tree, when he remembered that Chinna had forbidden him to do so. So he stared back at the man, and did not answer. Whereupon the latter reached up a hand and tried to catch Brian by the leg. 'Come down,' he repeated; 'there is no need for fear.'

And at that Chinna heard, and turned, and shouted: 'Leave the boy alone. It is my order that he shall not speak and that he remains in the tree.'

But already the man had withdrawn his hand, and now he was staring at Brian with the beginnings of fear in his face. Just at that moment the fire had flared up and shown him very plainly the strange yellow skin of the supposed son of Chinna. The children of the villagers were pale-coloured often, but the children of the wild people were always dark. How, then, could this boy be related to Chinna? And if he were no relation, what, instead, was he? And it seemed to the man that there could be only one answer to the question: the thing in the tree was no mortal child, but a spirit summoned by the little hunter to help him in the slaying of the striped one.

And the man began to back away towards the fire, muttering to his fellows: 'There is a strange thing in the tree, a most strange thing. Very pale is it in colour, and it cannot speak as a man speaks. Look at it, but do not go too close, lest ye should take hurt therefrom.'

And Chinna heard again, and very pleased at the turn affairs had taken, and that he should be considered a yet more wonderful person on whom visible spirits attended, he called gaily: 'Twere better not to look even. It is, in truth, one whom I have brought with me—one who will help me in all things, or avenge me on my enemies.'

(Continued on page 130.)





"Seating himself on the body of the tiger, he waved the crowd away."