



"The water seemed very silent, very lonely."

K

CHINNA.

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

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CHAPTER XII.

THE villagers were in a great hurry to get rid of Chinna, and his attendant spirit, after that. Some helped to skin the carcase; others ran towards the village to bid those hasten who had gone to fetch the reward. And presently a bleating kid appeared, dragged along by a rope round its neck, and three hens, held by the legs, head downwards, and protesting with all their strength. And one man brought an axe, and the headman a handful of silver coins; and all these things were pressed upon Chinna, while glances were cast constantly at the tree, in the hope that the spirit might by this time have betaken itself to its proper abode. And when the firelight showed a pale-yellow glimmer between the leaves, there was a perceptible stir of fear through the little crowd.

Brian naturally enjoyed all this immensely; and he was quite sorry when Chinna pronounced that, at last, the reward was sufficient, and the villagers slunk back towards their homes, carrying the tiger's body with them, slung from a couple of poles. But he was glad to descend from the tree, for he was cold now, as well as very tired of sitting on the branch, and he scrambled down and ran to Chinna, as the little man whistled softly.

'Take thou the hens,' Chinna ordered. 'And see, thou shalt have this axe for thine own, for there are the makings of a hunter in thee.' And he stuck the axe the villagers had brought into the folds of Brian's waistcloth, and Brian was so pleased that he could scarcely thank Chinna enough. Moreover, praise from so brave a person was indeed praise worth having, and of almost more value than the axe itself.

Chinna counted over the silver thoughtfully next, and tied it in a corner of his waistcloth; and he rolled up the tiger-skin and slung it across his shoulders, tying the huge paws beneath his chin. And then he took hold of the rope which was wound round the kid's neck, and told Brian to pick up a half-burned torch, which lay on the ground beside the fire, and to rekindle it so that the light might help them on their way. And, finally, the two started down the path which led through the forest to the landing-stage.

Quite quickly they went at first, but, after a little, the kid began to give trouble. It was a pretty creature, snow-white from head to tail, but, like all its race, possessed of a spirit of obstinacy. And it had been taken from a warm shed, where it had been huddled with its mother and half-a-hundred companions, and it found the night air chilly and unpleasant; so presently it planted its four feet together and refused either to run or walk. It simply slid forward while Chinna tugged at it in front and Brian pushed behind. And if for a second they stopped tugging and pushing, the kid at once backed violently in the direction of the village, and so regained most of the ground it had lost. And when this had happened for the hundredth time, Chinna, burdened with the tiger-skin, and Brian, who had also to struggle with the hens, were so tired of its antics that their feelings for it were the reverse of friendly.

'I will kill it,' said Chinna. 'Dead, I can carry it as well as the tiger-skin. I had thought to keep it as a companion for the other, but indeed it seems bewitched. The flesh will at least make a good meal for us all.'

He handed the end of the rope to Brian while he loosened the tiger-skin from his shoulders so that his arm might swing free; and at the same moment the three hens struggled wildly in three different directions, and before Brian quite realised what had happened, the kid had jerked itself loose, and was careering gaily in the direction of the village, the rope trailing after it. And Chinna, very angry, almost hit Brian with the axe instead, and cried: 'Fool, fool! Is there no sense in thy empty head? Why didst thou not twist the rope around thy middle?' And Brian, who had been feeling extremely pleased with himself, felt extremely small instead, which was, no doubt, very good for him.

But Chinna's anger, though hot for a moment, quickly passed. He picked up the tiger-skin again, took the torch from Brian, and began to trot towards the lake. And Brian, trotting after him, reached the edge of the water with the hens safe at least, and scrambled, still clinging to them despite their struggles, on to the raft. The moon had just risen, and laid a silver path across the water, and down this Chinna steered, his squat figure, with the heavy bundle on the shoulders, throwing the strangest shadows. He had flung away the torch, since now there was no longer need of it.

The water seemed very silent at first, very lonely in the moonlight. Then Brian grew aware of a ceaseless soft dabbling and splashing, and every little while something rose swiftly, skimmed the water, and settled again; and, as his eyes grew used to the moonlight and the shadows, he could see that everywhere the surface of the lake was dotted with wild ducks feeding—ducks of every shape and every size.

'Always they feed at night,' Chinna explained. 'And sometimes I hide among the reeds and shoot at them with my bow. But they are most cunning, and 'tis seldom they come within arrow's reach.' And Brian noticed that the ducks, though they continued to feed busily, and scarcely seemed to heed the raft, yet kept at a safe distance from it, as though they could measure exactly an arrow's flight.

But he was too sleepy to watch anything for long, and he dozed off from time to time, and woke with difficulty when the raft grounded on the further shore: and he stumbled more than once as he followed Chinna, after picking up the clothes he had left by the lake.

Long before they reached the clearing, they could see the gleam of the camp fire through the trees, for Mrs. Chinna and Nancy had piled the wood high, that the flames might give as much light as possible; and Mrs. Chinna had a meal prepared, for she knew that 'the men' would be hungry.

Nancy had spent a very anxious afternoon; but she had guessed, though she could not be sure, that Brian had contrived, somehow or other, to accompany Chinna. Now, at sight of him, she stared for a moment, not recognising him at all, and then flung her arms round his neck in sudden relief.

'Oh, Brian—oh, Brian! I am glad to see you back. I almost thought you were dead,' Nancy repeated again and again. And though Brian answered, 'It's all right;

there's nothing to fuss about,' he really didn't object to the fussing. He tried to tell Nancy of his adventures as he ate the rice and fish Mrs. Chinna put before him, but fell asleep again between the mouthfuls, and finally slumbered too soundly to dream even of the tiger.

(Continued on page 142.)

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

V.—LONDON TO LINCOLN.

HIGH on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North.' We all know the stirring poem which tells how the news of danger and invasion was flashed through England on that fateful summer night when the tall Spanish war-ships appeared in the Channel, and Sir Francis Drake had finished his game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe. 'They started for the North': the words ring in our minds now, as we set out on our journey from London to Lincoln; but, instead of taking Hampstead Heath as our point of departure, as did the beacon fires three centuries ago, we must travel in more prosaic fashion, and, getting into a train at King's Cross railway station, be carried northward through the far-reaching suburbs of the great metropolis.

Holloway, Finsbury Park, Hornsey: the names and the places themselves seem commonplace and uninteresting enough; but before long Barnet is reached, and then the memories of the great battle which was once fought there carry us back into those dark days of English history, when men wearing red or white roses fought and died, not for any high cause of freedom or honour, but to aid in the quarrels and further the ambitions of their feudal lords.

The great Civil War reached its climax at Barnet on that Easter Sunday morning of the year 1471, for in the thick mist the Lancastrian soldiers mistook friend for foe, and were totally defeated, Warwick himself, their leader, king-maker, and turncoat, being slain. The dead, numbering many hundreds, were buried on the field of battle, and a stone column* now marks the spot where a memorial chapel once stood.

Not far away from Barnet, to the east, is Enfield, which, with its huge munition works, seems to wrench us back from the dark ages into the still more terrible times of modern warfare, when, with the whole world in arms, the victims of a battle must be numbered not by hundreds, but by thousands.

Our next stopping-place is Hatfield, the home of the Cecil family; and then two short branch lines take us, the one to Hertford and the other to St. Albans, which in ancient times was Verulam, a great British city, older than London itself.

It was here that Alban, the first British martyr, was put to death, and a beautiful story is told of how he was converted to Christianity by a Welsh missionary, and how, when summoned to offer sacrifice to the gods of the Romans, he died rather than forsake his new faith. Later, when the Roman conquerors had departed from Britain, a priory was founded in memory of the saint, and his name was given to the city.

During the Wars of the Roses two great battles were fought at St. Albans, and a strange scene took place

* Known as Hadley High Stone.

after the second of these conflicts, when the victorious Lancastrians, under Queen Margaret, went straight from the battlefield to the Abbey, and there, in their dented armour and with blood-stained weapons in their hands, gave thanks for the day's success.

Beyond St. Albans another line branches off westward to Dunstable, a town which is the centre of the straw-plaiting industry, and has since the seventeenth century been famous for its finely-woven hats and bonnets.

It is said that James I. first introduced straw-plaiting into Dunstable, and that some of the French workmen brought by his mother from France settled there. But long before Stuart days the town was prosperous, and it is said to have been a Saxon settlement, standing at the point where the Roman Watling Street crossed the British Icknield Way.

Dunstable once boasted both a royal palace and an important monastery, and in the chronicles of the latter is an account of the funeral procession of Queen Eleanor, which passed through the town on its long journey from York to Westminster. The writer describes how the coffin was set down in the middle of the market-place while the King's Chancellor and the escort of nobles consulted together as to where it should rest for the night; and he goes on to tell of the beautiful stone cross which was afterwards raised on the spot by the orders of her broken-hearted husband, King Edward I.

Returning now to the main line of the Great Northern Railway, we pass through Hitchin, and Sandy with its ancient British entrenchments, and come to Huntingdon, where Oliver Cromwell was born, and where both he and Samuel Pepys were educated.

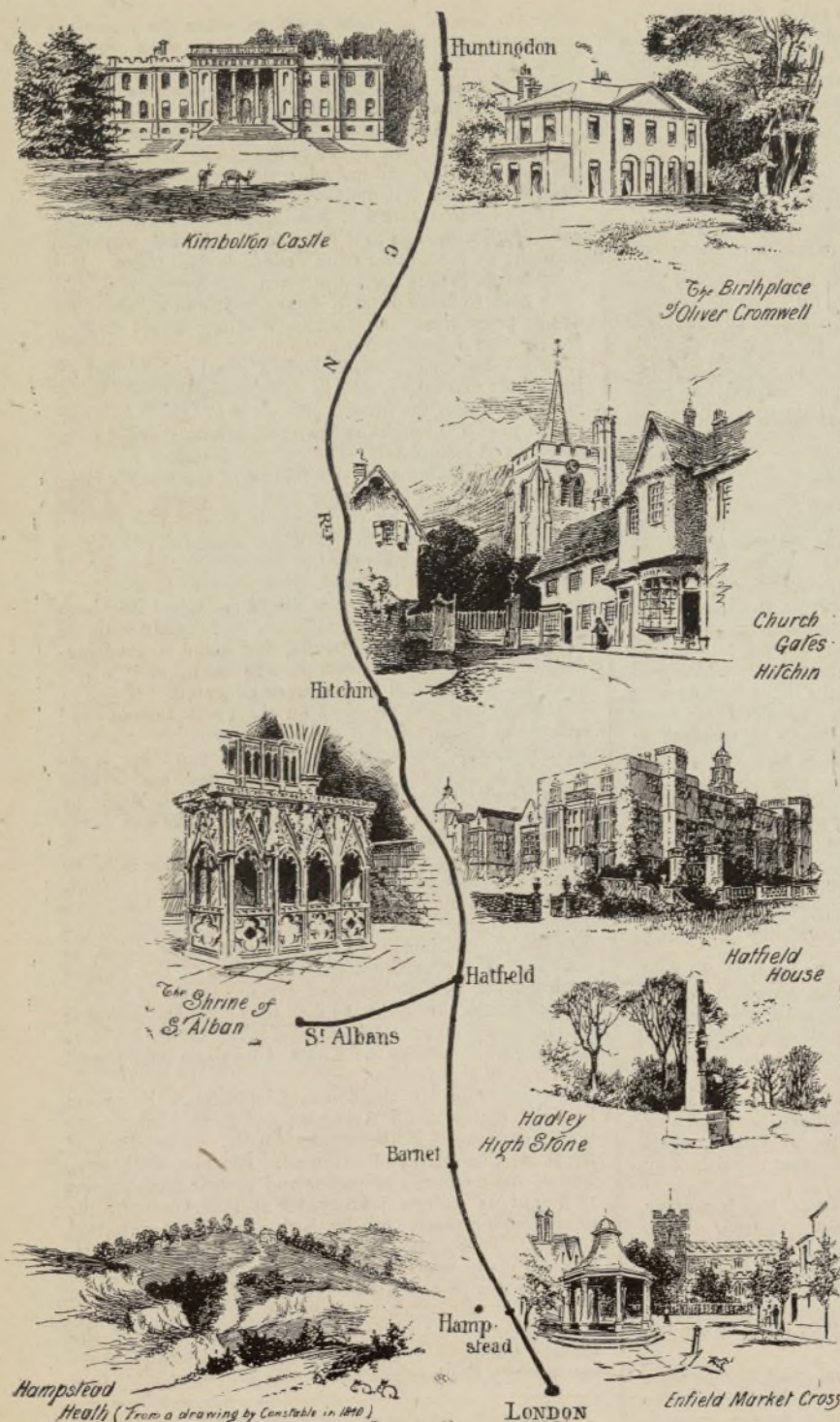
Huntingdon was situated on the great Roman road called the Ermine Street, and at Godmanchester, across the river, this highway was joined by two other roads—the Via Devana, leading to Cambridge, and a still older track, called the Bullock Road, still used by drovers, and most likely worn by the flocks and herds of prehistoric times.

Godmanchester, from its position, was naturally an important place in the Middle Ages, the rival of Huntingdon itself, and many strange customs and traditions lingered there. When James I., at his accession to the English throne, journeyed from Scotland to London, he was met at Godmanchester by the men of the district with seventy new ploughs and seventy teams of horses, and, although they did not know the origin and meaning of the ceremony, the drivers said that their ancestors had always honoured the Kings of England who passed that way in this fashion.

Not far from Huntingdon is Kimbolton,* the prison home of Katherine of Arragon; and further on, to the north, once stood Fotheringhay Castle, where Mary of Scotland was tried and executed. Eleanor, Katherine, Mary—the memories of queens and of their burials seem to haunt us on this journey, for at Peterborough, our next stopping-place, both Katherine and Mary were laid to rest. There, too, is the grave of Robert Scarlett, who for many years acted as sexton of the Cathedral, and who was present at the funerals of both the hapless women.

A modern poet, Alfred Noyes, has written of the strange midnight burial of the Scottish queen, and we can picture the amazement of the simple country folk

* The present Kimbolton Castle, the seat of the Duke of Manchester, is built upon the site of the original castle.



who happened to be abroad on that summer evening when the stately procession wended its solemn way through the lanes towards Peterborough. Heralds and banners and torchbearers, nothing was omitted; for Elizabeth, although she had deprived her cousin of liberty and life, gave her a funeral that befitted her rank and state.

'With torches and with singing,
Unhonoured and unseen,
With the Lilies of France
in the wind astir,
And the Lion of Scotland
over her,
Darkly, at the dead of
night,
They carried the Queen,
the Queen.'

Later, James I. removed his mother's body to Westminster Abbey, and the castle of Fotheringhay was destroyed; but there is still a tablet in Peterborough Cathedral, opposite the tomb of Katherine, to show where Mary Queen of Scots once lay.

Peterborough, or, to give it the beautiful old name, Medehamstede—the Home in the Meadows—was the site of a great monastery, which was founded more than a thousand years ago by Penda, king of Mercia. The place since those far-off Saxon days has had a strange and chequered history: for its first great church was destroyed by the Danes in 870; the second was pillaged by Hereward's outlaws in 1070, and burnt forty-six years later; while the present cathedral was sacked and defaced by the ruthless, fanatical troopers of Oliver Cromwell.

Not far away from Peterborough, but in another county, is Norman Cross, where in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries stood the prisons where French soldiers and sailors taken in the wars with Napoleon were confined. The prisons were emptied and pulled down after the battle of Waterloo, but in the cottages and the museums round about Peterborough may still be seen

From London to Huntingdon—

specimens of the carved bone toys and painted straw-work boxes which were made by the prisoners-of-war; while in 1914 a memorial was raised at Norman Cross in honour of those among them who died in captivity.

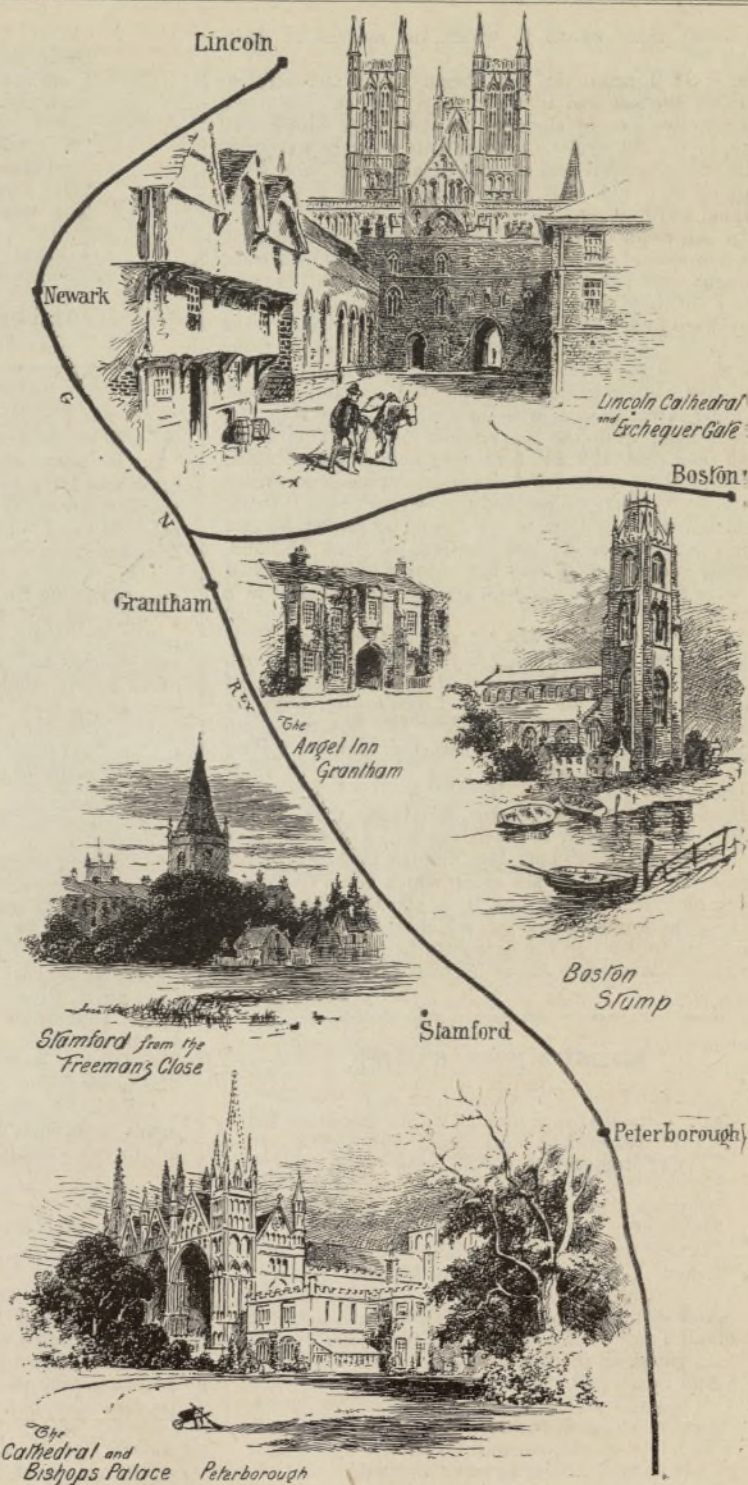
From Peterborough northward our way takes us across the fens, and then, after passing Grantham and Newark, we see, high on a hill, the graceful towers of Lincoln Minster. 'Our Lady of Lincoln' it was called in the old days, when it was a famous pilgrimage church; and even now, although the shrines are no longer aglitter with jewels and ablaze with lighted candles, it is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in all England.

Lincoln itself is a town of great antiquity and historical importance: for it was in turns a British camp, a Roman colony, a Danish settlement, and a Norman stronghold. As we mount the steep hill to the cathedral, many ages are represented by the buildings, and the massive stonework of the Newport reminds us of the days when Lincoln was the 'Lindum Colonia,' and its inhabitants were entitled to the proud name of Roman citizens.

There is an old proverb that says 'The devil looks down on Lincoln,' and he must often have been pleased with what he saw, for there have been blood-stained pages in the city's history, and we read of battles, rebellions, pillage, and cruel massacres. In Norman times the Empress Maud defended the castle against her enemy and rival, Stephen; there were fierce conflicts during the Barons' Wars; and later, the Jews who had settled in the place were killed or banished, because it was said that they had put a Christian child to death.

Chaucer, in one of his 'Canterbury Tales,' tells the sad story of little Sir Hew of Lincoln, and how he met his fate; but this small and rather legendary martyr must not be confused with the celebrated bishop, St. Hugh, in whose time the beautiful Gothic choir of the cathedral was built, and who used to come with his

—and on to Lincoln.



attendant tame swans to watch the masons at their work.

East of Lincoln the fens begin again and stretch towards the sea, and in the dreary marshes once lived the fen-dwellers, or slodgers, as they were called, and who, as the old writer, Camden, tells us, were a strange folk, 'rude, uncivil and envious of all others,' and who, stalking high upon stilts, applied themselves to grazing, fishing, and fowling.

In the reign of Henry VII., it was determined that the fens should be drained, and Flemish workmen were brought over from the Netherlands to help in the task. Many of these men settled in the country, and later they were joined by other emigrants and fugitives from across the North Sea, who were anxious to escape from the warfare and cruel persecutions in their own country. The district soon gained the name of East Holland, and its chief town, Boston, was—and still is—very Dutch in appearance; while the inhabitants, instead of mingling with their peaceable and contented neighbours, retained much of their ancestors' fierce independence and turbulence. 'A fractious people,' one writer called them, 'embued with the Puritan spirit,' and so strong did this spirit become that at last the men of East Holland, chafing under English laws and rules of religion, decided to leave their homes and seek freedom and fortune in a new world.

It was these people who set sail in the famous little ship, *Mayflower*, and when a city was founded in North America, they gave it the name of Boston, in memory of the country town in far-away Lincolnshire, with its quaint houses and tall church tower, the Boston Stump which, standing up above the flat fen country, served as a landmark to wayfarers and a beacon to ships at sea.

Boston, U.S.A., and Boston, England—there is not much likeness to-day between the two towns, and yet the name which they both bear and the memories of the past serve as links in the chain which binds two great sister nations together, and it is strange to find that some of the words and phrases which we call 'American' can be traced back to the Lincolnshire dialect spoken by the hardy adventurers who sailed westward three hundred years ago.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

SAID Tom, 'The Fairies long ago
Would always do kind deeds, you know,
At twelve, on dark Midsummer night;
They've stopped it now—that don't seem right.

'Suppose I take the job, myself!—
He rose. . . . 'Those papers on Dad's shelf—
I'll tidy them. . . . ' Then he looked round
In search of more things to be found.

And soon he found them. 'Dear me! look,'
Said Tom: 'I'll do good turns for Cook;
I'll polish all the kitchen taps;
And then—go back to bed, perhaps.'

Next morning, downstairs Tommy came;
He felt so good, it seemed a shame
That Father, glowering stern and wild,
Looked daggers at his 'fairy-child!'

'Who's been inside my study, and
Destroyed my papers? Understand,
I will not have such insolence;
Such utter lack of common-sense!'

'And who,' cried Cookie, running in
And making a most dreadful din,
'Has turned the taps on? I declare
The water's running ev'rywhere! . . . '

I'll stop; no more words need be said;
Tom spend the whole long day in bed;
'Well, I don't wonder,' so he whined,
'That Fairies left off being kind!'

E. TALBOT.

OLD BOOTS.

YOU would not have thought that any use could be made of those old worn-out boots that one often sees lying by the roadside, disowned even by their tramp wearers; at least, that is what I was thinking the other day as I walked down a country lane with a scout friend of mine and told my opinion to him.

'Oh, couldn't it?' said he. 'Do you know they're simply ripping for fuel, if you've got a fire going—not to start one, you know, but to keep it in while you're camping? I have often tried it. When the fire's red and glowing and you need something to keep it in, any of us scouts would think ourselves lucky to find just such an old boot!' And he laughed.

I laughed, too; but it was a great idea, and later on I told the old farmer at the farmhouse where I was staying. 'Trust a scout to find a use for anything,' I said, as I finished up.

'Well,' said Farmer Grey, and smiled, 'I'm not a scout, but I have a good use for an old boot, too—and what do you think that is? Why, when my pigs are in need of medicine, there's no better way of giving it than through an old boot! A pig's bite's a bad one, you know, and one doesn't want to run the risk of it. So an old boot with its toe-cap removed is thrust well into Mr. Piggy's mouth to the back of his throat. As a gag it keeps his jaws apart, while the medicine he's got to take can be neatly poured down the opening of the boot. Through the broken toe-cap, you see, it passes down his throat. I've tried it scores of times, and always with success.' The farmer went chuckling away.

'Well, I'll never look at those old worn-out boots again with such distaste,' I thought to myself; 'after all, there's a use for everything if only one can find it.'

THE CINNAMON BEAR.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

WINTER begins early among the high, inland ranges of British Columbia, and the snow was on the ground when Tom Dawson and Jake Winthrop sat one evening in the kitchen of the Craythorn ranch. It was raining when they left the Pacific coast on the previous day, but now Dawson was glad to be near the snapping stove. They burn wood in the Canadian pine forests, and the stove filled the room with an aromatic smell, but the air had a harsh dryness that was different from the damp English cold Dawson was used to.

The house was built of logs, notched at the corners and chinked with moss and clay along the seams. There was no ceiling, and one could see the cedar shingles that covered the roof; the floor was laid with boards rough from the saw. Yet the ranch was comfortable, and Dawson had learned to go without many things he had thought needful in England.

By-and-by Craythorn's hired man remarked: 'It looks like a cold snap. Steve Grant won't get much gold at China Creek before she freezes up. I reckon he will be making fires to thaw his wash-dirt.'

'Is there gold in the neighbourhood?' Dawson asked.

'Oh, yes,' said the hired man. 'The gold's there all right, three or four miles off, but you have to wash a pot of dirt to get an ounce of the metal.'

'The metal?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Craythorn. 'Alluvial gold is nearly pure, but it's generally mixed with the soil in very fine grains. They separate it by washing, because gold is heavier than earth and sand.'

'But can anybody get it?'

'Anybody who thinks it worth while. An ounce of gold is worth about four pounds, and as wages are high in this country, one can generally earn more by chopping trees. Chinamen and poor ranchers now and then wash a little gold out of the sand, but I imagine don't often find enough to pay for their tents and stores. Anyhow, now the frost has come, it's too late for you to try.'

'We don't want to try,' Jake broke in. 'Shovelling tons of dirt is too like ranching, and we came here for a holiday. Tom and I mean to hunt to-morrow.'

For a time, Mr. Craythorn talked to them about the big game, and then there were steps outside and a man came in. He dropped a big blue blanket and a bundle of torn canvas on the floor. After this he loosed some straps, and a rifle, a shovel, an axe, and several pans of different sizes fell with a rattle. Dawson was surprised that a man could carry so much.

'Hallo, Steve!' said Mr. Craythorn. 'Did the frost bring you back?'

'No,' said the other, breathlessly; 'it was a bear.'

'A bear!' exclaimed the hired man. 'I guess you're joking.'

'Then you look at that,' said the other, unrolling a ragged tent. 'Cost me twenty dollars; you can see what it's worth now!'

'It's surely torn,' the hired man remarked with a laugh. 'But where's your partner? Did the bear eat him?'

Dawson understood his amusement, because the small black bear, which is common in British Columbia, is a timid animal, and feeds, for the most part, on roots and wild cabbage.

'Black pulled out for home. He doesn't like starving, and I've come here for a meal. The bear ate all our grub.'

'Two men and a rifle!' the hired man remarked. 'You let the bear eat your grub? I'd have shot him and sold his skin!'

'You look at the gun,' said Steve, putting it on a chair, and Dawson saw with some surprise that the wooden stock was torn. The animal that made those marks had terrible claws.

'I'll tell you how it was,' Steve resumed. 'Black and I were gathering dead branches for a fire when the bear strolled down the gulch. The gun was in the tent, and the tent was laced, so the critter couldn't get in; we

were maybe two hundred yards off, and when we saw him pull that tent to bits we lit out up the hill. Then we sat behind a rock and watched him throw our flour and small truck about. He went through the lot, and trampled on what he didn't eat. The rifle was put across the top of a molasses can, and I guess he got mad with it because it stopped him getting at the sweets. When he had finished he began to prowl about, and we headed for the woods in case he'd got our scent and meant to look for us. We didn't come back for some hours, and then he was gone.'

'If it had been my camp, I wouldn't have watched a black bear eat up my truck,' said the hired man, grinning. 'I'd have got after him with a hefty rock.'

'Oh, shucks!' Steve interrupted. 'It wasn't a black bear. Would you have fired a rock at a big cinnamon?'

'I would not,' the other owned. 'I'd have got off the ranch and let him have the grub.'

He gave Steve some food, and when the latter went away, Dawson asked: 'Is the cinnamon bear a very dangerous animal?'

'Well,' said Mr. Craythorn, 'it's a big and very powerful brute, but, luckily, there are not many about. As a rule, the cinnamon and the grizzly keep to the high rocks. I'm not sure that they often attack people who leave them alone; but I have heard of their following lonely trappers, and it's certainly prudent to keep out of their way.'

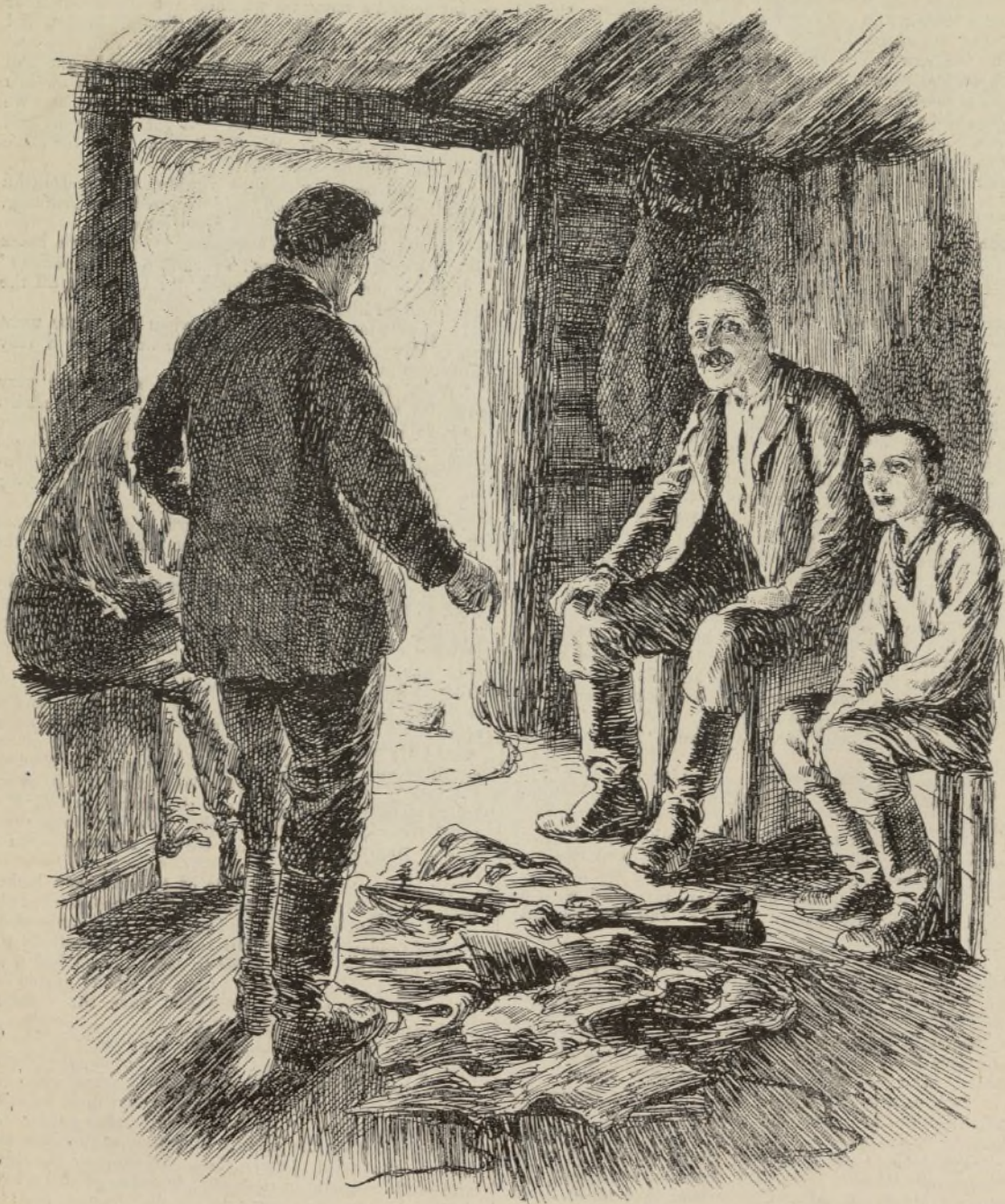
'If you think there's a cinnamon around, you want to take the other trail and lose no time,' remarked the hired man.

Then they talked about something else, and by-and-by went to bed. Next morning the boys set out for a day's hunting. Jake had a rather small magazine-rifle and Dawson a heavy, single-barrelled American gun. The bore was choked—that is, contracted at the muzzle in order to keep the shot from spreading, and the cartridges carried a heavy load. There was sharp frost and a clear sky when they left the ranch, and the thin snow was as dry as dust. Great white peaks glittered in the sunshine and a glacier caught the light at the head of the valley. Stiff, dark pines, sprinkled with hoar-frost, rolled along the river-bank, and the hoarse turmoil of a rapid throbbed in the distance. Now and then there was a ringing crash as an ice-floe smashed upon a rock.

When they had gone a mile or two, Dawson looked back. A small, oblong opening in the forest marked the clearing round the ranch. The fields were crossed by zig-zag fences, made of split rails and not nailed; the tall stumps that had been left to decay looked like rows of dots. At one corner, a plume of smoke curled up from the low wooden house and gave the desolate landscape a human touch.

Dawson knew something about the labour it cost to clear a ranch. The great pines were not chopped easily—one stood on a board notched into the trunk while one swung the axe—and then the massive logs must be sawn across and rolled in piles to burn. Afterwards, one ploughed among the stumps and fought the fern and willows that tried to creep back. In summer, the sheep and cattle ran wild in the bush; but they needed all the oat-crop when the snow was on the ground, and the sheep must be guarded from the wolves. It was all hard work, but it made one strong and self-reliant. On the whole, he was not sorry he had left England.

(Continued on page 138.)



"'You look at the gun,' said Steve."