



"He sank to his waist."

THE CINNAMON BEAR.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Continued from page 135.)

FOR a long time they saw nothing to shoot, and Jake said that now and then all the large birds and animals left the neighbourhood, for no reason that one could learn. There were no tracks in the snow when they came to a *brulée*, or burnt patch, where tall burned trunks that the ranchers call rampikes stood like rows of charcoal pillars. There was no wind, but by-and-by a heavy crash rolled across the wood as a burned tree broke. Then another fell close by, and a cloud of dust leaped up and floated in the air as if a shell had burst. The noise was deafening, and Dawson's face was sprinkled with fine black ash.

'Let's get on,' he said. 'That one was very near us. What made it fall?'

'The shock, I guess,' Jake replied. 'You don't want to loaf about a *brulée* when the rampikes are coming down. They look pretty solid, but sometimes they fall over in a row; you can't tell why.'

Another tree fell, and Dawson felt happier when they left the dangerous wood. An hour later they found some pigeons among the green firs, and Jake was proud of the two he shot. One needs a steady hand to hit a small bird with a rifle, and he did not mind that the pigeons were badly smashed by the bullet. Those Dawson brought down, flying, were worse damaged, for the range was short, and the choked gun threw the shot in a compact mass. Then they followed a big blue-grouse, and at length came out of the woods high up at the edge of the glacier.

They stopped, and Dawson studied the river of ice that partly filled a hollow between two mountains. In places it ran down, white and smooth, between the rocks, but in others it was curiously wrinkled, and here and there broken masses rose like breakers in a rapid. Jake looked across at the growth of willows on the other side.

'If we could get over, we might find something in that swale,' he said. 'Willow-shoots make pretty good feed, and they won't be frozen brittle yet.'

Dawson doubted if they could get across, but he followed Jake down a gully, and at the bottom they came to the first obstacle, a curving bank of large, sharp stones that followed the course of the glacier like a tide-mark on a beach. The stones were covered with snow, through which one broke, and it was difficult to scramble across the bank. Dawson imagined this was what they call a *moraine* in Switzerland, and the glacier had brought down the stones from the distant peaks. It showed that the icy river moved, although one could not see it do so.

For a short distance its surface was smooth, and they headed obliquely upwards towards a spot where they thought they could climb the other bank, but the snow presently got crumpled into ridges and hollows. Dawson was crossing one of the hollows when the snow slipped down beneath him and he sank to his waist. As he sank he fell forwards, and while he tried to crawl out, there was a curious dull thud below. He could find no support for his feet, but used his hands, and Jake, coming towards him cautiously, pulled him out. Looking back, they saw a ragged hole in the snow.

'I'm sure I don't like that hole,' Jake remarked in

a rather strained voice. 'Wonder how far it goes down. I thought I heard a splash!'

'So did I,' said Dawson. 'I'd sooner we didn't stop just now.'

They went on, keeping to the top of the ridges where they could, and by-and-by their curiosity about the depth of the hole was satisfied. A blue line ran across their path, and Jake, who reached its edge first, moved back. 'Stop right there!' he shouted.

Dawson stopped, and leaning forward, looked down into a gulf. It was narrow, but he imagined Jake had unconsciously ventured out upon an overhanging cornice of snow. He could not see the bottom, because the horrible crack was shadowy, but thought he was looking down a hundred feet. The opposite side was perpendicular and coloured a dirty, greyish blue.

'This old glacier's getting worse,' said Jake. 'Looks as if that split went right down to bed-rock. Well, I guess we'll get out. I've had enough.'

The trouble was that they did not know where to go, for the snow all round had the wrinkled look that they had come to think threatening. Some distance in front, however, a line of rough, broken masses ran nearly across the glacier, and they headed in that direction, without any very clear object, except that the ridge looked solid. They found other cracks, which they skirted, and in one place a stupendous chasm ran between them and the ridge; but they worked round and reached the broken ice. It ran up steeply, and looked like a frozen waterfall, for great white blocks were piled, like rocks, in irregular masses, with smooth channels between.

'This place isn't cheerful, but we'll have some food,' Jake remarked.

They sat down, and while they ate Dawson looked about. The sun had gone, the sky was grey, and it felt colder. The glacier ran down, like a white river, between the stiff green pines; in fact, it was a river, and it flowed. Where the bottom was uneven the surface crumpled and cracked, and great blocks were thrown up where it poured over a steep pitch in a frozen cascade. Dawson remembered having read about *crevasses* and *seracs*. Well, now he had seen them, and he rather wished he had not. In the meantime he ate his lunch, until he dropped a bannock and jumped up.

Close by a massive block of white ice leaned forward and fell, smashing others, and great broken lumps rolled down the slope. A shower of smaller pieces fell about the boys, and the echoes of the crash rolled up the valley.

'I reckon that's pretty fierce,' said Jake. 'I want to get off this glacier, and I'm going now.'

They started cautiously, and Dawson long remembered the hour they spent before they reached the bank. Crevasses were plentiful, and they trod gently even where the treacherous snow looked firm. One could not tell what horrible pitfalls it hid. At length, however, they came to the moraine, and as they crossed it Jake fell down and dropped his rifle. He got up, and climbing a gully, they rested at the top. It was bitterly cold and a wind had begun to blow.

'We'll go back the shortest way,' said Jake. 'I put my foot into a hole and wrenched my knee.'

When they were near the other end of the tableland he stopped beside a frozen swamp. Thin willows grew round its edge, and the level white space, dotted with clumps of withered reeds, ran on into dark forest.

The light was going, the bitter wind made a dreary noise in the pine-tops, and the swamp had a forbidding look.

'My knee's getting sore,' he said. 'I'd like a rest, but it will soon be dark.'

They went on for a few yards, and then Dawson indicated some marks in the snow.

'Hullo, what's this? It looks as if an elephant had gone across the swamp.'

Jake examined the marks, which were ominously large and deep. It was plain that a heavy animal had been there not long since. 'I don't know much about elephants, but this is the track of a cinnamon bear.'

They pushed on, following the edge of the swamp, past scattered trees that rolled together in a shadowy mass when they looked back. Dawson did not know why he looked back, but felt that he must do so now and then; he remembered the marks on Steve's rifle and the torn tent.

After a time Jake turned his head. 'I thought I heard something,' he remarked.

Dawson listened, but for a few moments only heard the wind in the trees. Then, some distance off, a rotten branch broke. 'Let's get on,' he said. 'It might be the wind, but I don't know.'

He heard nothing more for some minutes, but had a disturbing feeling that they were not alone. There was no obvious reason for this, but he imagined that something was following them in the shadowy bush. He began to feel breathless, and noted that Jake was limping badly. 'Am I going too fast?' he asked.

'My knee's pretty sore, but we won't stop. China Creek's not far off, and Steve said some Chinks were washing gold there. When we hit their camp I'll take a rest.'

Dawson did not want to stop; the bush was getting darker, and he felt uneasy.

By-and-by Jake looked round. 'Thought I heard something again, but I've got to rest for a minute or two. What size cartridge have you in your gun?'

'Sevens,' Dawson answered. 'I fired at a pigeon last.'

'Take it out. Load with number four; you have some.'

Dawson changed the cartridge for one with larger shot, and Jake leaned awkwardly against a broken trunk. Then dry willows rustled across the swamp, and Dawson thought he saw something move. Next moment an indistinct object came out of the gloom and got plainer as it advanced. It crossed the snow with an awkward, shambling gait, and looked rather like a very large and clumsy pig. Dawson felt his heart beat as he saw the animal was coming towards them, and Jake dropped in the snow and rested his rifle-barrel on the fallen trunk. 'Get down,' he said hoarsely. 'That's the big cinnamon, and it's after us. Don't shoot yet. I think my magazine is full.'

(Concluded on page 157.)

THE STORY OF OUR ROADS.

II.—THE ROMAN WAYS IN BRITAIN.

WE have learnt something of the splendid roads made by the Romans in different parts of Europe, and now you will like to hear about the roads in our own little island.

When the Romans conquered Britain they did as they had done when other territories fell into their hands:

that is, they 'colonised' the country, built forts and encampments at different points, and linked up these strongholds by a series of fine roads. The four principal ones are known and used to this day. In many cases, especially on the less important routes, they probably used the older British track, but remade it or altered its course to suit their needs.

Watling Street ran in a zigzag course from Kent northwards to Chester and York, whence two branches penetrated respectively to Carlisle and the district around Newcastle. The portion of this highway between London and York is now known as the Great North Road. North-east of York it is called the Leeming Lane, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many coaches ran along it, and it was the scene of robberies by notorious highwaymen like Dick Turpin.

The Fosse Way ran diagonally across the breadth of England, from Exeter through Bath to Lincoln, and Ermin Street ran from London to Lincoln, with a branch which went northwards again through Doncaster to York. Last of the four was the Ikenild, or Icknield Way, which curved from Norwich to Dunstable and then on to Southampton. A glance at the map of England will show you that these four roads were planned in such a way as to lead north, south, east, and west, and so throw the whole country open to armies. There were also many less important roads which branched to the larger towns away from the four main roads.

After the Roman era had passed away, the roads they had made in England gradually fell into disuse and became very bad, owing to neglect. The people travelled but little, and when they did they mainly used bridle-paths and narrow tracks across country. It was, besides, the law at that date that when a road became too bad to use a new one should be laid out alongside it, and this resulted in the splendid old Roman roads being spoilt for lack of repair.

By the end of the thirteenth century people were waking up again to the importance of good roads, and in 1285 a law was passed to make them safer for those who used them. This enacted that along highways which ran between market towns all trees and shrubs must be cut down on each side to a depth of two hundred feet, so that there would be no growth in which robbers and footpads might lie in ambush.

In the middle of the next century Edward II. determined that the streets around London must be kept in better repair, and to pay for doing this he levied a toll or tax on the citizens. In 1555 Parliament passed an Act ordering every parish to elect two surveyors, who would be responsible for keeping the highways of their own districts in repair; but in spite of this measure roads continued to be very bad, especially in winter, when they were full of bogs and ruts, until coaches became common.

This was about 1750 or thereabouts, when the world was making rapid progress, and people had greater need to travel from one place to another. Coaches were such cumbersome and heavily-loaded vehicles, that they could not travel on ill-made or steep roads, and so it became necessary to improve the highways more and more. To avoid deep ruts, they must be kept in good repair, and in many cases new winding roads were cut to avoid some steep hill. As the number of coaches and coach routes increased, so did the roads get better, and they were at the height of their glory about 1830, just before railways were invented.

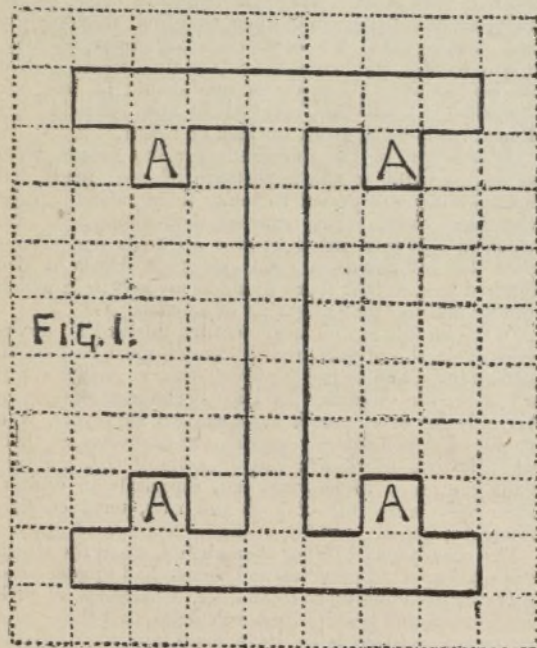
Of course, these splendid highways cost a great deal of money to maintain, but their expense was paid by charging tolls to all who used them. Toll-gates were set up every few miles along the main roads, and were open to travellers only, on payment of a fee, which varied according to the style of conveyance that was being used. Of course, these frequent charges, added to the high coach fares, and the meals and nights' lodgings one must probably have on the way, made travelling ruinously expensive, and no one took a journey unless he was forced to do so.

Compared with modern forms of conveyance, coaches were very slow. Ninety years ago, it took a whole long day to get from Huntingdon to London, though the distance is less than sixty miles. To-day the trains do it in little over an hour.

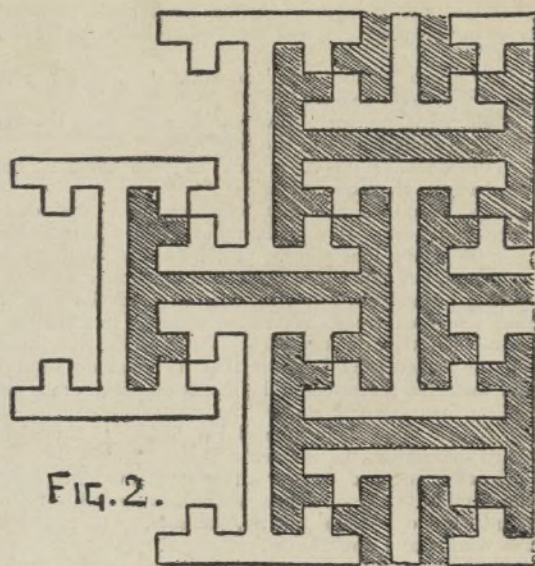
After the introduction of railways new methods of road-making were necessary, but these we must leave for another article.

ORNAMENTING BOX-LIDS.

TO cover flat surfaces, such as box-lids, with a neat geometrical design, cut a pattern similar to that shown in fig. 1. Mark out the small squares on a piece of cardboard, which should be a little larger than the wished-for size of pattern. A piece of sectional card or paper one-eighth or a quarter of an inch in size will save the trouble of squaring-off.



The length of the pattern should be nine squares; the width seven squares, with two teeth, A, projecting inwardly at each end. A number of these can be cut from thin fretwood of different kinds or from smooth enamelled cardboard, and then keyed together as in fig. 2.



If preferred, a piece of sectional card the same size as the box-lid can be marked out with the design, the divisional lines of each key-piece being heavily marked, while adjoining keys are differently coloured, to give more effect to the design; the piece of card, without any cutting whatever, being afterwards fixed to the lid of the box.

A TRAMP IN THE WOODS.

'I SAY, Riley,' said Weldon to his chum, 'let's go and watch the Captain bowling. He's got a deadly break on. Nearly took Wright's kneecap off the other day when he stepped out for a swipe.'

'I suppose you want to practise on me when you've watched a bit. I've got a lump somewhere on the back of my head yet from your other patent twisters,' said the long-suffering victim.

Weldon smirked ingratiatingly and expressed heartfelt sorrow.

'Sorry to disappoint you, old chap,' continued Riley, 'but Lester's not on view. I heard him tell Firth he had to go to the Bank for a heap of money to clear up all the "Sports" accounts before the end of the term.'

'Oh, dash! Well, let's go into the woods and find a spot in the river where we can have a dip. I have got my bathing togs.'

Again Riley objected. 'I don't mind coming with you, old chap, but I'm not going into the water. I had a brute of a toothache all night—at least—endeavouring to be strictly truthful in spite of the remembrance of previous agony—I couldn't get to sleep for at least a quarter of an hour, and I know the beast is only waiting for some provocation to start again.'

'Hard lines!' sympathised his friend. 'But, dash it all! we can't waste this ripping afternoon. We must amuse ourselves somehow! Let's go to the village and get old Dykes to haul it out for you.'

'No, thanks,' said Riley, a trifle coldly. 'We'll go to the river, and I'll give you another lesson on the over-



“ ‘Quick! he’s getting the worst of it!’ ”

arm stroke. You know, Weldon’—tucking a hand through his chum’s arm—‘you’re a bit of a goat in the water. I believe you’re still frightened if you get a splash in your eye or your mouth. This is the action.’

Keeping his head well down to his shoulder, Riley ‘swam’ sideways along the high road at a pace which proved the efficacy of the stroke.

‘Try it yourself, old chap.’

Weldon joined his friend, and the two went along

in fine style with arms going like flails, heedless of the surprise of passers-by.

'That's A 1!' said Riley. 'Why don't you do it like that in the water?'

They left the road and turned into the woods. On one side of the path the ground fell away sharply. The two lowered themselves, pushed their way through thick bushes, and found themselves at the edge of the river. Here Riley planted himself on a boulder.

'Jolly nice spot this! Skip into your togs, Weldon.'

Weldon 'skipped,' and soon was disporting in the water.

'I'm going to try the over-arm, Riley!' he shouted.

A furious splashing followed without any perceptible progression resulting. Riley stood on his boulder yelling instructions of which Weldon, being totally unable to hear, took no notice.

After a short time he rose to his feet. 'Was that better?'

Riley, scarlet in the face with laughter, answered, 'No, it wasn't! Come out here and watch me again.'

In silence Weldon viewed the masterly performance on the top of the stone. Suddenly Riley's arms dropped.

'What's that?' he said under his breath. 'Listen!'

Words of altercation could be heard on the path above, followed by the sound of blows. Riley sprang from his perch and hurried up the bank, followed by Weldon. Up he clambered till he got his eyes on a level with the path.

'It's Lester and a tramp! Boost me up! Quick! He's getting the worst of it.'

Regardless of pebbles under his bare feet, regardless of kicks on his scantily-clad person, Weldon 'boosted' for all he was worth, and Riley scrambled over just as Lester went down under a heavy blow, while the tramp, holding him with his knee, drew from his breast-pocket a case. Next second, with a yell and a leap like a wild cat, Riley was on his back, fighting tooth and nail; the pocket-book hurtled through the air while the man rolled over, endeavouring to rid himself of his new assailant.

For a brief time Riley had all the sensations of being under a road-roller, then his grip loosened and he was thrown off. The man grabbed the pocket-book and disappeared into the wood at top speed.

Slowly the two victims rose to a sitting position.

'You're a brick, youngster!' said Lester, still looking white and dazed. 'I'm afraid he mauled you a trifle.'

Riley nodded spasmodically. 'But I got a bit of my own back! I feel like a blooming dog!' A pause. 'Have you—have you lost much?'

'More than I shall be able to refund with comfort'—gloomily. 'I saw the brute looking through the Bank doors, but never thought any more about him till he tackled me.'

'Riley, give us a hand!' came a plaintive voice. 'I have slipped down three times.'

Weldon was hanging on to the edge of the path, looking reproachfully at his chum. With a little assistance he managed to climb over. He was still in sketchy attire, but his neat blue swimming-suit had turned to khaki, his knees were bleeding, and altogether he looked as if he, too, had been getting the worst in a scrap.

Lester gazed in surprise at this apparition. 'I say, kid, hadn't you better retire below? You're not exactly got up for parade inspection, and this is a public footpath.'

Heedless of this suggestion, Weldon looked round furtively, and then addressed the Captain in a hoarse whisper. 'I've got the notes, Lester. It's all right.'

'What!' exclaimed the senior, running his eye over the brief skin-tight costume? 'Where?'

'In a rabbit-hole—down there. I was trying to get up, but I couldn't, and the pocket-book came whirling close to where I was clinging, and I knew as soon as he'd settled Riley he'd make a grab for it and scoot, so while he was busy I got the notes out and left the case, so that he wouldn't stop to make further inquiries. Come on!'

He glissaded down again, followed by the others; then thrusting an already filthy hand and arm into a hole he drew out a crumpled collection of notes.

'Are they all right?' he inquired breathlessly.

'You bricks, both of you!' Lester exclaimed. 'I won't forget it. If ever I do—Hullo!' as Riley's ingenuous countenance suddenly turned scarlet—'what is it, kid? Out with it.'

'I say, Lester. Weldon's dead nuts on learning how you do that patent break on your bowling.' A sudden grip on his biceps and a gasp from Weldon made him realise the enormity of the hint.

Lester laughed. 'Come down to the nets next half-holiday and I'll give you both a lesson. Slip into the water, Weldon, and get some of the thick off while Riley and I give each other a brush down.'

In a distant and secluded part of the wood a tramp sat down to estimate his profit and loss on the afternoon's transaction:

Loss.—Item: A dilapidated suit still further dilapidated.

Profit.—Item: An empty pocket-book.

Item: The marks of ten strong teeth on his arm.

(N.B.—It was not one of Riley's front teeth which had been bothering him.)

C. E. THONGER.

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

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

(Continued from page 131.)

CHAPTER XIII.

BRIAN, clothed once more in his own garments, told his tale at length next morning, and Nancy and Frederick listened with breathless interest and admiration. And Brian showed them the axe, to prove that everything had happened exactly as he said it had happened; and there were the hens also, though these were soon disposed of, for Chinna ordered Mrs. Chinna to cook all three for the mid-day meal. Chinna liked to eat at one sitting as much as he could stuff inside his small body. If there was nothing in reserve in consequence for next day, he still felt he had done better than if he had divided the food into two portions.

'I'm very glad it was Chinna who found us, and not the villagers,' Brian ended. 'He said they were treacherous people, and he was quite right. And they probably would have treated us worse than they tried to treat him, because they wouldn't have been afraid of anything we could do. It was fun to see how scared they were when Chinna threatened them.'

Nancy did not answer immediately. Brian's story had started a new train of thought in her mind; and,

presently, she said: 'We've been here two whole days now, and nobody has come to look for us yet; and, oh, Brian, I get dreadfully afraid sometimes that no one will ever come. Do you think Chinna would take us home if we told him he would get a reward—a much nicer reward than the villagers gave him?'

Brian considered the question for a little. But, after a while, he answered doubtfully, because he was beginning to understand Chinna rather well by this time: 'He might, but I don't think it was exactly for the reward that he killed the tiger. I think he'd have done it in any case, though he pretended he wouldn't. And he was sure the spirits approved. If we could make him think the spirits wanted him to take us home, then it would be all right.'

'It would be rather difficult to do that,' said Nancy, 'because he would say at once he knows more about the spirits than we do. Shall we talk to him about the reward, and see what he says?' And, Brian agreeing, they looked round for Chinna. He had just finished rubbing the tiger-skin again with ashes, and was at work on the grass slippers he had promised to make.

He smiled at Nancy and Brian as they sat down beside him. And then Nancy began: 'Chinna, if you will take us to our home, our father and mother will give you anything you like to ask; I know they will.'

'And they won't try to cheat you, like the villagers did,' Brian put in. 'They'll give you more than you ask, instead of not as much as was promised.'

'H'm-m-m-m,' said Chinna. And this was the only answer he would give. Moreover, he immediately began to talk of the slippers, as if he found the subject of much greater interest. 'Shoes of grass are good shoes,' he said, 'but to walk with no shoes at all is best. Soon the skin becomes hard. But watch thy feet carefully, for on their soundness may thy very life depend. Who can hunt when sorefooted? Who can flee from an enemy?' And he looked at the tough soles of his feet with a critical eye for possible cracks, and searched between his toes for thorns, or the little blood-suckers of the forest.

The shoes were finished very quickly, and when Brian had put them on, Chinna announced that it was time to gather in the nets again. He continued his instructions in forest lore on the way to the lake, and told Brian that the brown dye was a kind of medicine, and showed him the tree from the fruits of which it was brewed. 'There is a use for all forest things,' Chinna added. 'From the biggest of the nuts do I make a necklace for myself, and this I wear when I am Chinna, the healer—not Chinna, the hunter.'

The little man was in the best of spirits. The slaying of the tiger meant much to him, experienced hunter though he was. He had always hoped to equal his father's exploit, and now he had excelled it. He touched his little bow affectionately from time to time, and strutted along on the tips of his toes, his chin high in the air, his chest well thrown out. And thus he and Brian came to the edge of the lake. And, as Chinna stooped to unmoor the raft, across the water came the tap-tap of a drum, beaten in a steady, insistent fashion.

The most surprising change took place in Chinna at the sound. He dropped the rope he held, and stood upright, staring across the lake in a perplexed and nervous manner, with no trace left of the confidence that had inspired him so lately.

Brian watched him, astonished. What could there be in the beating of a drum to disturb Chinna so greatly,

he wondered. And after a moment he asked: 'What is it, Chinna? Is anything wrong? What is the matter?'

And Chinna answered slowly, and his voice was as anxious as his face: 'Canst thou not hear that sound? Dost thou not know that only to drive ill-luck away are drums beaten in such fashion? And what ill-luck can have overtaken the village since I freed it from the striped one yesterday? I cannot understand. My heart misgives me.' And then he fell silent for a while, and listened intently to the drum-beats. And, at last, he said: 'Twere best to go across to the island, and see if any be there. Maybe we shall find a messenger. At least, then we shall know.'

And he began to paddle towards the island, helped by Brian. He muttered apprehensively from time to time, rather to Brian's surprise. But it was soon clear that there was good reason for this apprehension, for no sooner had Chinna crossed to the further side of the island, than a voice could be heard in loud and angry protest.

'Why didst thou reject the kid, Wonder-worker?' it asked. 'Was it not a good kid? In all things perfect? Very meet to be given as a reward?'

'I did not reject it,' Chinna answered, still in that anxious voice. 'The kid broke loose. Already I was weary. I had the burden of the skin on my shoulders. I could not follow. It was a good kid enough, though small—small,' he added, with a touch of his old lofty manner.

'Small,' the other echoed. 'Then why didst thou not ask for a larger kid? Why didst thou, instead, send the sickness upon us when to please thee was all our desire? Why didst thou so cruelly punish those who had dealt with thee so honourably?'

'The sickness?' faltered Chinna—and all the assurance had gone from his voice again—'the sickness? I send not the sickness upon any. I deal with the good spirits only. I fight ever those that are evil.'

The messenger did not answer for a moment. Then he said, very sharply, as if he were issuing an order, not proffering a request: 'To-night thou must come to the village, Sorcerer, and take the sickness away. We will await thee at the landing-stage with torches and conch-shells, and all things that are meet. See that thou dost not fail us, or else, surely, we will come to seek thee in thy lair.'

'It is already late, and there are things that first must be made ready,' said Chinna, still submissively.

'We cannot wait. Already our headman lies dead, and many others are stricken. Shall we fall, as the leaves fall when the hot wind blows, at thy pleasure? A few hours thou shalt have in which to prepare. More we will not grant thee.'

And, as the voice stopped, from the far side of the lake came a wailing cry, so pitched that it carried to the island: 'From house to house the sickness spreads. Bid the man of spells come, and come quickly.'

And, at that, Chinna seemed to gather his courage together, and answered defiantly: 'I come at the hour of midnight. Without doubt, the sickness will fly before me. Begone, and do thy part.'

There was the sound of descending feet, the splash of a paddle in the water, as on the previous occasion, and then Chinna came down towards Brian again, and greatly disturbed he seemed despite his last brave words.

(Continued on page 146.)



"He had just finished rubbing the tiger-skin again with ashes."