



"He was delighted to see his nephew."



## WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 167.)

ROGER was not left alone for very long. The next station was Monkton Ashe, and for some minutes before the train stopped he was leaning out of the window, looking eagerly along the platform.

Where was Val? Surely she must have come to meet him, and yet he could only see his Uncle Robert and the two big sheep-dogs, Bob and Dick. Beyond the little station, in the road, the pony-cart was waiting under the elm-trees, but there was no one in the cart except the old coachman.

Roger jumped out of the train almost before it had stopped and ran towards his uncle.

'Hullo, Uncle Robert, here I am. How are you? And where's Val?'

Mr. Danvers shook the boy's hand warmly. He was a grey-haired elderly man, with short-sighted eyes, and a kind but rather fussy manner. He was delighted to see his nephew, and the two dogs, as if delighted too, careered up and down the platform with noisy barks of welcome.

'Well, Roger, so here you are. Glad to see you, my boy, glad to see you. How you have grown, to be sure! Let me see: is it a year or eighteen months since we met? And your luggage? Two bags and a box. Is that all? Yes, Simmons, take the bags out to the cart, and the box can be sent up to the Rectory later on.'

Roger fidgeted and listened impatiently to his uncle's exclamations and directions.

'But Val? Wherever is she? Why hasn't she come to meet me?'

Mr. Danvers smiled indulgently and patted the boy's shoulder. 'Val? Oh, she's all right—at least, all right except for a sprained ankle. You will have to do without her for a day or two longer and put up with your aunt and me. Val is still in France. She had a fall a week ago and could not travel with the other girls. However, there's nothing to be worried about. She is better already, and will be home early next week.'

'Still in France!' Roger repeated the words with a sudden misgiving at his heart, but Uncle Robert went on with his explanations as they drove out of the station, and it was evident that he had no idea of anything being seriously amiss.

Val had written most cheerfully, Roger should see the letter, and she was not really ill, only lame. She thought that the journey home would be great fun. One of the governesses would bring her, the German governess, who was coming to spend a few weeks in England.

It all sounded very commonplace and satisfactory. Roger's spirits rose as he listened. Perhaps Colonel Burke had been mistaken, and there was no need for worry and alarm. There were certainly no signs of coming trouble in Monkton Ashe; and as for Uncle Robert, he laughed heartily when the boy asked him about the war, and said that it was foolish to pay attention to rumours and scaremongers.

Roger laughed too, feeling completely reassured for the time; and then the pony-carriage turned through the Rectory gates, and there was Aunt Minnie, wrapped

in her usual white shawl, sitting on the lawn beside a most delightful-looking tea-table.

'My dear boy! I am delighted to see you, and isn't it sad about poor Val? However, you won't have to do without her for long; she's quite certain to be home next week. Now, come along, dear, and have tea. I'm sure you must be nearly starved to death.'

It was a very merry tea-party, there under the big cedar-trees, and Roger did full justice to the country fare of bread and honey and freshly-gathered raspberries. Later, he read Val's letter and exhibited his prizes and the silver cup he had won for the junior half-mile race. It was not until ten o'clock came and there were only his uncle and aunt to bid him good-night, that he remembered Colonel Burke and his anxious forebodings for the future.

'Of course, Val will be all right,' the boy said to himself, but still he could not help wishing that his little sister were safely at home in England, instead of being away on the other side of the Channel, somewhere in France.

### CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, when he awoke at six o'clock and looked out of his open bedroom window, all Roger's fears of the evening before seemed dreamlike and unreal.

It was a beautiful day, warm, clear, and sunny. The flowers in the garden below were covered with dew. A thrush was singing loudly and a delicious fragrance of newly-cut grass mingled with the perfumes of roses, stocks, mignonette, and purple heliotrope.

War and danger seemed impossibilities on this lovely summer morning, so Roger whistled cheerfully as he dressed, and then hurried out to the tennis lawn, where old Williams, the gardener, was busy with his mowing machine.

'Well, Master Roger, I am glad to see you, and no mistake!' The man rubbed his grimy hand on his trouser-leg and then held it out with a broad smile of welcome. 'This tennis court is just spoiling for a game. No one played on it for eight months and more. A sin and a shame it is, says I, for you won't find a better bit of grass in the whole county.'

'All right, Williams; don't growse,' said Roger gaily; 'there will be plenty of games on it now, and then you'll be grumbling at the bare patches.' His thoughts flashed to Val and the closely-contested singles they would have together. Old Williams seemed to know what was in his mind.

'And your sister, sir, when will she be a-coming? It doesn't seem natural to have one of you here without the other, that it don't.'

'Oh, she will be here in a few days—next week for certain.' Roger spoke decidedly, for saying the words seemed somehow to make them true. Williams nodded as if well satisfied.

'Next week—well, well, and it's Saturday now. But it's to be hoped they won't let the little lady travel on Monday. Bank Holiday never is a good time for a journey. Tuesday, now, or Wednesday. And I must try to keep back some of them late raspberries. She always is a rare one for the raspberries, is Miss Val, bless her pretty face.'

When the lawn had been mown and rolled, the courts were marked out and the net put up, for Roger had decided to go up to the Hall directly after breakfast and



make his two friends, Jack and Robin Henley, come back with him for some tennis. They would have to play singles, turn and turn about, as Val was not here to make a fourth, and Roger wondered whether, even when she did get home, his sister would be much good for tennis with a sprained ankle.

'It will be pretty poor fun for poor old Val if she can't have any games these holidays,' he said to himself, and then the breakfast bell rang and Aunt Minnie met him in the dining-room with a thin foreign envelope in her hand.

Another letter from Val! Roger tore it open eagerly, and as he read the scribbled lines his misgivings seemed to become more ridiculous and unnecessary than ever, for the girl wrote quite cheerfully and was evidently well on the road to recovery.

'My foot is nearly all right again, and we start for home some time next week—Thursday, I expect. It's an awful bother having to stick on here; but, really, we're not having half a bad time. There are three of us—Marie and Jeanne Vernet, who come from Belgium, and me. Fraulein Heinz, the German governess, is here, too; and fat old Susanne, the cook, looks after us all. I can't walk much yet, only hop, but there are woods all round the house, and we have picnics every day. Mind you keep the tennis lawn well rolled, and don't eat up all the Victoria plums before I get back.'

There were four spelling mistakes and two blots, but Roger did not feel inclined to be critical. All that he noticed was that the letter had only been posted three days ago and that there was not a single word in it about the possibility of war. Surely if there had really been anything serious the matter—over there in France—Val must have known all about it.

The newspapers did not arrive at the Rectory until ten o'clock, so that the topics of conversation at breakfast were the garden, the parish, and the weather, which Mr. Danvers hoped would keep fine over Bank Holiday.

'We are going to have a cricket match on Monday, for the village boys,' he said; 'you will like that, Roger; and on Wednesday there is the school treat. I want you and the Henleys to help me with the sports and prizes.'

'Yes, Uncle, it will be awfully jolly,' agreed Roger. 'And I'm going up to the Hall directly after breakfast, so I can settle about it with Jack and Robin. May I ask them to come down and have some tennis this afternoon?'

'Certainly, my boy, certainly,' was the answer, and then, before any other arrangements could be made, there came the loud throb and rattle of a motor outside. Roger sprang up from his seat and ran to the window, reaching it just in time to see Jack Henley, on a brand-new motor bicycle, dash up to the door.

(Continued on page 180.)

### 'THE WAG OF HIS TAIL.'

A GENTLEMAN and his young son were one evening passing a labourer's cottage when the little boy took a sudden fancy to the labourer's dog, which was sitting at the door, evidently on the look-out for some one.

The animal was no rare specimen. He was not a 'chow' or a 'King Charles,' or a Yorkshire terrier. He was only a common cur, yet the boy wanted him.

'Perhaps his owner will sell him to us. Ah, here he comes!'

How the dog barked with joy as he rushed down the garden to greet his master! 'Wag! wag! wag!' went his merry tail; his whole body vibrated with happiness.

'What a nice, affectionate dog that is!' said the boy's father to the labourer. 'My little son wants to know if you would sell him to us.'

'I can't sell that dog, sir,' replied the labourer.

'He is of no value,' said the gentleman; 'but since my boy wants him, I don't mind paying a good price for him. I will give anything—in reason—that you like to ask.'

'I know he's a poor dog,' said the labourer, 'but to me he is so valuable that I can't part with him. He is my only companion, and I can't sell the wag of his tail when I come home at night.'

### MY LOVES.

OH! how I love a garden,  
And all a garden brings!  
Oh! how I love the country,  
And all dear country things.

The thrushes and the honey bees,  
Small clinging creepers, giant trees,  
Each clover field, each leafy glade;  
The sunshine and the restful shade;  
The birds' nests, and the scent of moss,  
Cloud shadows drifting over grass;  
Snow-laden trees, with frosted stems,  
Bedecked with diamonds—Nature's gems;  
A level marsh, a lonely shore,  
A sleepy sea, and waves that roar;  
The peewit's call, the curlew's cry,  
And storm-clouds piling up the sky,  
The fresh-ploughed furrows are my joy,  
Earth's autumn dress of corduroy,  
The hedgerows hung with pearls of dew,  
I love them every year anew;  
And oh! a thousand other things,  
Each plant that grows, each bird that sings,  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, too,  
Don't you?

LILIAN HOLMES.

### A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

#### VI.—A JOURNEY THROUGH EAST ANGLIA.

WHEN we leave London on a journey through the Eastern counties we make Liverpool Street Station our starting-point, and this is only right, for the terminus is near the site of one of the principal gates of the old walled city, and in Stow's *Survey of London* we find these words: 'The gate towards the north is called Bishopsgate, and true it is, that it was first built for the ease of passengers towards the east, as into Norfolk and Suffolk.'

Our next journey, then, is to be 'towards the east,' into Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the country which was once the East Anglia of the Saxons and which, before that time, was inhabited by the most powerful of the ancient British tribes.

In our travels through Devonshire and Cornwall we found many traces and memories of these strange Celtic



ancestors, but then we saw them as fugitives and seemed to follow in their footsteps as they fled before their conquerors and finally took refuge among the desolate moors and wild valleys of the West Country. In those remote districts it is natural to think of the Britons as a defeated and dying race, lingering on into mediæval times, and leaving behind them a legacy of curious customs, place names and fairy tales, and even their primitive stones, homes, and deserted altars.

In the Eastern counties it is all very different, for there dwelt the powerful warlike tribes of the Iceni and Trinobantes, warriors who fiercely withstood the invaders, holding them at bay through many months, and who, when at last they were supposed to be subdued, rose in rebellion and almost succeeded in regaining possession of their country.

We see the great entrenched camps of the Britons on many an East Anglian hill, often encircling the ruins of a later Roman castle, for, when they had defeated the old inhabitants of the country, the conquerors established themselves there and Camalodunum, or Colchester as it is now named, was one of their most important settlements.

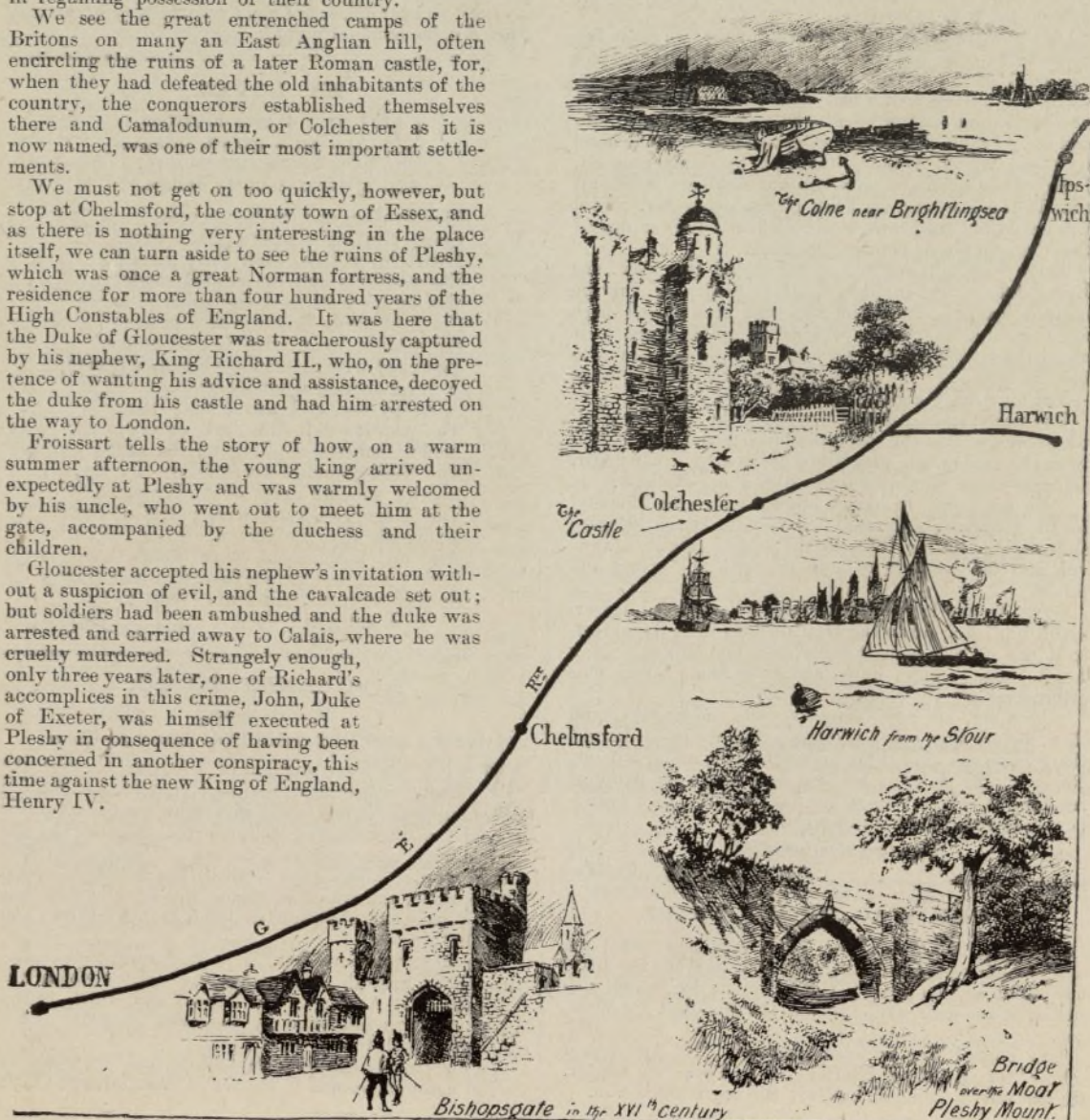
We must not get on too quickly, however, but stop at Chelmsford, the county town of Essex, and as there is nothing very interesting in the place itself, we can turn aside to see the ruins of Pleshy, which was once a great Norman fortress, and the residence for more than four hundred years of the High Constables of England. It was here that the Duke of Gloucester was treacherously captured by his nephew, King Richard II., who, on the pretence of wanting his advice and assistance, decoyed the duke from his castle and had him arrested on the way to London.

Froissart tells the story of how, on a warm summer afternoon, the young king arrived unexpectedly at Pleshy and was warmly welcomed by his uncle, who went out to meet him at the gate, accompanied by the duchess and their children.

Gloucester accepted his nephew's invitation without a suspicion of evil, and the cavalcade set out; but soldiers had been ambushed and the duke was arrested and carried away to Calais, where he was cruelly murdered. Strangely enough, only three years later, one of Richard's accomplices in this crime, John, Duke of Exeter, was himself executed at Pleshy in consequence of having been concerned in another conspiracy, this time against the new King of England, Henry IV.

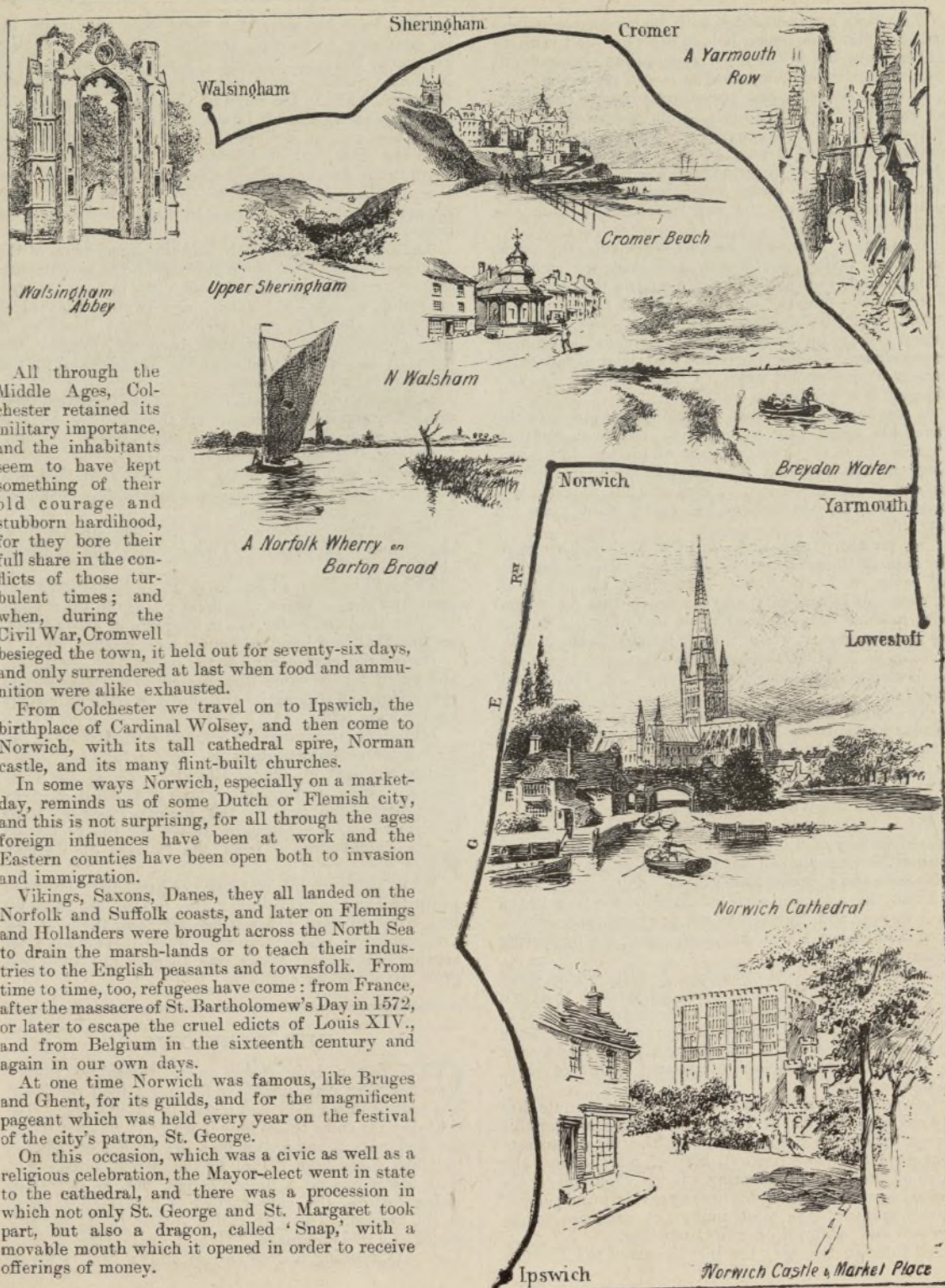
From Chelmsford we go on to Colchester, one of the oldest towns in England, where the great circle of the British entrenchments can still be traced outside the Roman walls, which, in their turn, show traces of having been repaired by Saxon masons.

The great British town of Colchester—its original name is unknown—was captured by the Emperor Claudius, who marched against it with a strong army which included elephants. It is easy to picture the terror and amazement of the ancient Britons when they saw these huge beasts in their gorgeous trappings of war, pushing through the undergrowth of the forests or marching clumsily across the flat Essex swamps.



From London to Ipswich—





All through the Middle Ages, Colchester retained its military importance, and the inhabitants seem to have kept something of their old courage and stubborn hardihood, for they bore their full share in the conflicts of those turbulent times; and when, during the Civil War, Cromwell besieged the town, it held out for seventy-six days, and only surrendered at last when food and ammunition were alike exhausted.

From Colchester we travel on to Ipswich, the birthplace of Cardinal Wolsey, and then come to Norwich, with its tall cathedral spire, Norman castle, and its many flint-built churches.

In some ways Norwich, especially on a market-day, reminds us of some Dutch or Flemish city, and this is not surprising, for all through the ages foreign influences have been at work and the Eastern counties have been open both to invasion and immigration.

Vikings, Saxons, Danes, they all landed on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts, and later on Flemings and Hollanders were brought across the North Sea to drain the marsh-lands or to teach their industries to the English peasants and townfolk. From time to time, too, refugees have come: from France, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572, or later to escape the cruel edicts of Louis XIV., and from Belgium in the sixteenth century and again in our own days.

At one time Norwich was famous, like Bruges and Ghent, for its guilds, and for the magnificent pageant which was held every year on the festival of the city's patron, St. George.

On this occasion, which was a civic as well as a religious celebration, the Mayor-elect went in state to the cathedral, and there was a procession in which not only St. George and St. Margaret took part, but also a dragon, called 'Snap,' with a movable mouth which it opened in order to receive offerings of money.

—and through East Anglia.



The yearly merry-making, with its quaint ceremonies and costumes, is no longer held in these prosaic twentieth century days, but in the town museum the elaborate gilt head of the famous Snap Dragon is still preserved.

Leaving Norwich and travelling towards the coast, we pass the Norfolk Broads, wide stretches of open water connected with each other by a network of streams and rivers. It is strange to see the white wings of pleasure yachts and the great brown sails of the wherries apparently moving across green meadow-lands, but in reality passing along the narrow channels from one Broad to another.

Wroxham, Worsted, North Walsham, the train carries us swiftly northward, and then we come to 'Poppy-land,' as it has been called, and on the crumbling Norfolk coast find the holiday towns of Cromer, Overstrand, and Sheringham. Beyond is Cley, now an inland village, for here the sea has receded instead of encroaching, but once a port and a harbour of refuge for vessels overtaken by gales or adverse winds on this exposed, weather-beaten coast.

It was to this place that, during a great storm in the year 1496, there came a ship with the young Scottish Prince, James, on board, who was on his way to France. England and Scotland were at war then, so the boy, instead of being allowed to continue his journey, was taken to Windsor, where he spent many years in captivity.

Not far away from Cley is North Walsingham, with the ruins of the great abbey which once made it famous, not only in England, but throughout the whole of Europe. It is not very easy to reach this place even now, in these days of good roads and railways, but, as we may imagine, it was still more isolated in the Middle Ages, although then the wonderful shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham ranked second only to Canterbury itself.

'It is in the uttermost part of England,' the Dutch scholar Erasmus was told, when he inquired the whereabouts of the abbey, and, indeed, it must have seemed so to the pilgrims who plodded wearily along the Palmer's Way through Newmarket and the swampy fen country that borders the Wash.

When Walsingham was reached at last, it doubtless proved worthy of all the trouble and hardships of the journey, for we read of a chapel and an image ablaze with gold and precious stones.

From the northern coast of Norfolk we travel back to Norwich, and then eastward to Yarmouth, which, even from Saxon times, has been noted for its herring fisheries.

Yarmouth, like most other East Anglian towns, stood for Cromwell and the Parliament all through the Civil Wars, but seems to have been influenced by the flood of loyalty which swept through England at the time of the Restoration, for we find that King Charles paid a visit to the place and graciously accepted a gift of three golden herrings.

Lowestoft, the next town on our coastwise route, has always been the rival of Yarmouth, and perhaps for this reason upheld the Royalist cause with such enthusiasm that at last Oliver Cromwell himself marched into the town at the head of an army of one thousand of his Ironsides, and, taking up his quarters at the principal inn, caused many of the most important residents to be arrested and taken prisoner to Cambridge.

All through the ages the inhabitants of the Eastern

counties have had more than their share of warfare, for its proximity to foreign countries makes this district especially liable to attack. Again and again have Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex suffered invasion and massacre, while in the reign of Charles II. several great sea-fights took place off Lowestoft and Southwold.

In these strange modern times, too, East Anglia, more than any other part of England, has been privileged to share in the dangers and sacrifices of the great war, for the ports have been bombarded by German ships, while Zeppelins and aeroplanes have dropped their bombs on inland towns and villages.

Thus history repeats itself, and the descendants of the men and women who, one foggy day in the seventeenth century, crowded the Southwold cliffs to hear the roar of Dutch cannon in Solebay, now watch the patrol boats pass along the coast, welcome home the crews of the mine-sweepers after their perilous voyages, and listen to the distant gun-fire in the North Sea or on the far-away plains of Flanders.

Lowestoft and Yarmouth have kept and increased their prosperity and importance through the centuries, but this has not been the case with all the eastern seaports, for along this coast, in many districts, the sea has encroached upon the land, the cliffs have crumbled, and places which were once flourishing and thickly populated have become mere villages.

One of these is Dunwich, where, once upon a time, there was a royal palace, two monasteries, and six parish churches.

This was in Norman and early Plantagenet days, but gradually the sea began to gain its victory in the conflict between land and water, and in the reign of Edward III. we find that four hundred houses were washed away.

During the next centuries the destruction continued, and bit by bit the shore disappeared, every tempest and every high tide taking its toll, until in 1811 only forty houses were left.

From this sad remnant of a town, destroyed, as an old Elizabethan document tells us, 'by the rage and surges of the sea,' we go on to Harwich, one of the most easterly ports in England, which was built in very early times—and here we find history repeating itself once more—as a coastguard station for the protection of the neighbourhood from the ravages of German pirates.

While Dunwich lost its place as a great port, Harwich prospered, and on Midsummer Day in the year 1338, we find King Edward III. setting sail from there on his first campaign against France; while three years later another fleet set out which was to gain England's first great naval victory at Sluys.

### THE BABY OWL.

ONE day a lady found on a Hampshire road a fledgling owl, unable to fly or get food for itself. She took it into a field and placed it under a tree. The next day she came to see how it was. It was not where she had put it, but resting on a low branch of the tree, to which it had been helped by the parent birds. The next day it was on a higher bough, but, as it seemed rather forlorn, the lady carried it gently to a hutch in the garden. There it called loudly to its parents, saying, in owl language, 'Here I am! Here I am!' The next morning a dead mouse and a dead sparrow



were found on the hutch. Night after night the same thing happened, dead mice and other small prey being brought by the old birds to their baby. As soon as the young owl seemed strong enough to fly, the lady opened the hutch and let it go. Then, it may be, there was great rejoicing in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Owl.

### CHINNA.

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

(Continued from page 162.)

**A**CROSS the hummocks Chinna picked his way, until he came to a big heap of stones which had fallen together in such a fashion that they made a rough little house. The biggest formed the roof, and the remainder the sides, and grass and small creeping plants filled the chinks and crannies, and made everything snug and warm. At one corner there was a fair-sized hole, and through this Chinna crept, and bade the others follow. And when the whole party was safely inside, he began to explain, more fully than had Mrs. Chinna.

'In the ancient days,' he said, 'the days that no man living has seen, here stood the fort of our people. Great and powerful were they then, and all the villages of the country-side paid tribute to them as over-lords. But there came a new strong nation from beyond their borders, and there was a great war. And by the score our people perished, and lost all that was theirs, until only this fort remained to them. And it, too, in turn was taken, and all within put to the sword, save for a few who fled into the forests, and whose children's children live as I and my woman live to this day.'

He paused for a moment, and Mrs. Chinna seized it to ask in a somewhat scared voice: 'Shall we not bring the goat inside, lord, lest those come who now frequent this place?'

And Chinna at once began to tug at the goat, who was browsing contentedly on the grass of the plateau, and came slowly and with much reluctance into the little house. Chinna pushed and pulled her into the furthest corner before he was satisfied.

'Since this place is now deserted of man,' he explained further, 'the wild things of the forest have made it their own. And, more especially, do the striped ones come hither, because there is usually water in the tanks with which they can quench their thirst, and they are a thirsty folk.'

He pointed to one of the largest tanks which was clearly visible in the moonlight.

'Often have I seen the marks of their feet at the edge,' he added, 'as I passed through the fort on my own affairs.'

The children listened with breathless interest. It was certainly alarming, if exciting, to know that they had invaded a spot so favoured by tigers, and even Brian found himself hoping that the tanks would remain unvisited on this particular night. The little stone shelter could not compare with the mango-tree as a refuge; it was very easy to picture a furious tiger tearing it stone from stone; and they all began to listen intently to every sound that came from the surrounding forests.

And, as they listened, there came sighing across the plateau a strange and haunting cry. It was like the moaning of a man in pain, but a man of greater than

mortal strength. And gradually the moaning swelled into a short, sharp roar. And the goat trembled in every limb, and cowered against the wall, her thick coat damp with fear.

'Tis a striped one that speaks,' said Chinna, below his breath. 'Tis the mate, doubtless, of the striped one of the village. It is to her lost one that she calls, seeking him where once they roamed together. Quick, let us block the entrance with stones lest, even now, she should come hither.'

And he ran outside, and began to tug at a large stone near by which would almost fit the hole in the shelter; and the children and Mrs. Chinna helped with all their strength. And, all the while, that angry, sorrowful sound rose and fell through the still night air, spurring them on to fresh exertions.

The stone was in place at last—a very long last it seemed—and the whole party safe behind it. And still the sound persisted, but it came no nearer, and gradually it faded into the distance as the tigress moved through the forest on her endless, useless search. And in the quiet that followed, one by one the fugitives fell asleep, and they did not wake until day had dawned, and the danger was fully past, and they could safely roll away the stone that blocked them in. And very soon Mrs. Chinna had a fire burning, and had begun to prepare some rice she had brought with her from the hut, mixing it with milk. She portioned it out presently between the children and herself, for Chinna was both too gloomy and too resentful to eat. He sat hunched by the fire, smoking his little cigarettes, and trying vainly to discover the reason of the misfortunes which had overtaken him.

'First the villagers turned against me, and then the tree was destroyed,' he mused. 'Without doubt, the spirits are angry. Yet what have I done? What have I left undone? Wherein have I offended? Always I gave honour where honour was due; always I made the right offerings.'

And, after a moment, he added vehemently: 'It is not just. No, it is not just that these things should be.'

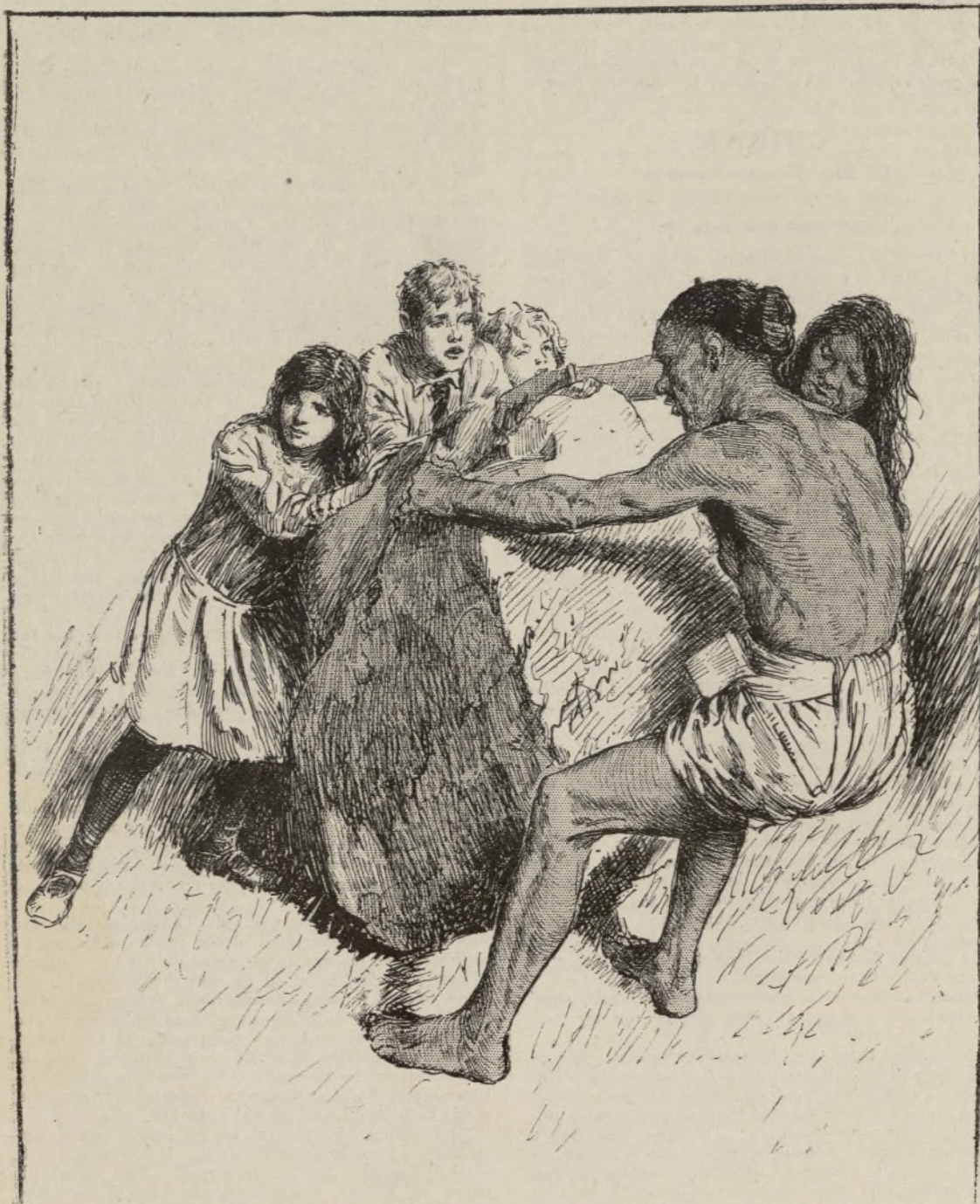
And at that, Mrs. Chinna, on the point of tears, made answer nervously: 'Do not anger the great ones further, lord. Humble thyself instead, and say it is thou who hast done the wrong. It is better so—it is more prudent. How shall we stand against their anger, we poor and lowly folk?'

But this advice did not suit Chinna at all. He was very firmly convinced of the justice of his cause: so firmly that he was in no mood to listen to counsels of caution. And he stood up and shook himself, and began to look almost the obstinate, determined little person he had been before the sickness broke out in the village, and the tree was destroyed. If the spirits behaved so unjustly, he would show them he could do without them, he thought. They would be sorry then, because they had lost so good a servant, and they would surely turn round, and try and coax him back again.

And Chinna thought, too, of the empty larder, and he said: 'I go hunting for food. If the spirits will not help me, then I will help myself.' And he added, much to Brian's disappointment: 'I will not take thee with me, boy, for it is likely I must go far. Since the striped one visited this place last night, all other game will have fled the neighbourhood.'

(Continued on page 178.)





"The children and Mrs. Chinna helped with all their strength."