



CHATTERBOX.

A FRENCH RED CROSS DOG.



"Off went the boar at a wild gallop."

CHINNA.

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

CHINNA, his mind made up, set off at once on his expedition. Down the steep path he went which led to the forest below. He moved with even more than his usual caution, for, though he hoped his enemies would not follow him to the old fort, and was almost certain indeed that they would not do so, he did not mean to run any needless risks. Moreover, though he had defied the spirits, he was not quite easy in his mind as to the effects of that defiance. He was nervous, therefore, as well as cautious, and more than once he started, thinking he saw some dreadful shape where were only empty, harmless shadows.

It was a long time before he could find any trace of game, as he had supposed might be the case. But, presently, he came upon the footmarks of a spotted stag, and he followed the trail carefully for awhile. And then he persevered no further, for there appeared suddenly the imprint of the tigress' pads beside the slot of the deer, and he knew he could not compete with this fierce huntress. So, patiently, he cast round for a new and more promising trail.

He found one after awhile that seemed all that he could wish, the trail of a big wild boar. Again he followed for a mile or two until he was close enough to his quarry to hear it grunting and rooting. But, just as he was fitting an arrow to the bow, and creeping behind a sheltering bush to take aim, off went the boar at a wild gallop, startled by something that Chinna could neither see nor hear. And again and again some mischance overtook him. Whatever the object of his pursuit, it escaped him at the very moment when success seemed assured, until, disheartened, Chinna almost lost his cunning, and an arrow flew wide which should have hit an easy mark.

'It is the spirits,' said Chinna, awestruck, to himself: 'the arrow surely was bewitched—the creatures of the forest are bewitched also. It is useless to defy the great ones. They would punish me, and I cannot escape that punishment. Yet, what have I done? What have I done?' he again repeated.

He was very weary by this time as well as very hungry, and he sat down under a tree to rest, and to consider further the behaviour of the spirits. Some reason they must have for their anger, if only he could discover it—and, once discovered, it could surely be removed.

'Perchance I was too boastful when I slew the striped one,' thought Chinna. 'But did I not in my song give due glory to the great ones? Did I not proclaim it was through their help I was victorious? I cannot have transgressed in that matter.'

And then, suddenly, he leapt to his feet, convinced that he had solved the mystery, for into his queer little head a new, a most welcome, idea had entered.

'I see—I see my fault!' he cried joyously, quite sure that the spirits could hear him. 'Great ones, I see it. Too soon I thought I had offended, and so lost faith and sinned indeed. I made sure that the sickness was sent upon the village for my undoing. I did not understand it was to punish the people for their treachery, and that

I might be further exalted in their eyes. Therefore was the tree struck, because I had no faith, and did not wait to see the sickness depart. Therefore is my hunting spoiled to-day. It is the will of the great ones, doubtless, that I should return to my own place, and there shall I find peace and honour awaiting me.'

He chuckled with joy as he came to this conclusion. He no longer felt tired, so immense was his relief. It remained only to choose whether he should at once return to the clearing, or fetch Mrs. Chinna and the children first from the fort; and, finally, he decided on the former course, remembering the venison still hanging in the tree, which had been left behind in the hurry of the previous night.

'I will fetch the meat, and we will have a great feast,' said Chinna. 'And we will return rejoicing loudly. Thus the spirits will know that, at last, I understand.'

And off he set immediately in the direction of his home. He guided himself thither with a sure instinct that never failed. And, presently, he came to the edge of the clearing. Most peaceful it looked, warm with the noonday sun; and Chinna smiled widely as he glanced at each familiar object in turn. There was the hut, untouched, with the little grain-mill inside it. The tiger and deer skins pegged on the ground just as he had left them. If the villagers were still angry, surely they would have visited the place to rob and destroy.

'All is well,' said Chinna, chuckling again, and even smiled at the blackened tree-stump. It seemed to him no longer a sinister portent, but a signpost to guide him rightly.

He had just slung the venison over his shoulder, and was about to return to the fort, when he remembered that the nets were probably full of fish. It seemed a pity not to take these with him, also, that the feast might be complete. And it would be good, he thought, to stand again at the water's edge, and listen only to the lapping of the lake against the reeds, instead of to the hateful, haunting drums which had almost proved his undoing. And he turned away from the track which led to the fort, and took that which went down to the water instead. It was good—oh, very good—to be at peace again with all his world.

A little way he went, and then the monkeys met him. Since Brian had thrown the grain for them they had haunted the road to the lake, in the hope, apparently, of finding more. They welcomed Chinna, and accompanied him for a short distance, and all the while they chattered in a fashion which could not but make him uneasy. They were chattering a warning, he well knew, yet what need could there be of such, since the spirits must, by now, have forgiven him? To falter would be to display a lack of faith again. He must not, would not do so. The monkeys' part was to try him, he decided: to test his new-found trust.

'There are men down by the lake,' they tried to tell him in their own fashion. 'Men, who have been hiding by the nets since dawn, and who seem afraid to venture into the forest. Men we do not know and whom we distrust. They have sticks in their hands; and knives—shining knives—also. Turn back, Chinna. Chinna, turn back. We do not think these men are friends of ours or yours.'

But Chinna turned a deaf ear to the chattering voices, and went on towards the water. And now he stood

upon the brink and looked across to the island. And, as he did so, the chattering of the monkeys burst into a loud, insistent clamour. And mingled with that clamour was another sound which caused Chinna to wheel round quickly. So ominous it was, so danger-laden, that even his strong faith was not equal to the proof.

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A FUNNY PARSNIP.

A CURIOUS vegetable freak came from an allotment garden at Birmingham. Midway in the root of a parsnip was embedded a doll's head!

This allotment ground was formerly a play-place, but how some little girl's doll came to lose her head here we do not, of course, know. The parsnip-root somehow managed to grow through the neck and out again through the little hole by means of which a doll's wig is usually attached. The long, tapering root resembled a pigtail growing from the doll's head. Evidently Mr. Parsnip was a funny fellow who loved a joke.

THE STORY OF OUR ROADS.

III.—THE ROADS OF TO-DAY.

MODERN road-making, as we know it now, began a little over a century ago, when a Scotsman named Telford introduced a new system of road building. The chief point about it was, that it had a foundation at the bottom of everything else, with broken stones above, not more than six inches deep. Above the layer of stones came the roadway proper. Telford constructed many roads, especially in Scotland, during the first twenty years of last century, and though his method was afterwards improved upon, the highways he built have stood the test of time.

Telford's great rival, in his later years, was a fellow Scot, John Loudoun Macadam, who invented a different system of road-making. Instead of employing a firm foundation, as Telford did, with broken stones above it, Macadam would have no foundation, even in boggy country, but relied on small angular stones of a size and shape that would pass through an iron ring, two and a half inches in diameter. All these angular pieces dovetailed into one another, and had not the loose, shifting surface of gravel.

Macadam's process is still in use, with improvements which have been suggested by time. Nowadays, roads are made with a 'hard core' or foundation underneath, because heavy motor traffic ploughs up the roads and makes the wear and tear much greater. This hard core is made of cheap waste material, such as chips of brick, stone, and broken-up concrete, and is twelve inches deep. Heavy rollers are passed over it, grinding all the pieces and pressing them down until finally the core is not more than nine inches in thickness.

Above the hard core comes a five-inch thickness of ballast, which is nothing more nor less than clay that has been set on fire and smouldered for weeks until it becomes a brittle red substance. You must often have seen piles of it in country districts, being slowly burnt ready for use.

After the ballast has been laid and well rolled, it is

covered with two separate layers of broken granite, each three inches deep. This substance is called 'macadam,' after the man who first introduced it, and roads built in this way are known as 'macadamised' roads. As each layer is put down, it is so well rolled that the two combined are finally only four inches deep. The upper macadam receives a coating of sand and water, thus forming the surface which is all you see when you walk along the road. The middle of the highway is always raised above the gutters, in order that water may run off quickly. The curve of the road up from one gutter to the middle and then down to the other gutter is called the 'camber.' Macadamised roads are now usually tarred, especially in summer, to prevent clouds of dust arising every time a motor-car goes by.

Another modern method of road-making is wood-paving, which is especially used in towns, because the wood deadens the noise of heavy traffic. In this case the foundation is concrete, and above this the wood—a very hard, coarse kind—is laid down in oblong blocks which fit closely. Liquid tar is poured over the wood, and this dries into all the cracks between the blocks, making it impossible for them to shift. As the tar surface would be rather slippery, it is generally sprinkled over with fine chips, which are well rolled in.

Sometimes, again, asphalt is laid down over the concrete. For town streets which have heavy traffic there is no better road than two inches of asphalt over six inches of concrete. It lasts splendidly and does not get muddy, but in wet weather the asphalt surface is inclined to be slippery. The great virtue of asphalt is that it can be easily and quickly patched.

Motor-cars and omnibuses wear down roads so quickly, that it is necessary always to be discovering better methods of construction, and it seems probable that as time goes on our roads will come nearer and nearer to absolute perfection.

THE CLOCK.

I TICK away the summer day,
The winter night as well,
And mark the time with willing chime
Upon my silver bell.

With solemn face from my own place
I see a lot of things:
The peevish boy who finds no joy;
The cheerful lad who sings.

There's noisy Bill! I hear him still
Go tramping up and down.
He troubles me; but then you see,
A clock must never frown.

There's gentle Nell, who loves my bell,
And stands for quite a while
The chime to hear. . . Ah, dear! oh, dear!
A clock must never smile.

I tick away the summer day,
The winter night as well;
And thoughts, you see, that rise in me
I'm not allowed to tell.

JOHN LEA.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

VI.—JUNE.

A VERY affectionate pair of bullfinches lived in the wood, and they constantly paid visits to the garden during the summer in search of caterpillars. In the autumn they would probably also come for some fruit and privet berries, but the children's garden was a bird sanctuary where traps were unknown, and so the bullfinches knew they could always come in safety. Very often the whole bullfinch family would come, and their short pointed beaks would be busy eating as many 'looper' caterpillars and leaf-rollers as they could find. It was due to this big family of bullfinches and to other birds that there were not many caterpillars in the garden. Only the big 'woolly bears' were really safe, for none of the birds except a stray cuckoo would touch them. A late woolly bear was crossing the footpath one morning when Babe saw him. She knew he was the caterpillar of the lovely red and yellow and black tiger moth, so she rolled him gently on to a leaf, and laughed to see him curl himself up at once into a black hairy ball. Billy put him into a tin canister with some fresh strawberry leaves, but he never ate anything. He immediately hid himself under a small stone on the moss and fine soil that lay at the bottom, and a day or two later he had spun himself into a cocoon.



Bullfinch.

On the first half-holiday in the month the children planted a long row of scarlet runner beans against a fence. Babe made the holes four inches deep with a dibber, and Billy dropped in the beans and raked the soil over the holes. It had been raining the day before, so the ground was quite moist and there had been no need to soak the seeds, but after they were planted Babe gave the whole row a good watering. Before the end of the month the little plants would push up their seed-leaves, and then it would be time to give them some firmly-planted sticks up which to climb. Some beans were also planted at the foot of a tall trellis arch between the kitchen and the flower gardens, where last summer a clematis had tried to grow and had failed. But the children expected the scarlet runners would be more successful and they knew that such an arch was a splendid place for them.



Young Tomato Plants.

The tomato plants also needed attention now. A bed had already been prepared for them in a very warm corner, sheltered from north and east. Out of his seedbox, which was only ten inches square,

Billy had raised about thirty sturdy little plants; these were all now growing quickly in pots, pushing their rootlets through the drainage holes. When they

were planting the tomatoes Billy saw a very curious caterpillar crawling out from under some bramble bushes. 'A tufty caterpillar!' he exclaimed, and at once took possession of it. It was very pretty with lines of orange and white and tufts of yellowish brown hairs.

VOCAL FISH.

FISHES are usually supposed to be dumb, but if oysters can whistle, there seems to be no reason why other fishes should not sing. Several species, at any rate, are capable of making some sort of a noise. In America there is the bearded drum-fish, which makes a sound like the tap of a drum. A 'singing fish' is known in Ceylon. This is a shell-fish—a kind of mussel—which in calm weather and at low tide, can be heard 'singing.' The note is low, flute-like, and long drawn out.

But the sounds produced by fish are not always songs. The red gurnet, so frequent on the Devonshire coast, grunts and squeaks when taken out of the sea. For this reason, the Devonshire fishermen call it 'the cuckoo fish.' 'The butterman,' a fat fish found off the coast of Scotland, is said to hoot distinctly when caught in a net or on a line.

In the Gulf of Mexico there is a fish known as 'the grunt,' which can not only lift up its voice, but can even use it with great expression. A gentleman who had caught a grunt was so touched by its piteous cries that he had not the heart to let it die. 'My better nature was aroused,' he said. 'I made haste to toss him back, and as he disappeared he uttered a squeak, which, together with the splash, sounded to me like a "Thank you!"'

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

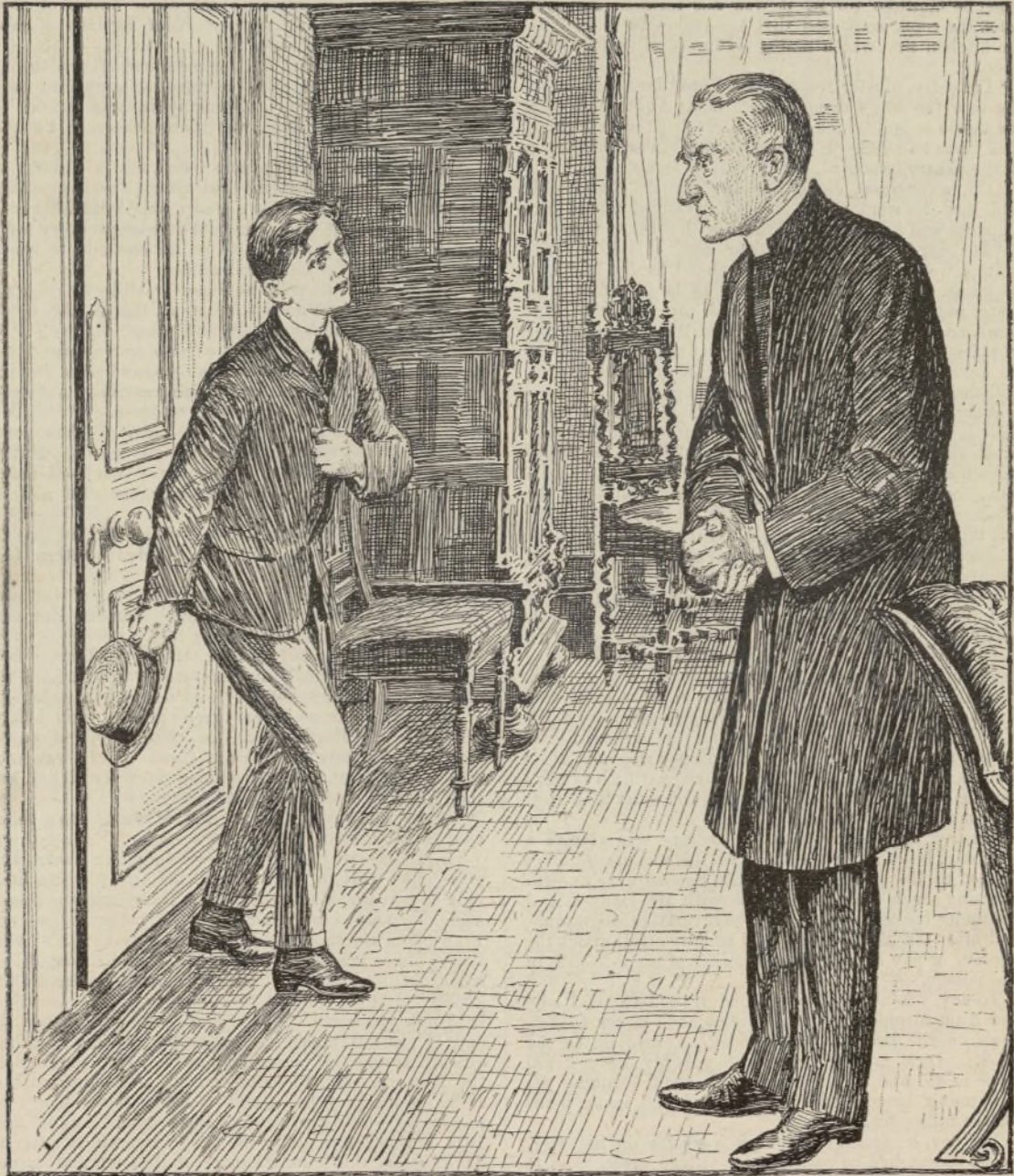
(Continued from page 171.)

'HULLO!' the newcomer called, as Roger vaulted over the window-sill and joined him, 'what do you think of this machine? Isn't it a ripper? Where's Val? And what are you doing this morning? You had better come up to our place. I can give you a lift on the carrier.'

'Val hasn't come yet,' began Roger, but the other boy was too much excited over his new possession to listen to any explanation, and in a few minutes the motor bicycle with its double load was careering wildly down the Rectory drive and along the lane that led to the village. There was nearly a bad accident when they tore round a corner just as the doctor's children were crossing the road with their governess, but Jack managed to swerve sharply to one side; and although Roger was nearly jerked off his perch on the carrier, no harm was done, and the pair arrived, safe, but breathless, at their destination.

'Don't the engines run splendidly?' Jack panted as he took off his goggles. 'Father gave her to me for a birthday present, and she only arrived the day before yesterday. Luckily, I learnt to ride on another chap's bike last term at school.'

Roger was loud in his exclamations of praise and envy.



“There is no need for all this excitement.”

for it was the dream of his life to have a motor bicycle ; and Jack, who was a good-natured boy, let his friend mount the machine and taught him all that he knew himself about its mechanism and management. Tennis was forgotten that day, and one reckless ride followed another, so that when Roger strolled back to the Rectory

after tea, he felt that he was quite fitted to own and ride a motor bicycle himself. He had quite made up his mind to write to India, and suggest that he should be given one for a Christmas present.

It was not until past six o'clock that the boy remembered that he had not seen a newspaper all day ; but

when he inquired for it, it was not forthcoming, and Jane, the cook, confessed that she had used it to light the kitchen fire which had gone out during the afternoon.

'I'm sorry, Master Roger, that I am,' Jane said, when she saw the boy's disappointed face; 'but there was the kettle to boil for tea, and I snatched up the first thing that came to hand. However, there's yesterday's paper in the pantry cupboard, if that will do as well.'

'Oh, never mind, Jane, it doesn't matter,' Roger said, and then he went off to the conservatory, where Mr. Danvers was spraying his flowers with tobacco water.

'The paper? Well, my dear boy, to tell you the truth I was so busy this morning that I hardly had time to glance at it. Germany seems to be in a disturbed state, but I don't think there was any very important news, and no doubt all this trouble will have blown over in a few days. Dear me, what a trial the green fly is, to be sure. Be careful of that box of lobelias, Roger, and shut the door after you when you go out.'

Aunt Minnie, also, had had no time to read the paper that day, so there was nothing for it but to wait patiently until Monday morning, for evening editions were unknown at the Rectory, and indeed its inmates were, as a rule, too much engrossed in their own affairs and the affairs of the parish, to have much interest to spare for the interests and troubles of the great world outside.

Roger did his best that evening to make himself believe that there was no need for anxiety, but somehow, the absence of news had awakened all his vague fears and misgivings, and after supper he wandered out restlessly into the fragrant, starlit garden.

If only his father were at home, instead of being thousands of miles away in India, everything would have been all right. He would have known what to do, and could have gone out to France, if necessary, to fetch Val back; and then the lawn and the standard rose-bushes seemed to fade away, and Roger was once more standing on the deck of the great liner with his father's parting words ringing in his ears: 'You must look after Val, my boy; I trust her to you.'

Sunday at Monkton Ash Rectory was always a long day, but that first Sunday of the summer holidays seemed to Roger the longest that he had ever known. Morning service, dinner, a walk with Mr. Danvers and tea under the cedars, that was the invariable programme, and after tea he and Val would usually stroll about the garden, or pay a visit to one or other of their friends in the village.

To-day, when Mr. Danvers had retired to his study, and Aunt Minnie was dozing over a book in her basket-chair on the lawn, Roger decided to walk up to the Hall. Dick and Robin might possibly have heard some news, and, at any rate, they could examine the new motor bicycle (ride it, perhaps), and make plans for the following day.

The boy, however, did not get very far on his way, for no sooner had he reached the village green than it became evident that some great and unusual excitement was afoot.

The whole place, indeed, seemed to be roused out of its Sunday calm, for there were groups of brown-clad soldiers standing about on the grass, a sailor was bidding good-bye to his wife outside a cottage door, two others, carrying white-canvas kit-bags, were trudging along the road that led to the station, and outside the 'Blue Lion,' old Richards, the inn-keeper, was reading

aloud from a newspaper to an eager crowd of men and boys: 'Germany declares War against Russia. Germany invades France.'

Roger stopped short on the outskirts of the throng of listeners, for the ominous words seemed to burn their way into his mind: 'Germany invades France'—and Val, his little sister, was there—there, in France, alone.

When the reading came to an end, and a hubbub of comment and exclamations had arisen, the boy pushed his way through the crowd and touched Mr. Richards' arm. He did not know the old inn-keeper very well, but just now there seemed to be no one else to whom he could turn for help and advice.

'Please, Mr. Richards,' he began breathlessly, 'I want to ask you. What does it mean, all that in the newspaper? I can't understand.'

'You can't understand!' The other repeated the words with a shrug of his shoulders, and then, moving away a few yards, he seated himself heavily on a wooden bench underneath a spreading oak-tree. 'Well, Mr. Roger, I'm afraid it would take wiser heads than yours or mine to understand what it's all about. But it means war. There's no doubt of that. War!—and such a war as we've never seen, nor any one else neither. Heaven help us!'

Roger stared at the speaker awe-struck, and, as he noticed the boy's anxious eyes, Richards' stern face softened.

'Don't you worry yourself, Mr. Roger,' he said kindly. 'You will be safe enough here in England, never you fear.'

'I'm not afraid; but it's Val. She isn't here. She's in France—at school, and she won't be home till the end of the week.'

The old inn-keeper's face grew graver than before. 'In France! That's a bad job, to be sure, and travelling won't be easy or pleasant these times; but your father, the Major, he will be going out to fetch her, and then she will be right enough.'

'Father's away in India, and Mother—she's there, too.'

'In India—why, of course; I'd forgotten that. But your uncle will go, sir. It won't be safe for the little lady to travel alone, that's a sure thing, and the sooner some one goes to bring her back the better. Dear me, France and Germany, and it seems only yesterday that they were at war in 1870! A bad business, that it is—a bad business, and how it will all end this time no one knows.'

'I must go home.' Roger hardly waited to hear the end of the old man's speech, and starting off, he ran quickly across the Green and up the lane that led to the Rectory. Mr. Richards looked after him with a shake of his grey head, and then once more opened his newspaper—that startling evening paper of August 2nd, 1914, and began to study the telegrams, which seem to have shaken the foundations of civilisation and turned the whole world upside down.

Mr. Danvers was sound asleep in his study when Roger, hot and panting, raced across the lawn and into the house. He started up as the door was burst violently open, and sat looking round vaguely and blinking his short-sighted eyes in the strong light that streamed into the room from the sunlit hall.

'Uncle Robert, I must speak to you. It's most important. I've been down to the village. There's

going to be a war. It's France and Germany, and you must go out now, at once, to fetch Val home.'

He seized the Rector's arm and shook it, as if wishing to dispatch the old man on his journey without a moment's delay or preparation.

Mr. Danvers put on his spectacles and stared at the boy in complete bewilderment. 'My dear Roger, what do you mean? And how hot you are, to be sure! Sit down quietly and tell me what this is all about. Fetch Val home! Why, she is coming this week, in any case, with her governess. You must be dreaming.'

Roger drew a long breath. He saw that there was a difficult task in front of him, and he tried hard to steady his quivering lips and to speak clearly.

'Yes, but it's all different now,' he began. 'She can't come home alone. It won't be safe. The fighting has started there already, and Mr. Richards says—'

'Richards! Oh, he's always an alarmist,' the Rector interrupted his nephew with a little laugh; 'I don't think we need worry about anything that Richards says. This is most likely nothing but another rumour.'

'It's in the newspaper; I saw it, and Val is in France. She must have some one to bring her home. You will go, Uncle Robert, won't you, now, at once?'

Mr. Danvers leaned back in his chair, and a note of displeasure came into his voice.

'Really, Roger, this is quite absurd. What can you be thinking of? Do you imagine that a busy man, such as I am, can go rushing away at a moment's notice? Think of all the important work I have to attend to this next week: the school treat and the mothers' outing. Besides, to-morrow is Bank Holiday, when travelling of any sort is out of the question.'

'But, Uncle, do listen—'

'I am listening, and there is no need for all this excitement. Believe me, Val will be quite as safe in France as we are in England. And now I must be off. There is the church bell. It must be nearly twenty past six.'

He got up from his chair, but Roger stepped in front of him and stationed himself with his back against the door, as if barring the way out of the room. His lips were pressed together, and there was a strangely desperate expression on his face.

Mr. Danvers was a quiet, easy-going man who had lived for many years in the country, and was completely engrossed in his parish and his garden. He had quite failed to realise the meaning and terrible import of the events which had followed one another so rapidly during those summer days, and now his nephew's excitement and vehement appeals seemed to him both unnecessary and ridiculous. He looked down with disapproval at the boyish figure which barred the door, but his short-sighted eyes did not notice the resolution in the square, sunburnt face.

'Uncle Robert, you will go? Some one must fetch Val home. There is nobody else.'

'I shall not go. Please don't say anything more about it, my dear boy. The whole thing is foolish and out of the question. To-morrow, if you like, I will write to Cook's. They can always arrange things on the Continent, and I will tell them to see that Val gets home comfortably. Now let me pass, and you had better go and sit quietly in the garden with a book instead of coming to church. And mind, Roger, not a word of all this to your aunt. She is not over-strong, and I can't have her worried.'

Roger moved away from the door in silence, but his face looked more determined than ever.

Uncle Robert had refused to go to France. Then there was only one thing to be done. He—Roger—must fetch Val home himself.

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LITTLE UNCLE BILLY.

BILLY stood at the garden gate, and watched a man climb a ladder that reached to the roof of the house. The house was being redecorated, and the roof repaired, and it seemed to Billy that there were always long ladders about with men climbing them. He noticed them because he had always been afraid to climb a ladder himself; he was a very nervous little boy, and always turned giddy if he were on a high place.

'That's a high ladder,' said a baby voice at his side, and his little niece, Hetty, took his hand.

Billy was very proud of being an uncle, for he was only ten years old, and Hetty was two already. Her father was a soldier away at the front, and when he went he told Billy to take care of little Hetty for him. Billy was proud of his brother's trust in him, and Hetty's mother said that her little girl was always safe with Billy.

He smiled kindly at her as she spoke about the ladder. 'Yes, it is high,' he said. 'I am afraid that poor man will fall.'

'Play ball with Hetty,' commanded the little maiden, and Billy got out his ball.

The workmen had gone off to their dinner, and the street was very quiet when Billy's mother called to him. 'Stay here, Hetty,' he said, as he ran in; 'I won't be a moment.'

When he returned in a few minutes, Hetty was nowhere in sight. He looked up and down the street anxiously, and was running to call his mother, when he saw a patch of blue against the side of the house. He gave a gasp of terror. Hetty had climbed half-way up the long ladder, and was still climbing. What could he do? If he called her, he might frighten her, and make her fall.

Suddenly he closed his lips firmly, and with a very pale face took hold of the sides of the ladder, and began to climb after the little girl. He had to go slowly and carefully lest he should shake the ladder, but he got nearer to her with every step.

He had reached her at last, and putting his left arm around her he began the climb down. It was the worst part of his task. Hetty did not like being taken from off the ladder, and screamed and kicked. Poor Billy thought that now he really must fall, but he clung on bravely.

Hetty's screams brought her mother and Billy's mother out also, and when they saw what had happened they caught each other's hands and stood trembling. Then Hetty's mother stood close to the ladder, and as soon as she could reach her, she took the baby from poor Billy, and then his own mother caught him in her arms as he fell.

'My brave, brave boy!' she said, kissing him.

He opened his eyes wonderingly. 'Was I brave, mother? I couldn't let Hetty fall. Jack told me to look after her for him.'



"Poor Billy thought that now he really must fall."