



"The men good-naturedly made room for the new arrival."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

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CHAPTER III.

ROGER went up to his own room after the momentous interview with his uncle, and seated himself by the open window, with his elbows on the sill, his chin in his hands, and his eyes staring out across the garden and paddock to the haze of woods and blue hills beyond.

He had made up his mind now, once and for all, to go out to France and fetch Val home; but there were still plans to be decided upon and ways and means to be considered.

Roger Mervyn was fifteen and a half, and there was plenty of common sense and intelligence in his close-cropped dark head; but he was not tall as yet, and looked rather young for his age. Elderly people and strangers were inclined to treat him as if he were still a little boy, and it would never for a moment have occurred to Mr. Danvers that his nephew was capable not only of making his own arrangements for a journey, but of carrying them out unassisted.

Roger knew perfectly well that if his uncle knew of his scheme for leaving Monkton Ashe, he would forbid and probably prevent its being put into execution, so it was necessary to keep the whole affair a secret. He must get up to London first, and he believed that there was a train at midnight; so when the Rector and his wife had crossed the lawn on their way to church, he went down to the study and took the time-table from its place on a shelf.

'Monkton Ashe, 12.5 a.m.—Paddington, 5.30.' That would do quite well, for although it was a slow train and there was several changes, he would get to London in plenty of time; and then the boy sat down in his uncle's armchair and wondered how, having reached London, the second stage of his long journey could be managed.

Money was the first and most important consideration, for although, fortunately, he had enough for the fare to Paddington, there would not be more than a few pence left when once a third-class single ticket had been purchased. It was quite impossible to apply to Mr. Danvers or Aunt Minnie; and Dick and Robin Henley, the only friends in Monkton Ashe in whom he would have ventured to confide, were, he knew, no better off than himself.

Roger's only relation in London was a deaf and disagreeable old great-aunt, who certainly would not dream of helping him. If only he had been rich, like some of the boys at school!—and then, suddenly, a brilliant idea flashed into his mind.

Sam Wilbur, his friend, the red-haired American, who was always good-natured, was, moreover, the only son of a millionaire. Sam would be sure to lend him the money, and luckily he had the boy's address in his pocket-book, for he had promised to send him some Indian stamps for his collection.

Roger got out the time-table again and searched through its pages—yes, here it was, the Grosvenor Hotel, and as Sam had travelled a good bit, he would be able to provide not only money, but also advice as to the best means of reaching St. Denis-sur-Meuse.

The boy had great faith in his friend and did not

attempt to make any further plans. He would go up to town, find the Grosvenor Hotel, and then Sam Wilbur would tell him what to do.

Looking back upon it afterwards, Roger thought that that Sunday evening was the longest he had ever known, for when once he had packed his knapsack and hidden it away in a cupboard, there was nothing for it but to wait patiently until it was time to make a start. It seemed ages before his uncle and aunt returned from church, and then there came supper and an hour in the stuffy lamp-lit drawing-room, during which Aunt Minnie dozed over a book and Uncle Robert talked about the morrow's cricket match, cricket in general, and his own far-away school-days. The war and Val's journey home were not once mentioned, and Mr. Danvers was glad to see that his nephew, apparently, had forgotten his foolish fears and excitement.

'I will remember to write to Cook's to-morrow,' he said to himself, when Roger had bidden him good-night and gone up to bed. 'But really there is no need to do anything, and the boy seems quite to have recovered his spirits.'

And meanwhile, up in his own room, Roger was busily counting his money, changing his Sunday suit for everyday blue serge, and wondering whether it would be best to make his way out by the study door, which squeaked when you opened it, or by the pantry window.

Half an hour later the boy heard first his uncle and aunt, and then the servants, mount the stairs on their way to bed; but it was not until long past eleven that the house was quiet. Then he opened the door of his room noiselessly and stole out on to the dark landing with his boots in his hand and his knapsack strapped on to his shoulders.

His cheeks were hot and his heart beat quickly with excitement, for there was something delightfully adventurous about this midnight departure; and, as he crept down the stairs, which seemed to creak as they had never done before, he felt like the reckless hero out of some story book or picture play.

A gleam of light showed under the door of his uncle's bedroom on the first floor, and Roger stole past it, expecting every moment to be discovered, but he managed to reach the study in safety. There he paused for a minute and scribbled a little note, for he had suddenly remembered that Aunt Minnie must not be worried, and that she certainly would be if he disappeared without leaving a trace or word of explanation.

'Dear Uncle Robert, I have to go away, but will come home all right in a few days.—ROGER.'

That was all, for he did not dare to give a hint as to his plans or destination, and then he twisted the paper into a little cocked hat and put it under the big bronze letter-weight on the Rector's writing-table, where it would be quite certain to be seen.

This done, he opened the glass door carefully—it gave a squeak which seemed to bring his heart into his mouth, but there was no movement upstairs—and having blown out the candle which he had brought from his room, he put on his boots, laced them up, and set off down the drive.

So far so good, but it was later than he had intended, for the note to his uncle had delayed him, and the church clock struck twelve before he was half across the village green. Only five minutes more, and it would never do to miss this train, for there was not another until past

eight in the morning. Roger tore up the long sloping road at a pace which was better even than the sprint with which he had won the half-mile, and dashed into the station just as the train steamed up to the platform.

He asked for his ticket to London in a breathless gasp, threw down the money which he had been carrying hot in his hand, and then, flinging himself out on to the platform, wrenched open the door of a third-class carriage which seemed to be crammed with sailors and their white canvas bags.

Every seat was occupied, but the men good-naturedly made room for the new arrival, and he found himself squeezed in between a couple of stalwart stokers, who greeted him with rough jokes and laughter.

'Hullo, young man! You seem to be in a bit of a hurry. Come along in. Here, you chaps, close up and make room for a little 'un.'

Roger's remembrances of that first part of his travels were always rather blurred and hazy, for he was tired out with the worry and excitement of the evening, and dozed fitfully, with his head sometimes on the hard leather cushions and sometimes on the broad blue serge shoulder of one or other of his neighbours.

There were three changes, and the men roused him when each came, for they were all on their way to London; but his memories were chiefly of a stuffy atmosphere, the smell of strong tobacco, and a continuous murmur of hoarse voices which every now and then broke into laughter or into snatches of comic songs.

The train was almost an hour late, for the traffic was disorganized in England on that momentous August night, but Roger had plenty of time to spare. He had decided not to present himself at the hotel before nine o'clock, or a quarter to nine at the earliest, so, after a cup of scalding coffee, and a rather unsatisfactory wash and brush-up, he set off to walk across Hyde Park to his destination.

It was not until he had actually reached the hotel and was looking up at the big portico, that a doubt as to the success of his errand crept into Roger's mind. What if Sam Wilbur should be out of London for the week-end? What if he should not have the necessary sum of money to hand? What if he should refuse to help in the adventure?

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TOM AND TOMKIN.

'IT'S a magic forest—I'm sure it is!' Tomkin drew a long breath, as he stared out of the bedroom window straight into the trees.

'Pooh!' Tom snorted. 'There's no such thing as magic, but it'll be a splendid place to play at desert islands and trappers—climbing trees, you know, and all that.'

'I can't climb very well.' Tomkin's voice was rather sad.

'Never mind—I'll help you,' Tom answered kindly, for he felt already very fond of this delicate little cousin, whom he had not seen until the night before.

Tomkin had just been sent back from India by his father to live with an aunt, whose home was in the very middle of the New Forest, and she had invited Tom to spend the holidays with her too.

Both boys had arrived quite late the night before, and it had been too dark to see anything, but Tomkin, waking very early, scrambled out of bed and ran

across to the open window. Pulling aside the blind, he looked out and saw the forest, close up to the house and all misty and lovely in the grey dawn.

Tom was still very sleepy when the younger boy waked him to look; perhaps that was why he laughed at Tomkin's ideas of magic. Presently he yawned and stretched himself. 'I'm going back to bed,' he said. 'It's only four o'clock.'

He crawled into his warm nest again, but Tomkin stayed by the window, gazing out into the forest. Suddenly, across an opening in the trees at some little distance, the little boy saw something moving—something big and grey—something very unexpected in an English wood.

'Wake up, quick, Tom!' Tomkin's voice was shaky with excitement. 'There are elephants out in the jungle!'

'Elephants!' Tom woke, and made one spring for the window. 'Oh, rubbish! I don't see anything.'

'It's gone now. But do you think I don't know an elephant?' Tomkin said, scornfully. 'Why I've seen hundreds—oh, look there!'

Across the clearing were moving now khaki-coloured, humped shapes.

'Camels!' Tomkin cried. 'Oh, Tom, it *must* be magic!'

'Rubbish!' Tom said again. 'It's only—oh, I don't know! Anyway, it's jolly exciting! I say, let's go out and stalk them!'

'Yes, let's!' Tomkin was quite as excited as Tom.

I am afraid that neither of the boys spent much time that morning in washing or brushing their hair. A quarter of an hour later they were running towards the opening in the trees where they had seen the wild animals pass. Nothing was visible now except a trampled path, and this the boys followed, until suddenly Tom stopped short.

'Listen!' he said.

'It's an elephant trumpeting!' Tomkin whispered, excitedly. 'We must crawl, so as to get near them without being seen.'

The two laid down flat in the bracken, and crept along until at last they reached a thickly-growing hedge of wild roses. Tom and Tomkin peeped through a gap, and gave a gasp of excitement.

'Oh!' said Tom.

'O-oh!' said Tomkin.

For what they saw was exactly like a coloured picture out of a fairy-story book. Under the trees, in a little grass-grown hollow, were a number of people, all fast asleep, although it was broad daylight. And all of them wore regular fairy-story dresses, with velvet cloaks and brightly-coloured long stockings and feathered caps.

'Those must be the King and Queen,' Tomkin whispered, pointing at two very grand people in red velvet and purple satin and gorgeous jewels. Both the King and Queen were snoring loudly, with their mouths wide open, and their faces looked very fat and red.

'Oh, and Tom—there's the Princess—the Sleeping Beauty!' Tomkin's pale face was flushed with excitement, as he pointed to a grassy bank, where a little girl lay curled up asleep, dressed in white and ermine, and with beautiful long golden hair.

'We must break the spell of the magic sleep,' Tomkin said.

'How shall we do it?' Tom whispered back.

'Why, the same way as the Prince, of course!' Tomkin answered. 'If we kiss the Princess, they'll all wake up at once and be happy.'



"She woke and sat up, rubbing her eyes and staring at the boys."

'Oh, I say, I won't! Boys don't kiss—it's so silly!'
'If they're in fairy stories they do; and I will, any way.'

Before Tom could say another word, his cousin was scrambling through the rose-hedge, tearing his holland

blouse and scratching his knees and hands. Next moment he had tiptoed to where the Princess lay, and, kneeling down, he kissed her shyly. In an instant, she woke and sat up, rubbing her eyes and staring at the boys.
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THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

III.—ORDERS OF CHIVALRY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.



EIGHT Orders of Chivalry have for long been established in the United Kingdom. The Most Noble Order of the Garter is undoubtedly the most illustrious as well as the most ancient; indeed, it has been fittingly called the 'World's Greatest Order,' for to wear it is the highest honour to which a man can attain, symbolising valour, virtue and courage, as Shakespeare reminds us in the following lines:

'When first the Order was ordained,
my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage.'

That the Order of the Garter was instituted at least as early as the middle of the fourteenth century is proved by an entry of 1348 in the Treasury accounts for 'twenty-four Garters to the knights of the Society of the Garter.' The most popular story is that it had its origin in a garter dropped at a court function, and restored by King Edward III., who exclaimed, as he did so, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' (evil be to him who evil thinks), this being forthwith made the motto of a new Order of Chivalry. But those who are authorities on these matters look upon this version as purely a romance.

There are some again who think that when Edward III. fixed upon a garter as the emblem of this Order, he possibly had in mind the legend that the forces of Richard I. (Cœur de Lion) when employed against Cyprus and Acre were inspired by St. George with renewed courage, by the device of tying about the legs of a chosen number of knights a leather thong or garter, 'that being thereby reminded of the honour of their enterprise they might be encouraged to redouble their efforts for victory.' If this be anything more than a legend we must suppose that the leathern thong became the ribbon of the Order which is numbered by kings amongst their honours.

The usually accepted theory, however, is that the foundation of the Garter was entirely due to a desire on the part of Edward III. to follow the example of the Knights of the Round Table. It was placed under the protection of God, the Virgin Mary, St. George of Cappadocia (the patron Saint of England), and St. Edward the Confessor, and its records still retain the names of the first twenty-five knights, including the King and the Black Prince—'Knights without reproach,' they were to be. Eight of them were 'lords,' the remaining fifteen being simply 'sirs.'

The number of the Knight-Companions is still twenty-five, this having been ordained by a statute dated June 28th, 1831. Extra knights, foreign rulers and dignitaries, are admitted by special statute, but the Prince of Wales is always a knight by right.

The power of conferring knighthood is limited to the sovereign, princes, to those acting under their authority, and to a very few other personages of exalted rank.

Nor is the Order limited to men—there are ladies of the Garter also, for just now and then illustrious ladies have been admitted to its ranks. Numbered amongst these in more recent times was Queen Victoria, who was its head by right of her position as Sovereign of the realm, and after her death it was conferred upon Queen Alexandra as Consort of King Edward VII., Queen Mary following in due course as Consort of King George V.

The Prelate of the Order is always the Bishop of Winchester, and the office of Registrar has always been held by the Dean of Windsor. Among the other official personages are the Chancellor, Garter King of Arms, and Usher of the Black Rod. We must find space to say a little about the two last named, for their offices are both ancient and historic.

The office of Garter King of Arms was created by Henry V., who, in honour of the Order, ordained that the holder should also be principal officer within the College of Arms, and chief of the Heralds.

Black Rod, whose office takes fifth rank, was instituted by the founder. He has charge of the Chapter House of the Order. He is also the principal officer of the



Star and Chain of the Order of the Garter.

House of Lords, and, in addition, holds the important post of 'Usher of the Black Rod' (so called from the black rod he carries in place of a mace). He attends upon the House of Lords and the Order of the Garter, and is the senior of the gentlemen ushers, who officiate monthly in turns, waiting nearest to the person of the sovereign, and being next in authority to the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain.

When in 1910 the present Prince of Wales was invested with the insignia of the Order, the Garter service in St. George's Chapel, which had fallen into disuse for some centuries, was revived by command of King George. In accordance with ancient custom a grand procession was marshalled by the officers-of-arms

and led by the heralds and pursuivants, the battlemented towers of Windsor Castle making a beautiful background to the picturesque scene.

The knights in their dark blue velvet mantles, tunics of silver lace, and high-plumed hats, walked two and two, the King and Queen, wearing the same mantles and head-dress, bringing up the rear, their trains being borne by four pages of honour. After the royal knights, but distinguished from them by his three white feathers, walked the new knight—the Prince of Wales—who, in the Throne-room of the Castle, had just taken his knightly vows, the King himself having invested the Prince with each portion of the insignia, thus formally admitting him to the ranks of this noble Order of Chivalry.

From the Castle to St. George's Chapel the picturesque procession wound its way, disappearing through the West door into the choir of that old sacred building begun by Edward IV. and completed by Henry VIII., where are to be found the stalls of past and present knights, each with its banner waving proudly above it.

But to return to the story of the Order itself.

Before the reign of Henry VIII. it had no Collar belonging to it; this omission, however, dissatisfied the King, with the result that the present Collar of the Garter came into existence. It is of gold, and composed of twenty-six buckled garters with red and white roses in the centre of each, these being united by knots of gold. Hanging from it is the 'George'—an enamelled figure of the Saint on horseback fighting the dragon—which was added before the middle of the fifteenth century. The 'Lesser George' is the pendant attached to the dark 'Blue Ribbon of the Garter,' worn over the left shoulder.

There is, by-the-by, a story connected with why it is thus worn. In old pictures of Charles I. it will be seen that he is wearing the Garter ribbon round his neck, Charles II. being the first sovereign to slope it over the left shoulder. This King, having lived so long abroad, had grown accustomed to seeing the ribbons of foreign Orders thus worn, and set the fashion which has been followed ever since. The story goes that it first originated when Louis XIV. of France was a child of three. It was then the custom for a royal child, however young, to wear the ribbon of its country's Order round the neck. This particular child in playing one day with the ribbon put his arm through it. His father seeing this gave instructions that for the future the ribbon should be thus worn instead of round the neck—at any rate, that is the story.

At the old and stately ceremony which accompanied the installation of a new knight, his helmet, sword, crest, banner, and plate (the latter containing his arms and titles) were placed above his stall, to remain there, as a mark of honour, so long as he continued a member of the Order. Did he prove unfaithful to his knightly vows and commit any of the three 'unpardonable crimes'—heresy, treason, cowardice, he was to be forthwith struck off the Roll of the Order. Fortunately this rule has not often had to be carried out, comparatively few Knights of the Garter having suffered the penalty of 'degradation' in historic times—in fact, for the last two hundred years there have been none at all. Furthermore, there is no record of the displacement of the name of a living sovereign from the Roll of the Order until when, in May, 1915, the following order went forth from the College of Arms: 'The King, as sovereign of

the Order of the Garter, has given direction that the following names should be forthwith struck off the Roll of the Knights of the Order.' Eight names followed, among which were those of two Emperors and six reigning Princes. They were enemies, it is true, but this is not why they were 'degraded,' it was because they had committed the three 'unpardonable crimes of heresy'—by being false to the Christian principle of mercy and kindness; of 'treason'—in breaking the laws between nations; of 'cowardice'—in killing defenceless women and children. They had proved themselves unworthy knights, and it was no longer fitting that their banners should hang by those of their knightly companions.

We are glad to know, though, that the Garter has been worn in our time by great soldiers and great statesmen, but no prouder banner waves to-day in St. George's Chapel at Windsor than that of the most recent knight—Albert, King of the Belgians. The circumstances, too, under which the new knight was invested were both pathetic and tragic, for this took place in no royal castle, but upon the small portion of Belgian soil still left to its sovereign and within sound of the guns; here he stood and clasped hands with England's king, who had come to bestow upon this brave monarch its highest honour. King George himself placed the broad blue sash of the Garter across the weather-stained uniform of the new knight, handing him the insignia of the Order, with its symbol of St. George slaying the dragon. Never was the great Order more worthily bestowed, for here indeed was a knight 'without reproach,' who had dared much for the sake of honour.

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CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

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

(Continued from page 179.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO the children and Mrs. Chinna the hours after Chinna left them seemed at once far too long, and yet far too short. At one moment they felt that Chinna had been away for an incredible time; the next, that night was drawing near with terrible swiftiness.

It was Mrs. Chinna who suggested a hunt for peahen's eggs, which helped to pass the time a little. But only one nest was found, and all the eggs it contained proved to be stale, save two. Mrs. Chinna put these aside to cook with what was left of the rice later. And then she set to work to hunt for edible roots, but in this the children could not help her, as they did not know which roots were fit to be eaten, and which were poisonous. They looked after the goat instead, for it was most necessary to see that she did not stray, not only for her own sake, but also because her milk was now of the greatest value.

The goat lay down to sleep after awhile, blinking contentedly as was her custom. She had forgotten the tigress already, and much approved of the plateau since there were no monkeys upon it to tease and chase her. And Brian began to practise again shooting at a mark with the spare bow and arrows, and to teach Nancy and Frederick to use the bow also. And Mrs. Chinna came

to watch them presently, her little face all twisted with anxiety.

'Very soon it will be dark, and still my man comes not,' she said. 'Indeed, it was not wisely done to defy the spirits.' And she looked at the children so wistfully that they all set to work to console her as best they could. And, by dwelling on Chinna's skill and courage, and on the fact that he himself had announced he might have to go a considerable distance, they succeeded in cheering her somewhat. And thus the day passed, its hours balanced between hope and an increasing anxiety.

It was the anxiety that predominated as the sun began to sink, and this was due partly to the fact that they were all so hungry by this time it was very difficult to feel cheerful. Mrs. Chinna, at last, decided to wait no longer for Chinna. And, when the goat had been milked with Nancy's help, she set to work to cook the remainder of the rice and the eggs; and also she roasted the roots she had dug up, they were thick and white, and tasted rather like chestnuts.

'Sometimes I make of these a kind of flour, and, from the flour, bread,' Mrs. Chinna explained; 'when there is no other meal to be obtained. But, alas! the little mill was left behind last night. Perchance I shall never grind it again.'

And, sighing deeply, she divided the food into five portions, the biggest of which she set aside for Chinna. But even the biggest was small, and, when the children had eaten their share, they still felt hungrier than was at all pleasant. They tried to make a game of it, however, and to pretend that they were really in a besieged fort, and had been placed on rations as the provisions were running out.

'And, if we were shipwrecked,' said Brian, 'we should think ourselves very lucky if we got as much as this. I've read about some people who were days and days in an open boat with nothing but their boots to chew.'

'I think I'd rather starve than eat boots,' said Nancy, as she looked at her own worn pair. They had been shabby when she left the bungalow, and were shabbier now since it was not possible to clean them properly, nor to polish them. Indeed, by this time all three children presented a somewhat dilapidated appearance. There were several rents in Frederick's garments, and Brian looked very funny with his yellow face and yellow hands. The dye showed no signs as yet of wearing off, though Mrs. Chinna assured him that in time it would do so.

The sun dropped behind the tree-tops presently, but still Chinna did not come, and now they all began to wonder if the tigress would come first, and to listen for that haunting, melancholy summons. And, presently, they crept within the shelter and crouched there still listening, and it was long before they slept. In consequence they woke very late, to find that Chinna was still absent, and also that the hunger of yesterday was as nothing to the hunger of to-day. The rice was finished, and Mrs. Chinna could find no more roots, though she grubbed busily for the best part of an hour. There was only the milk to drink, and milk is not very satisfying. They all envied the goat, who could feed to her heart's content, and wished that they, also, could make a meal of grass and leaves. Frederick was quite eager to try, and Nancy prevented him, only just in time, from cramming a handful of leaves into his mouth.

While Mrs. Chinna grubbed for roots, Brian wandered about the plateau with the bow and arrows, hoping that he might find something edible at which to shoot. He was very unhappy about Chinna, as unhappy almost as Mrs. Chinna, for, since it was he who had let the kid escape, he felt that he was in a sense responsible for all the trouble that had come upon the little man. And, as Chinna still failed to appear, Brian grew more and more restless, until he could stand the anxiety no longer; and throwing himself down beside Nancy, he began: 'Nancy, I just can't wait here and not even try to find out what has happened to Chinna. It's my fault partly that the villagers are angry. I'm awfully afraid that they have got hold of him again.'

'So am I,' Nancy admitted. 'And I do want to help too. But what can we do? We don't even know the way back to the clearing.'

'I know it,' said Brian. 'At least, I'm sure I could find my way there. I noticed ever so many things as we came to this place. There was a very white tree, and another with a big broken branch, and some queer-shaped rocks. Oh, and heaps of things. Chinna told me to look at everything and remember everything when I was with him in the forest. I could tell you all about this place with my eyes shut. Listen now.'

And, thereupon, Brian shut his eyes and described the plateau in such detail that it was quite clear he was not boasting only. And then he went on: 'It doesn't seem much use to look for Chinna in the clearing in a way, I know. I mean, that it doesn't seem likely that he'll be there. But we could find out, perhaps, if the villagers had been near the place, and if they had tried to recapture him or not. And I could take the bow and arrows, and I might see something which I could shoot. We must have more food, or we shall all starve.'

It was this last argument, perhaps, which helped to convince Nancy, and now there only remained Mrs. Chinna to persuade. The little woman declared vehemently that on no account would she, herself, return to the clearing. It was accursed of the spirits, she said. And Chinna, without doubt, was already beyond the help of man. Nevertheless, when she found she could not turn the children from their purpose, she did her best to assist them. She knew the track to the clearing well, and was able to add many details to those Brian had collected. And she advised him to chip a tree here and there with his axe, so that should he and Nancy wander from the right path, they might, at least, be able to find their way back to the fort.

It was a great disappointment to Frederick that he could not go with his brother and sister; but, as he could not walk as fast as could they, it would have caused too much delay to take him. He was somewhat comforted when he was told that he must take care of Mrs. Chinna, and he stood holding the latter's hand, and waving to Nancy and Brian as they disappeared down the steep path into the forest. They were like the people in stories, Frederick thought, who set out to conquer wicked demons. That they would succeed he never doubted, and fully expected that they would very shortly re-appear with Chinna in tow. And something to eat also, Frederick earnestly hoped, for by this time he was hungrier than he had ever been in all his short life hitherto.

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"Brian wandered about with the bow and arrows."