



“Listen. There's something moving quite close to us.”

## CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

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

(Continued from page 191.)

NANCY and Brian were not very confident of success, but the excitement of their quest helped them, at least, not to feel afraid. Full of importance, they crept along, Brian leading with the little axe in one hand, and the bow in the other, while Nancy carried the arrows. And they were so busy looking for the landmarks they must find that the road to the clearing seemed shorter than they had expected. They could just see the hut through the tree-trunks when Brian turned suddenly and caught hold of Nancy, and whispered, very softly: 'Listen, listen. There's something moving quite close to us. Can't you hear it?'

And Nancy, listening intently, heard a pecking and a scratching. And out on to the track, from beneath the undergrowth, strutted a jungle cock, so full of importance and conceit that he did not stop to be cautious—so occupied in contemplating his own magnificence that he did not see the two who were watching him so eagerly. And, quickly, Brian loosed an arrow, and then he and Nancy dashed forward triumphantly, for the jungle cock lay stretched upon the ground, dead ere he was aware of the death that threatened him.

It was a splendid moment, though Brian tried to appear as unconcerned as possible. He found himself, however, obliged to agree with Nancy when she asserted that such a jungle cock had never before been seen. And so happy did this success make them both that they went on towards the clearing almost sure that they would find Chinna; almost certain that no harm had befallen him, and the undisturbed condition of the hut and its contents served at first to reassure them further, as it had reassured Chinna himself.

'The villagers haven't been here any way,' said Brian. 'There's nothing missing. Except'—he had suddenly remembered the venison also—'except the venison,' he added, and ran towards the tree in which it had been hung that he might look more closely.

And, as he did so, Nancy, who was scouting round the edge of the clearing, called out eagerly: 'Some one has been here, Brian, since the storm. Here's a quite new footmark at the beginning of the track that goes down to the lake.'

Brian had found footmarks also now beneath the tree; footmarks which went across the clearing to join that which Nancy had found; footmarks which Brian was certain belonged to Chinna. He had followed so often behind the little man in the forest that he was sure he could not be mistaken. And, all at once, it seemed to him he had found the solution of the whole mystery.

'Chinna's gone down to the lake to shoot duck,' he cried. 'He told me he did so, sometimes; at night. I expect he couldn't find any fresh game, and so he thought of the duck, and he's taken the venison with him. And there were the fish in the nets. He'd have remembered that as well. We'll go down towards the lake to meet him. I am glad we've found him again.'

And they both began to run towards the lake in eager haste, expecting to meet with Chinna every moment. Almost to the edge of the water they came, but there was no sign of the little hunter. But still his footsteps

went ahead of them to where the reeds grew thick in marshy ground.

And there—there amidst the marsh—the footsteps vanished. Vanished in a wide and miry circle, torn and trampled by the weight of half a hundred men. Clear and unmistakable were the signs of a struggle. Dumbly the earth bore witness to the wrong that had been done. There were specks of blood upon the reed tops, and a scrap of Chinna's waistcloth fluttered forlornly from a bush. And the children, as they looked, knew that there could be no doubt, no possible doubt, as to his fate. The little hunter was in the hands of his enemies once more.

## CHAPTER XIX.

FOR a long moment Brian and Nancy stared at the trampled ground, the specks of blood, the scrap of cloth. And then they turned instinctively, and began to run towards the clearing as fast as possible, spurred by the thought of the tortures Chinna might already be enduring. They must get to Mrs. Chinna, they felt, as quickly as they could, that they might concoct with her some plan for the rescue of the little hunter.

'Red-hot iron,' Nancy gasped. 'And all his teeth knocked out. Oh, poor Chinna. Poor Chinna.'

'A bag of red pepper over his head,' Brian echoed. And then, both together, they cried, 'They shan't do it. They shan't do it.'

To the clearing they came, and through it they ran, and along the track which led to the fort, Brian carrying the jungle cock. He had remembered to blaze the trees as Mrs. Chinna had suggested, and the little white patches showed very clearly, and were of great assistance.

At the edge of the fort Mrs. Chinna and Frederick were waiting, keeping an eager watch. And there was a clamour of welcome as they caught sight of Nancy and Brian, and of the load Brian carried. But, as they came closer, and Mrs. Chinna could see how anxious and disturbed were their faces, her joy turned promptly to sorrow, and she broke into a loud wail.

'Ye bring bad news,' she mourned. 'My man is dead. My man, who was so great a hunter. There is no need to speak. I know it. I know it.'

'He isn't dead,' Nancy gasped; her head as she ascended the path was by this time just about on a level with Mrs. Chinna's, for the little woman had flung herself on the ground in order that she might weep freely. 'He isn't dead. At least, we hope he isn't. But the village people have carried him off, we're afraid. The ground's all trampled down close by the lake.'

'And Chinna's footsteps went as far as the place,' Brian added. 'And there was a bit of his waistcloth there. And now we've got to rescue him,' he ended, as he pulled himself up to the summit of the fort. The last few yards of the path were very steep.

Mrs. Chinna stared at Brian miserably, and plainly took no comfort from their last assertion. She ceased to wail after a little, but a dull despair settled like a cloud upon her face. She picked up the jungle cock and carried it to the fire. And, though she let Nancy help in the cooking, and seemed glad to have her near, she turned a deaf ear to all attempts at consolation. She had known what must happen, Mrs. Chinna told herself, from the moment Chinna had defied the great ones. His fate was surely sealed. What would become of the four of them without his strong protection

she did not know, nor, at that moment, greatly care. But she instinctively recognised the fact that they must eat unless they wished to die soon of starvation, and went about her cooking in an unhappy silence.

But Mrs. Chinna's attitude in no way affected Nancy and Brian. They were still quite determined that Chinna could and should be rescued, but they were too hungry for the time being to think or plan clearly. When all the fowl had rapidly disappeared, they were better able to tackle the problem, and a very difficult problem they found it. One scheme after another they discussed, but each in turn proved clearly impossible.

'Shall we all go now to the village?' said Nancy, at last. 'Perhaps the villagers know more about white people than Chinna does. And, perhaps, they'll listen to us if we tell them we'll get them put in prison and punished if they harm him.'

'They might,' said Brian, but not very hopefully. 'But I think it's more likely they'd pay no attention, because they would think we were just children, and so didn't matter anyway. And, of course, they know they could prevent us going back to our own people, and telling what they had done.'

'It's a pity Chinna didn't teach us any spells,' said Frederick, with a sigh.

He was too young to fully understand the danger that threatened the little hunter, but he was as anxious to help as were Nancy and Brian. And he was quite convinced that a really strong spell would have proved a most powerful weapon, and one most amusing to wield.

'Spells aren't any use,' said Brian, rather crossly, because he felt so anxious. But, hardly had he said it, when he remembered that the villagers believed in spells quite as firmly as did Frederick. They had been quick to take himself for a spirit when he sat in the tree. They had been afraid then. Would it not be possible to make them afraid in the same fashion again? It was an idea that promised great things, Brian felt, and he at once began to enlarge on it.

'If the village people thought we were spirits, and not children,' he began, 'then, I do think, they might be frightened of us, perhaps. If we could creep very quietly into the village after dark, and show ourselves to them suddenly, they might be startled into letting Chinna go. And we could say some new misfortune would happen to them if they didn't release him. That we would send a tiger to kill them. Why, one of us might wear the tigerskin, and pretend to be a special tiger spirit.'

(Continued on page 206.)

## THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

### III.—ORDERS OF CHIVALRY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

(Concluded from page 190.)

**S**COTLAND'S Order of Chivalry is the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle.

This Order, though called ancient, is not nearly as old as that of the Garter. It is said to have been originally founded by King Achaius, but the earliest known mention even of the thistle as the national badge of

Scotland is first found in an old inventory in the reign of James VII. of Scotland (II. of England), who evidently adopted it as a suitable illustration of the royal motto, 'In Defence.' Thistles are found, too, on the coins of James IV. and V. and on those of Mary and James VI., the last-named being accompanied for the first time by the motto, 'Nemo me impuné lacessit' (no one annoys me with impunity).

But it was James II. of England who, in 1687, really instituted the Order of the Thistle, which he dedicated to St. Andrew—the patron saint of Scotland—supposed to be the same Andrew of whom we read in the New Testament. It is said that he suffered crucifixion and desired that his cross might be turned so as to form an X, not considering himself worthy to suffer death on the same shaped cross as that of his beloved Master. Tradition says that his remains were brought to Scotland in the eighth century, when the Scottish people took him as their patron saint.

In its original form the Order consisted of the Sovereign and eight Knight-Companions, but at the Revolution of 1688 it fell into abeyance, and it was not until 1703 that it was revived by Queen Anne, who ordained that the Knight-Companions were to be twelve instead of eight, this number being further increased by George IV. in 1827 to sixteen, at which it now stands.

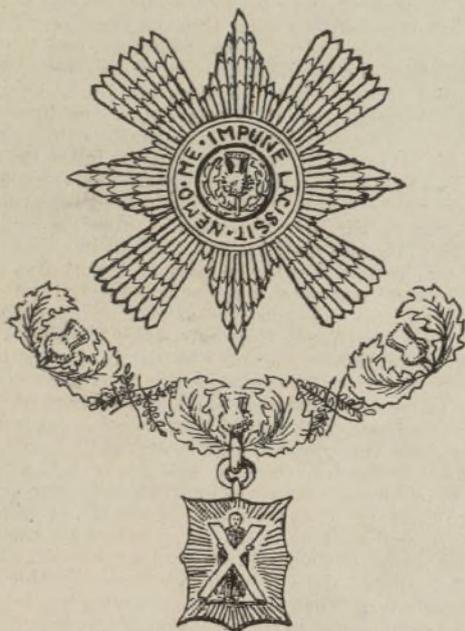
Knights of the Thistle had no official chapel until St. Giles, Edinburgh, was built; this was begun in 1909, and has been used by them since its completion. The Order, however, had its Dean, Secretary, and King of Arms, and also a Gentleman Usher, called 'Green Rod.' It is not known when the office of 'Lyon' was first constituted; but that it is very old we do know, for 'Lyon' was an important figure in the coronation of Richard II. in 1371. As King of Arms in the Order of the Thistle he is styled 'Lord Lyon,' and the office is always held by men of high birth, and oftentimes a nobleman fills it, in which case he appoints a 'Lion-depute.' There is no College of Heralds in either Scotland or Ireland; but 'Lyon King of Arms' lays down the law in all matters of heraldry, appointing the heralds—Albany, Ross, and Rothesay—as well as the pursuivants—Carrick, March, and Unicorn.

The decorations of the Order consist, in the first place, of a Star worn on the left side of the coat or mantle. It is embroidered in silver, and is in the shape of a St. Andrew's Cross, with rays of light shooting out from its points. In the centre is a green and gold thistle surrounded by a circle bearing the motto of the Order. The Collar of golden thistles intertwined with rue comes next; this is as old as the reign of James II. of England, but the design is older, as this appears on the gold bonnet pieces of James V. of Scotland in 1542. Until the founding of the Order, though, it was nothing more than a device. The gold enamelled Badge which hangs from the collar consists of a figure of St. Andrew bearing the X-shaped cross, and is surrounded by golden rays like a glory. When not suspended from the Collar, it is attached to a dark green ribbon slanting from the left shoulder and tied under the arm. Last of all comes the Jewel—an oval silver-plate bearing the same insignia and motto as the Badge. The mantles of the Order are of dark green velvet worn over a surcoat, &c., of cloth of silver.

The Sovereign, the royal Princes, and sixteen important Scottish noblemen constitute the Order of the Thistle.

Younger still is the Irish Order of Chivalry, the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick. This, when originally founded by George III. in 1783, consisted of the Sovereign, the Grand Master (the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the time being) and fifteen knights, but upon its extension in 1833 the number was raised to twenty-two, which, together with the Lord-Lieutenant (its Grand Master), holds good to the present day.

As its name tells us, the Order is dedicated to St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. Little is known of the life of this saint, even the date of his birth being uncertain, but his story is interesting. He was born either in Scotland or France, and was taken prisoner, when quite a boy, by pirates who conveyed him to Ireland and sold him as a slave. After many years of suffering and hardship he escaped to the sea and boarded a ship sailing for France, his passage being given him in exchange for work. Upon landing in France he set out to walk, and eventually reached Marseilles. Here, fortunately for him, he met the good Bishop Martin, with whom he lived for six years, eventually becoming a monk himself. He finally decided to return to Ireland and preach Christianity, which he did with such success that by the time of his death the whole of Ireland had become Christian. Legend says that St. Patrick used the clover leaf or shamrock as an illustration to teach the people the



The Star, Collar, and Badge of the Order of the Thistle.

meaning of the Holy Trinity, and that this is how the little green shamrock came to be used as the national badge.

The Chapel of the Order is the Cathedral of St. Patrick, Dublin, but its members, more like those of the Garter, are invested with great ceremony in St. Patrick's Hall of Dublin Castle, after which they are entitled to use the letters K.P.

The Collar of the Order is formed of roses (their leaves

being alternately red and white) and golden harps joined by knots of the same precious metal. The oval Badge or Jewel, also of gold, is encircled by a wreath of shamrocks, within which is a band of sky-blue enamel bearing the motto of the Order, 'Quis separabit?' (Who shall separate?), while again inside this band is to be



The Star, Collar, and Badge of the Order of St. Patrick.

found the cross of St. Patrick surmounted by a trefoil or shamrock bearing on each of its leaves an imperial crown.

The sky-blue ribbon of this Order is worn over the right shoulder and carries the Badge or Jewel. Last, but not least, comes the Star, differing from the Badge not only in being round instead of oval, but by having, in place of the shamrock leaf, eight silver rays, four of which are large and four small. This emblem is embroidered on the left side of the light blue velvet mantle worn over a doublet and trunk hose of white satin.

The King of Arms to the Order of St. Patrick is 'Ulster,' who has under him two heralds—Cork and Dublin—and a pursuivant called 'Athlone'; in common with the Garter, it has also an Usher of the Black Rod.

## WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 187.)

**R**EMEMBER, you must look after Val.' His father's voice seemed to mingle with the roar of the traffic, and with it ringing in his ears Roger mounted the steps, pushed open the door, and found himself confronted by a magnificent hall porter with a gold-laced cap, a red stripe down his trousers and a gleaming row of military medals on his breast.

'You wish to see Mr. Wilbur? Certainly, sir; this way, please;' and the boy, feeling very small and dusty, was escorted into an imposing lounge, where he waited in a large easy-chair while his guide gave sundry directions to a small but quite self-possessed messenger boy.



"He sprang to his feet and waved his piece of toast above his head."

Although it was still early the whole hotel seemed to be astir. People were going and coming, luggage was being carried to waiting taxis, and every one was buying, reading, or discussing the morning papers.

Roger's eyes wandered restlessly from side to side, but there was no sign of Sam to be seen, and he was beginning to feel nervous again, when some one said, 'Good morning, sir,' and he looked up into the face of

a tall, square-shouldered man who was gazing at him with a pair of very shrewd grey eyes.

'You wished to see me,' the new comer went on. 'May I ask to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?'

Roger coloured and started to his feet, for he felt that this stranger was laughing at him, but he summoned up his courage and stiffened himself to his full height—which was not quite five feet.

'No, sir. I beg your pardon, but it's some mistake. I want to see a boy I know, who is staying here. His name is Sam Wilbur.'

A twinkle of amusement came into the other's eyes, and a smile twitched the corners of his mouth.

'Ah, I understand. It is my son that you wish to see—Sam Wilbur, Junior. He will be delighted, of course. Here, boy'—turning to the little page—'go and call my son. He is in the dining-room. Sit down, sir. Maybe, you are one of Sam's school friends at Hilborough?'

'Yes, we are in the same form,' Roger began. And then Sam appeared, in a loud-patterned tweed suit that would never have been allowed for a moment at Hilborough School, and with his red hair newly brushed and shining.

'Hallo, Mervyn, old man, how are you?' he greeted his friend as casually as if the latter's unexpected arrival was the most natural thing in the world. 'Father, this is Mervyn, the chap who gave me those ripping Malay stamps.'

Mr. Wilbur bowed ceremoniously, in acknowledgment of the introduction.

'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Mervyn. Have you had breakfast yet, by the way? No? Then I hope you will join my son in the dining-room. I'm afraid I must be getting off now. My car is here. Good-bye' sir. So long, Sam. See you again to-morrow morning.

Roger followed his friend to the dining-room willingly enough, for he had suddenly realised that he was terribly hungry, and the prospect of breakfast was extremely welcome. The cup of coffee at the station had not been very satisfying; he had eaten little supper in his excitement of the evening before, and he had, moreover, forgotten to take any food in his knapsack for the long night journey. Now he was quite ready to do justice to the porridge, bacon, eggs, tea, toast, and marmalade which seemed to appear on the table as if by magic, and during the meal he explained to Sam why he had come to London and what it was that he wanted.

The American boy listened eagerly, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, for he was reckless by nature, and always ready to be the ringleader in any wild freak or enterprise. Hitherto life in England had seemed very tame and commonplace, but here, at last, was an adventure quite to his taste.

'What a spree! Oh, Mervyn, what a perfectly ripping spree! To get out to France! And the war's begun there already! Why, it's like going to the Front! Don't I envy you, that's all. You will have the time of your life.'

'And the money?' Roger was determined not to lose sight of the main point at issue. 'Can you lend me the money for the journey? I've only got sixpence left, and there's no one else that I can ask for it.'

'The money—oh, that's all right. Yes, of course I can lend it. I've got heaps, and the Dad gave me a cheque only this morning. I'm off to Scotland to-morrow, you see, to stay with that chap, Graham-Campbell. We will get the cheque cashed, and buy your ticket directly after breakfast. The hall-porter will see to it for us, I expect, and he will tell you all about trains and boats. Mervyn, you are a lucky beggar. I'd simply give my ears to be going too.'

'I wish you were,' Roger replied fervently, for Sam's high spirits had encouraged him; and now, having finished breakfast and settled the all-important question

of money, the future looked far more rosy than it had done an hour ago. Sam Wilbur would certainly have been the most cheerful and amusing of travelling companions, for there was never any knowing what he would do next or what he would say. Now, instead of finishing his piece of toast, he suddenly sprang to his feet and waved it above his head with an exclamation that made many eyes turn in the direction of the little table where the two boys sat together. 'Gee-whiz! Why shouldn't I go? Oh, Mervyn, what an idea! Why ever didn't I think of it before? I'll chuck Scotland, wire to Graham-Campbell, and go out to France with you.'

#### CHAPTER IV.

ROGER MERVYN had never realised before that day what a great power money is in the world, but now that he had the Oil King's son as his confederate and companion, everything became easy. In less than an hour, with the help of the hall-porter, and, as it seemed to Roger, the entire staff of the hotel, tickets were bought, arrangements made, Sam's suit-case packed, and the millionaire's cheque changed into bundles of crisp notes and a little pile of French silver.

Then there was nothing to do but to wait until it was time for their train to leave, and the minutes seemed to pass very slowly to Roger, for he was feverishly eager to be started on his journey. Every newspaper that he glanced into increased his fears about Val, for it was evident that the war-cloud was gathering thickly on the frontiers of France, and St. Denis-sur-Meuse was far away to the north, near both to Germany and to Belgium. The boy read of how tourists were hastening homewards from all quarters, and he realised that, although money and a friend had been secured, his real troubles had not, as yet, even begun.

To tell the truth, moreover, Roger was not sure that Sam Wilbur, with his wild behaviour and reckless absurdities of speech, might not prove to be more of a hindrance than a help on the journey, for he seemed quite to lose sight of its object, and behaved as if the whole affair were only a glorious adventure which promised endless excitements and new experiences. He talked volubly to Roger in the lounge of the hotel about what they would do in France, and even suggested that they should travel in disguise, and take immediate steps to enlist in some army or another on their arrival.

Roger, more cautious by nature and with his anxieties about Val always in the background of his mind, was dismayed at his friend's foolishness, and did not breathe freely until they were at last safely ensconced in a first-class carriage with the knapsack and suit-case in the rack above their heads.

Even then he could not feel really safe, for Sam insisted upon discussing their plans, and at last attracted the attention and the displeasure of an irritable-looking old gentleman who, it appeared, was on his way to Folkestone to meet his wife and daughters.

'Going to France, are you?' he said, glaring at Sam over his newspaper. 'And what is your business in France, I should like to know? Let me tell you, young man, that children are not wanted out there in the present state of affairs, and the best thing you can do when we reach Folkestone is to turn round and go straight back to London. What your people can be thinking of to let you fool about in this way is more than I can understand.'

(Continued on page 204.)

## TOM AND TOMKIN.

*(Continued from page 188.)*

'WHO are you?' she asked the little girl. 'And why did you do that?'

'I—I wanted to break the spell . . .' Tomkin said.

'S—sh!' the Princess whispered. 'Don't make a sound! Take me right away while they're all asleep—do, please! You must help me, because I've hurt my foot, and I can't walk on it a bit.'

Between them, the two boys almost carried the little girl a short distance into the forest, until they were quite hidden amongst the trees.

'You can put me down now,' the little girl said; 'and I'll tell you why I want to get away from those hateful, horrid people!'

'Do you mean the King and Queen?' Tomkin asked.

'They're not Kings or Queens or anything—just nasty, cruel old circus people. How I hate them!'

'But why was everybody asleep?' Tomkin asked.

'Because circuses have to travel all night,' the little girl explained. 'They start directly after the evening performance, so as to be somewhere else by the next afternoon. That makes everybody so frightfully tired, that they just sleep and sleep when they stop for a little to rest.'

'How did you come to be in the circus?' Tom asked, curiously.

'I—I ran away from Granny,' the little girl said, ashamedly. 'Mother had to go away with Father because he's ill, and Granny's so strict! So when the circus came I ran away to be one of the little girls who dance; I learnt all sorts of dances last winter in London. At first the circus people were quite kind; then, when I hurt my foot and couldn't dance, they got horrid, and—and I do so want to go back to Granny! I don't mind how strict she is!'

'Oh, I say, don't cry!' Tom said. 'What's your name, and where does your Granny live? Is it far from here?'

'Only about s-six m-miles!' sobbed the little girl. 'Along that road—I saw it on a sign-post—and my name's Meg—Meg Meredith. But I can't walk—I can't walk a bit!'

'We will carry you,' Tom said, cheerfully.

'You couldn't—all the way. And directly they wake up they'll come after me, and t-take me b-back. It's no good, unless—' suddenly Meg sat up and left off crying. 'I know!' she cried. 'I've got a splendid idea! Pompey will take us!'

'Who's Pompey?' Tom and Tomkin asked together.

'He's the biggest elephant in the circus, and he likes me awfully, because I give him things to eat, and he'll do anything I tell him. We'll ride on Pompey, all three of us, and go home to Granny.'

'Oh, I say! What a splendid idea!' Tom jumped up excitedly. 'Where is he?'

'Over there, with the other beasts, behind the rose-hedge. He's tied up by the ankles, and we must unfasten him without anybody hearing us. We'll have to creep there very, very softly.'

With Meg leading the way, the three crawled through the grass and bracken to where, over the top of the hedge, they could see the heads of animals—great grey, sleepy-eyed elephants and sulky-looking camels. As they came nearer, the boys could see that

all the beasts were tethered quite close together, and that several rough-looking men were sleeping beside them, with their heads resting on their arms.

The little girl crawled up to Pompey on her hands and knees and Tom and Tomkin followed. The big elephant was tied by cords round two of his feet to stakes driven into the ground. Meg set to work on the front foot and Tom on the back one, but it was a long time before they could unfasten the knots, with Pompey swinging his trunk and gently prodding them with the tip of it. At last he was loose, and Meg scrambled up and stood just in front of the huge animal.

'Pick me up, Pompey!' she said.

At once the elephant slipped his trunk round the little girl's waist and lifted her up on to his neck. Holding tightly to the big ear, she leant forward. 'Now, you two!' she whispered, and Tom came forward and stood in front of the elephant, setting his teeth and trying not to show that he was quite cold with fear. It was a horrible moment when he felt himself being lifted from the ground, but he shut his eyes tightly and next instant found himself safely beside Meg.

Tomkin came up very bravely; he had seen more of elephants than his elder cousin. So there they were, all three, on the creature's huge back, clinging to the broad strap which went right round his body, just below the neck.

Then Meg pulled the elephant's right ear, and whispered as loudly as she dared: 'Go on, Pompey, go on!'

At first, the big beast stood still, slowly swinging his trunk to and fro. Then he moved forward one huge foot.

'Go on, Pompey!' Meg said again.

For a moment longer the elephant waited, then swerved round and began to move, scrunching over the twigs and dry bracken.

'He can't help making a noise, his feet are so big!' Meg whispered. 'I'm frightfully afraid that some of them will wake.'

At first it seemed as though the circus people were sleeping too soundly to be disturbed, even by Pompey's footsteps. The three children clung on, holding their breath with excitement, with Meg steering their strange steed by the ear into the wide, grassy path which she knew led home.

And then, just when they really thought that they were safe, an awful thing happened. Perhaps Pompey thought that he ought to say good-bye to his companions, perhaps it was pleasure in starting for a walk. Anyhow, all of a sudden he threw up his trunk and gave a great trumpet. At once another elephant answered him, a horse neighed, and the camels began to grunt in their disagreeable way.

'Oh, it's no good trying to be quiet!' Meg cried. 'They'll all wake up now; yes, just look!'

From their high-up seats the three could see what was happening inside the rose-hedge. All the circus people were rolling over, rubbing their eyes, sitting up and looking round to see what the noise was about. It was in vain that Meg tried to hurry the elephant out of sight; Signore Carlo, the Circus King, saw them joggling along the path, and gave a shout of anger:

'See, it is Pompey! He is escaping! Go after him at once!' he shrieked, scrambling to his feet, and then all the others began calling to each other, and untethering horses, and running to and fro.

*(Concluded on page 202.)*



“ He felt himself being lifted from the ground.”