



“There was nothing terrible in front of him.”

## WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 215.)

IT was not a very comfortable position in which Roger found himself, for he was jammed tightly between two bundles of hay, but no doubt after a time, when it was quite certain that the train was fairly started out of the station, it would be possible to wriggle into the clearer space near the door. He had just begun to do this, and had succeeded in freeing one cramped arm, when he heard—or fancied that he heard—the sound of another rustling movement.

The boy stopped short, and it seemed to him that some one else stopped too. He held his breath, listening, and although he heard nothing, he knew—he was quite certain—that there, a few feet away, in the blackness, some one else held his breath and listened as well.

It was horrible, for all kinds of things, such as escaped convicts, German spies, or even mad dogs, might be there concealed in the hay, waiting and ready to spring upon him. Roger was not nervous by nature, but at that moment he was conscious of a chilly creepy sensation, and his hair seemed to stiffen and stand upright on his head.

If only it had been possible to see what the thing was—if only there had been a gleam of light—and then suddenly he remembered the new electric torch, and, dragging it noiselessly from his pocket, touched the spring.

The light flashed out white and vivid, and the next moment an exclamation of relief broke from Roger's lips, for there was nothing terrible in front of him, only a round, boyish face, a close-cropped dark head, and a pair of startled black eyes.

Beyond there was another face, which belonged to a small, rough-haired, yellow dog, which frightened by the sudden flare of light, burst into a succession of shrill, yapping barks.

## CHAPTER VI.

FOR a few moments Roger kept his finger on the spring of the torch, and, in the bright beam of light, the stowaways stared into each other's faces. Then there was darkness again, and with it came an eager flood of questions from the French boy, for now that he had recovered from the first shock of astonishment, he longed to hear all about the doings and future plans of this harmless—and apparently friendly—stranger.

Unfortunately every word of the swift, excited speech was unintelligible to Roger, and he wished that he had Val with him to interpret, for, having been more than two years in France, the little girl could now chatter the language like a native; and even—so she had written in one of her last letters—found herself sometimes thinking or dreaming in French instead of in English.

Roger made a great effort to overcome his awkward shyness and to fish up one or two useful words, at least, from the depths of his memory.

'Je suis English—Anglais,' he stammered, 'and I'm awfully sorry, but I can't understand a word you say.'

'Anglais, the other boy caught at the explanation; 'Anglais, ah, oui, Anglais,' and he was off again in another voluble stream of conversation, but Roger interrupted him.

'Yes, Anglais—moi Anglais—vous Français;' and then, feeling quite proud of this achievement, he switched on the light once more. The two boys took stock of each other during the brief moment of illumination, and, like worthy representatives in their small way of the great '*Entente Cordiale*,' smiled in the most friendly manner possible.

'Shake hands,' Roger said; and as he held out his own rather grimy paw, the action, if not the invitation, was understood. The two hands clasped in the following darkness, and then Roger made another valiant attempt at conversation: 'Moi, Roger Mervyn—that's my name—mon nom, and vous?'

'Roger Merveen;' the name was repeated with the quaintest of French accents. 'Oui, je comprends.'

'And you—vous, I mean—votre nom. Tell me votre nom.'

'Jules Breton,' the answer came readily enough, and there was a second hearty handshake.

'Roger Merveen, Jules Breton—et Toto.' A chuckle of amusement accompanied the words, and then Roger found a small rough paw thrust into his hand, and in the darkness the yellow dog's rough wet tongue licked his cheek as if in acknowledgment of the introduction.

After that the conversation went on apace, for here, in the jolting hay-waggon, Roger forgot to be nervous and found that he could remember numbers of French words, even if he could not string them together very deftly. He learnt that Jules was thirteen years old, that he lived in a village near Boulogne, and that now that War had come he had run away from home to be a soldier like his father and his eldest brother. For his own part he managed to convey the information that he had come to fetch his sister, that he loved the French and hated the Germans, and that his destination was St. Denis-sur-Meuse.

'St. Denis-sur-Meuse.' Jules repeated the name, and had a great deal to say which Roger could not understand, but he hoped it meant that the French boy was travelling in the same direction. With Jules as a companion he felt sure that he would get on splendidly, and, indeed, now that he was no longer alone, the boy's spirits had revived and difficulties seemed to vanish.

This night journey, for instance, what a wonderful adventure it would be to boast about in the future; and no doubt there were any number of other strange and exciting experiences still to come. It was almost impossible to realise that only twenty-four hours ago he had been still at Monkton Ashe Rectory, and had not even started on his travels. The boy's thoughts were interrupted by a rustle in the hay which came from the direction of Jules, and the next moment he felt a large and very hard apple being pushed into his hand.

'Pour vous, Roger,' the French boy explained, and then Roger remembered his basket of provisions and dragged it forward. 'Look here!' he said, and, turning on the electric torch, he had a bright momentary glimpse of Jules' delighted eyes and white gleaming teeth as he stared entranced at the marvellous feast which seemed to have appeared as if by magic in the stuffy gloom of the hay-waggon.

It was a very merry meal which followed, for both boys were hungry, and nothing could have been more welcome than the cakes, shortbread, cherries, red-currants, and hot-house grapes which poor Yankee Sam had purchased so lavishly.

There were also biscuits and some bars of chocolate in the basket, but some of these Roger put aside with a view to the future.

Toto, too, had his full share of the good things, and, when supper was finished, the boys and the dog curled themselves up like dormice in snug nests of hay and were soon sound asleep.

And so the train sped on its way eastward, past shadowy woods, star-lit fields, and straight, poplar-bordered highways; through the city of Amiens, with its huge Gothic cathedral, and into the flat vineyard plains of the champagne country.

'You will have to change at Rheims,' John Boughton had said, but Roger did not even know when Rheims was reached, and he was still sleeping peacefully when, after much jolting, shouting, and shunting, the train was dispatched once more on its journey towards the threatened frontier of France. As luck would have it, the English boy had done the best possible thing for himself when he scrambled into the hay-van, and without changes or difficulties, he was carried far in the direction of his destination. When, at last, the troop-train came to a standstill in a station it was within twenty miles or so of the little picturesque woodland town of St. Denis-sur-Meuse.

By this time the sun was high in the sky, and the hands of the clock pointed to half-past ten, but very little light crept into the dark van. Neither Roger nor Jules stirred until the wooden door was unbarred and swung open, and then they were confronted by a very much surprised and very angry soldier, who dragged them roughly out into the dazzling sunshine, and, in a furious voice, exclaimed at their daring and disgraceful conduct, demanded their business, and threatened them with dire and immediate punishment.

Roger backed against the truck and stood there, with shoulders squared and fists clenched, determined to make a desperate fight for freedom, but to his amazement, Jules, instead of displaying a like courage, began to shriek at the top of his voice, and struggled wildly when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. 'Toto, Toto,' he yelled, 'help, help!' and then he kicked the man's shins and beat with his hands against the stalwart arm that held him prisoner.

The long platform was crowded with blue-coated, red-trousered soldiers, and some of them, hearing the commotion, glanced up from their work of unloading the train, or sauntered forward with amused curiosity to see what was afoot.

Roger's cheeks grew hot with shame on his friend's behalf, as one piercing scream after another rent the air, and then suddenly a little yellow figure bounded past him, out of the gloom of the hay-waggon, and Toto, who until now had been asleep, flew to his master's assistance.

'Toto! Toto!' Any one would have thought that Jules was being half murdered, and probably this was the mistake that the dog made, for with bristling hair and a loud growl of fury, he flung himself upon the boy's assailant and seized him by the leg, his white teeth penetrating the thick red cloth of the voluminous trouser and giving the flesh beneath a sharp nip.

Another yell mingled with the shrill cries of Jules, and the soldier, taken completely by surprise, loosened his hold on the boy's collar; then his captive, whose terrors seemed to have vanished completely, turned to Roger and caught him by the hand. 'Come,' he ordered,

with a broad smile. 'Come quickly, before Toto lets him go,' and then the two raced down the platform and on to the railway line beyond.

(Continued on page 226.)

## A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

### VII.—LONDON TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

OUR next journey takes us westward once more, and starting out from London, we travel straight into the heart of England and into the realms of romance. The Thames Valley, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire: we are going into Shakespeare's country, and the way leads us through districts where many of the most picturesque events in history took place, and where the thread of history itself is closely interwoven with wonderful gleaming threads of legend and fairy-tale.

Paddington to Oxford, that is the first stage of our journey, and one of two ways may be taken, the first through Buckinghamshire, and the second along the course of the Thames and by way of Reading and Didcot.

Leaving Paddington by the former of these routes, the first station of any importance is Uxbridge, and in this place, then a straggling market-town with one long street, a meeting took place during the great Civil War between the followers of King Charles and of Cromwell. It was hoped that by this means the differences between the rival parties might be settled and peace restored; but peace proved impossible, and, after twenty days of debate and dissension, the Uxbridge Treaty was abandoned and the enemies parted—to meet again in a few weeks on the field of battle.

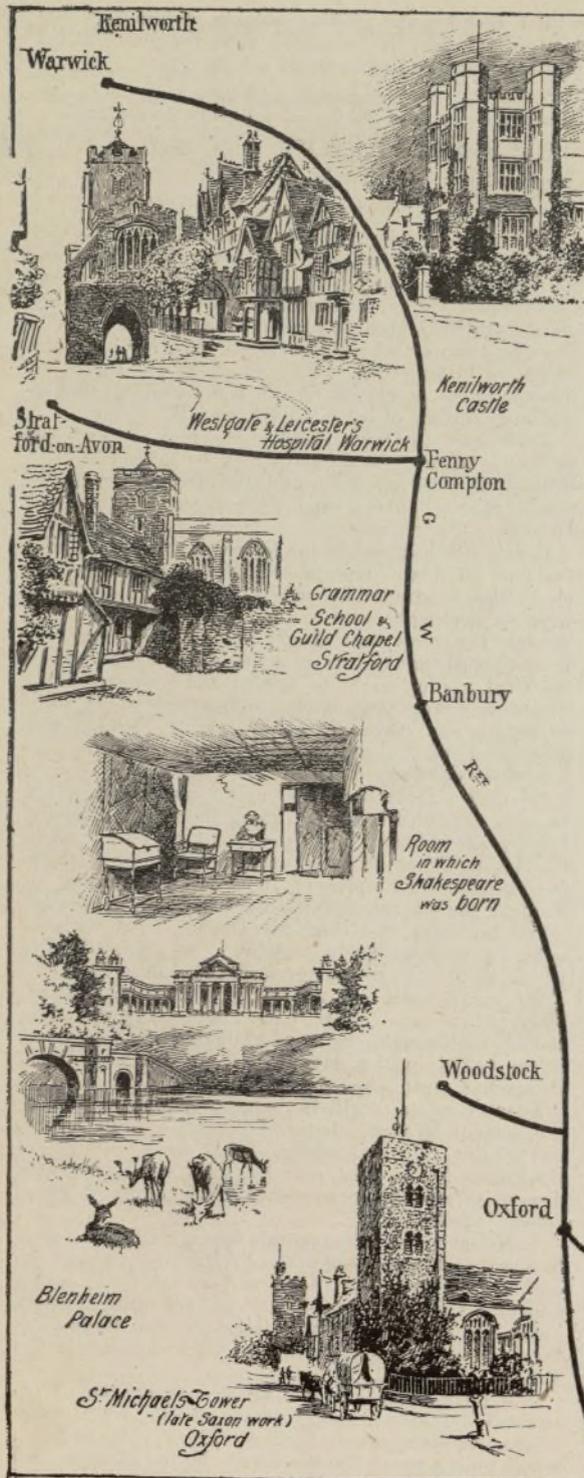
Leaving Uxbridge, we go on to Beaconsfield, where we are reminded of two great statesmen, Edmund Burke, who is buried in the parish church, and Disraeli, the famous Prime Minister, who caused Queen Victoria to be proclaimed Empress of India and who ensured for England the command of the Suez Canal. Hughenden is not far away, and there Mr. Disraeli lived, with his wife, Lady Beaconsfield, to whom was given the title which, at first, he would not accept for himself.

The next town on our route is High Wycombe, where there is a great chair industry; and then comes Risborough—Princes Risborough, as it used to be called in the days when Edward the Black Prince had great possessions there.

Further to the north is Aylesbury, a stronghold of the ancient Britons. Later, it became a royal manor, and Saxon and Plantagenet kings used to hunt in the forest of Bernwood, near by, and claim their yearly dues of three eels, straw, rushes, and a couple of green geese.

This district may seem prosaic nowadays, for the forest has disappeared and the towns of Buckinghamshire are dull and uninteresting. We will go back to London and take the other road to Oxford, travelling swiftly along the main line of the Great Western Railway as far as Didcot, and then turning northward across the wide loops of the Thames.

The railway runs straight across country, but if we could follow the winding course of the river, many interesting places would be seen. There is Wallingford, where once a great fortress—built by the Romans and held in turns by Saxons, Danes and Normans—guarded



the passage of the Thames. Then comes Dorchester, the Dorocina of ancient times, with its British camp standing up above the flat water meadows, and the abbey that once, long ago in the seventh century, was the cathedral church of the largest bishopric in all England; while further up the river is Abingdon among its woods, which were once infested by dangerous robbers.

And so we come to Oxford, the City of Spires, and one of the most beautiful of all towns, with its narrow streets, wonderful mediæval buildings, and memories which stretch back through the centuries into the far-off ages when, as an old writer says, the University was instituted by Greek scholars brought into Britain by Brutus, the Trojan. Other authorities, not so ambitious and more likely to be truthful, declare that King Alfred was the founder, and that his own son was educated in the new seat of learning. But both these stories are, more or less, legendary. The earliest documents date from the thirteenth century, and it was not until 1274 that Merton, the oldest of the colleges, was built.

Oxford, besides being the foremost University in England, has borne its part in the political and warlike history of the country, for it held out gallantly as a Saxon stronghold at the time of the Norman conquest, and six hundred years later, after experiencing riots, rebellions, and civil war again and again, became the headquarters of King Charles and his army. There were gay doings there when Queen Henrietta Maria held court in the old city, and reckless Prince Rupert, the cavalier hero and future pirate, rode out on his wild foraging raids through the country-side; but after a time the fortunes of war changed, Oxford was besieged, and we catch a glimpse of Charles escaping across Magdalen Bridge one dark April night, with his hair cut short and a groom's cloak strapped round his waist.

Dark days followed for the University, but, at the Restoration, its old privileges and possessions were given back, although the ruthless damage done by Cromwell's soldiers in college and chapel could not be made good.

Not far away from Oxford is Woodstock, where King Henry I. built himself a palace and where he kept 'lyons, leppards, lynxes, and porcupines.' It was here, so the stories say, that Fair Rosamund was held captive in a labyrinth and given her choice between dagger and poison; and here, centuries later, another young girl, Princess Elizabeth, was kept a prisoner by the orders of her harsh sister, Queen Mary.

The old palace of Woodstock has disappeared now, and only two tall sycamore-trees show us where it once stood, but a new palace has been built not far away. This is Blenheim, named after Marlborough's great victory, and given to the Duke on condition that, every



A Journey to Shakespeare's Country—

year, he brought to the King at Windsor a banner decorated with three golden Fleur-de-Lys.

Leaving Oxford we travel on to Banbury, the goal of nursery-rhyme expeditions. The famous market cross has been restored lately, and the cakes, which most likely were the object of the cock-horse rides, may still be obtained in the old town.

From Banbury to Leamington is only a short journey, and midway between the two stations lies Fenny Compton, with Edge Hill five miles beyond, where the first battle was fought between the Roundhead and Royalist armies. There have been other and older conflicts on this place, for a great horse cut in the turf commemorates doubtless some pre-historic victory. It seems as if the echoes of warfare must linger in the neighbourhood, for in an old pamphlet we read that on Christmas evening, in the year 1642, a wonder appeared in the skies, 'Noyses of War and Battels being seen on Edge Hill neere Keinton.'

Not far from Leamington the British Fosse Way crosses Watling Street, the great Roman road that runs from Dover to the Irish Sea, along which Cæsar's legions once marched and wayfarers of the Middle Ages travelled with lines of laden pack-horses or cumbrous waggons.

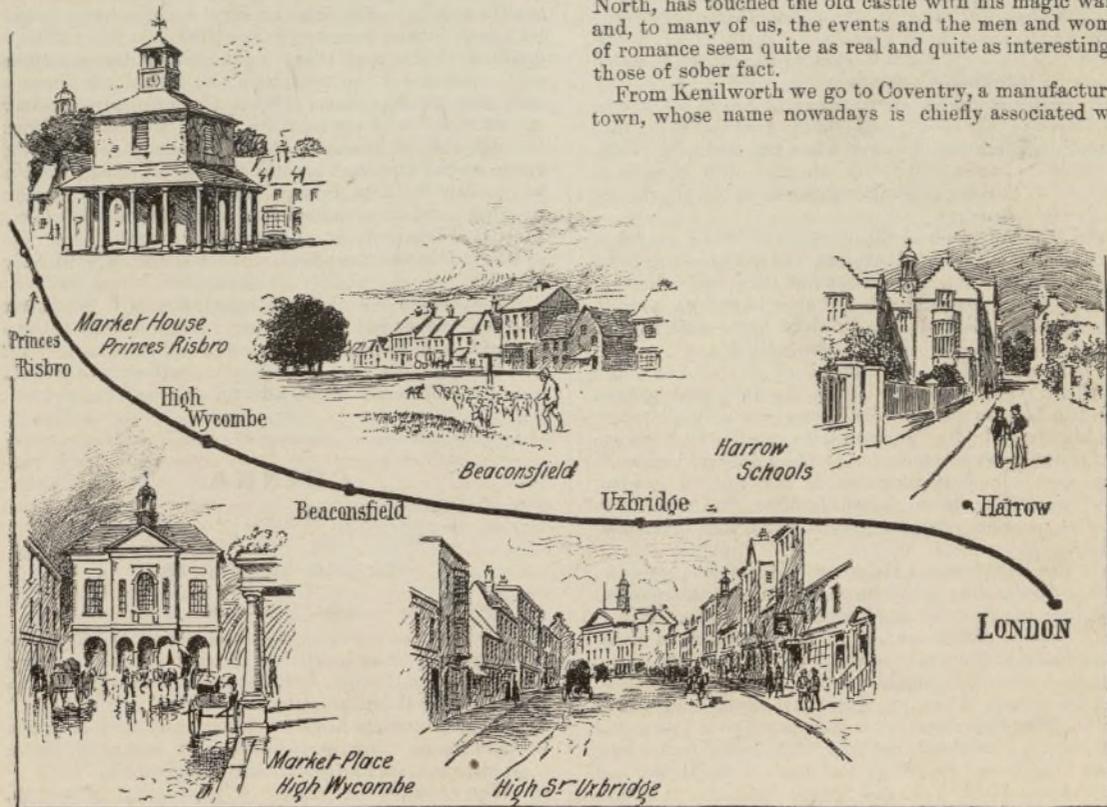
At the point where the two old highways cross is said to be the centre of England, and an oak-tree is said to mark the exact spot.

At Leamington the Great Western Railway turns sharply to the west, but if, instead of going on at once towards Warwick, we continue our journey northward, Kenilworth and Coventry are reached, two towns famous in English history, whose records, full as they are of picturesque incident and splendid pageantry, seem to glow with colour like the pages of some old illuminated missal.

At Kenilworth the ruins of the castle still remain as a witness of its former splendour, but the great fortress was ruthlessly destroyed in Commonwealth days, though it is still possible to realise from the ruins a little of what Kenilworth must have been like when Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was its owner, and when Queen Elizabeth attended the famous revels; or, in still earlier times, when the tournament was held at which Roger Mortimer challenged all comers and a hundred knights appeared in the lists.

Sir Walter Scott's romance has made Kenilworth well known to novel-readers, and it is interesting to identify the places where the different scenes of the story were enacted. The pleasance, Amy Robsart's chamber, and the grotto in which she met the queen, are all pointed out by the guide who takes visitors over the ruins, but, in reality, it is doubtful whether hapless Amy ever saw Kenilworth, and she was certainly dead before Elizabeth's majestic progress took place. However, it is no great matter if we do find some differences between history and fiction, for Scott, the Wizard of the North, has touched the old castle with his magic wand, and, to many of us, the events and the men and women of romance seem quite as real and quite as interesting as those of sober fact.

From Kenilworth we go to Coventry, a manufacturing town, whose name nowadays is chiefly associated with



—from London.

silks and ribbons or with bicycles and munitions of war. A busy, commonplace town, no doubt, to passing travellers; but Coventry has a history which rivals that of Kenilworth itself, and memories that stretch far back into the misty ages of legend and tradition. It was at Coventry that the Saxon earl, Leofric, lived with his beautiful wife; and we all know the story of how Godiva rode through the deserted streets of the town clad only in her flowing hair, in order that the taxes with which the people were oppressed might be repealed.

Later in history preparations were made at Coventry for the 'wager by battle' between Henry Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, and it must have been a brave show that was witnessed when the future King of England rode into the lists on his white courser, preceded by a herald and wearing robes of green and blue velvet, decorated with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work. Shakespeare tells the story in his play, *Richard II.*, and we know how, at the last moment, King Richard stopped the conflict and sent both combatants into exile.

So much for history and legend. But commerce, too, has its romance, and it is interesting to learn that the woollen manufactory, by which Coventry prospered during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, originated in ancient British days, when rough cloth was woven at Coventry and coloured with the blue dye which had been introduced into the district from Belgic Gaul.

From Coventry we retrace our journey to Leamington, and then go on to Warwick, another picturesque town, and one of even greater antiquity than Kenilworth or Coventry, for it is said to have been founded by the British king, Cymbeline.

The castle standing above the river Avon belongs to the Earls of Warwick, and many famous men have borne this title, since the days when the champion, Guy, fought the Danes, slew the monster dun cow, and returned in the disguise of a palmer from his pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

And then we go on to Stratford-on-Avon, a centre of modern pilgrimages, and explore the picturesque town where our greatest English poet was born and educated, and the country round, where he wandered as a child, and gathered pied daisies, violets blue, silver-white cuckoo flowers, and golden marsh-marigolds.

It is an enchanted land, this valley of the Avon, and seems always to be peopled with the men and women from the famous plays. And even when Shakespeare lays his scenes in foreign countries, we feel that we are not far away from home; for Ophelia gathered and distributed the homely blossoms of a Stratford garden, and quaint Warwickshire words often find their way into the speeches of some great Italian lord or Roman soldier.

All the world was a stage to William Shakespeare, and his own home county furnished him with splendid backgrounds and rich trappings for his dramas. Kenilworth was at the height of its magnificence in those sixteenth-century days. It was barely a hundred years since the great King-maker fell at Barnet, and there must have been many stories of his deeds and power told in Warwick; and when the young poet journeyed to Coventry, he doubtless met and talked with men whose fathers had fought in the Wars of the Roses, and had watched Henry VI. and Queen Margaret ride into their 'secret harbour.'

A. A. METHLEY.

### WHAT THE OLD BELL SAID.

'YOU are quite right,' said the old Bell; 'my voice is not very clear and musical now, because one morning, while I was calling loudly from the school-house tower, something went wrong with my mouth, and ever since then I have retired from active service to spend the rest of my days in this old loft among the dust and spiders. Will you believe it, I became quite fond of the children, and used to watch them to and from school with much more interest than they ever imagined. Years and years and years ago I remember two boys in particular. Tommy Slow was one and Billy Sharp was the other. They were both good boys, on the whole, but clang and dongle as loudly as I might, I could not make Tommy Slow get to school before I ceased to ring. Far off on the hill-top stood the house he lived in, and from the door of that house to the door of the school was quite a long walk. Tommy Slow could see the school-house tower from his own window, and this was a pity; for if he saw the clock in the tower was pointing at ten to nine, he always said, "I need not start yet, because school does not begin till nine."

"Tommy Slow, Tommy Slow!" I cried. "You forget that it takes some time to walk down the hill. Start at once, sir; start at once!" But not he.

Now it was quite different with Billy Sharp. He lived in the valley still farther away, and a long, long hill he had to climb; but up it he came, tramp, tramp, whistling a cheerful tune, and was always ready to say "Present" when his name was called.

'Now this sort of thing went on for two or three years, and when the two boys left school, Slow was a long way behind Sharp. Yet I am quite sure Tommy meant well, and I am sure he means well still. Look through the loft window, please. Do you see that fine house among the trees on the hill-side? Well, that is where Mr. William Sharp lives. See that poor man walking along the road with a rake over his shoulder? That is Thomas Slow, and, upon my word, he is late again in the harvest-field, for the rest are already at work.'

'Now, listen to me,' continued the old Bell after a pause, 'never put off starting for your work till the moment has come to begin. In other words, walk side by side with Time instead of a step or two behind him. If that's not sound advice, what is?'

JOHN LEA.

### CHINNA.

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

(Continued from page 211.)

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR a moment Brian was sure his secret had been discovered; or, at least, that the sick man had watched him talking to Chinna, and suspected he was the latter's friend. And Brian struggled desperately to free himself, but those clutching fingers held on until another spasm of pain made their clasp relax, and, instantly, Brian started to run, but a feeble voice pursued him.

'Water,' said the voice. 'In torment I perish. Water. Give me water, of thy pity.'

Brian stopped irresolute, his weight still poised on one foot, ready to run on again. But there was such pain in the calling voice that, at last, slowly he went back. The sick man was lying on his side, and looked up with sunken, pleading eyes: 'Water,' he repeated. 'Boy, give me to drink, my mouth is as dry as is the dust of the village street.'

Still Brian hesitated. These people had had no pity on Chinna. It did not seem fair that one among them should now expect pity for himself. But the pain in the man's face, his pleading expression, vanquished Brian soon. 'Where shall I get the water from?' he asked.

And the sick man answered: 'My house is yonder, the second from the pool; there is abundance of water within.'

Brian darted off, and pushed open the door of the house the man had indicated. There was no one inside, but in one corner was a big heap of bedding, and beside this stood a great pot of water and a small brass bowl. Brian tipped some of the water from the pot into the bowl, spilling a good deal in his excitement, and then he went back with the bowl to the man as quickly as he could manage to do so.

'May good fortune attend thee for this good deed,' the man said, as he drank thirstily. 'Now, perchance, can I reach my house. There can I die in peace at least.' And he began to crawl again slowly and painfully, while Brian turned to run once more, horrified to think of the time he had already lost. He was forced to go more slowly as he passed the pool, lest he should attract undue attention. The villagers might think it quite natural that he should run from the near neighbourhood of the wizard, but they would expect him to cease running when he was safe amongst those who were about to punish that wizard's evil deeds.

They were still undecided, he gathered, as to what form that punishment should take. But he heard enough as he slipped by to make him certain that the tortures Mrs. Chinna had mentioned were only a few of those it was proposed now to employ. And Brian heard a great talk of a bamboo which he could not understand. But, when he joined the waiting three at last, Mrs. Chinna was soon able to explain its meaning.

'It is with the bamboo they will kill him,' she said, much inclined to be mournful again. 'Thus is it done. The bamboo is placed across the neck of the wizard, and then men stand, several on each end, until they have squeezed the life from the throat. Alas, alas! for my man—the brave and the great. Thus will he perish.'

'No, he won't,' said Brian, with much determination. 'I never saw such a cowardly lot of people. It will be quite easy to make them run from us.' And he began to tell the story of the sick man, and of those others who, in their fear, had refused him help. And he told, too, of poor Chinna, bound and gagged within the hut, but at least unharmed for the present.

'And now we'll go and rescue him,' Brian concluded. 'We'll go round by the back of the house, and climb in through the window. It's only a window-frame really. There was no glass—nothing but a shutter, and the shutter was fastened back against the wall.'

While Bryan had been talking they had all been moving in the direction of the village, and now they had reached the edge of the pool, which was quite

deserted once more, as was also the platform beneath the peepul-tree. The whole population had withdrawn to the village since Brian had passed that way, and it was clear there was no time to be lost. If Chinna were to be saved, the saving must be done quickly.

'Go,' said Mrs. Chinna, sniffing miserably. 'Go, and good luck go with you. I will await you here, for I should but be a hindrance, and not a help, since, if the spirits are angry with my lord, must they not be angry with me, who am his, also? But I can watch the homeward path, and thus know if any pass along it to block our way later.'

And she squatted down on the ground with a heavy sigh. And she was much surprised when Nancy flung her arms round her neck and kissed her. Mrs. Chinna had never been kissed before, and she thought the kissing very strange at first, but certainly rather pleasant. And, finally, she pouted out her lips very far, and kissed Nancy with a resounding smack. It was just like the noise a buffalo makes as it withdraws its body from the mud of a wallow; indeed, a buffalo, which had cunningly managed to escape from the herd-boys, jumped up startled now. And this made them all laugh, and start in a cheerful mood.

'We'll follow the buffalo,' said Brian, 'until we get close to the village. We can hear by the noise its feet make if it's walking on firm or squashy ground, and so we'll be able to keep out of the pool.'

And the three children followed closely as the great beast lumbered slowly towards the village. And they found that after a little while their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, so that they could see after a fashion. And, moreover, though there was no moon as yet, there were a million stars, very large and clear. And on ahead were the lights of the village, and a big bonfire had just been lit in the street, and was flaring up sky-high.

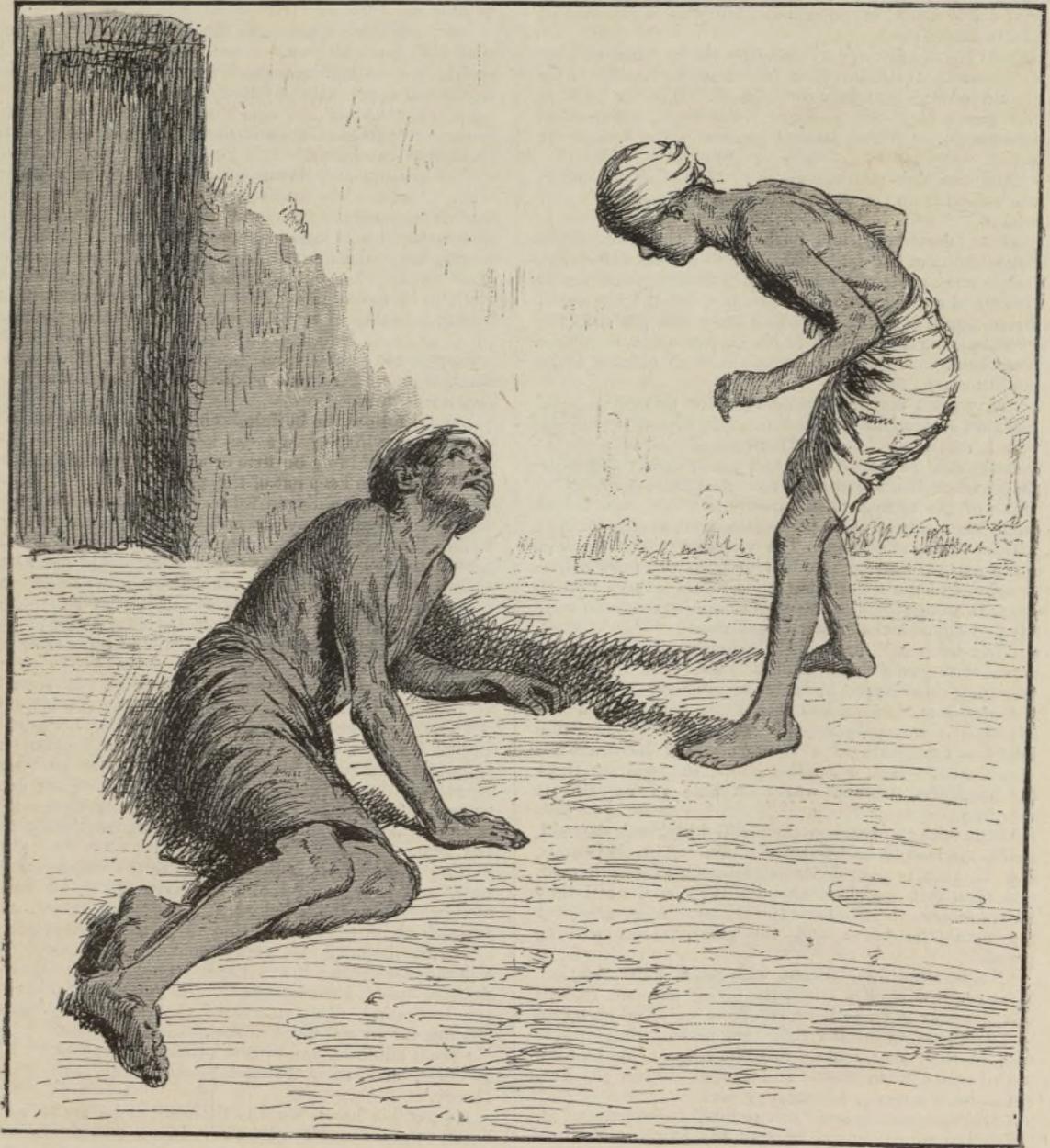
It was distinctly alarming, that bonfire. It seemed so probable it had been kindled for some special evil purpose, and its red glare glowed with a sinister threat. And dark figures moved constantly about it, intent it seemed on some cruel work. But, at least, there were no sounds of rejoicing such as might have been expected if Chinna were already disposed of, and the children pressed on, hoping resolutely for the best.

They were almost at the entrance to the village street now, and they crept round the first of the houses, along the back of each in turn. And soon they stood beneath the little window, and there they halted for a moment, listening to every sound. A clamour of voices rose from the village street. There was a rustling as of a rising wind in the grass of the scrub jungle beyond. But it seemed that no one was with Chinna, for all was quiet in the headman's house.

'We'll climb up one by one,' Brian whispered. 'I'll go first, and then Frederick can come, and then Nancy.'

He put his hands on the little sill as he spoke, and began to pull himself up. The window was small, but was big enough for any one of them to squeeze through. Moreover, it was so close to the ground that only Frederick would need help in reaching it. It all seemed planned specially for their convenience.

(Continued on page 230.)



“‘Water,’ he repeated. ‘Boy, give me to drink.’”