



THE STRAND MAGAZINE

SOUTHAMPTON STREET

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No. 24
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DEC.
1892

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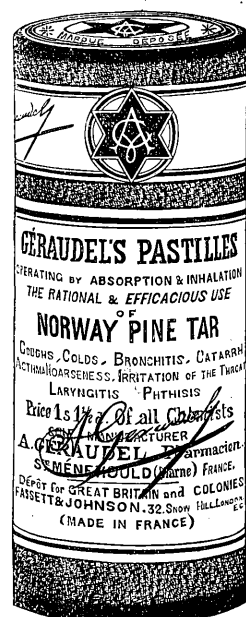
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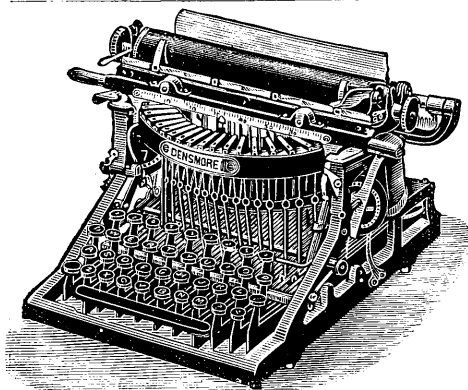
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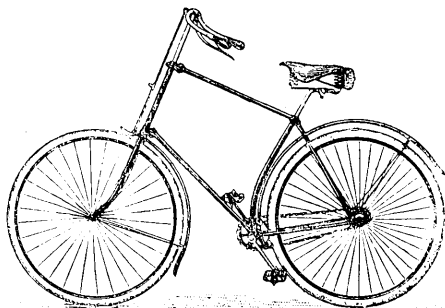
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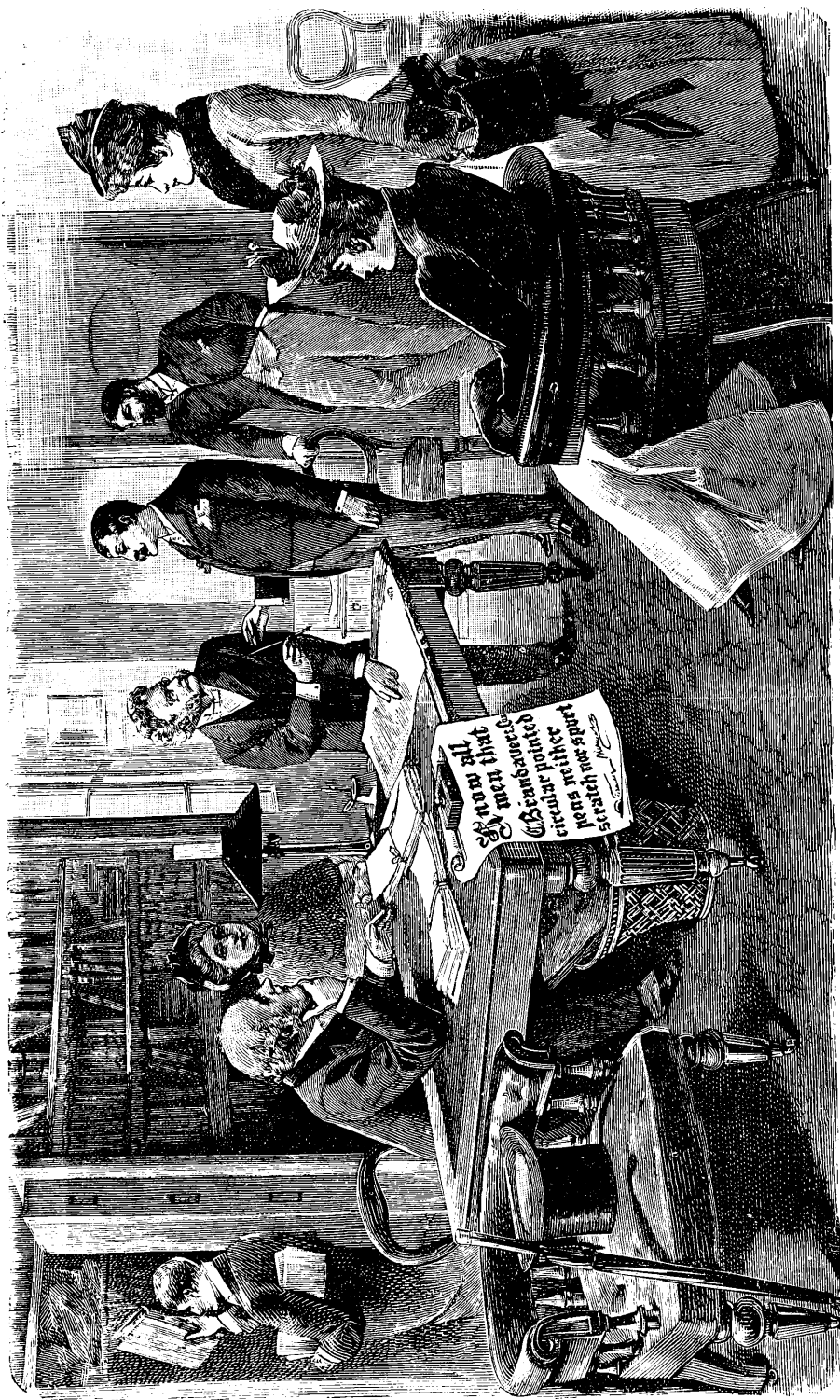
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HARNESSES' ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

They weigh only a few ounces, are very Comfortable to wear, and impart Strength and Vitality to every nerve and muscle of the body.

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**FOR ALL
MUSCULAR,
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AND RHEUMATIC
AFFECTIONS.**

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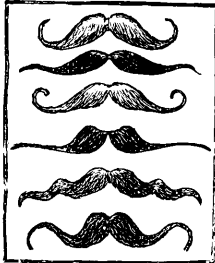


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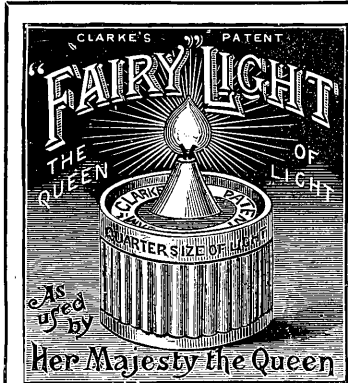
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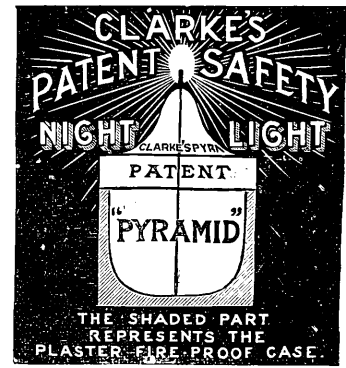
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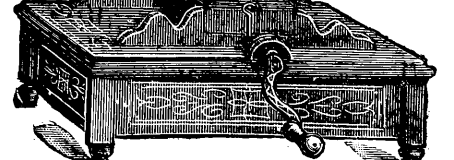
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The exact length of Pen is six inches.

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Made with fine, medium, or broad points. The following is a testimonial: "The Rev. CAXON PENNEY has received the Neptune Fountain Pen, and thinks it a marvel of cheapness, simplicity, utility, and neatness. It works admirably, and is quite clearly: IT IS MOST CERTAINLY UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE for the money." Try the "Neptune," and if you return it within a week, money will be refunded in full. Send for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with Price List, full descriptions and numerous testimonials, and make your selection of as perfect a Stylographic or Fountain Pen as you could wish for yourself or for a present. Of all Stationers or direct from the Sole Manufacturers,



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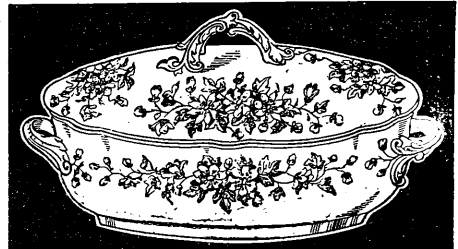


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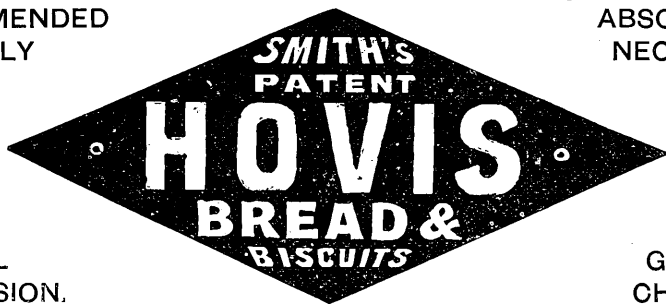
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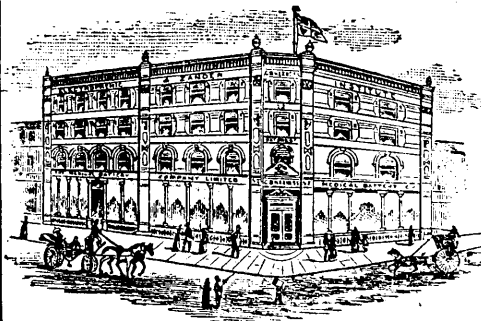
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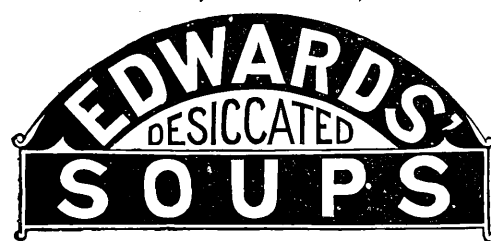
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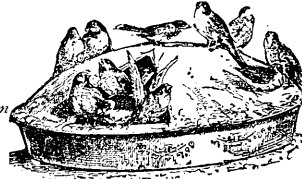
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The Rev. Canon FLEMING, B. D., writes from The Residence, York, Sept. 7th, 1892: "Canon Fleming has pleasure in stating that he has used the Carbolic Smoke Ball with great success. Its use not only checked the progress of a heavy cold in its earlier stages, and removed it, but has prevented it from going down into the chest, and preserved his voice for his public duties."

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CHARLES MOORE, Esq., writes from Sunnyside, Birchington, Westgate-on-Sea, Oct. 9th, 1891: "Your Carbolic Smoke Ball has afforded immense relief to my wife, who has suffered severely from Bronchial Asthma. When I bought the Ball she was unusually bad, and it acted like magic."

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The Rev. H. S. VLAKO TURNER writes from Potter Hamworth, near Lincoln, Nov. 25th, 1891: "I have derived very great benefit already from the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball for my throat."

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Mrs. WRIGLEY writes from New Wandsworth, S.W., March 12th, 1892: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball has entirely removed the terribly acute neuralgic headaches from which I have suffered for years. I am much stronger in my throat and health generally since using the Ball."

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Mrs. FRANKLIN writes from Thaxted, March 22nd, 1892: "She and the children have found the Carbolic Smoke Ball a great boon, and she is convinced that it has saved her many days of illness in the house, and a considerable amount in doctors' charges."

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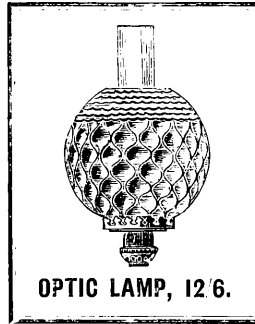
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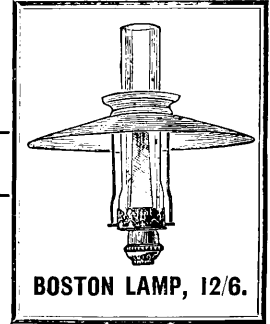
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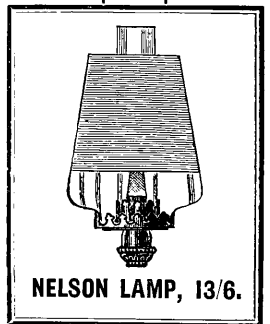
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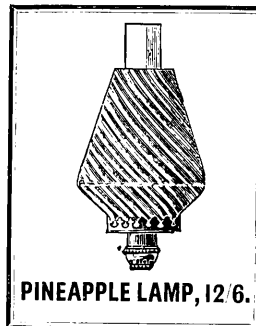
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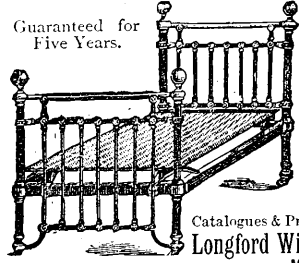
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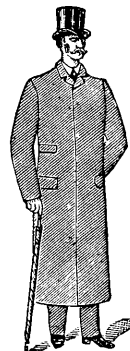


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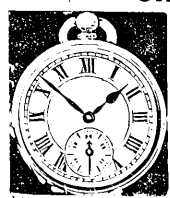
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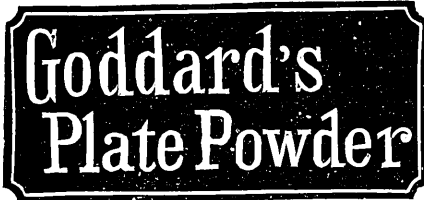
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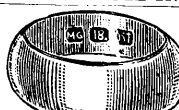
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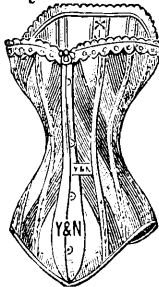
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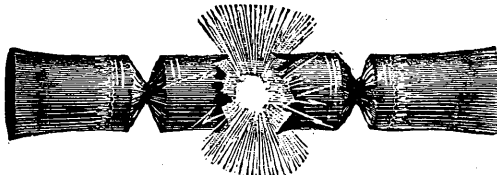
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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

[W. & D. Downey.

(From a Photograph presented by Her Majesty to Moulvie Rafiuddin Ahmad.)



MOULVIE RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD (BARRISTER-AT-LAW).
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The Queen's Hindustani Diary.

BY MOULVIE RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD.

[The following important article has been written by an eminent Indian scholar, and Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to peruse and revise that portion of it relating to her studies in Hindustani. Her Majesty was good enough to copy the two pages from her Diary expressly for this article.]

بقوم که نیاید خدای دهد جاگر مافل و نیاید

“When the Lord is pleased with the morality of a people, He gives them a sovereign wise and just.” Saadi.



HE above verse of the immortal poet Saadi, the Shakespeare of Persia, pregnant with a deep philosophical meaning, often quoted by the Mohammedan nations, can nowhere be more appropriately applied than in the case of the British people and their

august and well-beloved Sovereign. Indeed, it is a matter of high pride and great gratification to the children of this country and the countless citizens of this ever-growing glorious Empire, that her ancient throne is occupied by a ruler as wise and beneficent as she is just and merciful.

Queen Victoria is admired and adored by

millions besides her own subjects— not so much because she is the Sovereign of Great Britain (though that in itself is a unique distinction), but because she unites in herself political, moral, and intellectual qualities of the highest order, granted by Providence only to the chosen few. That the Republic of the United States, which is no lover of crowned heads, and which is supposed to worship no other altar than that of genius, should hold in the highest possible veneration the name of our Queen is, in my opinion, the greatest testimony to her sterling merits.

Of the political talent of the Queen, it may only be said that she is the greatest authority living on the practical politics of Europe, and particularly on the intricate Constitutional questions of this country. She has spoken politics, acted politics, and lived politics all her life. The ablest of her Prime Ministers often owed the solution of many grave political difficulties to the knowledge of the Queen. A Radical journalist of renown has the following: "Broadly speaking, it may be fairly said by all her Ministers, Liberal or Conservative, that she has more knowledge of the business of governing nations than any of her Prime Ministers; more experience of the mysteries and intricacies of foreign affairs than any of her Foreign Secretaries; as loyal and willing a subservience to the declared will of the nation as any democrat in Parliament; and as keen and passionate an Imperial patriotism as ever beat in any human breast." The administrative ability of the Queen was formally acknowledged by the Society of Arts, the most impartial and learned association in the kingdom, when they conferred the "Albert Medal" on his noble consort, in 1887, for fifty years' wise and most Constitutional administration.

That Her Majesty is one of the greatest and most practical moral leaders of England will scarcely be denied by any wise and thoughtful body of men. The Court of England has never been purer throughout its history. Mr. Depew, in his Columbian oration in Chicago, styled her "the wisest of Sovereigns and best of women." John Bright said: "She is the most perfectly truthful person I ever met." A model wife, a model mother, a pattern to womankind!

But the quality which would endear her most to posterity is her intellectual eminence. A mind so deep, a will so strong, an imagination so rich could not have failed to give the world a philosophical work of lasting fame or a sensational novel of a high reputation. Even now her wide and fruitful

excursions over the domains of literature and science are such as to reflect the highest credit on her mental powers. All who have read her "Journals in the Highlands" and her letters given to the public in the Life of the Prince Consort cannot fail to find a strong literary tendency in the Imperial mind. Nothing surprises one more than her wide information, her sweet and modest expression, and her logical and learned remarks in the course of conversation. But the latest display of her mental activity, which eclipses all past achievements in her literary pursuits, will come as an agreeable surprise upon all lovers of learning in every part of the world. Her Majesty the Queen, with all the duties and responsibilities incident to the possession of the Imperial sceptre, finds time to learn an Oriental language, and has actually made so great a progress during the last three years as to be able to write a separate diary in the Hindustani language.

The preservation of all mental faculties by distinguished men of letters in an advanced old age is the peculiar characteristic of the Victorian Era. Among many others, four personages in the Queen's reign have preserved their mental abilities without any perceptible decay to a patriarchal age. These are the late Lord Tennyson, the late Cardinal Manning, the present Prime Minister, and, last but not least, Her Majesty herself.

If it is interesting to hear that Mr. Gladstone can deliver lectures, write articles and review novels at his age, it is much more so to know that his Sovereign Lady, at her age, can master a new language entirely alien to the people of Europe, acquaint herself with the philosophy of the East, read the sentiments of her Eastern subjects in their vernacular, and keep a daily account of her work in her new language. It is all the more interesting because the Queen does it with a sincere desire to know the wants, manners and customs, ways and thoughts of the people, and particularly of the women, of India.

The fact of the Queen's studies has reacted in the most sympathetic manner in India. The princes and people of that country recognise in this Imperial act a further mark of tender care and parental attention towards her subjects in the East. It serves to add one more strong link to the chain of loyalty and attachment which binds them to the throne of England. The Queen has set a noble example to the princes of India and scholars of the East. The aristocracy in

India will return the compliment of their Sovereign by studying her language and literature, and thus bring about mutual amity and understanding between the two nations. The philosophers of the East will be emulated to inquire more and more deeply into the modes of thought and bases of society in the West, and will, as far as practicable, introduce the comforts and conveniences of life afforded by modern sciences into Oriental countries.

The Queen's studies have made a marked effect upon the minds of the Mohammedan Emperors. Hindustani is a Mohammedan language, and the Empress of India has the good fortune to reign over a larger number of Moslems than the three Mohammedan Emperors collectively, viz., the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, and the Shereef

of Morocco. The Sultan of Turkey, ever since his visit to the Queen, has had feelings of veneration for her, and, ever since his accession to the Caliphate, has endeavoured to maintain the existing friendly relations between the two greatest Mohammedan Powers.

On my visit to Constantinople, His Majesty, as Protector of Oriental learning, was extremely astonished to hear that the Queen had lately commenced to learn Hindustani, and the news increased his admiration of the English Queen beyond all bounds. The Sultan is a highly intelligent and well-informed monarch, and if the political horizon of Europe continues to be as clear as it is to-day, it is highly probable that His Majesty himself will turn his attention to enriching his Imperial mind with the philosophy of

Wander Castle 1889 ¹⁸⁸⁹ ۱۲، ثولای

ایک دن بہت اچھا دن۔ شاہ پشاور ہمارے
ملاقات کو ہم چینر و مینون کی زوجہ ای سی ٹی ۱۹
کھانا بھی ہمراہ لایا اور سوائس کی کترین
واپس گئی۔

To-day was very fine. The Shah
of Persia came to see me today
with some of his Ministers
at two o'clock, and took
luncheon with me, and
returned to London at a quarter
past three. -

India. It may also be hoped that the same news may lead the Committee of Public Instruction in Turkey to establish a chair for Hindustani in Istantboul.

The Shah of Persia, when he visited the Queen in 1889, was no less surprised to see the Queen learn Hindustani than his Imperial cousin at the Golden Horn. The accompanying remarks of the Queen in her Hindustani diary respecting His Majesty's visit will doubtless prove very interesting to the readers of this Magazine.

Some description of the Hindustani language will not be out of place here. Of all the modern languages spoken in India—I might say in Asia—the Urdu language stands pre-eminently distinguished for the delicacy and sweetness of its expressions. The Moghul emperors stood in need of a common language for their court and camp, which were composed of representatives of various nationalities, and thus a mixture of Persian, Arabic, and Sanskrit gave rise to a new and beautiful language.

Nowhere have the Moghuls rendered a more lasting service to India than in giving her the Urdu language, which may fairly be said to be the *lingua Franca* of India. It has in it the sweetness of Persian, the grandeur of Sanskrit, and the sublimity of Arabic. The language has, during one hundred years' connection with England, borrowed many political and scientific expressions of the West, and recent translations of eminent foreign works have enriched its vocabulary to an enormous extent. If the language continues to make the present progress in the course of the next hundred years, it will perhaps be the richest language in Asia.

Time was when Mohammedan scholars who always used Arabic or Persian thought it *infra dig.* to use Hindustani as a means of intercommunication, just as much as British scholars thought of using English in place of Latin. But of late the feeling has undergone a complete change simultaneously with the growth of the language. The rich and healthy literature that comes out every day from the pen of the rising generation is simply amazing. Newspapers and periodicals are fast over-running the length and breadth of the country. We have always had beautiful works in poetry and fiction, but modern books on these subjects indicate a marked revolution in the ideas of the writers; while both the manner in which they are written and the matter which they contain are extremely praiseworthy.

The rapidity and ease with which the

Queen is mastering the language is very remarkable. Among her many enviable qualities, there are two which the Queen possesses in an eminent degree. These are strict regularity and firm determination. Both these qualities have never been more conspicuously displayed by her than in the acquisition of her new language. It is generally known that no frost, no wind, no rain will ever prevent her from her daily drives—I may say, no pressure of work, no anxiety, no sorrow keeps her from her linguistic work. Every day at the appointed hour the Queen is busy with her Hindustani. Even during the hours of most poignant pain and bewildering grief, enough to upset the daily routine of ordinary minds, the Queen did not fail to write her Hindustani diary at the usual time. The accompanying remarks of Her Majesty on the death of the Duke of Clarence in that diary will be read with much interest and sympathy by her loyal subjects.

The diary—which I had the privilege of seeing, among many other interesting things at Balmoral—is highly instructive, and I am sure the readers will be very grateful to Her Majesty for graciously permitting us to publish with this article *fac-simile* copies of a leaf or two out of the same for the benefit of the literary public.

I have said above that the Queen's studies have reacted in the most sympathetic manner in the East. The people of India may well expect that they will give new impetus to Oriental learning in this country. For the first time in the history of Europe a Sovereign of a great Power has devoted herself seriously to the literature of the Orient. The fact is noteworthy, because it marks an important epoch in the history of the reunion of the East and West. Whoever writes the future history of the rise and progress of Oriental literature in Europe, will be bound to chronicle the self-sacrificing devotion and gracious literary patronage of the illustrious Empress of India.

Forty years ago, when "Albert the Good," with the true insight of a statesman and a philosopher, nobly advocated the spread of Oriental learning in this country, little did he dream that his own Royal Consort would one day declare herself an Oriental student, and thus give a practical shape to his laudable advocacy. Had he been alive to-day we should have found in him, not only the strongest supporter of the languages of the East, but also an Orientalist himself.

Doubtless it is that he should have encouraged Oriental learning among the

۱۸۹۲
Osborne Jan: 14-57/11

اج بس قمر احمد اور انج ہم کو اور ہمارے اولاد
کو بھی کبھی نصن ہوا۔ کو نکہ ہمارے جوان نواسی
پیرسی البرت و کٹر اف ویاس انہو کی فر
فوت ہو گئی۔

Today I and my family
were almost in greater sorrow
and grief than they had
ever been before as my
young Grandson Prince
Albert Victor of Wales died
this morning at nine
o'clock.

members of his own noble and intellectual family. Macaulay says: "The highest intellects, like the tops of mountains, are the first to catch and to reflect the dawn. They are bright when the level below is still in darkness. But soon the light, which at first illuminated only the loftiest eminences, descends on the plain and penetrates to the deepest valley."

The late Lord Tennyson, it is not generally known, was a great admirer of Oriental literature. He, as a true poet, knew the value of Eastern imagination. His

admiration led him to the study of the Persian language, which task, as he regretfully expressed to me, he had to give up because of the weakness of his sight. During my visit to him at Farringford, I was much surprised to find in his library translations of eminent Persian authors. He himself showed me, with much delight, the work of Abul Fazl, a book which he highly valued. His latest poem, the "Dream of Akbar," which he did me the honour of reading aloud, cannot fail to show the amount of the Eastern poetical fluid which

the poet had imbibed. He was delighted to hear of the Queen's Hindustani studies, and expressed continued admiration of the intellectual power of his Sovereign.

Some persons here may call into question the utility of the study of Oriental languages and literature, and declare it to be a mere idle curiosity. But I believe it is of the highest material advantage to all classes in this country. The statesman will be far better able to grapple with Asiatic questions, understand the real wants of the people directly through them, and escape falling into fatal administrative blunders. A poet will grow richer and loftier in his imagination, the East being the affectionate mother and tender nurse of the poetical child.

Some of the minor poets of Mr. Trail's list might drink deep at the running fountains of the immortal poets of the East, and convey their sublimer ideas to their brethren of the West. As it is, the poets here do not at all avail themselves of half the accumulated poetical treasure of mankind. What prospects for a master of fiction! The East is a celebrated storehouse for the perpetual loan of beautiful scenes and plots. One romance in the Hindustani language consists of seventeen thick octavo volumes, and is appropriately named "The Garden of Imagination." It is, perhaps, the most powerful work of imagination extant in the world. The novelist might describe scenes and introduce plots that would startle the simple people of the West, and make them thirst after the literature of the East. Byron owes much of his inspiration to his personal acquaintance with Oriental nations. The best of his essays, "Warren Hastings," Macaulay owed to his knowledge of the East. And for his marked success as a novelist, Thackeray was no little indebted to his earlier connection with India.

What a valuable information can a playwright or an actor derive from Eastern literature! The multiplicity of nations, religions, characters, and dresses in the land of the sun cannot fail to offer him a useful inspiration. Daily illustrations of the evolution of modern civilization and of the gradual advancement of human thought must needs give him valuable food for reflection. An actor like Mr. Irving or Mr. John Hare may give such a dramatic representation of Eastern scenes as will drown the stage in tears, or keep them laughing for hours. An artist might paint a strange scenery, a new animal, or a fresh plant every day of the year without exhausting his materials.

What a vast field will be open to the musicians! I have often wondered how it was that in the concerts and the drawing-rooms here none of the exquisite musical instruments of the East could, by chance, get admission. Is it because we possess no good instruments that can entertain English ears, or because the English artists cannot, owing to ignorance, appreciate them? The excellence of our instruments can be undoubtedly proved, and the fault will, I am afraid, lie at the doors of ignorance and prejudice. We can certainly say that it would be an uncommon treat to the lovers of music if an eminent player like Madame Albani were to give here a performance on the *Tāvos*, *Saringe*, and *Setar*.

What splendid prospects for the members of the medical profession! The knowledge of a Mohammedan language will place at the disposal of a medical man here the keys of a system of medicine and therapeutics simply unknown to the Europeans. The system contains remedies for certain chronic diseases pronounced incurable by European physicians, which the profession here will do well to borrow.

As for religion, it can only be said that not a single patriarch or prophet of note has ever been born in Europe. The East is the blessed land for the birth and work of the chosen children of the Almighty. The language which the Patriarch spoke and wrote, and in which he delivered his orations, and through which he transmitted his Divine message to mankind, cannot but appeal to the highest instincts of his followers, and particularly to those who have taken upon themselves the responsible work of ministering to the soul of man.

I was much surprised to hear the Duke of Connaught break the conversation in Hindustani during the course of an interview I had with His Royal Highness a few weeks ago. The words which fell from the lips of the Duke were neither slang nor ungrammatical, but pure Hindustani—unlike those generally used by military officers. The cultivation of Oriental studies among members of the Royal Family of England will certainly render more assistance to the cause of Oriental learning in this country than all the books written, meetings held, and lectures delivered in furtherance of the same object.

The aristocracy of England always show their good sense by faithfully following the example of Royalty in all that is good, great, and noble. We respectfully recommend the above for their consideration.

If knowledge of Hindustani be desirable for English literary people in general, how much more so it is in the case of such of them as live in India. Professor Max Muller tells us in his address which he delivered before the Congress of Orientalists a few months ago, that if the English in India had understood a little better the language and literature of the Indians, the unfortunate mutiny, probably, would not have broken out at all. He also remarks that, if the languages of India be more widely cultivated among the British officers in the East, the social gulf between the rulers and the ruled in India, which unhappily exists to-day, may be bridged over by means of a better mutual understanding. In this respect I may incidentally remark that the

high officials in India have wisely commenced to set a noble example to their subordinates.

A quarter of a century ago it was by no means an easy task to learn an Oriental language in England. To-day every facility

has been thrown at the disposal of a student. The ancient universities have established chairs for important Eastern languages. The Imperial Institute has opened classes for

them. There are coaches that prepare students for all examinations. In fact, one can learn these languages with ten times less expense and more conveniences at present than one could do twenty-five years ago.

The rapid progress which the Queen has made in her studies is not a little due to the assiduous and responsible services of her able and intelligent Moonshee and Indian secretary, Hafiz Abdul Karim, who has sprung from a respectable family, and inherits many of its good qualities. His integrity and amiability have won for him the esteem of his friends and acquaintances.

In conclusion, we earnestly hope that God Almighty may bless our Sovereign Lady with a long life, sound physical and mental health, and enable her long to control the destinies of the greatest Empire upon earth.



From a Photo. by MOONSHEE HAFIZ ABDUL KARIM. VELLER & Fry.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

VI.—THE HINDU FAKIR OF THE SILENT CITY.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.
“**W**HAT an extraordinary scene!” said Denviers, as we sat under the veranda of a Hindu house facing the street.

“Well,” I responded, “after what we saw at Jaganath I am scarcely surprised at anything in India.”

“The sahibs have reached Conjeve just in time,” said our guide, Hassan, as he stood behind us watching what was transpiring with his grave eyes, “for of all the sights in Southern India this is surely the most remarkable!”

After our escape from the temple at Delhi and the capture of the diamonds from the sword hilt of the idol which it contained, we had passed through the long plain of the Ganges, and eventually reached Calcutta. We then determined to travel along the coast of India, and, after witnessing the death of several voluntary victims beneath the wheels of the famous car of Jaganath, we pushed on to Madras, and thence to Conjeve, where we were destined to meet with a strange adventure.

“What is the cause of all this excitement, Hassan?” asked Denviers, as he looked into the thronged street.

“It is the first day of the festival which is kept every year,” he answered: “the image yonder on the idol car is that of the principal god.”

Amid the wild cries

and excited gesticulations of the onlookers we saw a car fully forty feet in height, and shaped like a tower or gopuram, upon which was placed the gigantic image of a god riding upon a bull carved in black granite, and with its horns gilded. The whole of the car was covered with grotesque carvings, while before the solid wheels, on which it moved slowly along, was a crowd of pilgrims and devotees pulling with all their might at the ropes as they were cheered on by the vast concourse which lined the streets.

“We may as well get a nearer view of the car,” said Denviers, as he rose from the chair on which he had been sitting. “The carving upon it is certainly worth closer examination.” Hassan placed his hand on my companion’s shoulder as he said quickly:—



“THE FESTIVAL.”

"It is no wise thing which the sahib proposes to do. I know that he is brave, but in the hands of the frenzied worshippers there, alone or together, we should fare badly. It is well not to run into needless danger at such a time. Will not the sahib hear the words of Hassan, since more than once has he seen enacted a terrible deed in the streets of Conjeve?"

"I see no reason why we should be afraid to go among the crowd yonder," returned Denviers; then, turning to me, he added, "Come on, Harold, the idol car is half-way up the street!" I rose and followed him, and, as I did so, turned to the Arab, saying:—

"You need not come, Hassan, unless you wish to: we will soon return."

"The Arab does not fear for himself," responded Hassan, calmly. "Where the Englishmen go their slave is ready to follow," and a moment after we were pushing and jostling in the crowd which followed the car. Hindus in their white robes and gaily-coloured turbans; women profusely adorned with jewellery on their arms and necks and in their hair, which was uncovered; and besides these, religious mendicants, jugglers, and pilgrims smeared with ashes, whose clothes were less than scanty, all made up the excited throng into which we thrust ourselves.

In spite of the deep bronze which overspread our features, the effect of our prolonged travels, many curious glances were turned upon us, some of them friendly enough, but others expressive of hatred that we should dare to mingle with those whose foreheads were duly inscribed with the sacred marks which betokened their devotion to the idol.

Whether Hassan's recent remarks were caused by a foreboding of evil or not it is difficult to say, but in our anxiety to reach the idol car we pressed on forgetful of him. When we had succeeded in satisfying our curiosity, I looked round, and found that Hassan was not to be seen. Turning to Denviers, I asked:

"What has become of our guide, Frank?" To my surprise, he responded:

"I thought we had left him behind: he seemed disinclined to come with us, and I have not seen him since we left the veranda."

"But he followed us," I persisted: "he was close behind until a few minutes ago, I am certain." My companion, however, remarked, lightly:—

"We shall see him again before long.

Hassan has been in Conjeve before to day: I dare say he thought that pushing through a crowd of Hindus on such a hot day as this is, was not quite the form of pleasure that he cared to indulge in. No doubt he is under the veranda again by this time, meditating on our folly and his own wisdom."

Denviers had hardly finished speaking when a great din rose in the street through which we had passed. Something unusual had evidently happened, and, connecting the event somehow with our guide, we made a desperate attempt to break through the throng which we saw had gathered round a spot where the street widened to accommodate one of the temples which we met at every few yards in Conjeve. The excitement rapidly spread, and in a few minutes we were hemmed in by a swaying mass of humanity, in which to either advance or to retreat was impossible. Fortunately for us the height of those in the crowd before us did not completely hide the view, and with a little struggling we managed to get some idea of what had happened.

Standing with his left arm behind him close to an opening in the ruined wall of a temple was our faithful guide Hassan, parrying dexterously the savage thrusts which were being made at his body by an ugly-looking fakir, or religious enthusiast. The latter was clothed in a tightly-bound yellow garment, his face dark and fierce being partly hidden by the matted, neglected hair which hung down as far as his shoulders. Unlike the rest of the Hindus in the crowd, he wore a long, shaggy beard, to betoken that he had undertaken some vow, and his countrymen were urging him on to the combat, while they were careful to keep themselves out of the reach of Hassan's blade, which flashed as he warily kept the fakir at bay.

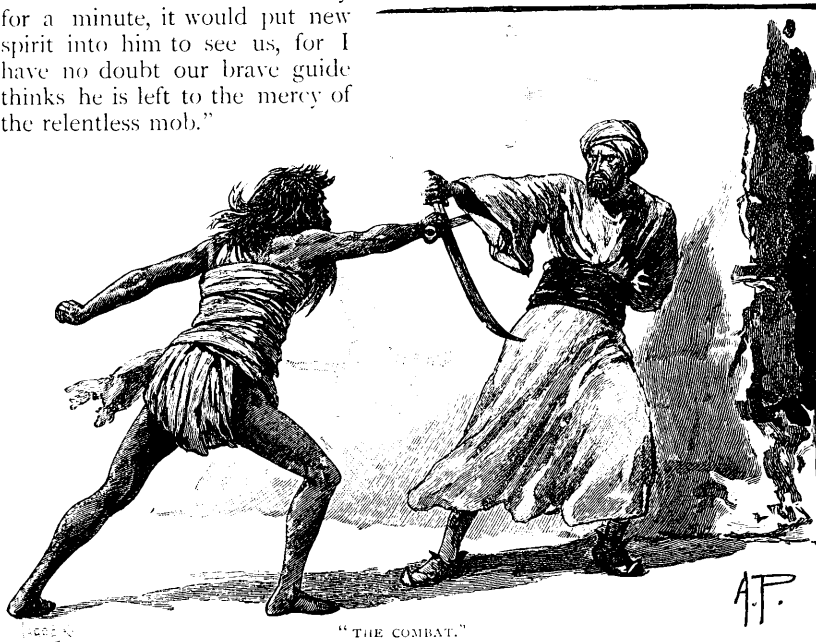
"If only I could get through this crowd, somehow," said Denviers, "I would paint that fakir's robe a different colour for him. I wonder what Hassan did to cause all this commotion?"

"Very little, no doubt," I responded. "Hassan is too cautious to offend, wilfully, the prejudices of a fanatic." Then, watching the struggle in which we were quite unable to join, I added:

"Hassan is giving the fakir plenty of hard work, and the yelling mob can tell that plainly enough. I suppose if their comrade loses there will be an ugly rush upon the Arab, and we shall, possibly, have a few minutes' tough fighting."

"Hassan little thinks we are in the crowd

watching him," said Denviers. "At present the crush is so intense that I cannot get my hand down to touch the handle of my sword. I wish he would look this way for a minute, it would put new spirit into him to see us, for I have no doubt our brave guide thinks he is left to the mercy of the relentless mob."



"What a splendid thrust!" I exclaimed, as Hassan, parrying a blow aimed at his head, narrowly missed piercing his enemy's chest. It was strange how much we had become attached to Hassan, for, in spite of his passion for committing small depredations from us on every possible opportunity, our guide presented a combination of qualities rarely met with in the East. Certainly the pluck which he displayed on this occasion was something for any Englishman to admire, and as I looked into my companion's face while he fumed at our helplessness, I saw the glances of admiration which he bestowed on the Arab. The cries of the frenzied throng grew fiercer, for they saw that, having at first acted on the defensive, Hassan now began to press the fakir considerably, whom he wounded, indeed, several times in quick succession.

Our guide was not destined, however, to win the combat, for one of the Hindus bolder than the rest suddenly darted upon him from one side, and in the momentary surprise which this brought to Hassan, he glanced aside. In a second, the sword which he held was wrenched from his hand and fell on the ground, while the Hindu, slipping off the cloth which formed his turban, bound Hassan as the fakir held him.

There was a loud cry of satisfaction from the Hindus as they saw this, and a moment afterwards they attempted to throw themselves upon the defenceless Arab. The fakir, however, waved them off, and then called something out, the purport of which we did not understand. The surging crowd immediately took up the cry, while, securing the advantage of the rush, we pushed and elbowed our way to within a few yards of Hassan, where we were

again completely hindered from advancing. The Arab glanced towards us, and struggled to free his arms, but in vain: and then we saw the fakir and the Hindu forcibly drag our guide through the gap in the broken wall which we had already observed.

Denviers managed to unsheath his sword, and as he did so the crowd drew back for a moment, then turned furiously upon us. We had reached the gap in the interval, and, dashing aside a scowling Hindu who ventured to bar the entrance, we darted through it, and found ourselves in a small paved court, at the end of which was a dwelling, one story in height and evidently built long before, for the chunam which had been used to plaster it over lay scattered about it. We pushed through the *dibris*, and beat violently on the door. No answer was returned, and we thereupon burst it in, to find ourselves confronted by the fakir!

II.

"WHY do the Feringhees force their way into my abode uninvited?" he asked, as he turned his evil-looking face towards us.

"Where is the man whom you just dragged through the gap in the outer wall of the temple which is apparently beyond here?" said Denviers, answering the first question

with a second one. A scornful smile crossed the face of the fanatic as he answered :

"I know not of whom ye speak : no Feringhee, save yourselves, has entered here." Denviers looked threateningly at the man as he gave this equivocating reply, and I saw his right hand wander to the handle of the sword which he had sheathed after passing through the gap.

"We do not seek an Englishman," he said, in a tone of suppressed anger, "but for our Arab guide. If you have dared to injure him you shall surely die."

The fakir glanced at us defiantly for a moment, then flung himself upon the rush matting which covered a portion of the stone floor of the dilapidated and wretched room in which we stood.



"STRIKE IF YE WILL!"

"Strike if you will," he said in his fierce tone, "yet I will not deal a blow in return, for not thus will the secret be wrung from me which ye vainly covet." Denviers stood for a moment irresolute. He could not injure a man who evidently had no intention to defend himself if attacked, and yet he knew that every minute wasted in this way was precious to us indeed. I made a careful examination of the room, observing it thus narrowly to discover if in this way a clue to Hassan's whereabouts might be obtained. The walls were apparently made of sun-dried mud and were entirely bare of ornament, save for some strange marks scored upon them, and which corresponded with those upon the fakir's forehead. The fragments of ceiling above consisted of a few bamboo rafters, covered doubtless at some former time with palm-leaf thatch, but at this period almost bared to the sky. The rush mat on which the fakir lay and a few broken earthen vessels formed the entire furniture of the wretched man's hut, into which we knew Hassan must

have been brought for no other way to reach the temple-like building which towered beyond it existed between this hovel and the gap in the wall, since on either side of the fakir's abode a second wall ran parallel to the outer one.

"What are we to do now?" I asked Denviers, dejectedly. "This cowardly fanatic, assisted by the Hindu, has certainly made away with Hassan, and yet the wall of the room opposite seems to contain no exit, the only one being that by which we entered this hovel."

"Be patient for a few minutes, Harold," said Denviers, "we shall find out the secret directly : meanwhile keep before the doorway, and whatever happens don't let this fellow escape in that direction."

I uttered a few words of assent, and took up the position which my companion had indicated, as he moved slowly towards the reclining fakir, and then stooped over him, saying, as he did so :

"You are weary after the fight which

took place between yourself and the Arab just now in the street yonder : nay, you are badly wounded!" and Denviers pointed quietly to a dark stain which was conspicuous upon the fanatic's robe.

"Yes," he answered, fiercely, "but the dog who did it shall die as surely as I have a vow to fulfil." He moved his body restlessly upon the rush matting, and a moment afterwards, to my astonishment, I saw Denviers seize hold of the matting and attempt, forcibly, to drag it from beneath the fakir ! The latter leapt suddenly to his feet and exclaimed :—

"Why touch with your polluting hands the sole resting-place for my weary frame?"

Denviers pointed to the spot where the fakir had spread the mat and answered :

"The entrance to the place where the Arab has been taken lies there ; lead us to him that we may set him free, or we will drag you there by force."

"The Feringhee is quick-witted and has even discovered the secret way ; why then

III.

THE struggles of my companion only seemed to infuriate the tigress still more, and for a moment it was impossible for me to attempt to rescue him. I drew my hunting-knife, and when a favourable opportunity arrived lunged at her as I threw myself bodily upon the tigress, determined to save Denviers at all hazards. The fierce beast, recognising that her injury had been inflicted by me, left my companion and, raising one paw, dashed me headlong to the ground. In a moment she bounded heavily upon me as I lay there, her weight crushing and bruising me severely. Immediately afterwards I felt myself lifted bodily from the ground, and the brute began to carry me away to the cave into which we had been recently lured by the treacherous fakir! I made one supreme effort to release myself, and succeeded as I thought in doing so, for the tigress dropped me and bounded with a fierce cry towards her lair, just as I heard the sharp ping of a bullet re-echo through the silent city. My companion rushed up, and, stooping over me, asked:—

"Harold, are you much hurt? I have shot the brute, she will never reach the end of her cave alive!" I staggered to my feet, and, looking towards the animal's lair, saw the body of the tigress lying motionless within the entrance.

"Not badly," I answered, "except that I got some pretty severe bruises in the encounter." We rested quietly for several minutes; then I questioned:—

"Frank, where

is Hassan concealed? We must rescue him somehow!" Denviers rose as he answered:—

"It is certain that he is hidden in one of these caves, very likely where the fakir is now."

"Then we must make a careful search for him," I responded: "but this time we will improvise some torches, so as to get a good view of these gloomy caverns before venturing into another one of them." We twisted together some of the tangled grass, and made for the direction in which the fakir went, just when he saw that his cunningly contrived plot was apparently successful.

When we reached the caves Denviers turned to me and said:—

"I think it would be a good plan to call out our guide's name from time to time, he may hear us, and unless he is gagged will respond, and so lead us to him." To this remark I readily assented, and standing before several of the caves which lay close together, my companion shouted:—

"Hassan!"

To our great joy we heard the well-known voice of the Arab answer us from a little distance. We shouted again,

and, guided by his responses, found ourselves traversing one of the caves, holding the blazing torches in our hands. Moving a heavy block of stone which barred the way, we found our faithful guide lying behind it, bound hand and foot.

"Allah bless the sahibs!" he said, in his grave, Oriental way; then his eyes fell upon our garments, which were terribly rent after our encounter with the tigress. "The sahibs have gone through peril to rescue me," he continued, as Denviers speedily unbound him: "their slave will be ever faithful to them."

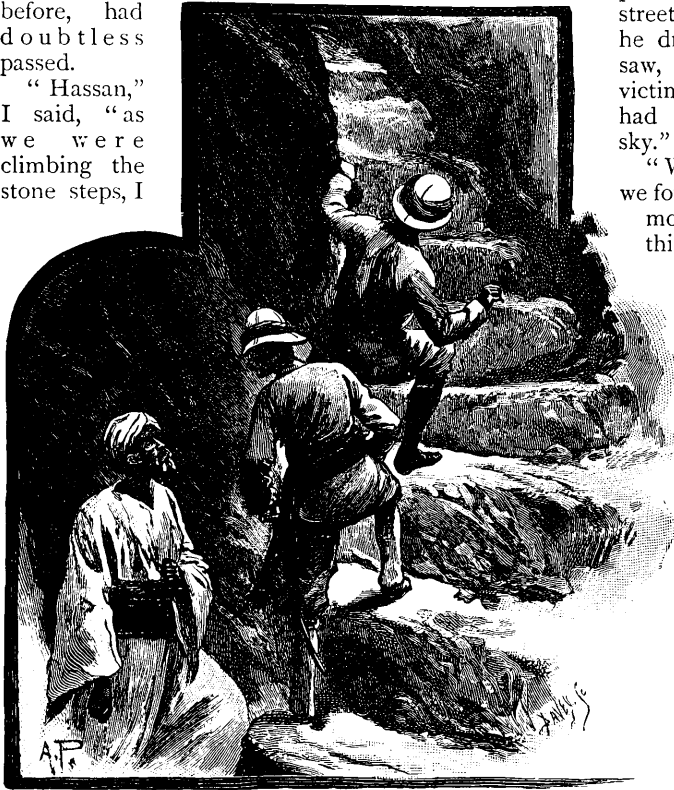
We had some difficulty in getting Hassan from the cave, his limbs being swollen and painful, but at last we emerged and sought for some way of egress other than the one



"WE FOUND OUR FAITHFUL GUIDE BOUND HAND AND FOOT."

we knew, owing to its difficulty. At the far side of the hollow we found some rudely-carved steps, deeply worn, by which the people of the now silent city had entered the temple which they had built for themselves. Climbing these we passed through the gigantic ruin, and saw vast fragments of the roof lying scattered among fallen idols. The wall beyond was in ruins also, and we found a gap through which we went. The outer wall still confronted us, but at last we reached a stone gateway through which the pilgrims, long before, had doubtless passed.

"Hassan," I said, "as we were climbing the stone steps, I



"WHAT DID THEY INTEND TO DO WITH YOU?"

saw the fakir and the Hindu start from a cave and come forth to watch us. Their plot has been foiled; what did they intend to do with you?" The Arab gazed at our torn garments again and then responded:—

"Will the sahibs tell me how their garb was rent?" We gave him a short account of what had happened, to which he replied:—

"This is the explanation of what occurs: Into the silent city, which we have left, a

tigress entered and took up her abode. The Hindus, surprised at this strange marvel, sought for its solution. They at last concluded that the god who rides upon the bull was angry with them, and called upon this fakir to help them. He declared that someone had polluted a temple, and that until some stranger fell a victim to the tigress the god would not be appeased! His long beard, which ye have seen, indicated the vow he made to find the one who should suffer. He purposely pushed violently against me in the street, and when I remonstrated he drew his sword. The rest ye saw, and I was to become the victim to the tigress when the sun had thrice streaked the eastern sky."

"Well, Hassan," said Frank, as we found ourselves on the way once more to Conjeve, "don't you think the adventure which we have had brought us more pleasure than sitting under the veranda?"

"The sahibs are brave, and make light of the rescue of Hassan, the dust beneath their feet, whom they saved from the tigress, now dead."

"I am sorry the brute is dead!" interposed Denviers, as he listened to the Arab's remark. The latter turned his grave eyes upon my companion and asked:—

"Why, sahib?"

My companion smiled at Hassan as he replied:—

"Because she might have taken it into her head one day that the fakir would furnish a tooth-

some meal, and so have demolished him accordingly, adorned with his yellow robe."

We reached the Hindu's house at which we were staying, and were glad to rest ourselves after the events of the day, for the tigress had left some marks upon Denviers also, which from his conversation I subsequently discovered, while my own injuries were much more severe than I had supposed at the time when the tiger attacked me.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVIII.—WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.



It may be fairly said that Dr. Russell is the accredited father of a professional family which, though necessarily limited in the number of its sons, possesses the world as its debtors.

The dodging of bullets and shells, the cornering of ourselves in some haven of refuge from the ferocious charging of maddened horses and men—in short, the participation in all “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” is not run after by the average man. Dr. Russell was the first of our known war correspondents. The remembrance of this—as I ascended in the lift which delivered me at the door of his flat in Victoria Street—was suggestive of the probable unfolding of a life of the deepest interest. Nor was I disappointed. I spent some hours with Dr. Russell, and when it came to “Good-bye,” he asked: “Have you got what you want?”

I was in earnest when I asked him if he could cut out ten or twenty years of his life, for my load of delightful information was so great that I feared the space at my disposal could not hold it all. His reply was: “Ah! willingly, willingly—if I could. The burden of my years is heavier than the load of incidents you are carrying away with you.”

Dr. Russell is of medium height, strongly built, wearing a white moustache, and

possessing a head of wavy, silver hair. He is now lame from injuries received by his horse falling on him in the Transvaal. He took me from room to room, and as he narrated the little incidents associated with his treasures, it was all done quietly, impressively free from any boastfulness. For he wished me to understand that though his life had often been in danger, in scenes where men won great names for heroic deeds and gave up their lives for their country, he was only a camp follower and nothing more in the nine campaigns which he has seen—he chronicled history, he did not make it. I hope this little article will prove a courteous contradiction to this.

You pass by many articles of rarity in the corridor on your way to the dining-room—cabinets of battle-field relics, jade bowls, Indian and Egyptian ware, a great Hindu deity, once the property of Baine Mahdo, the Oude Tlookdar, an Indian chief; recreation and sport are represented by gun-cases and a huge bundle of fishing rods in the corner. Here on a table are half-a-dozen cigar cases, one of which, with silver clasps, is from the Prince of Wales, as a souvenir of the visit to India in 1875-6, in which Dr. Russell acted as Honorary Private

Secretary to H. R. H.; some exquisite cups and bowls of bedree work from Lucknow; and over one of the doors is



From a Photo. by]

DR. RUSSELL. [Diaz Spencer & Co., Valparaiso.

Landseer's "Horseman and Hounds," which, curiously enough, was reproduced in an article I wrote in this Magazine entitled "Pictures with Histories," in April, 1891. The cosy, small dining-room overlooks Victoria Street, and contains some excellent pictures—one of Dr. Russell's mother, another of the artist, J. G. Russell, A.R.A., who also painted the portrait of Mr. Russell's paternal grandfather opposite that of his uncle, and several depicting scenes in the hunting-field. Two big canvases, however, are particularly interesting. One dated Lucknow, March, 1858, is "The Death of Cleopatra," painted by Beechey.

"Beechey visited India long before the Mutiny, and was entertained by the King of Oude," explained Dr. Russell. "He painted this portrait, probably of a Circassian, for the King. During the looting of the Kaiserbagh of Lucknow at the time of the Indian Mutiny, when we were leaving the palace, I remarked to an officer that it was a pity to leave it hanging there.

"'Cut it out of the frame,' was his advice.

at it for an hour at a time, saying softly, 'Poor old thing! poor old dear! how fine and how silly he looks.' Dear Thackeray!—he was one of my dearest and warmest friends. He lived in Onslow Square, very near to my house in Summer Place, for several years. He was very fond of my wife, and I well remember how, when she was laid low with a serious illness and was not expected to live, Thackeray would stand every morning opposite my house, waiting for me to appear at the window. If I nodded, it was a sign that my wife was a little better, and he came in for a few words; if I shook my head, he went quietly and dolefully away. We often dined at the Garrick Club. One night I met him in Pall Mall on my way home to dinner.

"'Let us dine at the Garrick to-night,' he said.

"I told him I could not, as I had promised to dine at home.

"'Oh!' said he, 'I'll write to Mrs. Russell, and I know she will excuse you. It is important, you know.'

"I consented. I sent a messenger home with the letter of excuse and a request for the latchkey. It came, with this little note in my wife's handwriting attached to it: 'Go it, my boy! you are killing poor Thackeray and Johnny Deane!' Thackeray was delighted and put the note in his pocket. Deane was a neighbour of ours."

You may count the ink-pots and paper-weights made out of shells and bullets on the tables by the score. But examine these two great boards or shields, covered



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

I did so, and a soldier wrapped it round his rifle barrel, and so we got it away."

The other canvas, painted by a native artist, is of the King of Oude himself, surrounded by his Court and attired in all his Oriental splendour.

"That was one of Thackeray's favourite pictures," said Dr. Russell. "He would look

with red cloth, on either side of the fine side-board. Picturesquely arranged are muskets from the Crimean battle-fields, Alma, Inkerman, etc., matchlocks and tulwars from India, spears, Zulu assegais, swords, fencing foils, revolvers, and old-fashioned pistols. Here is a beautiful dagger from the Rajah of Mundi, near it is the key of one of the magazines



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

of the Great Redan at Sebastopol, which the present owner took out himself on 9th September, 1855, the day of the fall of the place. Handle this remnant of a scabbard thoughtfully; it once belonged to a poor fellow in the Crimea—the remainder of it was driven by a shell splinter into his side. Examine this curious old blunderbuss, and listen to its story.

"It comes from India," said Dr. Russell. "A pile of arms were brought in to headquarters at Lucknow to be surrendered. I was examining this article, when Lord Clyde—who was standing by my side—asked: 'Is it loaded?'"

"No," I answered, immediately pulling the trigger. But it was! The charge tore up the ground at Lord Clyde's feet, and his escape was miraculous. His anger was considerable. No wonder I did not know it was loaded, for the steel ramrod hopped up when I tried it, but the piece was fully charged with telegraph wire cut into small pieces!"

The drawing-room contains objects of great interest. An autographed picture of the Princess of Wales fondling a kitten rests on the mantel-board with other souvenirs. Just near the piano—which is covered with some fine Japanese tapestry—is Meissonier's "1807." This beautiful plateau and coffee set of Sèvres was bought at Versailles in 1871, when the people were starving, for a trifle. A tiger's skin—a trophy from India—lies in front of a shelf over which rises a fine mirror. The

knick-knacks are countless. This exquisite jade vase—once studded with rubies—was given to its present possessor by the Maharajah of Puttiala. It is one of many here. The medals, one "in memoriam" of the coronation of the Czar at Moscow, 1856, and silver trinkets are numerous—an immense "turnip" watch, the property of a great-great-grandfather, was said to be 150 years old when he first had it.

An idol from a Japanese temple,

and a chobdar of rare beauty, composed of various stones of different lengths, all with some mystic meaning, are here. A hundred photographs of celebrities are set out on a screen near the door—Sir Collingwood Dickson amongst them.

"The bravest and coolest man I ever knew," said Dr. Russell. "He practically won the battle of Inkerman with his two eighteen-pounders."

The portrait of Dr. Russell's second son—now Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles—reminds him to tell me that he is now the only survivor of the original party who went with Gordon up to Khartoum when he was first appointed Governor. Gordon made him Governor of Farschodah—a bad place for a white man at present.

"I can see Gordon now," Dr. Russell said, quietly, "fighting in the trenches at Sebastopol. I can just recall a very striking incident I heard one night. There was a sortie, and the Russians got into our parallel. The trench guards were encouraged to drive them out by Gordon, who stood on the parapet, in imminent danger of his life, prepared to meet death with nothing save his stick in his hand.

"'Gordon—Gordon! come down! you'll be killed,' they cried. But he paid no heed to them.

"A soldier said, 'He's all right. He don't mind being killed. He's one of those blessed Christians!'"

A large portrait of Dr. Russell is on the

wall amongst others, taken in Chili, in all his medals and decorations. These are many, for he is a Knight of the Iron Cross, an Officer of the Legion of Honour, has the Turkish War Medal of 1854-6, the Indian War Medal of 1857-8, with the clasp for Lucknow, the South African War Medal of 1879, the Medjidieh (3rd and 4th class), the Osmanieh (3rd and 4th class), the St. Sauveur of Greece. He is a Chevalier of the Order of Franz Josef of Austria—the Redeemer of Portugal—etc.

We looked through a book of literary and pictorial reminiscences of the Crimea. Many of the sketches, the majority by Colonel Colville, now Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, are highly humorous. The gallant colonel has certainly depicted the chroniclers of war's alarms under very trying circumstances, and Captain Swaebey of the 41st, who was killed at Inkerman, presents the landing of the famous war correspondent and the total annihilation of the rival pressmen of the *Invalide Russe* and the *Soldaten Freund* in a boldly dramatic way. Here is a photograph by Robertson. It shows Balaclava—"The Valley of Death." On the opposite page is a cartoon from *Punch*. A mother and her children are sitting with open ears and excited, tearful faces listening to Paterfamilias by the fireplace, reading a description of the cavalry fight of Balaclava from the *Times*, and flourishing a poker over his head. That account was written by Dr. Russell, and there is little reason to doubt that the word-picture penned by him inspired Lord Tennyson to write the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

We turn over the pages of the album. This slip of blue paper is a delivery note from the Quartermaster-General for a box from England, which Dr. Russell got up with great difficulty at Balaclava. It created great joy,

as the label on it of "Medical Comforts" suggested to the hungry warriors something good from the old country. They gathered round in anxious expectation. Alas! the box contained wooden legs, splints, and such useful supports in life! The letters from generals commanding are numerous—a passport to the interior after the war, a portrait of Catharine of Russia, and one of the Czar Nicholas, torn down from a wall at Buljanak, and many other mementoes. The reading of a letter from the famous French *chef* Soyer reminds Dr. Russell of an anecdote.

Soyer was arrested one night in the Crimea as a spy.

"Who and what are you?" asked the officer into whose presence he was brought.

"I am an officer," was the reply.

"What rank?"

"I am chief of a battery."

"Of what battery?"

"Of the Batterie de Cuisine de l'Armée Anglaise, monsieur!" was the witty answer.

"M. Soyer," continued Dr. Russell, "was very eccentric, but very original—as a cook supreme. He erected a handsome monument to his wife's memory at Kensal Green, and was on the look-out for an



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

inscription. At last he made known his wish to Lord Palmerston.

"Well," said the great statesman, 'I don't



From a Photo. by!

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

think you can do better than put on it: *Soyez tranquille!*”

From the drawing-room, the carpet of which was a wedding present from the suite of the Prince of Wales on Dr. Russell's marriage to Countess Malvezzi in 1884, we went into the study, the writing table in which was a personal present from the Prince of Wales on the same occasion. Boxes, full to their lids with diaries and papers, are scattered about; the portraits on the walls are mostly family ones, though here and there hang a few outside the immediate family circle. Dickens and Thackeray are not forgotten; and the head of a little dog is here, under which Landseer has written “Brutus.” It was his own dog

“The most faithful friend I ever had,” the great artist said, as he put the picture in Dr. Russell's hands one day.

Over the mantel-board is a picture of the *Serapis*, the vessel in which Dr. Russell accompanied the Prince to India, and photos of the Prince's parties in India and Turkey. A huge paper-weight and an inkstand are not without a history. The inkstand is formed from a piece of a shell which is embedded in a stone from the Palais de St. Cloud. It was fired by the French from Valérien at their own palace the day it was burned, just as General, then Colonel, Fraser arrived from Versailles. The paper-weight is also a very formidable bit of a shell which was fired from Vanvres at the staff of the Crown Prince

on the 19th September, when they obtained their first view of Paris from the heights of Châtillon after the battle of that day. A very few inches nearer, and the probability is that Dr. Russell would not have been sitting in his chair in the cosy study at Victoria Street.

William Howard Russell was born at Lilyvale, co. Dublin, on March 28th, 1821. He really belongs to a Limerick family, and to this day there is just

the faintest and happiest tinge of the dear old brogue on the tip of his tongue. He exemplifies in a way the “distractions” of the “distressful country” in politics and religion, for he had a great-grand-uncle hanged on Wexford Bridge in 1798, as a rebel during the war; whilst his grandfather was engaged on the side of Government, and was a valiant member of a Yeomanry Corps. He went to the Rev. Dr. Wall's, who used to flog severely, and to the Rev. Dr. Geoghegan's, a dear old fellow, who was not so birchingly inclined, both in the same street; but whatever he knows is due to Dr. Geoghegan's school, where he was a “day boy” for six or seven years. Amongst his schoolfellows were General Waddy (Alma, Inkerman, etc.), R. V. Boyle—who defended Arrah in the Mutiny—General Sir Henry de Bathe, Colonel Willans, and Dion Boucicault, who was then called Boursiquot.

“Boucicault was a very cantankerous boy,” said Dr. Russell, “though unquestionably plucky. I remember he fought a big fellow named Barton—who, by-the-bye, became a famous advocate in India, and died not long ago a J.P. in Essex—with one arm tied behind his back, and took a licking gallantly. He was always considered a clever fellow; but, oh! how he used to romance! St. Stephen's Green was the great battle-field of the schools—Wall's, Huddart's, Geoghegan's, etc.—in those days. Black eyes were as plentiful as blackberries, and I had my share. I was always very fond of soldiering,

and used to get up early and set off from our house in Baggot Street to watch the drills in the mornings at the Biggar's Bush Barracks. I used to get cartridge from the soldiers, which caused my people much annoyance. Yet not so much as they did the old watchman in his box at the corner of Baggot Street. We found him asleep one night, discharged a shot or two inside, and pitched him and his box over into the canal. He escaped, but we did not, for we caught it severely, and deserved it. When the Spanish Legion was raised I made frantic appeals to join—officer, private, anything—and was only prevented from running away with De Lacy Evans' heroes by the strong arm of authority.

"I entered Trinity College in 1838 at seventeen. Only the other day I was present at the tercentenary, and found myself in the identical place I used to occupy at examinations when a student. There I again met an old class-fellow—Rawdon Macnamara, President of the College of Physicians, Dublin. There were glorious doings during election times, when the Trinity College students—who were mostly Orangemen—met the Roman Catholics and engaged them in battle; but, alas! they were tyrannous and strong. The coal porters were there—the descendants of the Irish Kings from the coal quay,' as Dan O'Connell called them, and sometimes we had to seek safety at the college gates. Sometimes we had it all our own way, and made the most of it. Away we would go to King William's statue on College Green, shouting, 'Down with the Pope! Down with the Pope!' During one election there was an exhibition in the Arcade of the 'wonderful spotted lady' and 'the Hungarian giant.' We made a charge, overturned the pay box, dismissed the proprietor, made 'the Hungarian giant' run for his life, to say nothing of seeing 'the spotted lady' going off into hysterics. The Dublin coal porters used to be called in to disperse us. We frequently parted with broken heads. We were often triumphant, though."

Dr. Russell left college for a couple of years, during part of which he was mathematical master at Kensington Grammar School. He returned to Trinity, and with the elections of 1841 came his first real literary effort, though he is very proud of a sketch and account of an *alauda cristata*, or crested lark, which appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal* when he was fifteen years of age—the bird was of his own shooting. A cousin, Mr. R.

Russell, employed on the *Times*, came over to "do" the elections, and suggested the earning of a few guineas to the young collegian by going to the Longford election and writing an account of it. He accepted the suggestion, and not only penned a vivid description of the scene in the hospital where the wounded voters lay with bruised bodies and cracked craniums, but entered heartily into the political campaign, and spoke and fought in it *con amore*. His description delighted the *Times* people. He received bank-notes and praise, both acceptable and novel; he continued to write more descriptive accounts of the meetings of the day, and Delane, the editor, told him to expect constant employment.

O'Connell? Dr. Russell knew him well. No orator has impressed him more, before or since.

"O'Connell was really an uncrowned king," he said. "He wore a green velvet cap with a gold band round it, and a green coat with brass buttons. Still, we had a crossing of swords occasionally. The *Times* commissioner, Campbell Foster, characterized a village on O'Connell's estate, at Derrynane, in a letter on the state of Ireland, as a squalid, miserable settlement of cabins, not possessing a pane of glass in any of the houses. O'Connell declared this to be a lie. I was requested by the *Times* to repair to the spot with Maurice O'Connell to see for myself, and to deny or corroborate Foster's assertion. I could not but corroborate it. On entering a crowded meeting one night at Conciliation Hall, O'Connell rose up and shouted: 'So this contemptible Russell says there is not a pane of glass in Derrynane? I wish he had as many pains in his stomach!'

"Yet O'Connell was always personally kind to me. Once my carriage broke down on the road to Dublin from a monster meeting. O'Connell's was passing at the time. He turned out poor Tom Steele, gave me his place, and a good dinner into the bargain. 'Honest Tom Steele,' as they all called him. He was devoted to O'Connell, and after his death became disconsolate, and eventually threw himself off Waterloo Bridge."

It was just before the arrest of O'Connell that Dr. Russell saw Lord Cardigan for the first time. He was with his regiment of hussars, near Clontarf, where there was a great display of the military who had been sent to prevent the great agitator from holding a meeting, which had been declared illegal by

proclamation. Cardigan was quite magnificent. The next time Dr. Russell met him was in a transport going to Varna. The third time he saw him crestfallen and wounded not quite in front after Balaclava. But O'Connell and his head pacificator, Tom Steele, wore great bunches of shamrock in their coats, and a great posse of priests begged the people to disperse quietly. Then commenced the memorable Irish State trials.

"Both the *Times*—for which I wrote the descriptive portion of the trials—and the *Morning Herald* had chartered special steamers to carry the news and the results of the Government prosecutions to London," said Dr. Russell. "The great day came. The trial of O'Connell and the traversers lasted long, but at last it was over. It was very late on a Saturday night when the jury retired; the judge waited in court for some time, but went away after an hour's expectancy, and the other newspaper correspondents left to get refreshments. I was sitting outside the court, wondering whether I should go to bed. Suddenly my boy rushed up to me.

"'Jury just coming in,' he said.

"And they brought in a verdict of guilty. The moment I heard it I flew from the court, jumped on a car—drove to the station, where I had ordered a special train to be in readiness—got to Kingston—hailed the *Iron Duke*, the steamer chartered by the *Times*—got up steam in half an hour, and left with the consolation that the steamer of the *Morning Herald* was lying peacefully in harbour! Arrived at Holyhead—sped away—special to London—tried to sleep, couldn't—tight boots—took them off. Reached Euston,

"'So glad to see you safe over, sir!' he cried. 'So they've found him guilty?'

"'Yes—guilty, my friend,' I replied.

"The *Morning Herald* came out next day with the news of the fact—the bare fact—as well as the *Times*! The gentleman in the shirt-sleeves was an emissary from their office!"

In 1846 Dr. Russell married the daughter of Mr. Peter Burrowes, and severed for a short period his connection with the *Times*, in the same year becoming "Potato Rot Commissioner," as it was termed, to the *Morning Chronicle*, for which he wrote letters from the famine-stricken districts in the West of Ireland. In 1848 he was special constable on the occasion of Fergus O'Connor's abortive Chartist demonstration at Kennington, and in 1849 he accompanied the Queen's flotilla on a visit to Ireland, and described for the *Times* the first review at Spithead by the Queen, as well as the first review of the French fleet at Cherbourg by Napoleon, after the *coup d'état*. He was summoned home from Switzerland in the same year to attend the Duke of Wellington's funeral. At this ceremony Dr. Russell saw the late Cardinal Howard, then a cornet, riding at the head of a detachment of the Life Guards.

"I was at his funeral only a week or two ago, at Arundel," he said. "A Roman Catholic bishop spoke to me at the Castle, after the ceremony was over. Did I remember him? No, I did not. He introduced himself as Dr. Butt, Bishop of Southwark, who thirty-six years ago was Catholic chaplain in the Crimea, and presently I met his venerable colleague, Bishop

PASS FOR THE BRITISH TRENCHES, ~~FOR THIS DAY.~~

June 4 1865

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
HEAD QUARTERS

W. H. Russell Esq

J. M. Swinson

Has permission to pass through the Trenches.

man waiting with cab, struggled to get on boots, only managed the left foot, and when I reached the *Times* office it was with one boot under my arm.

"As I got out of the cab in Printing House Square, a man in shirt-sleeves—whom I took to be a printer—came up to me.

Virtue, who had also been a chaplain in the Army before Sebastopol. I had not seen either of them since. At lunch I sat next Father Bowden, chief of the Brompton Oratory, who had been in the Guards, and who was a fellow member of the Garrick Club."

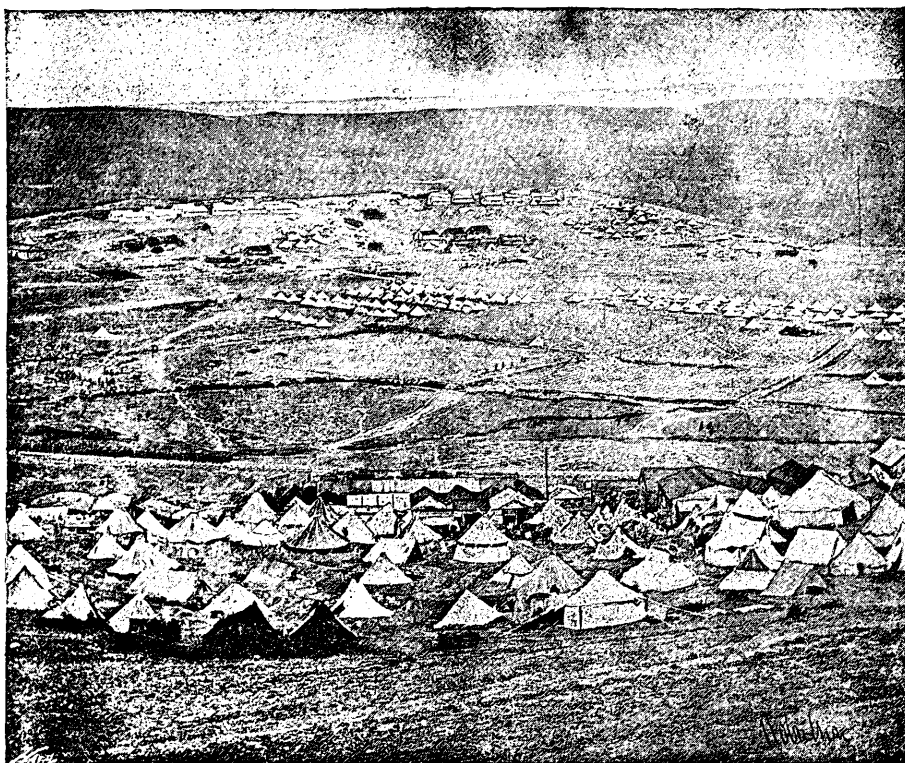
We hurried over events. The first battle he saw was that between the Danes and Prussians at Idstedt in 1852, where he was put in a place of safety, which half an hour afterwards became the centre of action! He was wounded under the arm by a bullet. In February, 1854, he went to Malta with the advanced guard of the army. He scarcely wanted to go. He pleaded his business at the Bar, and other matters, to the editor of the *Times*; besides, how could he leave his young wife and two little ones?

"Nonsense!" said Delane. "It'll be a pleasant excursion. When the Guards get to Malta, and the Czar hears of it, he won't be mad enough to continue his adventure. You'll be back before Easter term begins, depend on it"; for Dr. Russell at this time was in practice in election and Parliamentary cases, having been called to the Bar in 1850.

"Well," added Dr. Russell, smilingly, "I got back in 1856!"

to paint! It was one long story of suffering, from the beginning to the end. The war correspondent paid £5 for a ham, 15s. for a small tin of meat, 5s. for a little pot of marmalade, £6 for a pair of common seaman's boots, and £5 for a turkey; and he fattened up that turkey for days. The turkey was kept under a gabion. It wanted three days to Christmas. Dr. Russell, accompanied by a friend, went forth to look at the bird that was to be killed for the banquet. They looked through the wickerwork and could see the feathers, but the bird did not move. They raised the gabion. Alas! some villain had stolen the turkey, leaving nothing but the claws, head, and wings!

"That was a very miserable Christmas Day," added Dr. Russell. "Inkerman had just been fought, the army was practically dying out. Then consider the terrible knowledge we possessed. We spent that Christmas Day knowing that there was no hope



From a]

BALACLAVA.

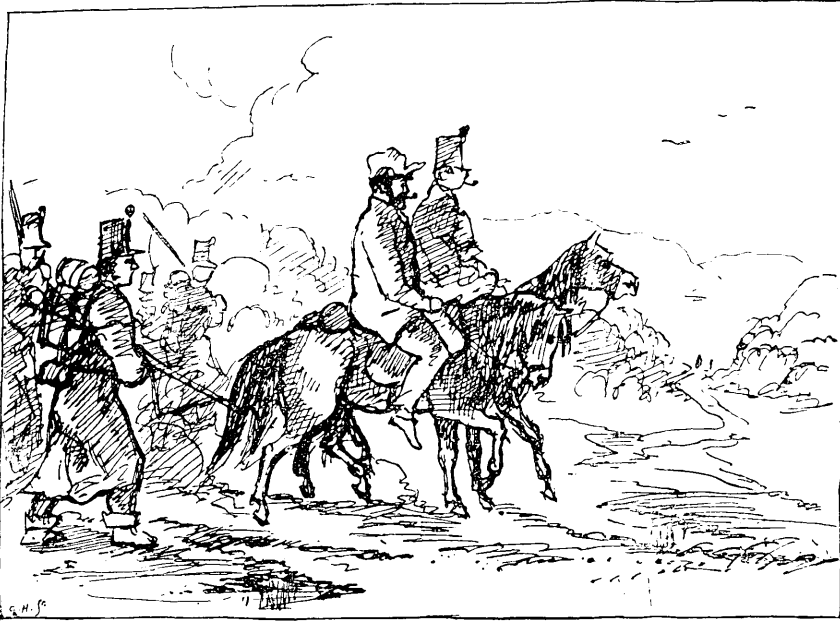
[Photograph.

His descriptive writing from the Crimea of the dreadful winter roused England and turned out the Government.

What terrible pictures his pen was forced

of entering Sebastopol for weeks to come."

Dr. Russell wrote his account of the battle of the Alma in the leaves of a dead Russian's



RETURNING FROM PICKET.
(Sketched by Col. Colville.)

note-book upon a plank laid across a couple of barrels, under a scorching sun.

Dr. Russell put a little brass eagle in my hand. "That is from the shako of a Russian soldier," he said. "I never saw such gallantry. The fellow rushed out of the column that came down on the Light Division, and which had thrown the Scots Fusiliers into confusion, and made straight for the standard of the Guards. He clutched the staff—swords and bayonets cut and pierced him, but he fought on; and Lindsay and others had to fight for it too. At last he dropped, and I brought this brass eagle, which Norcott's sergeant gave me, as a memento of one of the most persistent examples of hopeless bravery I ever witnessed."

When peace was declared he returned to England in the spring of 1856. He reached home late at night, and his wife led him quietly upstairs to a bedroom. She opened the door, and there stood his little ones in their night-gowns at the foot of the bed, singing: "Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you, Welcome! welcome home!"

"I had never heard the song before," said Dr. Russell, "and I thought it was some little ditty of their mother's teaching for my welcome. Imagine my disgust next morning, when sitting at breakfast, to hear a band of Ethiopian melodists outside strike up—'Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you!'"

Now, Dr. Russell's baptismal appellation is William.

He had not long been home ere he was asked to go out again to Russia to describe the Coronation of the Czar, the account of which he considers his best bit of writing.

"Whilst at one of the receptions at Moscow," he said, "I met a Russian officer, who spoke excel-

lent English, who had been at Balaclava, and was much interested in the details of the day. In the course of conversation he said:—

"I laid the first gun of my battery against a troop of your artillery so true, that when the shell burst, it blew the officer who was riding in front into pieces."

"Pardon me! You are mistaken," I said. "Permit me to tell you that Captain Maude, who was the officer who rode in front of that troop, is now standing close behind you!" Major, now General, Maude was indeed badly wounded by that shell, but he is now alive and well, I hope, and at the head of the Queen's stable.

"Returning home again, Thackeray and others suggested that I should lecture on the war. I did so, with Willert Beale as my impresario. I used to rehearse my lecture before a select audience—Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, John Leech, Thackeray, Delane, Douglas Jerrold, and half the Garrick Club, who used to introduce, 'Hear! hear! cheers and laughter' at appropriate places. At last the eventful night of the *début* as lecturer came. The scene was Willis's Rooms. I peeped into the vast room. Great Heavens! The hall was filled with Crimean officers. I recognised Lord Lucan, Lord Rokeby, Airey, etc., etc., all grimly expectant in front, and many familiar faces behind.

"I can't go on," I said.



*Landing of our men at and destruction of the Correspondence
of the Invalids, Nurses & Soldiers' Friend*

(A Sketch by the late Captain Swaebly.)

“‘Nonsense,’ said Thackeray. ‘I’ve lectured, so can you.’

“‘I can’t do it, I tell you—go on, somebody, and say I’m ill. The money will be returned!’

“Just then Deane came up with a bumper of champagne. I couldn’t drink it. I peeped through the doorway again, when suddenly I was seized and run on to the platform by Thackeray and Co. So I unwillingly made my first appearance as a lecturer in rather an undignified manner.

“I visited many towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and made money by my tour, but it was distasteful to me; I was glad when my engagements were over, and have never lectured since, though often asked to do so. When the Indian Mutiny broke out I was abroad, but I was sent for, and after a short holiday, I was asked by Delane very urgently to go out and join the army preparing to relieve Lucknow, under Colin Campbell. That was in 1857. The very day I arrived at Calcutta, the news came that Havelock was dead, and that Colin Campbell had got the garrison and the women and children out of Lucknow, but that he was unable to take the place. I went up country to join Sir Colin Campbell’s headquarters at Cawnpore, with Pat Stewart.

“Sir Colin said to me: ‘Now, Mr. Russell, you’re welcome. You have seen something of war. I am going to tell you everything. But only on one condition.

That when dining with headquarters mess you don’t blab what you hear. There are native servants behind every chair watching, and what is said inside the tent is known outside five minutes afterwards. I want to show you my plans for attack on Lucknow. Go with Colonel Napier. He will let you see what we are going to do.’ The officer to whom Sir Colin introduced me, afterwards Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, took me across to his tent. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘here are our plans—ask me anything you please. Mind! You must keep my purdah down.’

“Now, though I had not been long in India I knew that a ‘purdah’ meant a curtain. I rose and let down the flap over the entrance of the tent, shutting out all the light.

“Napier smiled.

“‘No, no,’ he cried, ‘what I mean is, you must keep my plans to yourself!’”

Dr. Russell was present at the siege of Lucknow, and also served in the campaigns of Oude, Rohilcund, etc. Whilst on one of the many night marches Sir Colin made in India, he received a kick from a horse which nearly led to the loss of his life.

“A horse broke loose and commenced to attack my little stallion,” he said. “I went to its assistance, when the brute, which belonged to Donald Stewart, an Indian officer on the staff, let fly at me, catching me on my right thigh. The kick bent the scabbard of a sword I was wearing, and fairly drove it into

my right thigh. We were just on the move, hoping to come into action with some Oude rebels, and I was in agony—unable to move a step—so I was placed in a litter and carried along with the sick of the headquarters staff into Rohilcund. Small-pox broke out at Lucknow, and clung to us on the march, and among the sick were Sir W. Peel (he died at Cawnpore), Sir David Baird, and Major Alison. On the 25th March, 1858, the battle of Bareilly was fought. Our coolie bearers had carried the sick litters into a shady tope or grove of trees—the sun was fierce. There I lay, helpless, listening to the sound of battle close at hand. My only clothing consisted of a shirt. Suddenly a cry burst from the camp followers:—

“The Sowars are coming! The Sowars are coming!”

Our Syces ran up with the chargers. How I did it, I do not know. But I hopped out of my litter and scrambled up into the saddle—the flaps felt like molten iron, and the blister on my leg rolled up against the leather roasted by the sun outside the tope—on my horse. My servant—a very brave fellow—held on by the stirrup leather, flogging the horse, for I had only bare feet and bare legs. Suddenly he let go. He saw a Sowar making for us, and he released his hold so as not to impede my flight. He was cut down, I presume, for I never saw him again—and his wages were due. I struggled on, but the sun was more powerful than I. I had only proceeded a few yards when I fell off my horse insensible—with sunstroke.

“Then I heard a voice.

“Look—a white man!”

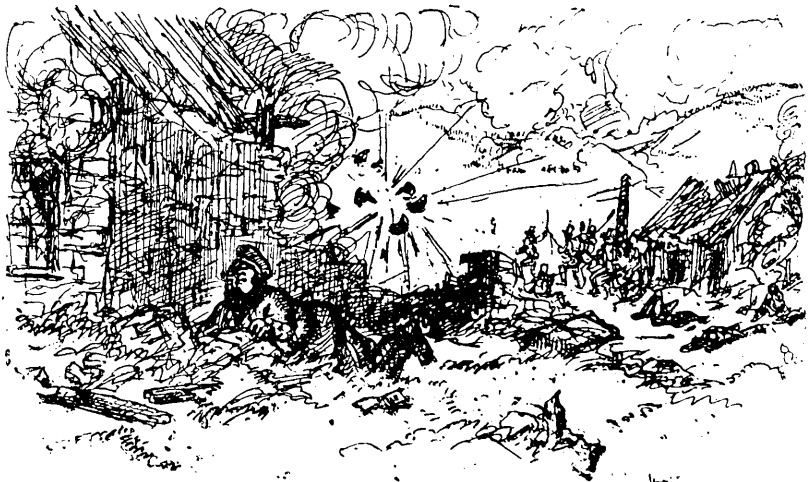
“It was some of our people, thank God! They thought I had been killed, and that the Sowars had stripped off my clothing, for I was naked, all save my shirt, and it was bloody. They bent over me. “He’s warm,” cried one of the men—it was Tombs’

battery that had come up. I got back to camp, but I was very near the point of death; and, indeed, I had the unique and unpleasant trial of listening to my good friends and physicians, Tice and Mackinnon, discussing the question of my burial at the foot of the charpoy, on which I was stretched, apparently dead.”

Such is one of the experiences of Dr. Russell during the Indian Mutiny.

Yet another Christmas Day (1858) was spent in India on the borders of Nepal. The day dawned upon an anxious people, but it *was* Christmas, and the war correspondent, with a party of friends, meant to keep it up. They gathered for dinner in a large mess tent, from the ridge pole of which hung a huge lamp. A well-known Scotch enthusiast’s presence suggested a Highland fling as an appropriate finish. The gallant Highlander got on the table, and his tripping was so vigorous that it shook down the lamp. In two minutes the tent was in flames. So ended another Christmas Day.

In 1859 Dr. Russell returned to England, and received the Indian War Medal with the Lucknow clasp. In 1860 he started the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of which he is still part proprietor and editor, and in 1861 went to the United States, in time to hear Mr. Lincoln deliver the Inaugural Address at Washington, which was accepted as a proclamation of war against their “domestic institutions” by the Southern States. He was exceedingly well received, and sat down at Lincoln’s first official dinner in the White House, being the only person there who was not a Cabinet



DR. RUSSELL: OR THE TROUBLES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.
(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

Minister. He was unfortunately present at the first battle of Bull Run. Dr. Russell gave it as his opinion that McDowell, the general commander of the Federal troops, may have lost that battle through eating too much water-melon. He was a confirmed vegetarian, and ate too much of that fruit the morning of the action. At all events, brave and capable as he was, McDowell was beaten. The Federals fled in disorder from the field, and Dr. Russell had to describe the flight, which was to him personally a most disagreeable experience. The North, angry and frightened, could not forgive; and when

shall induce me to receive a correspondent of a paper which has shown itself so hostile to me as the *Times*." The French Government would not allow the presence of any correspondents. Dr. Russell heaped coals of fire on their heads, so to speak, when, after the battle of Wörth, a little later on he assisted in securing the release of two correspondents of the Paris Press from captivity, who had sought refuge in the clock tower of a church.

Dr. Russell proceeded to Berlin and joined the staff of the Crown Prince. Colonel Pemberton, of the Grenadier Guards—a valued friend—burning with a desire to see service, joined him, as did also Lord Ronald Gower, who—when his mother was Mistress of the Robes—had been much with the Queen's children, and who was sure of a warm welcome from the Crown Princess.

"Our reception," said Dr. Russell, "at the New Palace, Potsdam, was most gracious, but the Crown Princess was in tears. She said: 'You have arrived at a dreadful moment. My husband and his father



MORE TROUBLE.
(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

his account of the battle—which the leading journal of New York declared was awaited with as much anxiety as a Presidential message—arrived, the vials of wrath were poured out upon him. Dr. Russell was not altogether popular in America. The man who does not fear to speak and write the truth is not always a popular personage. He wrote facts, hard-hitting facts, and the Press nicknamed him "Bull Run Russell," as if he caused the disaster. However, newspaper abuse did not deprive him of the necessary breath to reach England.

In 1866 he joined the Austrian Army under Benedek, and again, at Königgrätz, had to fly before a victorious enemy; but he visited Kuhn's headquarters, Custozza, etc., remaining in Vienna some time after as the *Times* correspondent.

Now comes a memorable year, 1870, which brought the declaration of war between France and Germany. He asked to join the French headquarters, but the Emperor said: "I should be happy to see Mr. Russell at my headquarters, but nothing

start for the scene of carnage immediately. You have traversed the Palatinate, and you have seen the peaceful towns and villages which will soon be heaps of ashes, and the harvest ripening in the fields will soon be soaked with blood; but I feel assured we shall conquer in the end.'

"In the midst of the preparations for war, I was bidden to the christening of a little princess at the Palace. I was presented to the Emperor by Lord Augustus Loftus, our ambassador on the occasion. His Majesty made a very kindly speech and said, 'The Press is a new power, and I accept you as its ambassador.'

"The day of my arrival at Berlin, Count Bismarck sent to say that he would like to see me early next morning (*Morgen früh*) at the Foreign Office—what 'early' meant I knew not. I was in the Wilhelmstrasse before the doorkeeper was awake. It was long after eight o'clock before I was introduced to the Great Chancellor, who offered me a cigar, and as soon as I was seated launched into serious business. I was much impressed with his

estimate of the Emperor of the French. 'He is a dreamer—a mere dreamer,' he said. 'I went to see him at Biarritz in order to come to some understanding about our relations, and, if possible, to clear the sky. I had practical questions to propose and settle but I could not get him to grapple with a single one. He wished to entertain me with his theories for the removal of the causes of poverty, and for meeting the dangers of an educated proletariat. I was only anxious to lay the way for peace; but, no! he would have none of it. Now see what we have come to!'

"My interview with Count Bismarck lasted two hours, during which he spoke almost uninterruptedly, with great vivacity, generally in French, frequently breaking out into English, and he quoted Shakespeare at least twice.

"At the close of the interview I asked him to procure me a Legitimation, without which I could not accompany the army. 'I am not the man for that. General von Roon is your man.' 'But I do not know him, sir.' 'Well, perhaps he will do it for me—we will see.'

"The Legitimation business detained us several days in Berlin. In the meanwhile, the mobilization of the army was rapidly going on. It was almost impossible to obtain horses, and we could get no vehicles. I will tell you how we managed to get one. One day we saw a Berlin egg-cart, a sort of flat van on wheels. An idea struck us. Why not buy an egg-cart, get a light frame to go over the top, and cover it with canvas? Excellent. So we bought a cart and rigged it up. But how to distinguish it? Another happy thought. My crest is a goat, so we painted a big black goat on the canvas. All through the campaign vulgar boys and people would point at it and cry—'Ba-a-a! Ba-a-a!' to the great annoyance of my servant. One curious thing occurred in connection with my waggon. An English officer attached to the French army as one of the Geneva Cross Association saw this cart in the French lines, and inferred that the German army had been defeated and my cart captured. I lost my egg-cart on the march to Versailles."

At last Dr. Russell got away from Berlin with Lord R. Gower and Colonel Pemberton. His military railway ticket—the number of the train and the time-table of the stations were printed on it—was dated some time before war was declared! At Worms they left the train and took a carriage for Landau. Their coachman was not a man to be sought after. At one spot he refused to go any farther

with the pair of horses, which had been obtained after much trouble, and they only got to Wissembourg the night after the battle, in rear of the Crown Prince's staff. The result was that Dr. Russell and Lord Ronald Gower were arrested as spies, and sentries placed over them, with orders to shoot them if they stirred.

"A false alarm roused the sentries," the old war correspondent explained. "They left us. We made good our escape into the inn, where a good Samaritan gave us some delicious hot coffee. Years afterwards I came across the landlord's son who had so befriended us, as a waiter at the Salthill Hotel, Dublin."

Dr. Russell was at the battle of Wörth. The Crown Prince's dinner was very simple, consisting of soup served in metal cups, and boiled ration-meat, bread, cheese, and beer. There was silver on the table, however. It belonged to the camp equipment of Frederick the Great, and was, and is always, carried at the Royal headquarters in war time. He spoke of the great anguish of the Crown Prince as he read the names of his fallen officers.

Dr. Russell was at the siege and fall of Paris, which he entered with the Crown Prince, and took a cartload of fresh meat and vegetables over the bridge into Paris, the first day it opened, to the British Embassy. There he found Sir Richard Wallace in his shirt-sleeves, serving out horse-flesh to the starving English grooms, tutors, and governesses. He remained in Paris till the massacre by the Communists in the Place Vendôme, and returned the night after the Commune expired in ashes and blood. He looked on at the gay city in flames.

"As I watched millions of fiery tongues leaping up towards the sky," continued Dr. Russell, "my mind went back to the extravagant splendour of the year in which the Great Exhibition was held, when I served on the jury in the arms department. There, on the grand-stand of the racecourse, I saw the Emperor. With him were two Emperors and several Kings. He was reviewing part of the great army which in a few years was to be swept into captivity. What an inconceivable change! I stood behind the Emperor of Germany on the same grand-stand from which he reviewed the German army previous to its triumphant march into Paris. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses when I rode under the Arc de Triomphe in the train of the conqueror

down the Avenue of the Champs Elysées. That afternoon, after incurring many dangers—indeed, imminent peril—I managed to get from the Prussian lines, and make my way to the railway station. There a special train arranged to take me to Calais, whence I sent my account to the *Times* of the entry of the German army into Paris.”

Dr. Russell took from one of his great despatch boxes a number of volumes. Among them were the diaries of his trip to India when he accompanied the Prince of Wales as honorary private secretary. The *Times* asked Dr. Russell to act as their correspondent. Then trouble arose. Other correspondents wanted to go in the *Serapis*, but this was objected to. At last a compromise was arrived at.

“It was,” said Dr. Russell, “to the effect that I could not write letters from the *Serapis* as the *Times* correspondent, and that the other newspaper correspondents might go to India on their own responsibility. Still letters *did* appear in the columns of the *Times* during the voyage out. I used to write to the editor personally, and he would put in my communication with the head-

ing: ‘We have received the following from a friend on board the *Serapis*.’ It is impossible to describe all the rejoicings and festivities. I saw in Nepaul an army of 900 elephants for the hunting party arranged by Jung Bahadur, surely the biggest elephantine gathering on record! And such sport as there was. The Prince is a very steady rifle shot,” and together we looked through the record of a day’s shooting as chronicled in the diary:—

“H. R. H. Prince of Wales: One tiger 7ft. 6in.; one pig, two hares, one partridge.

“Lord Suffield: One tiger, 7ft. 9in.; one tiger’s cub, three cheetahs.

“Prince Louis of Battenberg: One cheetah.

“Captain Rose: One tiger, 9ft. 6in., which charged the Prince of Wales, wounding his elephant.

“Russell: One cheetah.

“Col. Fitz-George: One pig.”

And so forth. “Ellis, Prinsep, Sam Browne, Fayer, various heads.”

“One day we killed six tigers,” said Dr. Russell, “of which the Prince shot five. The

best work in this direction on the part of the Prince was a couple of tigers shot in an hour—one was killed with the first shot, the other creature took a long time to come out of its lair. We threw every soda-water bottle we had got with us at him until he was roused by one thrown by Jung Bahadur, which burst on a stone near his head. We left Bombay in the March of 1876, bringing home a grand menagerie and an infinite wealth of presents for the Prince. We arrived at Portsmouth on the 11th of May—after visiting many of the principal cities homewards—and the following day made a state entry



(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

into London.”

Dr. Russell’s last campaigning experience was in 1879, when he accompanied Lord Wolseley to South Africa, and was at the taking of Sekukuni’s stronghold. The close of the pleasant hours spent with the famous war correspondent was nearing, and lighting up our cigars, he looked back upon that well-remembered day when he met with the regrettable accident which resulted in his lameness.

“We had arrived within ten or twelve miles of Pretoria,” he said, “and halted for the day. I said I would go on to Pretoria and get my

despatches off. I left the camp alone. Sir Baker Russell suggested my taking an orderly. But I wouldn't. Whenever I meet Sir Baker now he always says: 'Ah! you should have taken that orderly.' I rode six miles from the camp over a sprint, reaching a road which led down a steep hill to a ford. The threatening sky told me to look out for a Cape storm. They rush down upon you with scarcely a warning. I knew the river at the bottom of the road would swell rapidly, so I urged my horse forward down the hill. I got into the middle of the ford just as the storm burst on us in all its fury. A flash of lightning struck the water, my horse reared violently, lost his footing, threw me over his shoulder, and I fell under him. My right leg was caught by the stirrup; my left leg was under the horse's shoulder; his neck lay over my chest, preventing me from rising. There was I on my back, with my head just up, supporting myself with my right hand on the bottom of the river, and with my left jogging the reins to make the poor beast rise—the water slowly rising with the pouring torrents—I was drowning. I could feel the water getting higher and higher—it reached my neck, my chin—when, with almost a dying effort, as my horse struggled up a little, I made an attempt to move my leg, but down he went again. However, the strap of my spur gave way—my right leg was liberated—I was able to raise myself on it and to pull at the horse's head. My horse got up; I managed to lean on him, and he just carried me to the bank. I tried to get on his back, and down he went again, so with my leg doubled under me I put one hand on his shoulder, and so I crawled on to the house of an old Scotch farmer named Gray. He put me into bed, and rubbed me with 'Cape smoke,' and I found that I had not only lost my helmet, note-books and despatches, but that my leg was useless, with a chance of being lame for the remainder of my days.

"In the morning the headquarters staff rode across the ford, amongst them Lord Wolsey. He called at the

farm; Gray told him of my plight, and he came to my side.

"'I thought my last day had come, and that my body would never be found,' I said to him.

"'My dear fellow,' was his characteristic reply, 'I would never have left the country until I had found you, and I would have given you a jolly good burial!'"

I knocked the ash off my cigar and rose to go.

"But what, Dr. Russell," I asked, "do you consider the most unenviable position in which you were ever placed—in what battle?"

"It wasn't in a battle," he answered, merrily, and laughing happily. "Oh, no! it wasn't in a battle. It was in a bed! When I was accompanying the Prince to India, we stayed at the Palace at Athens. One night the King said to me, 'Do you get up early, Mr. Russell?'"

"'Yes, sir,' I replied; 'I generally rise at six o'clock.'"

"'Very well, we'll say half-past six tomorrow morning. I want to walk with you in the garden and talk over one or two things.'"

"I went upstairs to bed. I couldn't sleep. The mosquitoes bit me to their hearts' content, particularly about the hands and arms. I happened to have a pair of long white kid gloves in my bag. I got up and put them on.

"I awoke in the morning with the knowledge of having somebody by my bedside. It was the King, accompanied by his big dog. It was half-past six! I sat up in bed.

"'In half an hour, Mr. Russell,' said the King, smiling, as he left the room, 'I shall come back for you.'"

"At breakfast that morning, during a moment of silence, the King, addressing the Queen, with a sly glance in my direction, said:—

"'Well, I've met a great many dandies in my time, but Mr. Russell beats them all. He actually sleeps in white kid gloves!'"

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

A HINDU DEITY.

[Elliott & Fry.



A LEGEND OF FINLAND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES EPHEURE.



UPON one of the rugged coasts of Finland, facing the little fishing village of Liedsmarken, there rises a barren peak, a solitary rock in the middle of the sea. When the weather is fine, you can distinguish, from the coast, the jagged outlines and steep slopes of this peak, its forbidding aspect unrelieved by any trace of vegetation: it is an unfavourable place for sailors and fishermen, for the sea is deep just there, and landing becomes a very difficult matter as soon as the wind begins to blow a little. The only inhabitants of the rock are the sea-birds, which gather there in great numbers at evening time.

As you draw near to it you can see a recess in the cliff, about half-way up—a recess which, with a slight stretch of the imagination, may be compared to a chapel—in which a human figure, probably the figure of a woman, has been roughly cut in

the rock. The worship of this singular divinity dates back, without doubt, to the time of paganism: in later years it has been looked upon as the statue of a virgin. It is called "The Black Virgin," and is supposed to watch over the destiny of the village of Liedsmarken.

The Black Virgin, however, is not looked upon as a benevolent divinity. For a long time it exercised a fatal power: and if at the present time this power is not used, it is because it was conjured many years ago by devotion and love.

Here is the story as it was told to me by a fisherman of the village:—

The village of Liedsmarken has always been inhabited by fishermen and peasants: honest, poor, and hard-working, and all thoroughly convinced of the power of the Virgin on the rock.

Every year the Virgin demanded a victim, and, as a matter of fact, each year one of the inhabitants of Liedsmarken had been

struck by death—one year it would be an old man, another year a child in the cradle, a third year a brave sailor, whose frail barque would be lost in a storm.

In the year 1656, the Black Virgin was once more awaiting a victim; the year was drawing to a close—it was already in the latter half of December—but not one of the good people of Liedsmarken was missing as yet. One of the inhabitants, however, was ill, and it was upon him, no doubt, that the Black Virgin's choice had fallen. He had only a few days more to live, for it was the twenty-third day of December, and it was certain that little Axel would not see the first of January.

smile and to sing, in the hope of bringing a gleam of pleasure into the boy's eyes.

Frida's resources being insufficient to meet expenses, her affianced husband, Robert, assisted her; and Frida, looking upon this help as quite natural, had accepted it; for she loved Robert, and her love was returned. Their marriage had been a settled matter for months. Every evening, after a hard day's fishing, Robert came to see Frida; but when he pressed her to fix the wedding-day she shook her head and, without replying, looked at Axel.

That evening—the 23rd of December—when Robert entered the cottage, Frida and Axel were not alone; their neighbour, an old



“CHRISTIAN WAS TALKING TO FRIDA.”

Poor little Axel! He was lying in bed, his head buried in the pillow, his white hands—you could almost see through them—wandering over the rough bed-clothes. The fire was crackling in the room; outside the snow was falling, spreading its white mantle over the dark ground, and little Axel, who knew the legend, was saying to himself that the Virgin of the rock had marked him, and that he would soon go to sleep under the white snow.

Axel was an orphan under the care of his sister Frida, a handsome, stout-hearted young woman. Night and day she sat at his bedside, holding his hand and telling him all sorts of wonderful stories; despair in her heart and tears in her eyes, yet she tried to

fisherman named Christian, was talking to Frida in a low voice while Axel slept. Robert sat down silently by the side of Frida, and listened to the old man.

“Yes,” said Christian, “I am quite sure that it is possible to cure Axel; people in a worse state than this poor child have been restored to health. As to the Black Virgin—well, she is not so bad as people say, and it is possible to turn her from her purpose if you choose a favourable moment.”

“Alas!” said Frida, “how can I believe in so much happiness? Everything tells us that dear little Axel is doomed. My mother left him to my care, and this is all I have been able to do for him! Is it not cruel, Christian? Look how pale he is! Hark

how hard it is for him to breathe! No, no! The Black Virgin has never spared a victim! My poor Axel!"

"Do not say that the Black Virgin is unrelenting," said Christian, gravely. "Why should I not tell you something which probably no one in the village knows? I was spared by the Black Virgin! I was as ill as your brother, but my father, a bold and vigorous seaman, went on the night of Christmas Eve to the Virgin herself, in her chapel, and she heard his prayer; for she can refuse nothing to those who manage to reach her on that night. From that moment my strength returned, and I got well, to the great astonishment of the whole village."

Frida's eyes sparkled; her look, usually gentle and tender, became energetic and determined.

"Thank you, Christian," she said; "your advice is good, and I will go to-morrow to the black rock."

"Alas!" sighed Christian. "It is useless to think about it. This year the Baltic is not completely frozen, and you would be obliged to cross an arm of the sea in which no boat could be taken with safety, on account of the enormous blocks of ice which are floating about. A large boat would be crushed by the icebergs within a few minutes; how could you hope to succeed in a small one?"

"I will dare anything to save Axel!"

Christian and Robert then endeavoured to convince her of the madness of the undertaking. At first she would not listen to their arguments; but after a time, without entirely yielding, she seemed to regard them as irrefutable.

"Let us say good-bye till to-morrow," she said, rising from her seat.

Robert was the last to leave. As he went out he kissed her forehead tenderly. "My Frida, I love you, I love you!" he cried. "Swear to me, Frida, dear," he added, "that, whatever happens, you will never forget me—never!"

"Never, never, Robert, dear!" she replied,

resting her head on his shoulder. "Am I not wholly yours? How could I forget you?"

"Come, hurry up!" exclaimed old Christian from outside. "You evidently forget that I am waiting, and that it is very cold."

And the lovers separated.

During the evening, when Frida was alone she thought over what Robert had said before he left her, and wondered why he had spoken such sad words. What did he intend to do?

Little by little she understood. Yes; there was no doubt about it, Robert had resolved to go to the rock to beg the Black Virgin to spare Axel. Why, it was certain death to try it! Axel was dear to her, but Robert must not be allowed to sacrifice himself for Axel, and sacrifice himself uselessly; for all that had been said about the Virgin was only an idle, childish superstition. Christian had related a circumstance which proved nothing. No, Robert must not risk his life!

All night long Frida sat at the bedside of Axel, who slumbered with half-closed eyes. She did not sleep; she pondered over Robert's words, "Swear to me that, whatever happens, you will never forget me!" and she could still see fixed upon her the bold, proud, and tender look of the man she loved.

The next morning—it was Christmas Eve—Frida went out to find Robert.

"Robert," she said, "answer me frankly. I

know you, and I know that you are incapable of telling a lie. Tell me, Robert, do you think of going to the rock to-night?"

Robert lowered his head and said nothing. "I will not have it," continued Frida. "Do you hear? I will not allow it! You have no right to risk your life in that way. Are you not the sole support of your old father? What would become of him without you? And do you think that I could live without your love, without your dear presence, especially if my silly superstition were the direct cause of your death? Hark how the wind howls! We seldom have such a gale



"HOW COULD I FORGET YOU?"

as this, and the sea yonder is raging. If you attempt it, Robert, I will never forgive you! See, dear, how criminal such an attempt would be. You cannot save Axel—for Christian's story is absurd—and you will perish before reaching the rock, and I should be miserable for the rest of my life."

Robert promised her everything, but he did it without really comprehending what he was doing. He only knew one thing: he must not make Frida unhappy.

"Let us go and see Axel," he said.

Axel was rather feverish that day. There was a ring in his voice, and his lips trembled. He motioned to Robert and Frida to sit down by his side, and he took Robert's hand and Frida's hand.

"You will be together," he said, "when the Black Virgin has taken me away."

Frida could not restrain her tears, and she sobbed bitterly. As for Robert, he knelt by the bedside, kissed the boy's thin hands, and rushed out of the cottage.

During the winter, night falls about two o'clock in Finland. Without thinking, without a glance backwards, Robert hurried to the beach. A wide stretch of snow-covered ice lay before him: in a very short time he had crossed it. He knew that a boat was moored to an islet some distance from the beach, and believed that from this point the sea was free, or nearly so. He could not bear to think of Frida's grief. He must get

However, near the islet the sea appeared pretty calm. The black rock did not seem to be so far off. "In an hour," thought Robert, "with the help of this favourable wind, I should reach the rock. Why should I not do the same as Christian's father did? I promised Frida that I would not go: but if, thanks to me, Axel should be restored to health, she will pardon me. After all, it is better to struggle heroically against the waves and the blocks of ice, like a brave seaman, than to stand by powerless and fearful, and watch the agony of a child and the despair of a woman."

All these thoughts passed rapidly through Robert's mind. Like all men of action, he acted quickly, and, before he really knew what he was doing, he found himself in the boat with the sail spread to the wind, holding the rudder with a firm hand as he set the boat's head to the rock.

The force of the wind nearly overturned the boat, but she righted herself gallantly and rode on the crest of the waves. Enormous blocks of ice drifted silently past like gigantic phantoms, Robert skilfully avoiding them. Many times the little craft was on the point of being sunk, but Robert was one of the most vigorous sailors of Liedsmarken, and he was nerved to his task by the thought of how much depended upon his reaching the rock. Were not the life of Axel and the happiness of Frida at stake? What joy there would be when he returned!



IN THE MIDST OF THE GALE.

away from it. He would go to the islet, but would not get into the boat—it would be certain death, for the wind was blowing fiercely, driving the snowflakes before it in a blinding shower, and precipitating the blocks of ice against each other with great force.

In the midst of the gale, blinded by the snowflakes, his boat reeling half over, his existence threatened every minute by the gigantic blocks of ice which drifted around him, Robert went bravely on, upheld by the thought of the welcome he would receive

from Frida when he brought her the news that Axel would live.

The hours passed, nine, ten, eleven o'clock, and still the little craft pursued its way; but how slowly it went! It was impossible to steer straight for the rock. Robert was obliged to steer first to this side, then to that, in order to avoid the floating ice.

At last the rock was reached. The heavy surf rendered it difficult to land; but, having selected a suitable spot, Robert lowered the sail with considerable trouble, and, taking hold of the rope, he sprang from the boat upon a ledge. His feet slipped: by a tremendous effort he managed to clutch a point of rock, and, in spite of the foaming waves, he succeeded in reaching a small platform

easy about getting back. Robert made his way to the figure of the Black Virgin, and, kneeling down, implored her to work a miracle—yes, a miracle: for Axel was nigh unto death. But this was the favourable night, and the Virgin ought to reward the heroism of one who had gone through so many perils to implore her help.

When he had finished, he looked towards the sea.

"Am I dreaming?" he exclaimed. For out at sea was another boat, similar to his own, and this boat was apparently making for the rock. Here and there, between the blocks of ice, the second boat made its way, boldly pursuing its course in the midst of those moving mountains. There was no



"HE MANAGED TO CLUTCH A POINT OF ROCK."

of rock, upon which he scrambled, safe and sound. He still retained his hold of the rope, and although the boat had been driven violently against the reef, he knew that her planks were solid, and he was not at all un-

doubt that its destination was the rock of the Black Virgin.

A sudden thought flashed through Robert's mind, and made him shiver with anxiety—supposing it were Frida in that boat! Suppose

she had been so imprudent as to undertake the journey, after all! He hurried down to the sea, and called to the occupant of the boat:—

“Frida! Frida!”

“Robert! Robert!”

Merciful Heavens! It was Frida!

But there was no time for sentiment: never had Robert felt braver or stronger than at that moment.

“Throw me the rope!” he cried.

With all her strength Frida threw a rope, which whistled past Robert; he seized it, drew in the boat, and took Frida, who was now quite exhausted, in his arms.

“Saved! We are saved!” he exclaimed, thankfully.

He did not think of reproaching her for her rashness in undertaking the journey; he was too happy at finding himself by the side of the woman he loved. Both felt that Axel would not die; that the Virgin would be touched by their courage.

“How did you come?” asked Robert. “That is Christian’s boat, is it not? Then Christian allowed you to come? What a terrible night! Frida, my love, my love!”

The next morning, as soon as the pale December sun appeared on the horizon, they set off on the return journey, but before they had gone far their boat was crushed between two great blocks of ice. Some fishermen, who were anxiously watching, saw the wreck floating about among the icebergs for some time; then it slowly disappeared towards the north. No trace could be seen of Robert and Frida.

As to the Black Virgin, she granted their prayer. Axel got well, and from that day the evil destiny of Liedsmarken was conjured; for the Virgin of the rock never afterwards demanded an annual victim, and now we have nothing to fear.



Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

MR. DADABHAI
NAOROJI, M.P.
BORN 1825.

MR. NAORO-
JI, the first
I n d i a n
Member of
Parliament,

was born in India, and brought up by his mother; his father, a Parsee priest, dying when he was five years old. He was educated in the Elphinstone Institution, where he had a brilliant career, ending in his appointment as Professor of Mathematics. In 1855 he



AGE 20.

From a Photo. by Rastamjee Jansetjee, Poona.

came to this country as a partner in the firm of Cama and Co. —the first Indian house of business opened in England. He has always taken an active interest in social questions, especially in India, and his book on “The Poverty of India” is a standard work. His return to the House of Commons as member for Central Finsbury at the recent election has been received in India with wide-spread enthusiasm.



From a)

AGE 41.

(Photograph.



From a Photo. by)

AGE 66.

(F. Bacon.



From a Watercolor. AGE 13. [Colour Drawing]



AGE 8.
From a Miniature



From an Oil Painting. AGE 23.

SIR HENRY PONSONBY.

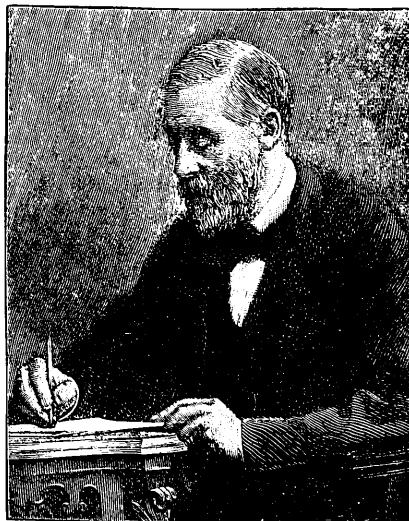
BORN 1825.

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY FREDERICK PONSONBY, K.C.B., P.C., was born at Corfu, educated at

Sandhurst, and appointed ensign in the 49th Regiment at seventeen, from which he was transferred to the Grenadier Guards, with whom he served in the Crimea. After the war he was appointed Equerry to the Prince Consort, and in 1870 Private Secretary to Her Majesty, which post he still holds.



From a Photo by AGE 42. [Maull & Co.]



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. [by Watery.]



AGE 7.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

MISS EDNA LYALL.



EDNA LYALL, which is the *nom-de-plume* of Miss Ada Ellen Bayley, is the youngest daughter of the late Robert Bayley, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law. She was born at Brighton, and has been heard to say, with a laugh, that she made up her mind at the age of ten to be a novelist. She had only just left school, and was still in her teens, when she wrote her first novel, "Won by Waiting"; but it was with "We Two" and "Donovan" that she made her first conspicuous hits. Miss Bayley has resided for the last few years at Eastbourne, before which time she was living at Lincoln. She is fond of travelling, and has seen much of Italy and Norway. When asked by an interviewer about the way her works were written, Miss Bayley stated: "The conception of my central character comes before my plot. I then plan the circumstances in which his individuality can be surrounded. I think every

novel should have a purpose, provided it is not too prominently thrust forward. I write for two or three hours in the morning; but the time I take over my work varies." Miss Bayley is still young, and with her undeniable literary qualifications as an earnest thinker, being possessed of a vivid imagination, a delicate humour, and a simple, vigorous, as well as graceful style of writing, we may expect in the future to receive many more charming novels from her fertile pen.

Perhaps less is known of the life and character of Edna Lyall than of any other writer of equal prominence of the present day. Indeed, till recently there has been a considerable amount of mystery as to



AGE 14.
Mayall, Brighton.



AGE 27.
From a Photo. by Lewis, Eastbourne.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Churchill, Eastbourne.

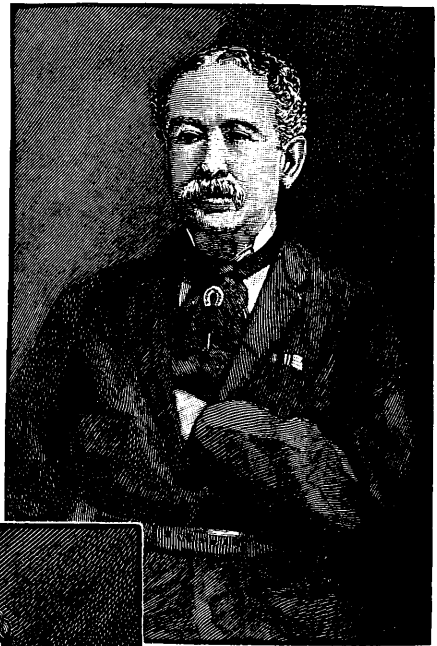
who is this Edna Lyall that came to the front so rapidly as a novelist—a mystery which she has done little to clear up.



From a Water] AGE 35. [Colour Drawing.



From a Photo. by] AGE 43. [Augerer, Vienna.

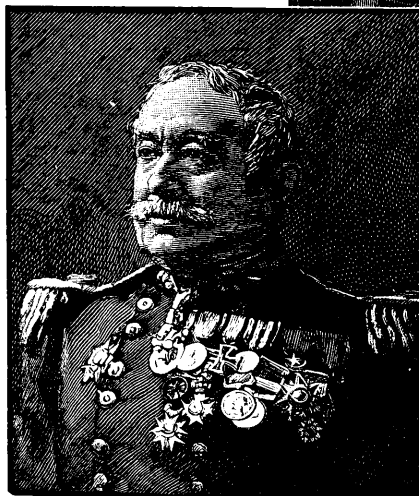


AGE 58.

From a Photo. by Gros, Pretoria.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL.
BORN 1821.

DR. RUSSELL, the Prince of War Correspondents, a most interesting account of whose career, told by his own lips, will be found in the Illustrated Interviews on another page, was, at the age at which our first portrait represents him, just returned from the Crimea, of which he gave so thrilling and graphic an account in



From a] PRESENT DAY. [Photograph.

the columns of the *Times*. Our second portrait shows him after the American War; while our third portrait dates after the taking of Sekukuni's stronghold. Our last portrait depicts him at the present day, wearing the many decorations which he has received during his stirring and adventurous career.



From a | AGE 12. | Pencil Drawing.



AGE 21.
From a Pencil
Drawing.

SIR NOEL PATON.

BORN 1821.

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A., I.L.D., was born at Dunfermline, was admitted a student of the Royal Academy



From a Photo. by | AGE 43. | John Drummond.

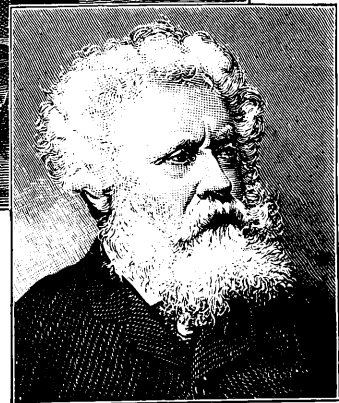


AGE 61.

From a Photo. by Shaw, Edinburgh.

at the age of twenty-two, and four years later gained a prize of £300 for his two pictures of "Christ Bearing the Cross" and the "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." In 1861 was painted what many consider to be his finest work,

"Dawn: Luther at Erfurt." He was appointed the Queen's Limner for Scotland in 1865, and in 1867 received the honour of knighthood. Among the best known of his later pictures may be mentioned "Satan Watching the Sleep of Christ," "Christ the Great Shepherd," and "The Man with the Muck-rake."

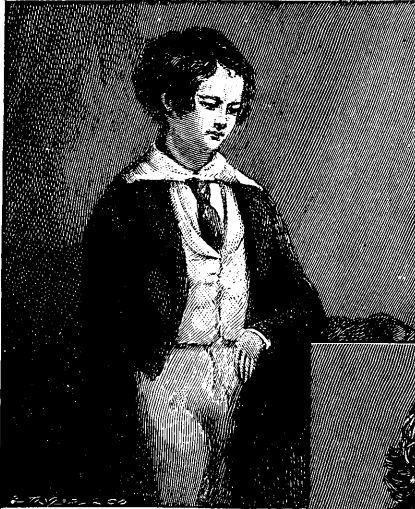


PRESENT DAY.

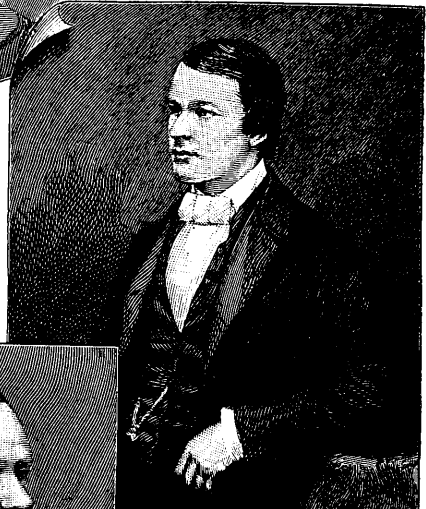
From a Photo. by Kingsbury and Notcu. London.



AGE 6.
From a
Water-colour
Drawing.



AGE 14.
From a Daguerreotype.



AGE 28.
From a Daguerreotype.

ARCHDEACON
FARRAR.

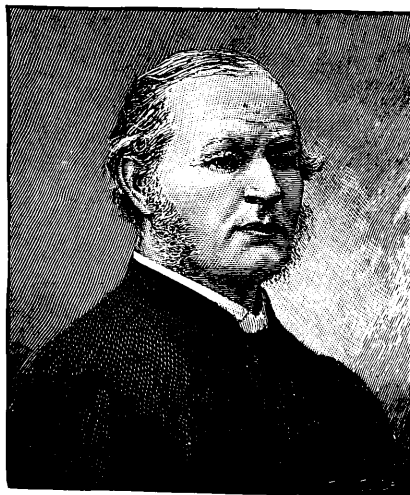
BORN 1831.

THE VEN.
FREDERIC
WILLIAM
FARRAR,
D.D., F.R.S.,

Archdeacon of Westminster, the son of the Rev. C. R. Farrar, Rector of Sidcup, was born in Bombay, and received his education at King William's College in the Isle of Man, and King's College, London, from which he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished career. In 1854 he was ordained, and for many years was an Assistant Master at Harrow, where



AGE 46.
From a Photograph.



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. [by Barraud.

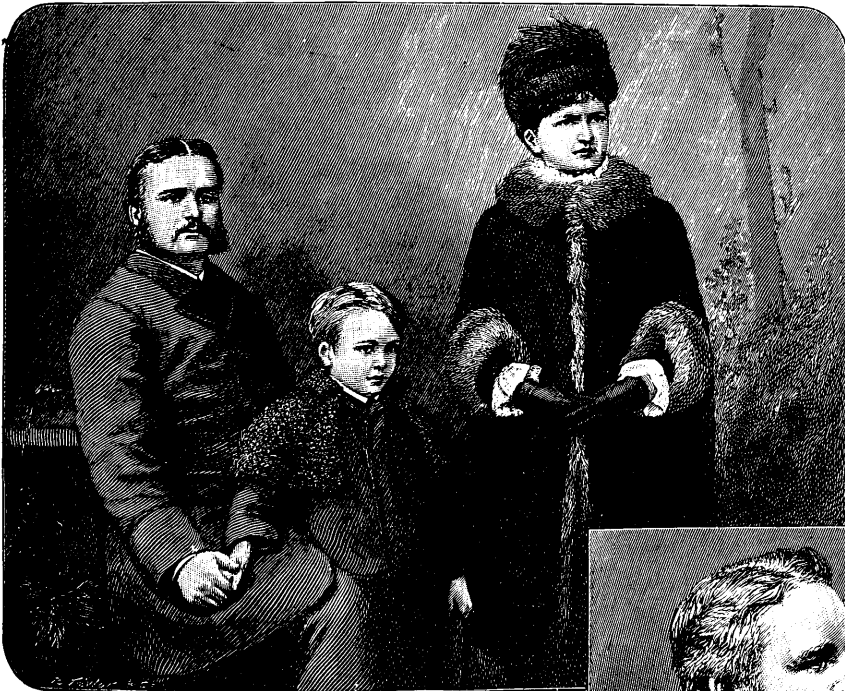
he wrote his well-known book for boys, "Eric"; after which he held, with great distinction, the post of Head Master of Marlborough, during which he published "The Life of Christ," which ran through twelve editions in a single year. In 1876 he was appointed Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's. In 1883 he was created Archdeacon of Westminster, which is, however, a post to which only a nominal salary is attached. Archdeacon Farrar has taken a prominent part in temperance reform and in many other philanthropic works.



From a Photo. by] AGE 15. [Fozlee, Cheapside.



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Howe, Newbury.



From a Photo. by] AGE 31. [Debenham, Brighton.
WITH MRS. NEWNES AND SON.

MR. GEORGE NEWNES, M.P.



WE must apologize for intruding this set of portraits, but it has been done in consequence of the repeatedly expressed wish of readers of *Tit-Bits* and THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The publication of a description of the offices in this number may, perhaps, claim for it a certain amount of appropriateness.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Maul & Fox.

A Description of the Offices of The Strand Magazine.



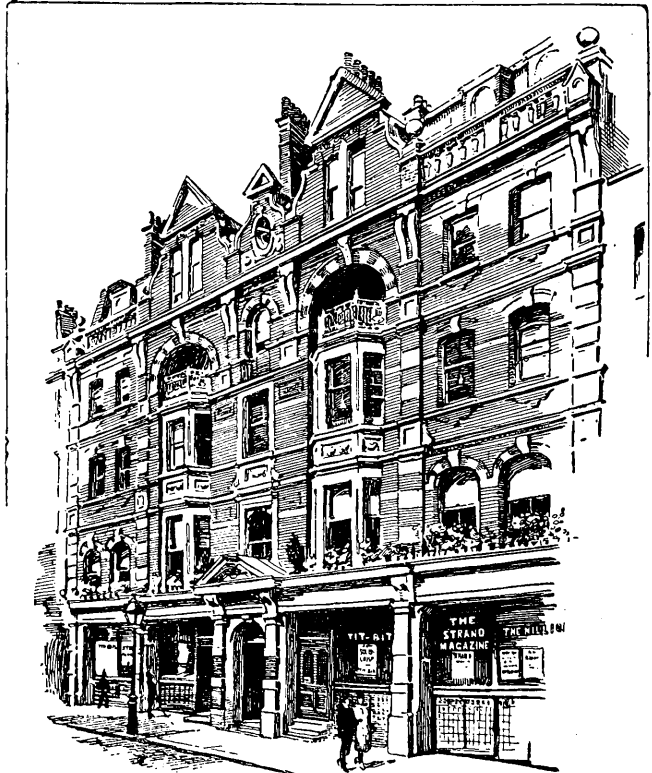
VISITORS to these offices have expressed so much interest, and letters of inquiry have so constantly reached us from those who are unable to come themselves, that we think no apology is needed for the following brief description of the work involved in producing THE STRAND MAGAZINE and its fellow publications.

As one makes toward Covent Garden from the Strand, the most noticeable building in Southampton Street is seen to be the establishment of George Newnes, Limited. Its fine, broad front, wherein the architect has with a just hand distributed the red brick and white stone in the parts above the stone ground floor, stretches through four numbers on the right-hand side of the street, and the building is carried, in depth, through to Exeter Street, wherein stands a large "back front," as architects quaintly term it, itself of good dimension and appearance. It is at this "back front" that the heavy work of sale, cartage, cranage, and general in-take and out-go is carried on.

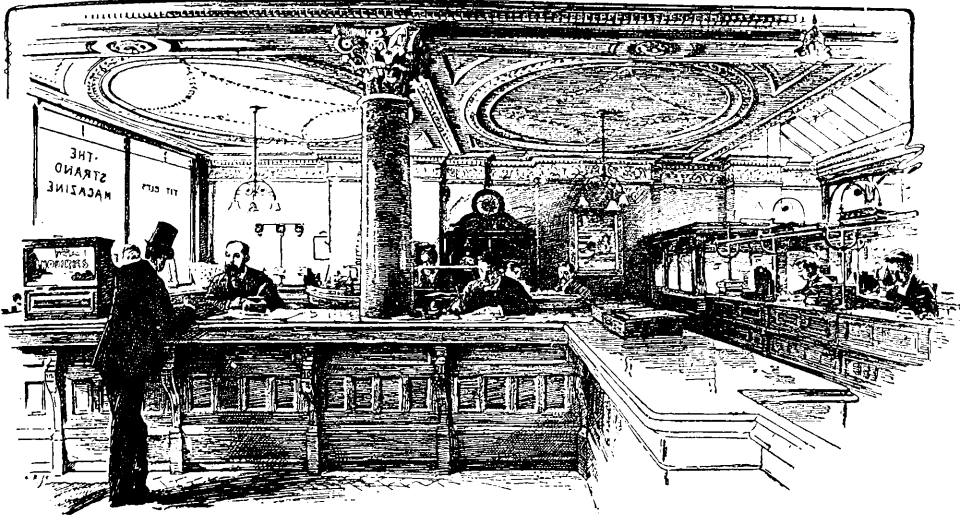
Between these two fronts lies much of interest—most of it open to inspection by the general public. In Southampton Street, a handsome, triple entrance stands between large plate-glass windows. Through the windows on the right, the curious may observe certain of the packing operations incidental to the issuing forth of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Tit-Bits*, the *Million*, and the bound volumes published by the firm. The windows on the left admit light to the counting-house. The counting-house one reaches by the left door. It is a spacious room, fitted and furnished in a handsome but business-like fashion, the ceiling decorated in various pale tints, and all the woodwork—counters, partitions, door-frames and so forth—of ma-

hogany. A very large double-doored safe, many brass desk-rails, certain telephone fittings, and various heavy account books combine to suppress the lighter suggestions of the elegant electric lights and the few wall pictures. Parts of this large room are partitioned off, including the sanctum of Mr. A. H. Johnson, the secretary to the firm, who is to be seen in the illustration talking to a visitor across the counter.

A door from this room takes one into the ground-floor corridor, leading direct from the central entrance. Here one chooses between the staircase on the right or the lift on the left. On the first floor, in the fore part of the building to the right, doors lead to the rooms in the more immediate occupation of Mr. Newnes. The chief of these, the sanctum sanctorum, is a large, pleasant room, something over thirty feet in length, with windows from which one looks into Southampton Street, over rows of flowers which stand upon the sills. The mural cover-



THE OFFICES OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."



THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

ing is a lincrusta of salmon pink, with a dado in a terra-cotta shade. All the joinery is of polished mahogany, the carpet is a velvet pile, and the ceiling is decorated in pale tints of salmon, green, and cream. Many original drawings for STRAND illustrations brighten the walls, and a high book-case hides such of the further end wall as is not occupied by one of the two fireplaces. The chairs are

upholstered in dark blue leather, and these, a small cabinet, and two tables constitute the chief floor furniture. Electricity is represented by telephone fittings communicating with every department in the building, as well as by the brackets and chandeliers of electric light. Mr. Newnes's own particular table is the upper large one.

On the right, double folding doors lead to



MR. NEWNES'S OFFICE.



MR. NEWNES'S OFFICE (GENERAL VIEW).

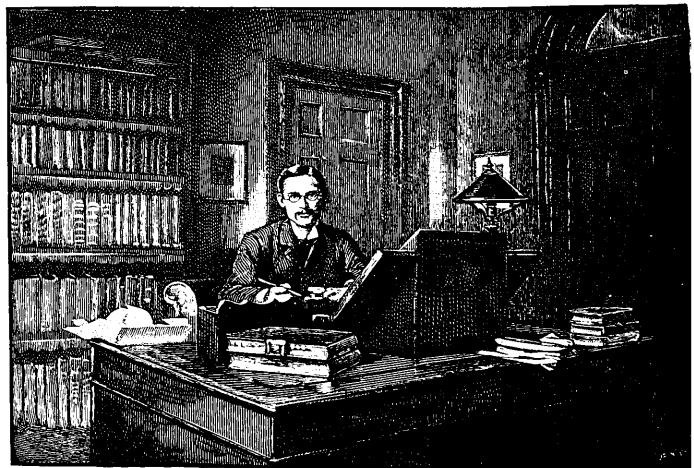
the room occupied by Mr. Newnes's private secretary, Mr. William Plank—a smaller, but still a good sized room, fitted and furnished in much the same manner, on a minor scale. From this the corridor is reached through a smaller room—the “White Room”—occupied at busy times, as *Tit-Bits* press day, by Mr. Newnes's editorial assistants. Here they are close at hand to the chief and secure from casual interruption.

At the opposite side of the corridor stands the Art Gallery—a place open every day, and all day, to the inspection of whomsoever may like to inspect.

The Art Gallery, which consists of two rooms, is devoted to the exhibition of the original drawings for the illustrations which have appeared in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*. A large ottoman stands in the middle of the first room, the dull crimson of whose walls is only just visible near the ceiling, above the close covering of pictures.

The second room opens from this on the left, and contains, in addition to its many drawings, a side-board, whereupon are displayed a set of the carved electro blocks used for printing the various colours

in one picture in the *Million*. Of the hundreds of clever drawings hanging in these two rooms it is impossible to say more than that they include some of the best examples of the work of such artists as Sidney Paget, W. H. J. Boot, Gordon Browne, Paul Hardy, H. R. Millar, J. A. Shepherd, J. F. Sullivan, Jean de Paléologue, J. L. Wimbush, Louis Wain, W. B. Wollen, W. Christian Symons, G. C. Haite, A. Forrestier, W. Stacey, Harrison Weir, Frank Feller, J. Gülich, and A. Pearse; with many others of like abilities. All these drawings are offered for sale; but whether a possible purchaser or not, the passer-by will



THE PRIVATE SECRETARY'S ROOM.



THE ART GALLERY.

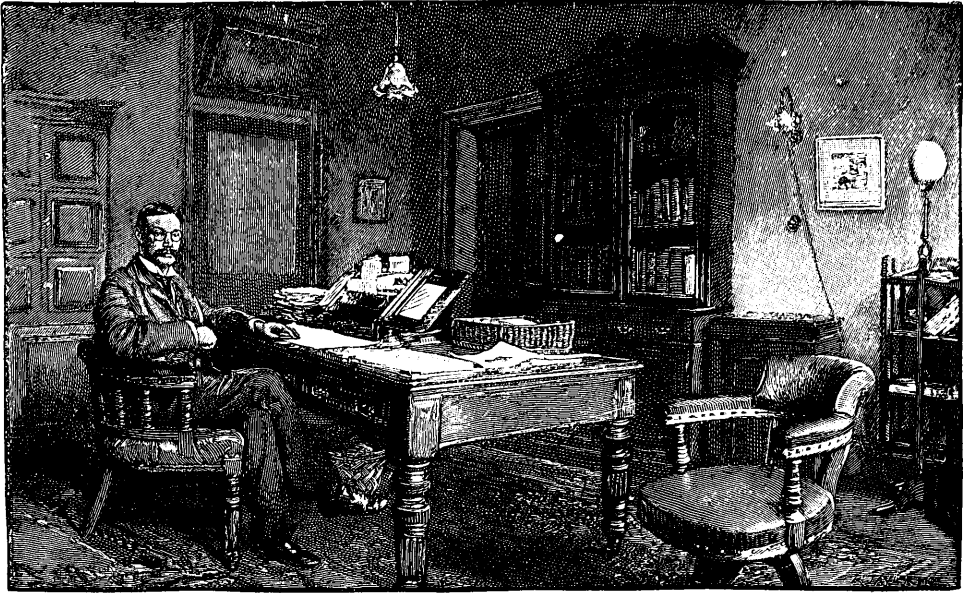
not waste the time occupied by a look round these two pleasant rooms.

Adjoining the Art Gallery stands the *Million* editorial office, occupied by Mr. Hartley

Aspden and Mr. Arthur Croxton, his assistant. The room is made cheerful by several of the original drawings reproduced in the *Million*. In all other respects the room and its furniture are suggestive of



OFFICE OF "THE MILLION."



EDITORIAL OFFICE OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

nothing but strict business — a bookcase, desks, chairs, and many papers.

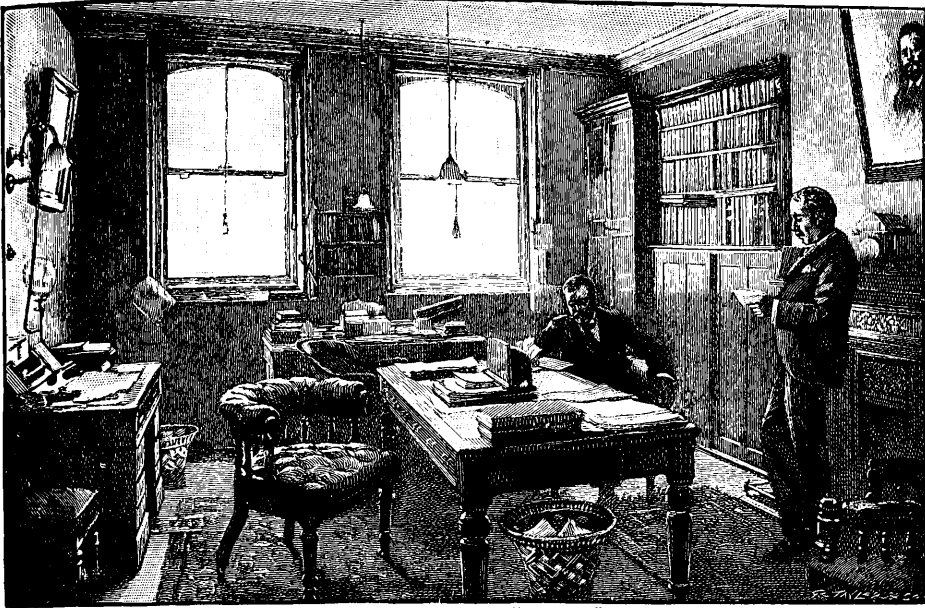
To the left, on the next floor, stands the editorial office of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, wherein, before the central writing-table, sits Mr. H. Greenhough Smith, in whose charge lies the selection and arrangement of the literary matter — the editing, in fact, of course under the supervision of Mr. Newnes —

this, by far the most widely-circulated monthly in the country. This room also, with its bookcase, its cabinets for the reception of proofs and MSS., its telephones, and its many loose papers, is unmistakably a room for work.

Just so is the adjoining room, occupied by Mr. W. H. J. Boot, the Art Editor. Like Mr. Greenhough Smith's room, it overlooks



ART EDITOR'S OFFICE OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

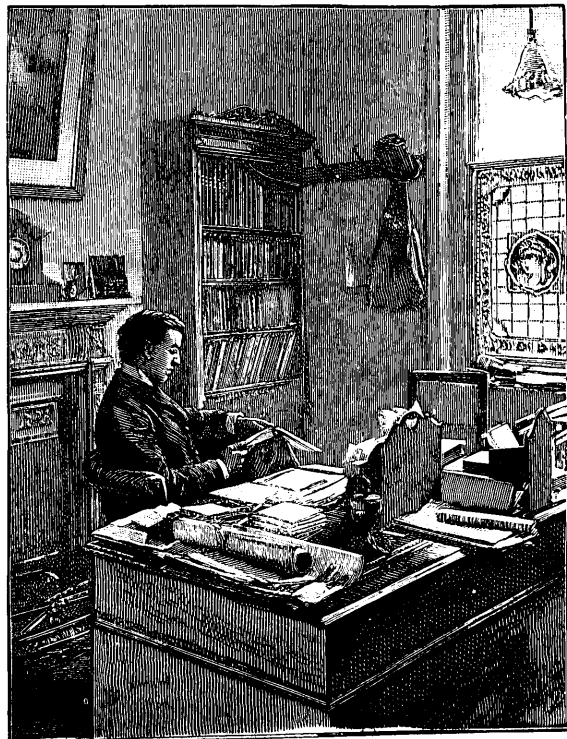


EDITORIAL OFFICE OF "TIT-BITS."

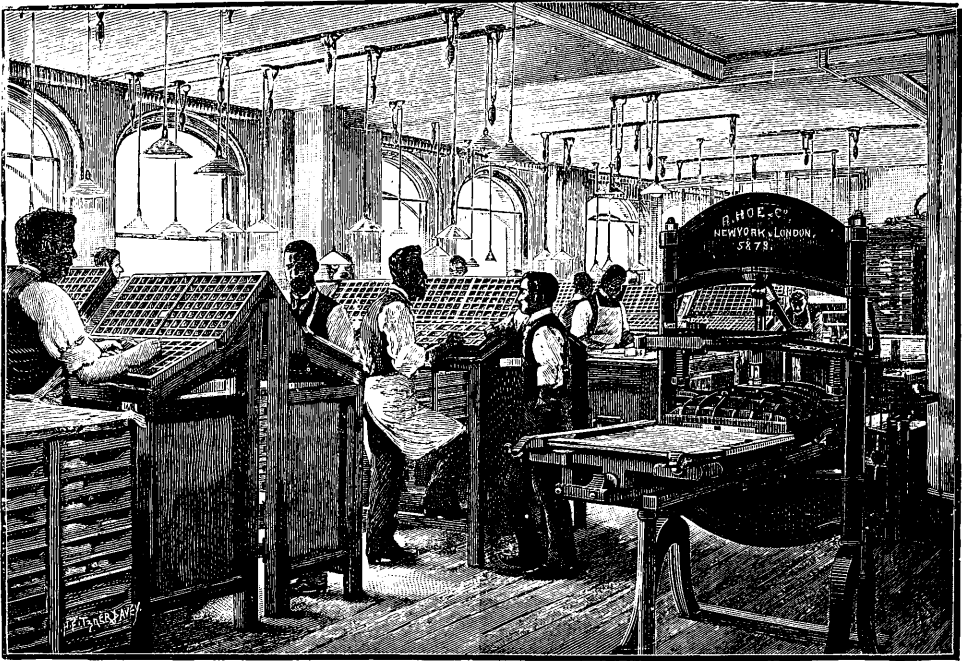
Southampton Street, and its permanent fittings are of a similar character — both pleasant rooms enough, with their framed sketches and padded chairs, but still work-rooms. Instead of MSS., however, many drawings, many wood-blocks, and many India-paper proofs litter the tables. Photographs of various-aged celebrities, and of their drawing-rooms and studies, are observable, lying in well-ordered confusion. There is a large magnifying lens mounted on a frame, and there are numbered drawers full of many clever pieces of artistry. The room behind, too is devoted to the arrangement and storage of black and white drawings, and of current wood-blocks and electros. The table more immediately in Mr. Boot's constant use, near the window, is at once distinguishable by its plentiful litter of pencils and brushes.

On the opposite side a passage ends at the door of *Tit-Bits* headquarters. This is a light and airy room overlooking Southampton Street, and fitted with various writing-tables. Here is the sanctum of Mr. Galloway Fraser — who, under Mr. Newnes, conducts *Tit-Bits* — and Mr. J. L. Munro, who assists in the same work. In the illustration Mr. Fraser is standing. A large portrait of Mr. Newnes hangs over the mantel-

piece, and many books of reference occupy the surrounding shelves and cases. The usual electric lights and the telephone fittings for general communication are observable.



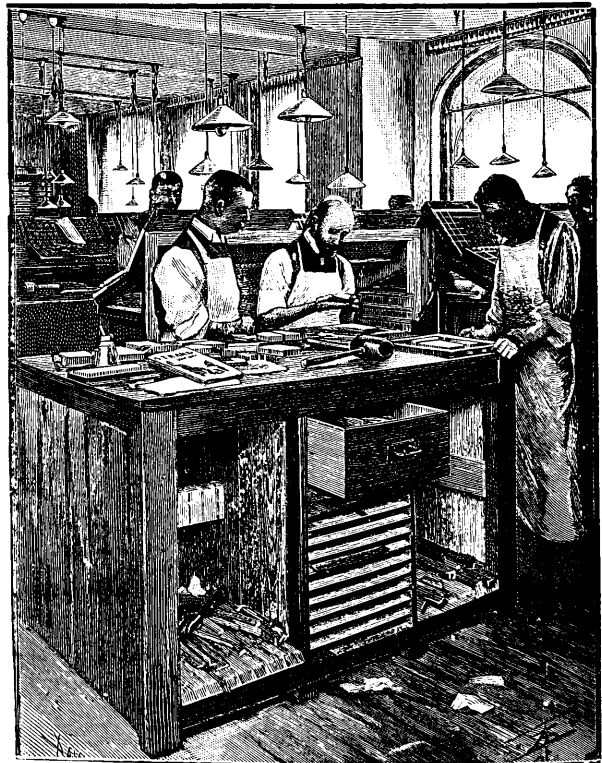
THE INNER ROOM.



THE COMPOSING ROOM.

Leading from this is an inner room, containing, in addition to the furniture of a well set up private office, Mr. Harry How, who, besides his editorial work on *Tit-Bits*, is the writer of the Illustrated Interviews with celebrated people which form so prominent a feature in each month's issue of this Magazine. Here, in addition to a large portrait of Mr. Newnes, the walls are decorated with many photographic mementoes of Mr. How's interviews, with autographs of the notabilities operated upon. Among them is noticeable the last photograph ever taken of Cardinal Manning, Mr. How himself being included in the picture.

Now, when the work originating in these editorial offices goes out to be put into printed form, it first reaches the room at the opposite end of the second-floor corridor—the composing room. Here, under a little hanging forest of electric lamps, stands a little regiment of compositors, each man before his double case, filling his stick from his case and his galley from his stick, in the old familiar way of printers since printers were. When an article



LOCKING-UP 'STRAND MAGAZINE' FORMES.



STEREOTYPING ROOM.

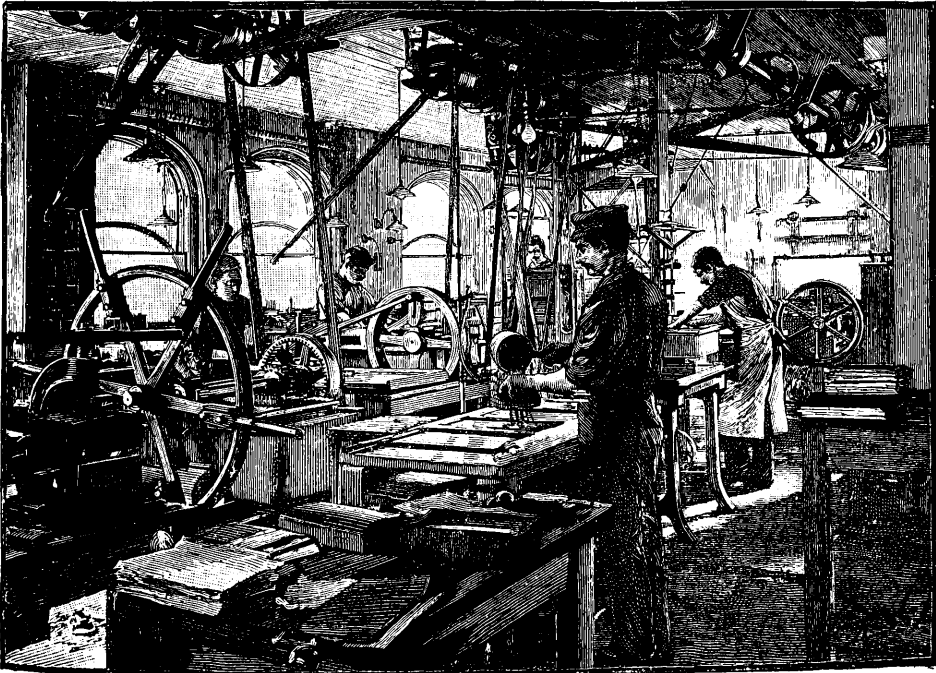
a hand-press, a few of which machines are here to be observed, kept only for proof purposes. When all the matter is corrected in this form, and all the illustration-blocks prepared of their proper size and shape, the type and the blocks, if any, are "made up" into pages, being fixed in iron frames, called chases. All this is very quickly said, and seems very simple, but numbers of cor-

rections and re-visions are made, and much labour, patience, and ingenuity expended in fixing the proper sizes of the illustrations, and fitting them to their proper places.

When at last the pages are "made up" and firmly screwed and wedged into their chases, the work is but begun. More proofs are taken and corrected, and the chases, with their

contents, then go to the electrotyping department, at the top of the building. This workshop is the dirtiest and the most interesting in the place. The dirt cannot be helped—it is clean dirt, so to speak—and is simply graphite, or powdered black-lead, which, being an absolute essential to the process, gets everywhere.

But first let us suppose the made-up page



ELECTROTYPING ROOM.



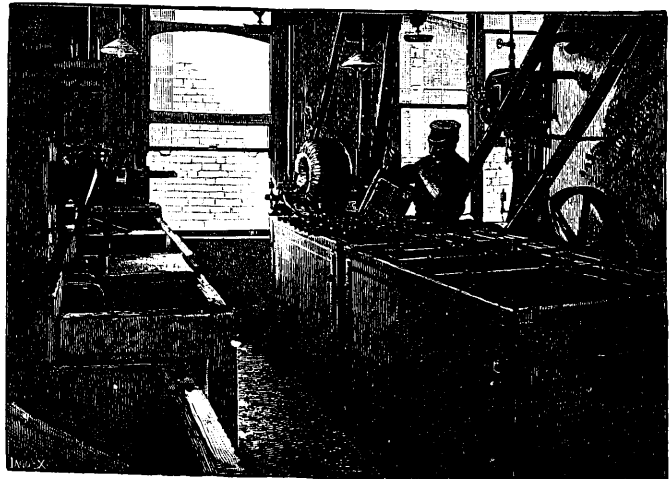
ELECTROTYPING ROOM—WORKING ON THE PLATES.

to be one of *Tit-Bits*, with no illustrations. This is not dealt with by electrotyping—it is stereotyped. First the “forme” of type is placed upon a flat plate, appertaining to a roller-press, and covered with a moist sheet of *papier-maché*. This is then passed under the press, so that the *papier-maché*, being pressed into the interstices of the type, comes away a perfect mould, or “matrix,” as it is called, of the page as set up. This matrix is dried, and, if found to be perfect, is inserted in the “casting block,” having first been dusted with French chalk. The “casting block” is a sort of massive cylindrical frame of iron, opening on a hinge—as shown by the illustration wherein are two “blocks,” one shut and one open. The interior of this “casting block” is so made that the matrix on being set in its proper place is curved inwards to a certain desired degree; the block is shut, and the workman, turning to the small furnace, takes a dip of molten lead in a peculiarly-shaped ladle, and pours it into the casting block. When set, this metal comes out in the form of a segment of a cylinder, having upon it raised letters in exact *fac-simile* of the original

type. This is carefully examined and touched up, the blank spaces being gouged deeper, the curve finally corrected on a saddle, and the back and edges planed true. It then travels down to the machine-room to be fitted upon the cylinder in the printing machine.

In the case of a page of the *STRAND* the procedure is different. First the type is carefully cleaned and dusted over with black-lead. Next a sheet of wax is obtained by pouring the substance, in a liquid state, into metal trays. This sheet, when firm, is shaved down to an exact thickness by a machine, the large wheel of which, with its projecting handles, may be seen in the illustration. Then it is placed upon the set-up type, and the two together are inserted in a special press—this one is, in fact, the only specimen in Europe—which is tested to a pressure of 280 tons. When withdrawn from this press the wax sheet readily leaves the type, the black-lead preventing any adhesion.

It is then seen to be an exact counterpart, sunk and in reverse, of the type and illustration-blocks upon which it has been pressed. Having been carefully examined for the detection of any faults and “loaded up” with additional wax in blank spaces, it is given a complete but thin powdering of black-lead in a powdering machine, wherein a rotary brush drives the lead well into the surface of the wax. This is because the black-lead is a conductor of electricity, and is, as such, necessary in the subsequent

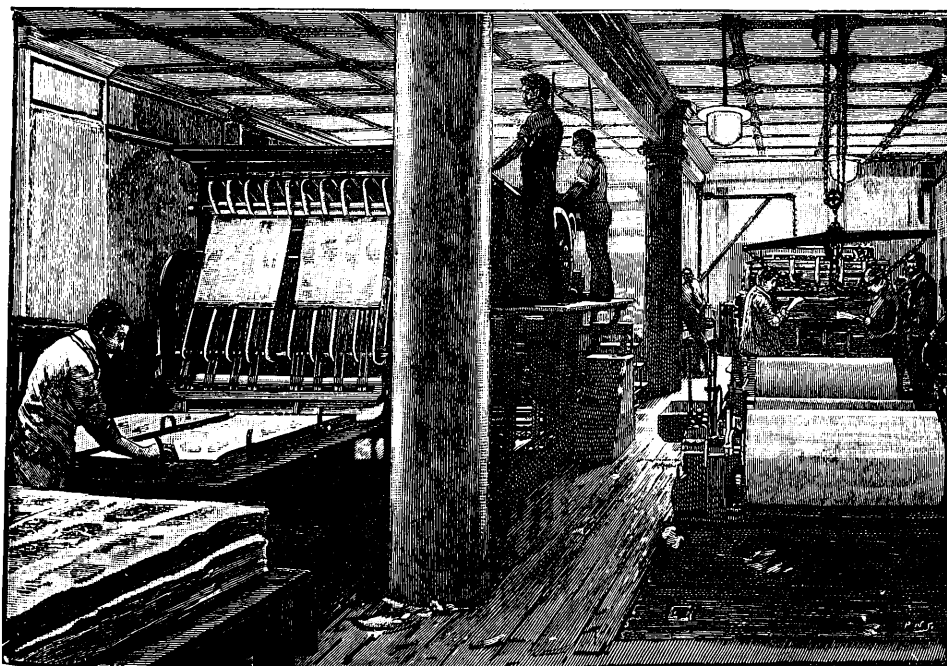


ELECTROTYPING ROOM—THE BATH.

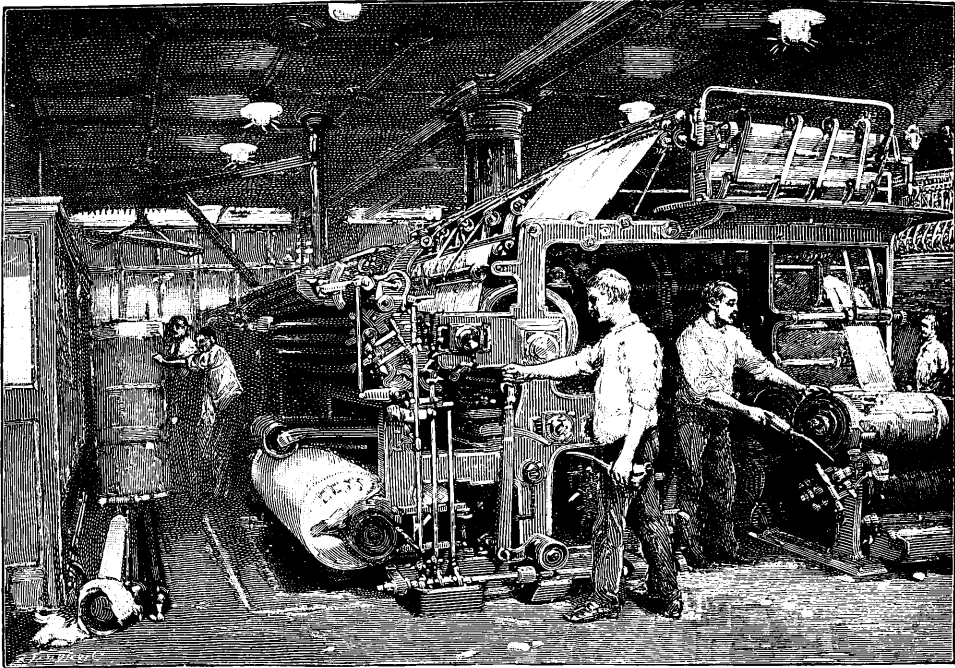
processes. After another careful examination and cleaning, the wax mould is immersed in the first plating bath, where it receives, by chemical action, a very thin first coat of copper. Next it goes into the copper-depositing bath, which is a large tank full of a forbidding-looking fluid, wherein the mould, with many others, is suspended from rods laid across the top. A dynamo buzzes furiously at the head of this tank, and dispatches electricity through its contents, liberating therefrom minute particles of copper, and attaching them to the thin film already deposited. The entire process might be gone through in this bath, but the chemical deposit is precipitated first for the sake of quickness. Some few hours of this immersion leaves a bright shell of copper, as thick as fairly stout writing-paper, upon the mould. This latter is then carefully washed away in hot water, and there remains an exact and delicate *fac-simile* in thin copper of the original page of type.

But before this can be printed from it must be "backed up." Another careful examination is the preliminary to this process, which consists in pouring upon the back of the copper shell a quantity of molten metal—principally lead—to a thickness of about a fifth of an inch, so as to make up a solid plate, with the printing surface in copper. The rough edges of this plate are trimmed off

with a fine circular saw, and another machine shaves it to the proper thickness. Then a skilled workman closely scrutinizes the plate for any inequality of surface caused by heat, etc., and cleverly beats it up perfectly flat: after which another machine is called into requisition, which shaves the edges exactly square and to size: still another machine finally shaves down the plate to the mathematically exact thickness required—a machine which can take off an almost transparent shaving half the thickness of tissue paper. Then a very exact piece of mechanism levels the edges precisely to the correct angle required to fit the cylinder whereupon the plate is to be fixed for printing. After this, being placed upon a flexible piece of steel, the plate is brought between the jaws of the shaper, which, being heated by gas and air blast, close together and bring it to the proper curve to fit upon the printing cylinder. Then the plate is finally examined for minute defects, and, if found satisfactory, is sent to do its work. Such are the processes in addition to some other smaller and subsidiary ones not necessary to explain—through which the metal surface from which this page is printed went before even approaching the printing machine. At any stage of the operations, even the final examination, a defect not easily remedied involves the casting aside of the plate and



"THE STRAND MAGAZINE" PRINTING ROOM.



THE "TIT-BITS" PRINTING ROOM.

the preparation of a new one from the beginning. In this electroplate and stereotype department, with its complexity of overhead gearing, its grime of black-lead, and its smell of hot wax, there are no fewer than twenty-two entirely different *sorts* of machines at work; and it must be remembered that a deal of skilled hand-work is done with various additional tools.

When all these plates are prepared, of which no fewer than 460 are required every month, they are fixed upon the cylinders of the printing machines. And to see these machines, which for *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* alone are of three different sorts, we must descend to the basement. The most noticeable of these is the "Rotary Art Press"—the only one in Europe—which will print sixty-four illustrated pages at one revolution of the cylinders. Another is the Web Press, which will print and fold sixty-four pages at each revolution; and the third, a smaller "Stop Cylinder" Press, capable of very fine work, but printing only sixteen pages at a time, and covering 750 of such sheets on one side in an hour.

But before any printing takes place, the paper, in great rolls of more than two miles long, must be re-wound, and for this a special winding machine is provided, whereon the paper unwinds from its original roll and forms another. This liberates the electricity

with which new paper is usually highly charged, and which hinders and interferes with accuracy of the folding; it also facilitates the detection and cutting out of the inevitable faulty joins in the paper. Much depends on the paper, and great care is requisite in its use: it is often found that different reels of, to all appearance, exactly the same make of paper, for unaccountable reasons, produce entirely different results, good and bad.

Mounted on platforms attached to the Rotary Art Press are four men, whose business it is to "feed" the machine with sheets of paper. These sheets of paper are gripped by the machinery, and pass between two cylinders. The lower of these cylinders carries, firmly fixed to its surface, sixty-four plates of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* pages, and sixteen inking rollers, supplied with ink from two fountains, ink these plates. The upper cylinder is simply the "impression cylinder," carrying no plates, its function being to press the paper against the lower. Thus only one side of the paper is printed at a time—it being found advisable in the case of fine work to allow one side to dry before treating the other. The printed sheets pass over and down on rows of guiding tapes, which keep them flat: they go four at a time, two on each set of tapes, and in the end slide over a light frame of laths, hinged at the bottom and looking like an exaggerated and very wide comb.

This frame swings forward and downward, and, depositing its sheets on the bench standing for their reception, returns for more. There are two such frames, depositing each simultaneously two sheets of sixteen pages each, and the machine can print 1,250 such sets of sixty-four pages in an hour. This is a bald description of the main features of the machine, which, wonderfully compact as it is, nevertheless is a mass of ingenuities. There is a deal more skill required in the printing of such illustrations as these pages contain than many are apt to imagine. For instance, there is the process of "over-laying"—an art in itself, and a difficult one. It consists in adding various

second plate cylinder, provided with another batch of thirty-two plates, which print upon it, exactly behind the original pages, thirty-two more. So far, the process has occupied less than two seconds. Still the paper travels on, and passes under a small cylinder with a hidden knife, which cuts the printed paper into strips four leaves long and two leaves wide. Still on these cut sheets are carried between endless bands of tape. Various complicated and unexplainable devices give each alternate sheet a quicker progress, carrying it over that which went before; under creasing blades and circular knives the paper passes, and in the end emerges



THE PACKING ROOM.

thicknesses in paper to the impression cylinder, in order that the impression on each plate shall be varied—the darkest shadows of the engravings receiving the heaviest pressure, the finest lines the lightest, and all intermediate shades in proportion.

The Web Press is a wonderful construction. At one end is observed an immense roll of paper unwinding into the machine at the rate of nearly two hundred feet a minute. This paper first passes over a jet of steam, which slightly softens—does not wet—its surface; next it passes under a cylinder covered with thirty-two curved printing plates, inked by seven rollers. This prints thirty-two pages on one side. Then it travels to a reversing cylinder, and presents its other side to a

in four-folded sections of eight pages each. Eight such sections emerge at each revolution of the cylinders all accurately printed, cut, folded and registered, and ready for the binder. At the side of the machine is a brass plate with glazed holes, behind which constantly changing figures denote the number of sheets turned out. Two lads are kept busily at work seizing the folded parts and packing them in boxes on trolleys; and yet, marvellously fast as the machine does its work, it is all with a regular, deliberate movement which seems almost slow.

The Stop Cylinder Press is a smaller machine, printing, as has been seen, at a comparatively slow rate, upon one side of the

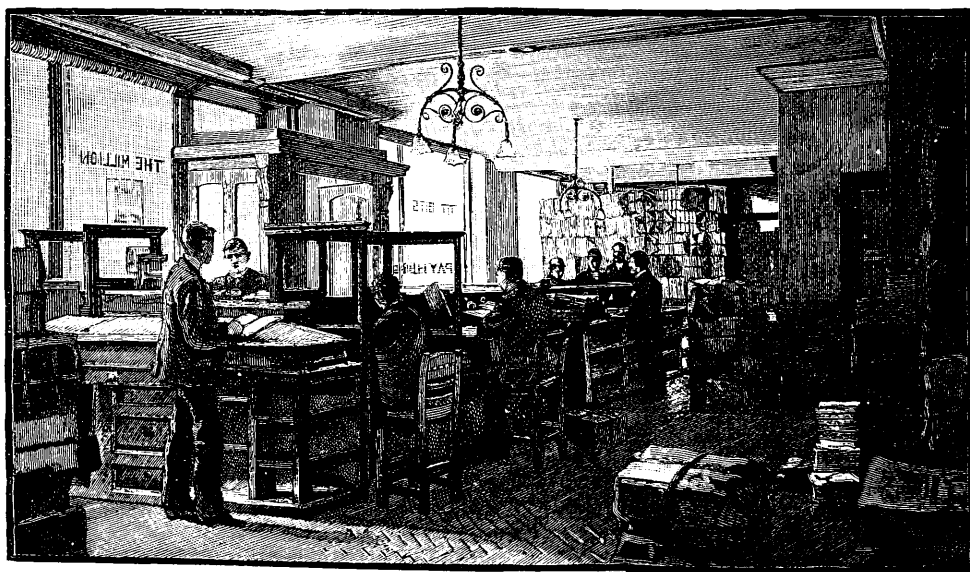
paper. It takes its name from the stopping of its cylinders, and is "fed" by hand.

The *Tit-Bits* machines, which, like the others, are manufactured by Messrs. R. Hoe and Co., are in number two, and larger than those we have seen. In addition to printing, they cut, fold, and paste the pages, turning the papers out complete, except for the edge-trimming. Here you see a machine which takes in, at two separate sides, rolls of white and green paper respectively, and turns out at a third side complete cut, covered, and pasted copies of *Tit-Bits* at the rate of something like seven a second. We have seen how the stereotyped plates are prepared. These, when fixed upon the cylinders, are inked by a system of twenty-four rollers to each cylinder. The paper, dampened, is controlled in its passage to the cylinder by an automatic brake, which keeps it to its proper-paced pace. The cover is printed in what is, as a matter of fact, a smaller machine under cover of the larger one, and joins the white paper at the place where the covering takes place. As the paper runs through the machine it is pasted in the proper places from a paste-trough, wherein revolves a cylinder, from the surface of which the paste is taken and applied by a knife. The folding is effected by the paper passing over a series of triangular metal frames, apex downward. As the paper passes over the smooth surface of the frame it narrows towards the apex, and the paper doubles in the crease thus formed. The cover is attached in the

same way that the inner leaves are pasted together, and so, from each of these two large machines—each a double machine in itself—hundreds of complete copies of the paper fall every minute, numbered on the indicator at the side. In another part of the room is observed the apparatus upon which the paper is re-wound and at the same time wetted, ready to receive the impression. Above, a balcony stretches along the wall, from which visiting members of the public may watch the operations below.

After this there is only the publishing office, and the copy of *Tit-Bits* or THE STRAND MAGAZINE is launched upon the outer world. This office, on the ground-floor, is a great L-shaped room, or two rooms, as you please, one part extending along the Exeter Street front, and the other reaching away forward to Southampton Street. Between forty and fifty persons are employed in this department, under the direction of Mr. Harrison, the publisher, who, in the preceding illustration, is to be seen standing by the window with his hand on the table. From this place go, each Thursday, the many hundreds of thousands of copies of *Tit-Bits* which find their way into every corner of the world, and from here, on an ordinary month issue out 114 tons of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

The building was erected by Messrs. Colls and Sons, of 5, Coleman Street, the architect being Mr. J. T. Woodard, of Bedford Street, Strand.



THE PUBLISHING OFFICE.



TRANSLATED FROM FERDINAND DE SAAR.

I.



ONE of the most remarkable railways in the world is that which crosses the Semmering—a ridge belonging to the Noric Alps which marks the frontier between Austria and Styria the Green.

The traveller who makes this journey for the first time receives a deep and lasting impression. In truth, what can be more terrible, more striking, than the narrow track running at infinite heights between beetling walls and yawning precipices?—what more impressive than the carriages rolling with a crash like thunder over viaducts elevated to fabulous heights, or burying themselves to the shrill scream of the locomotive in the deep night of the long tunnels?

The air is cold—freezing. The train is swept along as by a whirlwind. The earth below is so far away that it can hardly be distinguished through the half-transparent mists. In the midst of scenes and works of such sublimity man realizes his own insignificance. But little thought is given to the thousands of poor people who amidst the greatest dangers have spent their strength in hauling the enormous rocks and blocks of stone, in spanning the gigantic gulfs with bridges, and in bringing their Titanic task to a successful issue.

It is the story of two of these poor creatures that I propose to tell. Not that

my intention is to excite the public pity for their fate, or to idealize their lives. I shall simply strive to shed a little light upon the immense mass of the suffering poor who after a life of struggle, of privations, and of rude labour, sink, despised and unremembered, into the common tomb. I shall speak of the human heart, of its joys and its sorrows, and of the great tragedy of life which is renewed for ever amongst the humblest as among the most powerful of the earth.

The Semmering railway was almost finished. The hubbub of the labourers, the thunder of the blasting, had ceased. The swarm of workpeople who had come from Bohemia, from Moravia, from sterile Karst and fertile Frioul, had dispersed, and had pushed on farther south in search of work.

Reassured by the tranquillity of the place, the wild animals began to come forth again from the depths of the forest. Only here and there were still seen some of the little wooden huts which the wandering labourers had inhabited; most of which they had pulled down before they left.

These scattered cabins served as a shelter to a small number of workers who still remained to finish the railway; for still, at certain places, rails had to be fixed, telegraph poles to be placed, and the pointsmen's boxes to be completed, under the roofs of which the swallows had already made their nests.

One Sunday afternoon, a woman was sitting upon the threshold of one of these little huts, which stood against the rock, near the line. Her hair was hidden by a coarse scarf twisted round it; her face was worn and old-looking, and contrasted with her girlish figure. Deep lines crossed her forehead, and drew down with a mournful expression the corners of her lips.

The sun was sinking at the horizon. Great shadows already wrapped the highest summits; but a flood of living light bathed the valley and the forest pines. A cloud of flies, of butterflies and bees, whirled dizzily in the sunlight. The solitary girl saw nothing of this charming landscape. Her eyes were fixed upon a man's shabby jacket which she was darning. This work appeared to be particularly difficult to her, for if the coarse and horny hand that awkwardly held the needle was examined, it was easy to see that it was accustomed to handle the hoe and spade.

Suddenly the young woman's attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps. She lifted her head, and perceived a man of miserable aspect advancing towards the cabin.

He was slight and insignificant in figure, and was clothed in an old military coat with flapping skirts, too loose and too long for him. A soldier's cap, blue and greasy, was pulled down over his forehead to his eyes. He staggered as he walked, though to sustain himself he leant upon a knotty stick, and

though the little sack which he carried slung across his back appeared almost empty. He approached timidly, and looked helplessly at the young girl out of his weak eyes.

"Is this hut Number 7?" he asked, in a faltering tone.

"Yes, this is it," she replied, with the harsh accent peculiar to the Germans of Central Bohemia. "What do you want?"

"I have been sent here to work." And, as he spoke, he showed her a paper which he held in his hand.

The young girl scrutinized the strange costume of her questioner, and his thin white face with its straggling beard.

"The overseer is not here at present," she said at last. "He has gone down to the tavern at Schottwein with the men. Rest yourself whilst you wait, if you are tired." She cast a last glance upon the poor creature, who appeared to be in suffering, and then returned to her interrupted work, drawing the needle with renewed haste.

The soldier did not reply. He dragged himself a little farther away, and let himself fall upon the grass with a great sigh of weariness. He lay there at full length, whilst the sun sank more and more at the horizon, pouring over the whole scene its liquid golden light. A deep silence reigned. Far above in the azure sky a solitary vulture wheeled, uttering its piercing cry. Very soon from the distance came the bellowing of drunken voices. The girl trembled.



"IS THIS HUT NUMBER 7?"

Heavens!" she murmured, speaking to herself. "They are already returning, and the jacket is not done!"

The voices became more and more distinct, the howlings stronger, and in a few minutes a band of individuals of savage aspect burst upon the scene. In the midst of them, and rather better clothed than his companions, a man of herculean figure caught the eye. He was about fifty years of age. His big face was red and swollen by drink, and from under his straw hat, which was tilted backwards on his head, escaped a tangled mass of greyish hair. On his left shoulder was slung his coat, which he had taken off; his right arm, with its powerful muscles displayed by the turned-up sleeve, carried a great pannier filled with provisions. Two of his companions were loaded with heavy sacks full of potatoes, which were hoisted on their shoulders.

"Halloa! Tertschka," cried the man with the basket in a hoarse voice, "give us a light, so that we can put our provisions in the cellar."

As she stood before him his eye fell upon the unfinished jacket, which she held timidly against her breast.

"Well, is it done?" he asked, abruptly.

"Not quite," she replied, in some confusion.

"What, not done yet?" he cried, so fiercely that his face grew purple. "Did I not tell you that I should want it to-morrow?"

"I have worked at it all the afternoon. But I cannot darn it as quickly as someone who has learnt to sew."

The reproach contained in these plaintive words appeared to increase his irritation.

"You have always an answer ready," he cried. "But if at daybreak to-morrow my jacket is not finished, take care of yourself!"

He put down his basket of provisions and strode towards her, menacing her with a terrible gesture. She shrank back from the blow, and at that moment he caught sight of the man in the soldier's coat, who had timidly drawn near.

"Who is this?" he demanded, letting his hand fall.

"He has been sent here to work," replied Tertschka, breathlessly.

The overseer, for it was he, drew himself up to his full height and advanced towards the wretched little creature, measuring him from head to foot.

"Bah! to work! The rascal cannot even stand upon his legs."

"I have come a long journey," said the

stranger, hesitating. "I have walked here from Otterthal."

"That is a feat, no doubt," sneered the overseer, scanning in the twilight the paper which the young man held out with a shaking hand. "You are called Huber?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes, George Huber."

"And why do you wear a soldier's uniform?"

"I have been in the army and have been discharged."

"What, you have been in the army?"

"Seven years in the 12th Regiment. I have been dismissed now because I cannot get rid of a bad fever which I caught during the siege of Venice."

"Good Heavens! Fever! This is the last straw! The devil must be in the Government that sends us such fellows. We get nothing but invalids to make stone-breakers of. And then people are astonished that no work is done. As for you," he added, with another threatening gesture, "take care, for if you fail to do your two cart-loads of gravel daily, I shall send you packing. This is not a hospital, remember!"

Thereupon he picked up his basket and, followed by his companions, entered the cabin. Tertschka led the way, holding in her hand a brand lighted at the fire. A door barred with iron led into a sort of grotto hollowed in the rock, in which the provisions were stored. The overseer then retired to rest in an adjacent room; upon which the labourers stretched themselves, yawning, here and there upon the floor, and without troubling themselves about their new comrade, prepared to sleep upon the old straw mattresses which were ranged against the walls.

George all this time stood irresolute by the door. In a few minutes Tertschka came towards him.

"You can sleep there," she said, pointing with her hand to a vacant place.

He obeyed her awkwardly, screwing himself together so as to take up as little space as possible. After making a pillow of his sack and covering himself with his old coat which he had taken off, he uttered a great sigh of weariness and composed himself to sleep. Tertschka lighted a little lamp, and crouching down by the fire began to sew with feverish haste. When she had finished her work, she extinguished the smoky flame, and stretched herself, dressed as she was, in a corner near the chimney.

Outside, the night was blue and balmy—a

summer's night in all its splendour. A cool wind blew. From the interior of the hut, whence could be heard the deep breathing of the sleepers, myriads of stars sparkled through the disjointed planks and crannies of the roof.

II.

THE dawn was already beginning to whiten the horizon, when George awoke from his deep sleep. He watched the workmen quit their meagre couches; rise and pass out, furnishing themselves as they did so with all sorts of tools which were hanging on the walls of the cabin. He followed their example, and after putting on his coat, stood hesitating in what direction to proceed in search of his work, when Tertschka came up to him, carrying on her shoulder a long-handled hammer.

"The overseer is still asleep," she said, "but I know what you have to do. Take this hammer and come with me."

He obeyed her, and they went out together.



"THEY WENT OUT TOGETHER."

Outside, all was cool and peaceful. Only now and then a bird twittered in the bushes. The grass was heavy with clear dew.

They walked silently along. After some distance they came upon a stone quarry,

where several of the men were at work, whilst the rest were busy upon the line, with wheelbarrows and spades. Tertschka, followed by George, passed these groups and paused at a heap of stones.

"This is my place," she said, seating herself on the middle of a pile of stones. "I never care to remain near the men. They are coarse and wicked; but if you like, you can work here."

He made no reply, but sat down at her side.

"See, these great fragments of rock must be broken into tiny pieces. "There," she added, pointing to a great heap of fine gravel, "is my last week's work."

He took a piece of limestone, and struck it with his hammer, but the stone remained unbroken.

"Strike harder," cried Tertschka. This time she struck it in her turn, and the rock flew into fragments. He watched her in amazement, and after making a second attempt was rewarded with success. Then, without saying a word, both devoted themselves to their task.

All around them lay stretched a wild but charming scene of hill and valley. But the workpeople did not pause in their labour to admire its beauties. With stooping shoulders they struck and broke their stones, whilst the sun, now mounting in the heavens, beat down with scorching heat upon their unsheltered heads. The strokes of George's hammer became fainter and fainter, and at last the tool

fell from his hand.

He began to fan himself with his cap, and to dry the moisture which streamed down his face. Tertschka stopped also.

"Are you tired already?" she asked, surveying him compassionately.

"Ah! Heaven only knows how tired," he replied, in a dreary voice. "It is only now that I begin to feel how low the fever has brought me."

"Feeble and ill as you are, how could you accept work so hard and rude as ours?"

"What else remained for me to do? To beg? Not that, at any rate. I had learnt no trade. In my nineteenth year I was placed in the army. Now I am ill, they send me

here to break stones. Yes, now I am a stone-breaker," he said, with a smile frightful in its bitterness. He picked up his hammer.

Tertschka stood silent with drooping head.

"But you will never be able to stand it," she said at last, in a low voice.

"Oh! yes, perhaps, when I get food to eat; these last days have been very hard for me. I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning."

She made no reply, but slowly unwrapped and took out of her apron a piece of black bread, which she broke into two parts. She held out to him the largest of the two pieces.

"Eat," she said.

He glanced timidly at the piece she offered him.

"But—it is your bread," he replied in confusion. And he made a gesture of refusal.

"That does not matter. I have quite enough for myself."

As he made no movement to accept it, she placed the bread by his side.

"You must be thirsty also," she continued. "I will go and fetch you some water; there is a stream hard by."

She rose, took a small pitcher fixed among a heap of stones, and ascended the quarry towards the pine forest, where a tiny rill of limpid water trickled between tufts of green moss. She filled the pitcher and drank, and then filled it again, and returned with it. The piece of bread was still untouched.

He accepted the cool draught with gratitude.

"Thank you very much—very much," he said, in a broken voice, when he had finished drinking.

"It was done willingly; there is nothing to thank me for."

She sat down again.

"Eat," she continued, in a tone of sweet persuasion. "You can surely accept that of me."

The blood rushed to his face, and he took up the bread.

"Surely you, who are so kind-hearted, must also have been unhappy," he said, without looking at her, and breaking off a piece of bread.

"Yes, I know what it is to be unhappy; and I am often hungry myself."

A lump rose in his throat, and he felt as if he were choking.

"Is this work so badly paid then?" he asked, after a pause.

"I do not get paid at all."

"What—you receive no wages?"

"No; the overseer takes charge of them."

"The overseer?"

"He is my step-father."

"Your step-father?" he repeated, mechanically.

"Yes; my father was killed when I was quite little. Then my mother married the overseer, who at that time was simply a labourer. We all came hither from Bohemia."

"Then you are a native of Bohemia? and that is why you speak such a strange dialect, and why you have such a singular name? Tert—I cannot pronounce it."

"Tertschka," she repeated. "In German it is the same as Theresa; for short, I am called Resi."

"But," he continued, "if the overseer receives your wages, it is his duty to maintain you."

"Oh! he gives me just enough to keep me from starvation. He is a bad man. He beats me continually. You saw him, how he threatened me yesterday about his jacket?"

She paused, plunged in mournful remembrances.

"But if he illtreats you like that, why do you stay here?"

"I know that he would never let me go," she replied. "Some poor, defenceless being is always necessary to him, to torment with impunity. For he is a coward, though always ready to quarrel. And then, where should I go?" she continued, with a sigh. "Everywhere, life is sad. Everywhere, there is suffering."

So saying, she picked up her hammer, and George, feeling a little more revived, followed her example. Silently they returned to their work.

The hours rolled on; the heat of noon spread into the valley and upon the mountain. All was quiet, except for the regular heavy strokes of the hammers, and the tapping of the woodpecker in the branches. From time to time the hoarse voices of the men occupied on the line were heard, bursting into some brief refrain.

Suddenly the shrill tinkle of a bell rang out.

"What is that?" asked George, seeing the workpeople leaving their work and proceeding in the direction of the cabin.

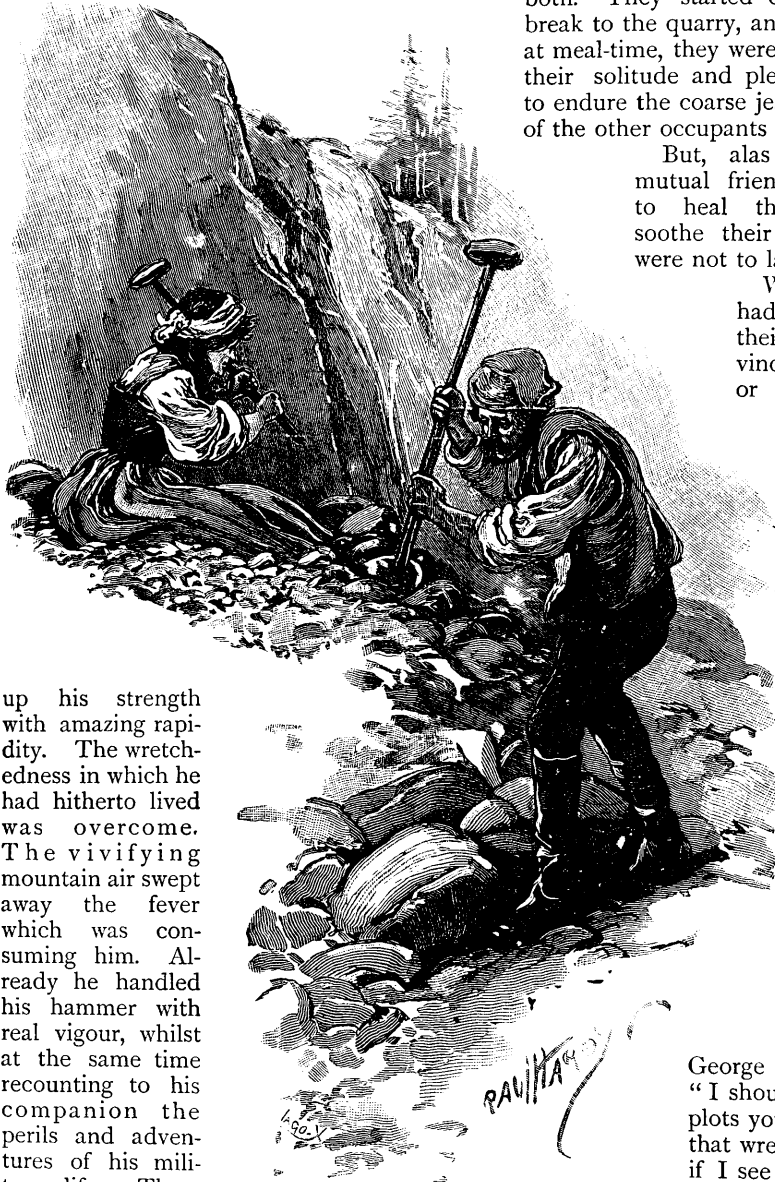
"It is the dinner-bell," replied Tertschka.

"Come, let us go."

He rose and followed her in silence. After finishing their meagre meal they returned together to the quarry, where they continued their hard toil until night fell.

III.

THUS days followed days, and they worked together side by side. George began to pick



up his strength with amazing rapidity. The wretchedness in which he had hitherto lived was overcome. The vivifying mountain air swept away the fever which was consuming him. Already he handled his hammer with real vigour, whilst at the same time recounting to his companion the perils and adventures of his military life. There were many things which Tertschka only understood intuitively—others not at all. They were all so alien to her monotonous life, passed amidst the solitude of the great mountains. One thing she seized clearly, and that was that George had suffered. She

"THEY WORKED SIDE BY SIDE."

began to tell him in return her own sad life and all its unhappiness. These long days of toil, passed side by side under the high, scorching sun, became very sweet to them both. They started each morning at day-break to the quarry, and when the bell rang at meal-time, they were loth to be torn from their solitude and pleasant companionship, to endure the coarse jests and savage humour of the other occupants of the hut.

But, alas! These days when mutual friendship was beginning to heal their wounds, and to soothe their poor bruised hearts, were not to last.

Whether the overseer had been informed of their intimacy by some vindictive companion, or his own evil nature made him divine the pleasure they took in each other's society, they never knew. But suddenly one day they perceived him standing behind them.

"What are you always doing here together, like two toads?" he bellowed. "Begone, to your proper place, you famished scarecrow," he cried, turning to George, and pointing to another part of the quarry.

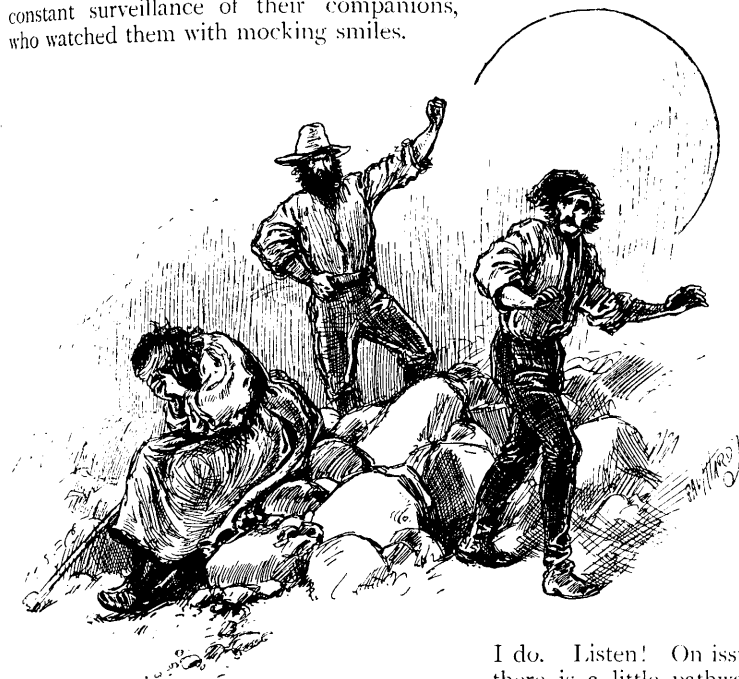
"As for you, you hypocrite," he continued to Tertschka, whilst

George crept silently away, "I should like to know what plots you are contriving with that wretched dwarf. Listen: if I see you speaking to him again, I will kick the vagabond out of the place, and that day will be your last; you understand?"

Thus were the two poor creatures brutally separated.

On the following day, George received an order to work farther away, near the line. It was only at meal-times, or in the evening after the sun had set, that they saw each

other: and then they dared not give a glance of recognition. Harder still, they could not speak a single word, for the overseer's eye was ever on them, and they were under the constant surveillance of their companions, who watched them with mocking smiles.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

It was Saturday evening, and the overseer, accompanied by some of the labourers, had gone to the tavern. Those who remained sat down to a game of cards, and soon became absorbed in handling the greasy pack. Presently they began to quarrel. Now was his time. George stepped softly over to Tertschka. The young girl was sitting in a corner on an old box, lost in thought.

"Why has he separated us like this?" he asked. "Surely it cannot matter to him if we sit together, as long as we do our work?"

She looked straight before her with a mournful expression.

"He is a wicked man," she said at last. "He cannot bear to see anyone happy. He would like to deprive everyone of every pleasure."

She rose and, lifting up the lid of the box, began to take out some articles of clothing.

"What are you going to do?" George asked, watching her.

"I have a great desire to go to-morrow to the church at Schottweim. There is no doubt I shall have great difficulty in obtaining

permission from him. But let him say what he likes, I must not forget my religion in the midst of creatures who do nothing but drink and gamble."

George stood musing, with bowed head.

"It is a very long time since I went to church also," he said. "How delightful it would be if I could come with you."

"But it is impossible."

"Why? The overseer will know nothing. Let us each start separately and meet afterwards."

She reflected for an instant.

"It might be managed. In that case, you must start before

I do. Listen! On issuing from this cabin, there is a little pathway to the right which leads into the valley, and at the bottom of the path a wooden cross. Wait for me there. Now go," she added, in an imploring voice, "or we shall be observed."

George went back and threw himself upon his couch, whilst the players roared and squabbled over their cards. He felt quite light-hearted and joyous in thinking of the morrow, and absorbed in pleasant anticipations, he soon fell asleep.

The next day was magnificent. A bright sun glittered through the pine trees as George descended the narrow green path that Tertschka had pointed out to him. He peered about for the cross which he was to find at the entrance to the valley. Soon he caught sight of its brown, worm-eaten wood among the young beech leaves. As he was there in good time, he sat down upon a large, mossy stone which served as a *priv-dieu*.

A deep silence reigned: the stillness of a Sabbath day. Even the bees, which were plundering the many-coloured petals of the flowers, seemed to restrain their drowsy hum. The moss was starred with blue gentians.

At length he started up impatiently, and

began to walk up and down. He gathered some of the gentians, and also some white and some yellow flowers which gleamed amid the grass.

"I will give them to Tertschka," he murmured, casting a complacent glance at his improvised bouquet.

At last he caught the gleam of a light dress upon the hill. Some seconds after he saw Tertschka descending the pathway. He hastened to meet her. "Here I am," she said, out of breath. "I have been able to get away this time without hindrance."

George stood gazing at her.

Her head was bare: the scarf which she habitually wore was gone, and her thick hair was parted simply on her forehead. A crimson kerchief which she wore around her neck cast a soft flush upon her pale cheeks, and her sober-coloured bodice, though too large for her, and her striped petticoat of muslin, were not unbecoming.

"How pretty you look!" he said at last.

She cast down her eyes and blushed.

"Take these flowers," George continued. "I plucked them whilst I was waiting for you."

She took the bouquet which he had until then held behind his back, and tried to fasten it in her bodice, but it was too large, and so she continued to hold it in her hand, together with her rosary. They went on together down the mossy path and on through the cornfields, where the newly-reaped wheat stood in great sheaves of burnished gold.

At length they reached the hamlet of Schottwein. They found it in a state of great animation. It was mass day: the long, wide street which composed the village was thronged with all sorts of vehicles and with peasants clothed in their holiday garb. Opposite the church stalls were standing, crammed with every kind of goods for sale in rich variety: shawls of gay colours, cotton handkerchiefs, pipes, knives, glass bead necklaces, imitation coral ornaments, were piled side by side with cooking utensils, gingerbread, and children's toys.

They paused in ecstasy before the grandeur of the sight. George longed for a pipe. He used to smoke when a soldier. Now that he gained a living, and neither drank nor gambled with his comrades, he could well afford the luxury. He asked Tertschka's advice, and she encouraged him to buy one. Whilst he made his purchase, Tertschka strolled on in advance.

George elbowed his way through the crowd of loafers who pressed around the stall, and

bought a pretty porcelain pipe, embellished with tassels and a silken cord.

A brilliant necklace of amber beads caught his fancy. He imagined how pretty it would look on Tertschka's neck. The stall-keeper asking him but a moderate sum, it was soon wrapped in paper and in his pocket. And next, out of the change of the florin which he had given in payment, George bought at a neighbouring stall a gingerbread cake in the shape of a heart. He finally purchased some tobacco, and hastened on to join Tertschka.

He began by showing her the pipe, which she admired exceedingly.

"This is for you," he added, holding out the gingerbread heart. The heart was stamped in the centre with another heart, red, thrust with an arrow, and encircled with a garland of flowers.

She slipped it with a pleased smile of gratification between her bouquet and her rosary.

"I have something else for you," he continued presently, drawing the little packet slowly from his pocket, half opening it, and letting her see the gleaming of the yellow beads. She cast a rapid glance upon it.

"How could you spend so much money on me?" she cried. But her face was all rosy with pleasure, and her eyes sparkled with innocent joy.

"If I could only give you all that I desire!" he replied, with emotion. "But put it on and see how it looks."

She gave him her things to hold whilst she put on the necklace. But she could not succeed in fastening it.

"Let me do it," said George, and lifting gently the heavy masses of hair which clustered on her neck, he brought the two little ends of the snap together.

"There!" he said, examining her with a look of satisfaction.

They continued their route and soon came in sight of the little chapel standing in a cluster of lime trees.

Tertschka knelt down in the last row of benches, and placed her flowers and gingerbread before her. George stood erect behind her. He was much affected by that scene, so calm, so still. A mellow light streamed down through the lofty arched windows. But he could not pray. His eyes were fixed constantly upon that kneeling figure with bowed head and murmuring lips before him.

The mass ended. The priest blessed the congregation as they passed out: but still she knelt. At length she rose, and, followed

by George, advanced to the door where the impatient verger was shaking his bunch of keys. Outside, the sun was glittering through the green foliage.

"Come," said Tertschka, "let us go and sit down."

They proceeded towards a forest of young pine trees which fringed the meadows. A little hill, carpeted with soft moss, provided them with a seat, from which they looked down upon the village inn at their feet. They gazed with interest. The little inn was *en fête*. A merry wedding party were celebrating their happiness before the entrance, under a great beech tree, which spread its branches above their heads. Strains of music, softened by the distance, presently stole upon their ears. They saw the bridal pair advance and begin dancing upon the greensward to the music.

"How gaily they dance," cried Tertschka. "Do look at them."

"Yes, they are happy," he replied, dreamily.

"If only we could celebrate our marriage too!"

"Oh! what are you saying?" she murmured, almost inaudibly; and, stooping down, she plucked a red flower in the grass at her feet.

"Resi!" he whispered — he called her by this name for the first time — and at the same moment he passed his arm timidly about the young girl's waist. "Resi, if you knew how much I love you!"

She made no answer, but she raised her eyes and fixed them upon his. In the love-light of their depths he read his happiness. He drew her gently to his heart, and their lips met for the first time in one long kiss of love.

IV.

SINCE I have undertaken the task of narrating this simple story as faithfully as possible, must I describe to you the dream of happiness in which our lovers lived from that day? I think it will be wise for me to pass it by in silence. What words can render the exquisite joys of a passion so pure as theirs?

It is true that they were compelled to conceal their happiness from all eyes, trembling with fear lest it should be discovered, as if they had been guilty of a crime. But in their secret hearts their passion thrived and flourished.

The fear that the overseer should learn of their visit to Schottwein diminished little by little; so much so that one day George, having gone to that part of the quarry where Tertschka was working, took the opportunity to snatch a few minutes by her side. For a little while the lovers forgot their woes in a passionate embrace; but almost at the same moment they heard the sound of rapid steps behind them. They started instantly apart and perceived the overseer, who, with an evil smile upon his lips and his face purple with rage, stood gazing at them.

"Ha! so I have caught you this time, you wretched creatures!" he hissed forth. "This is the way you obey my orders! And you think I do not see your little game! I know well that you were together last Sunday, but I wanted to

surprise you in the act. You shall pay for this." As he spoke, he seized George by the throat, and, with a savage shake, threw him with such force upon the ground that the dust and stones flew up around him.



"RESI!" HE WHISPERED.

"Take away your load of stones, you gallows-bird! then pack, and be off. If ever I catch you prowling about here again, I will break every bone in your body!"

He kicked the poor fellow as he raised himself painfully; then following him to his cart, he drove him to the road with blows.

Then he came back and glared at Tertschka with a ferocious glance of hatred. "As for you," he said, "we will settle our account by-and-by."

Muttering and growling to himself, he strode away.

Stunned and blinded by the shock, George had rejoined his comrades. He emptied his cart mechanically, and sitting down upon a stone, gazed before him with thoughts far away. Since the morning the day had become dull and the sky covered with clouds. A biting autumn wind whistled in the tops of the pine trees. Suddenly the rain came down. But George never felt the icy drops which beat upon his face. Sparks danced before his eyes, and a shiver ran through his frame. Shame at the treatment he had undergone, mixed with the burning injustice which Tertschka, as well as himself, was enduring, brought the angry blood to his face. And now he was dismissed—separated from Tertschka—from that which was to him the most precious thing in all the world. The more he reflected, the more his shame and rage increased. His timid and patient nature was stung to revolt, and he felt within him a new-born strength to struggle, to resist, to conquer any obstacles which should rise to separate him from his betrothed. Gradually his dejected countenance assumed a terrible expression, and his eyes shone with a strange lustre.

He rose and took his way towards the little hill where Tertschka worked. His companions eyed him curiously. He found Tertschka sitting on the ground in tears.

"Do not weep, Resi," he said. His voice was calm and gentle, but singularly grave. She made no reply.

He came to her side, and raised her head. Her sobs grew more violent.

"Do not weep," he repeated. "It was all for the best; we now know what we have to do."

She looked straight before her.

"You will come with me when I go away?"

She shook her head slowly.

"I shall try to obtain the post of crossing-keeper, which is given, I believe, to soldiers who have served during the war. You shall

be my wife, and we will live in one of the little cottages beside the line. And if I fail in that," he added quickly, seeing that she made no sign of consent, and that her sobs redoubled—"if I cannot obtain this post—we will work for years with all our strength, and economize as much as possible. But, Resi, speak—tell me that you consent! Answer me!"

"Alas!" she moaned, "all that you say is Paradise, but you are not thinking of the overseer. He will never let me go."

"He cannot prevent you. You are no longer a child. He has no hold upon you, none. You are a worker like ourselves. You are free to come and go at your pleasure."

"Believe me, he will not let me go, and above all with you. I have never told you," she replied, after a pause, whilst a crimson flush of anger dyed her face, "but he killed my mother with his cruelty. I told him at the time what I thought of him. Ever since that day he has hated me like poison, and never loses an occasion to revenge himself upon me."

George grew pale to the lips. He seemed as if he were choking.

"The scoundrel!" he cried. "At any cost you must come with me, and we shall see if he will prevent you from going."

"Be careful," she cried, in alarm. "He is quite capable of killing any being too feeble to defend itself."

"I do not fear him," said George, his small stature dilating. "He took me at a disadvantage before, but now let him come!"

"Madonna!" she moaned, wringing her hands in agony. "You must not fight! I cannot bear it."

"No, no, it will not come to that," he replied, striving to appear calm. "First of all we will tell him our decision, and you will see that he will say nothing. Coward that he is, he will be forced to acknowledge that he has no hold upon you, and that you are free. Take courage, Resi," he added, gravely. "Would you let me go away alone?"

For answer she sprang towards him, and clung tightly round his neck.

"Now we will go and find him," he said, stroking her hair gently.

They went slowly towards the cabin. Tertschka in a tumult of alarm, George dignified and perfectly calm. When they reached the cabin, they found the overseer, knife in hand, seated before the table, peeling potatoes. He started on perceiving the two young people, but his surprise soon changed into a sort of frenzy.

"What do you want here?" he cried, half rising, and gripping nervously the handle of his knife.

"You have dismissed me," replied George,

manner so unexpected, that George could do nothing to prevent it. Without any undue haste, he buckled on his knapsack, and approached the overseer slowly.

"Let Tertschka out!" he said, in a firm voice.

The overseer went on peeling his potatoes.

"Let Tertschka out!" repeated George, again.

The overseer's hands began to shake. As George repeated his demand, for the third time, in a more imperative tone, he started up with clenched fists.

"Be off,"



"WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?" HE CRIED.

with a calm voice, "so I have come to get my things, and to tell you that Tertschka will go away with me."

The overseer made a movement as if about to spring upon them. Then, seeing George's determined attitude, he recoiled in alarm.

"I have nothing to reply to you," he said at last, through his clenched teeth.

"That is not necessary. Tertschka is of age, consequently she is free to do as she pleases."

The overseer burst into a hiss of fury.

"Take what belongs to you, Resi," George continued, taking down his own coat which hung on the wall, "and let us go."

The overseer gasped painfully for breath. A struggle was passing within him. He hardly knew what to do next. As he hesitated, he threw a sidelong glance at Tertschka, who, unfortunately, could not control her agitation. As she walked towards her box he sprang upon her, and, grasping her by the shoulders, pushed her into the cellar, the door of which was half open, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"That is my answer," he bellowed, with such fury that his whole body trembled. Then, gulping down his rage, he returned to his seat, and renewed his occupation.

This scene had passed so rapidly, and in a

he shouted, "unless ——"

"Unless what?" repeated George, calmly. "You cannot frighten me, with all your bluster. You ill-treated me when I was weak and defenceless. Now I defy you to your face!"

The overseer's countenance was terrible to look at. Hate and vengeance struggled on it with the basest cowardice. He gasped for breath, and his curved fingers seemed to clutch at something to rend to pieces.

"I advise you," said George, "to give up Tertschka, or else I shall use force."

In the midst of this scene several of the workmen had entered the cabin. Noon was approaching; perhaps they were also not unwilling to be witness of a scene which promised to be stormy. Their presence appeared to increase the irritation of the overseer. He felt that all their eyes were upon him, and to conceal his trepidation from those scrutinizing glances he assumed an air of insolence.

"Just listen to the cur! He threatens me. Come, kick him out of the place for me."

The men looked hesitatingly at one another, but no one stirred.

"You see," George continued, "no one will touch me. I ask you for the last time to let Tertschka out, or I will use this

hammer. Two blows, and the door will be smashed to atoms."

"You would break down the door, would you, you scoundrel? Be off, or I will send for the police."

"Send for them," cried George, his blood boiling with righteous indignation. "We will soon see who is in the right. You will have to explain why you have locked Tertschka up. Everyone shall know that you have ill-treated her from childhood, that you have stolen from her the wages which she gained with so much labour. They shall also know how you oppress the feeble, and how you enrich yourself with the sweat and blood of the poor labourers confided to your charge."

George stopped. The truth of his reproaches stung his adversary into frenzy. The overseer's face turned livid. With a roar like that of a wounded bull, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, he sprang at his opponent with his knife. George, on

door he broke it open with one blow. "You are free; our tyrant is no more."

"My God!" she shrieked, as she rushed out and saw the body lying stretched upon the ground. "He is dead! Oh! George! George! what have you done? You will be dragged to prison as a murderer."

"So be it! Nay, I will render myself up to justice. I will answer for my conduct to the court. My comrades can bear witness that the overseer attacked me with a knife and that I struck in self-defence. Go," he added, turning to the men. "Go to the police and tell them that George Huber, the stone-breaker, has killed your overseer."

V.

For four months George lay in the prison fortress of Wiener-Neustadt awaiting his trial. Then he and his witnesses, among whom was Tertschka, were brought before the court-martial. The following sentence was passed:—

"George Huber, formerly a soldier in the 12th Regiment, having pleaded guilty of causing, by a blow, the death of the overseer at Semmering, is sentenced to a year's imprisonment. But taking into consideration the evidence of the witnesses, who swear that he only acted in self-defence, after the highest provocation, and his exemplary conduct whilst in the army, coupled with the personal testimony of those who know him, the Court reduces his sentence to the four months of im-



HE SPRANG AT HIS OPPONENT WITH HIS KNIFE.

the other hand, scarcely knowing what he did, had gripped his hammer; it flew aloft; a dull blow resounded through the room, and the overseer, struck full upon the chest, staggered and fell backwards on the ground.

For an instant a death-like silence reigned. George stood like David over the dead body of Goliath.

"Resi! Resi!" he cried suddenly, as if returning to himself; and rushing to the

prisonment which he has already undergone in the fortress of Wiener-Neustadt since his arrest."

Two days after this George and Tertschka were sent for to the colonel's house. He regarded them for a moment in silence. Their sad story had touched him to the heart. Round these two poor creatures, tortured by the miseries of existence, shone the radiance of a love pure, deep, and

sublime. He advised them to remain at Wiener-Neustadt, where he would procure them work, and a salary sufficient to supply their wants. He promised to do still more for them in the future; and he kept his word.

To-day, where the black rails wind beside the gleaming River Mour, in the midst of green pastures and forests of sweet-scented pine trees, where the castle of Ehrenhauser rears its lofty towers upon the hill which overlooks the village, there stands a pretty little cottage. Behind the house extends a field of vegetables and maize. Roses and great golden-petaled sunflowers bloom before the door. A hedge surrounds the whole, over which the sweet pea twines its delicate tendrils.

In this pretty cottage, whose gay exterior attracts the admiration of the passers-by, George and Tertschka dwell. Their work

allows them ample leisure to cultivate their ground, to keep a goat and a brood of cackling fowls, and to bring up two chubby-cheeked, flaxen-haired children, who thrive amazingly behind the high hedge of sweet peas. In the evening they sit together before their cottage door, while the sunset dyes the sky with crimson flame; and their thoughts return to that well-remembered evening when first they saw each other upon the high summits of the Semmering, and to their past with all its suffering and its joys.

If these memories cast too sad a shadow on their minds they draw their laughing cherubs to their knees, and with the little, clinging arms around their necks, the silky hair against their cheeks, and the sweet innocent eyes regarding theirs, they forget, as if it were a dream, their past experience of the tears and sorrows which are the destined lot of every child of man.



Types of English Beauty.

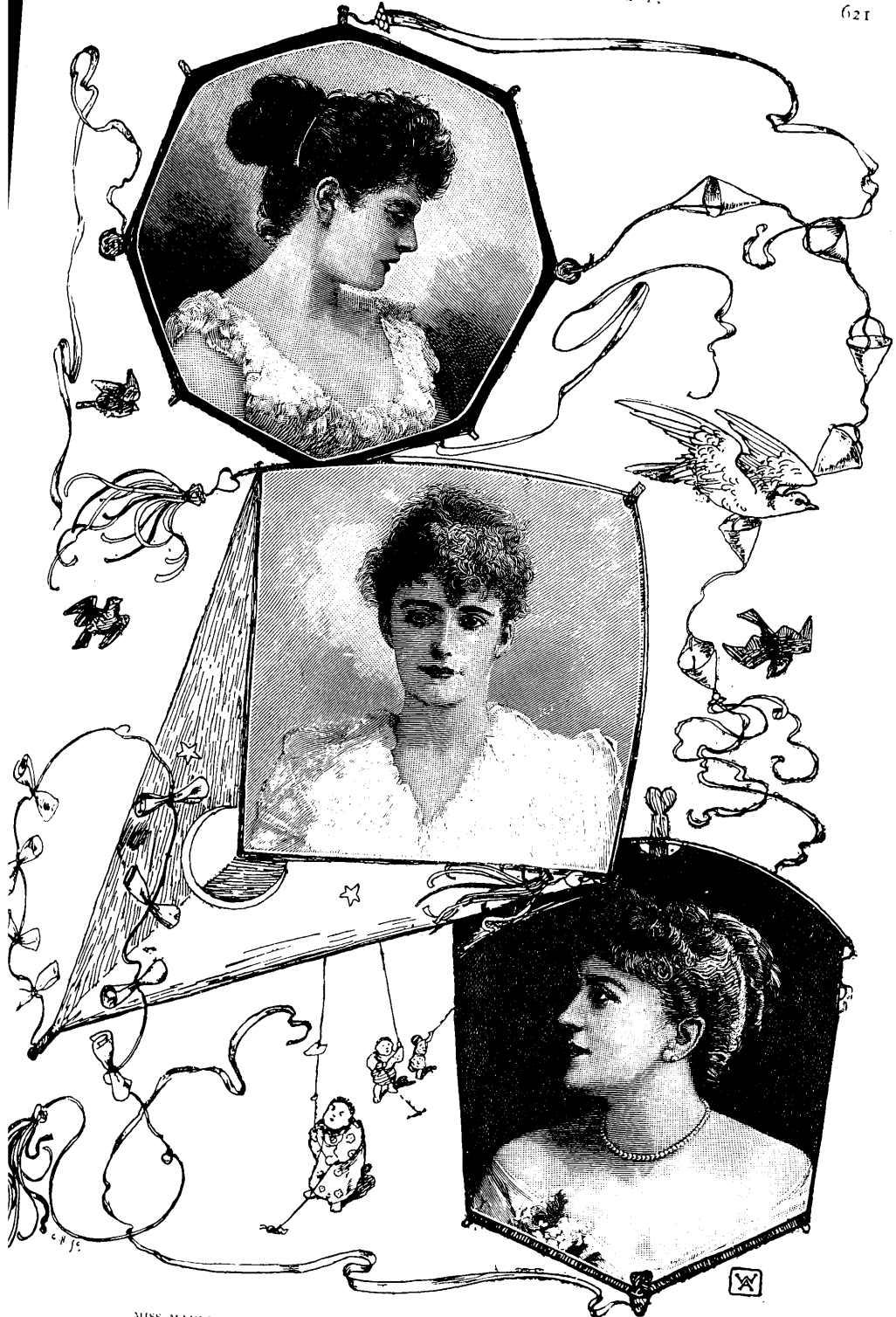
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, W.



MISS ETHEL CARLINGTON.

MISS FAY FORD

MISS ESSIE JOHNSTONE.



MISS MAUDE KENVAN.

MISS NORA MAGUIRE.

MISS HETTY HAMER.



MRS MARION GREY.

MISS M. STUDIOLM.

MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.

A Vision of the Night.

BY RICHARD MARSH.



I. **H**ARLIE, do you believe in dreams?"

It was in the great hall of the Pouchon spring at Spa. The band was playing. The motley crowd which gathers in the

season at Spa to drink, or not to drink, the waters, were talking, smoking, drinking coffee, something stronger, looking at the papers, or listening to the music. Among the crowd were Gerald Lovell and his friend Charles Warren. At the particular moment in which Mr. Lovell put his question, Mr. Warren was puffing rings of cigarette smoke into the air.

"Ask me," he said, with distinct irreverence, "another."

"A queer thing happened to me last night."

"If you have any malicious intention of inflicting on me a dream, young man, there'll be a row. I have an aunt who dreams. She's a dreaming sort. She's always dreaming. And she tells her dreams—such dreams! Ye Goths! At the mere mention of the word 'dreams' the nightmare figure of my aunt rises to my mind's eye. So beware."

"But I'm not sure that this was a dream. Anyhow, just listen."

"If I must!" said Mr. Warren. And he sighed.

"I dreamt that a woman kissed me!"

"If I could only dream such a thing. Some men have all the luck."

"The queer thing was, that it was so real. I dreamt that a woman came into my room.

She came to my bedside. She stood looking down upon me as I slept. Suddenly she stooped and kissed me. That same instant I awoke. I felt her kiss still tingling on my lips. I could have sworn that someone had

just kissed me. I sat up in bed and called out to know if anyone was there. I got up and lit the gas and searched the room. There was nothing and no one."

"It was a dream!"

"If it was, it was the most vivid dream I remember to have heard of; certainly the most vivid dream I ever dreamt. I saw the woman so distinctly, and her face, as she stooped over me, with laughter in her eyes. To begin with, it was the most beautiful face

I ever saw, and hers were the most beautiful eyes. The whole thing had impressed me so intensely that I took my sketch-book and made a drawing of her then and there. I have my sketch-book in my pocket—here is the drawing."



Mr. Lovell handed his open sketch-book to his friend. It was open at a page on which was a drawing of a woman's face. When Mr. Warren's eyes fell on this drawing, he sat up in his chair with a show of sudden interest.

"Gerald! I say! You'll excuse my saying so, but I didn't think you were capable of anything so good as this. Do you know that this is the best drawing of yours I have ever seen, young man?"

"I believe it is."

"It looks to me I don't want to flatter you; goodness knows you've conceit enough already!—but it looks to me as though it were a genuine bit of inspiration."

"Joking apart, it seems to me almost as if it were an inspiration."

"I wish an inspiration of the same kind would come to me. I'd be considerably grateful—even for a nightmare. Do you know what I should do with this? I should use it for a picture."

"I thought of doing something of the kind myself."

"Just a study of a woman's face. And you might call it—the title would be apposite—'A Vision of the Night!'"

"A good idea. I will."

And Mr. Lovell did. When he returned to his Chelsea studio, he chose a moderate-sized canvas, and he began to paint on it a woman's face—just a woman's face, and nothing more. She was looking a little downwards, as a woman might look who was about to stoop to kiss someone lying asleep in bed—say a sleeping child—and she glanced from the canvas with laughing eyes. Mr. Warren came in to look at it several times while it was progressing. When it was finished, he regarded it for some moments in silent contemplation.

"I call that," he declared, sententiously, with what he supposed, perhaps erroneously, to be a Yankee twang, "a gen-u-ine work of art. I do. *The thing*. Young man, if you forward that, with your compliments, or without 'em, to the President, Fellows, and Associates of the Royal Academy, I'll bet you five to one it's hung!"

His prediction was verified—it was hung. It was the first of Mr. Lovell's pictures which ever had been hung—which made the fact none the less gratifying to Mr. Lovell. It was hung very well, too, considering. And it attracted quite a considerable amount

of attention in its way. It was sold on the opening day. That fact was not displeasing to Mr. Lovell.

One morning, about the middle of June, a card was brought in to Mr. Lovell, while he was working in his studio. On it was inscribed a name—Vicomte d'Humières. The card was immediately followed by its owner, a tall, slightly built gentleman; unmistakably a foreigner. He saluted Mr. Lovell with a bow which was undoubtedly Parisian.

"Mr. Gerald Lovell?"

The accent was French, but, for a Frenchman, the English was fair.

"I am Gerald Lovell."

"Ah! That is good! You are a gentleman, Mr. Lovell, whom I particularly wish to see." The stranger had been carrying his stick in one hand and his hat in the other. These he now deposited upon one chair; himself he placed upon a second—uninvited. He crossed his legs. He folded his black-gloved hands in front of him. "I believe, Mr. Lovell, that we are not strangers—you and I."

Mr. Lovell glanced at the card which he still was holding.



"VICOMTE D'HUMIÈRES."

"You are the Vicomte d'Humières?"

"I am."

"I am afraid—it is unpardonable remissness on my part; but I am afraid that, if I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you before, it is a pleasure which has escaped my memory."

"It is not that we have ever met before—no, it is not that. It is my name to which you are not a stranger."

Mr Lovell glanced again at the card.

"Your name? I am afraid, Vicomte, that I do not remember having ever heard your name before."

"Ah! Is that so?" The stranger regarded his polished boots. He spoke as if he were addressing himself to them. "Is it possible that she can have given another name? No, it is not possible. She is capable of many things—I do not believe she is capable of that. He looked up again at Mr. Lovell. My business with you, Mr. Lovell, is of rather a peculiar kind. You will think, perhaps, that mine is rather a singular errand. I have come to ask you to acquaint me with the residence of my wife."

"With the—did you say, with the—residence of your wife?"

"That is what I said. I have come to ask you to acquaint me with the residence of my wife." The artist stared.

"But, so far as I am aware, I do not know your wife."

"That is absurd. I do not say, Mr. Lovell, that you are conscious of the absurdity. But still—it is absurd—I was not aware that you were acquainted with my wife until I learnt the fact, this morning, at your Academy."

"At our Academy?"

"Precisely. Upon the walls of your Academy of Painting, Mr. Lovell."

Mr. Lovell began to wonder if his visitor was not an amiable French lunatic.

"Is that not rather a singular place in which to learn such a fact?"

"It is a singular place. It is a very singular place, indeed. But that has nothing to do with the matter. It is as I say. You have a picture, Mr. Lovell, at the Academy?"

"I have."

"It is a portrait."

"Pardon me, it is not a portrait."

"Pardon me, Mr. Lovell, in my turn: it is a portrait. As a portrait, it is a perfect portrait. It is a portrait of my wife."

"Of your wife! You are dreaming!"

"You flatter me, Mr. Lovell. Is it that you suppose I am an imbecile? Are not

the features of a wife familiar to a husband? Very good. I am the husband of my wife. Your picture, Mr. Lovell, is a portrait of my wife."

"I cannot but think you have mistaken some other picture for mine. Mine is a simple study of a woman's face. It is called 'A Vision of the Night.'"

"Precisely. And 'A Vision of the Night' is my wife."

"It is impossible!"

"Do I understand you to say, Mr. Lovell, of a thing which I say is so that it is impossible?"

The Vicomte rose. His voice had a very significant intonation. Mr. Lovell resented it.

"I do not know, Vicomte, that I am called upon to explain to you. But, in face of your remarkable statement, I will *volunteer* an explanation. I saw the face, which I have painted, in a dream."

"Indeed: is that so? What sort of dream was it in which you saw my wife's face, Mr. Lovell?"

The young man flushed. The stranger's tone was distinctly offensive.

"It was in a dream which I dreamt last August at Spa."

"Ah! This is curious. At what hotel where you stopping last August at Spa?"

"At the Hôtel de Flandre—though I don't know why you ask."

"So! We approach a point, at last. Last August, my wife and I, we were at Spa. We stayed, my wife and I, at the Hôtel de Flandre. It was at the Hôtel de Flandre my wife left me. I have never seen her since. Perhaps, Mr. Gerald Lovell, you will be so good as to inform me what sort of dream it was in which you saw my wife's face, at the Hôtel de Flandre, last August, at Spa?"

Mr. Lovell hesitated. He perceived that caution was advisable. He felt that if he entered into minute particulars of his dream, there might be a misunderstanding with the Vicomte. So he temporized—or he endeavoured to.

"I have already told you that I saw the face in my picture in a dream. It is the simple fact—that I have no other explanation to offer."

"Is that so?"

"That is so."

"Very good, so far, Mr. Gerald Lovell. I thought it possible that you might have some explanation of this kind to offer. I was at the Academy with a friend. When I perceived my wife's portrait on the walls, and

that it was painted by a Mr. Gerald Lovell, I said to my friend: 'I will go to this Mr. Lovell, and I will ask him, among other things, who authorized him to exhibit my wife's portrait in the absence of her husband, in a place of public resort, as if it were an advertisement.' My friend proposed to accompany me. But I said: 'No. I will go, first of all, alone. I will see what sort of explanation Mr. Gerald Lovell has to offer. If it is not a satisfactory explanation, then we will go together, you and I.' I go to seek my friend, Mr. Lovell. He is not very far away. Shortly we will return. Then I will request, of your courtesy, an explanation of that very curious dream in which you saw my wife's face at the Hôtel de Flandre. Mr. Lovell, I wish you, until then, good day."

The Vicomte withdrew, with the same extremely courteous salutation with which he had entered. The artist, left alone, looked at his visitor's card, which he still retained in his hand, with a very puzzled expression of countenance.

"If the Vicomte d'Humières returns, it strikes me there'll be a little interesting conversation."

He laid down the card. He resumed the work which had been interrupted. But the work hung fire. A painter paints, not only with his hand, but with his brain. Mr. Lovell's brain was, just then, preoccupied.

"It was a dream. And yet, as I told Warren at the time, it certainly was the most vivid dream I ever dreamt." Deserting his canvas he began to move about the room. "Supposing it wasn't a dream, and the woman was a creature of flesh and blood! Then she must have come into my room, and kissed me while I slept. I'll swear that someone kissed me. By Jove! the Vicomte won't like to be told a tale like that! As he says, a man ought to know his own

wife's face when he sees it, even in a portrait. And if the picture is a portrait of his wife, then it was his wife who came into my room—and kissed me. But whatever made her do a thing like that? There's no knowing what things some women will do. I rather fancy that I ought to have made a few inquiries before I took it for granted that it was nothing but a dream. They would have been able to tell me at the hotel if the original of my dream had been staying there. As it is, unless I mind my P's and Q's, I rather fancy there'll be a row."

"Pardon!—May I enter?"

Mr. Lovell was standing with his back to the door. The inquiry, therefore, was addressed to him from behind. The voice in which it was uttered was feminine, and the accent foreign. The artist turned—and stared. For there, peeping through the partly open door, was the woman of his dream! There could not be the slightest doubt about it. Although the head was covered with the latest thing in Parisian hats, there was no mistaking, when one once had seen it—as he

had seen it—that lovely face, those laughing eyes. He stared—and gaped. The lady seemed to take his silence to imply consent. She advanced into the room.

"You are Mr. Gerald Lovell?"

As she came into the room, he perceived that she was not only most divinely fair, but most divinely tall. Her figure, clad in the most recent coquetries of Paris, was the most exquisite thing in figures he had lately seen. So completely had she taken his

faculties of astonishment by storm, that he could only stammer a response.

"You are the painter of my portrait?" For the life of him, he knew not what to say. "But, if you are Mr. Gerald Lovell, it is certain that you are. Besides, I see it in your face. There is genius in your eyes. Mr.



"PUZZLED."

Lovell, how am I to thank you for the honour you have done me?" Moving to him, she held out to him her hand. He gave her his. She retained it—or, rather, part of it—in her small palm. "If I am ever destined to attain to immortality, it is to your brush it will be owing. Monsieur, permit me to salute the master!"

Before he had an inkling of her intention, she raised his hand and touched it with her lips. He withdrew it quickly.

"Madame!"

She exhibited no signs of discomposure.

"I was at your Academy, with a friend—not half an hour ago. I beheld miles of mediocrity. Suddenly I saw—my face! my own face! glancing at me from the walls! *Ah, quelle plaisir!* But my face—how many times more lovely! How many times more beautiful! My face—depicted by the hand of a great artist! by the brush of a poet, and a genius!—Monsieur, you have placed on me ten thousand obligations."

She gave him the most sweeping curtsey with which he ever had been favoured—and in her eyes was laughter all the time. He was recovering his presence of mind. He felt that it was time to put a stop to the lady's flow of flowery language. He was about to do so—when a question she put to him again sent half his senses flying.

"There is one thing which I wished to ask you, Monsieur. When and where did I sit to you for my portrait? I do not remember to have had the pleasure and the honour of meeting you before." The lady's laughing eyes were fixed intently on his face. "And yet, as I look at you, a sort of shadowy recollection comes to me of a previous encounter; it is very strange! Monsieur, where was it we encountered—you and I?"

"Madame!"

Seeing how evidently he was at a loss for

words, she put out her hand to him as if to give him courage.

"Do not be afraid. Tell me—where was it that you saw me?"

"I saw you in a dream."

"A dream? Monsieur! To hear you speak—it is like a poem. Monsieur, where did you dream this dream in which you dreamt of me?"

"It was last year, at Spa."

"At Spa—that horrible place?"

"I did not find it a horrible place."

"No? Was it that dream which you dreamt of me which robbed it of its horror?" He did not speak. He allowed her to infer a compliment, but he did not proffer one. "But, Monsieur, I was only at Spa one afternoon and a single night."

"It was that night I dreamed of you."

"You dreamed? How? Tell me about this dream."

"I dreamed that you came into my room while I was asleep in bed, and kissed me!"

She continued to look at him intently a moment longer, as if she did not realize the full meaning of his words. Then let us do her justice! the blood

rushed to her face, her cheeks flamed fiery red. With her hands she veiled her eyes. She gave a little cry.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!* It was you I remember. *Quelle horreur!*"

There was silence. Before she removed her hands from her eyes she turned away. She stood with her back towards him, trifling with a brush which he had placed upon the table. She spoke scarcely above a whisper.

"Monsieur, I thought you were asleep."

"I was asleep. I saw you in a dream."

"Then did—did I wake you?"

"You must have done. I woke—you must forgive my saying so—with a kiss tingling on my lips." The lady put her hands up to her eyes again. "The dream



"MAY I ENTER?"

had been so vivid I could not understand it. I got up to see if anyone was in the room."

"If you had caught me!"

"There was no one. But so acutely had your face impressed itself on my imagination that I took my sketch-book, and made a drawing of it then and there. In the morning I showed this drawing to a friend. He advised me to use it for a picture. I did. That picture is 'A Vision of the Night'!"

"It is the most extraordinary thing, Monsieur: you will suppose I am a very peculiar person. It is but a lame explanation I have to offer.

Of that I am but too conscious. But such as it is, I entreat that you will suffer me to give it you. Monsieur, I am married"

—Mr. Lovell bowed. He did not mention that he was aware of that already—"to the most capricious husband in the world—to a husband whom I love, but whom I cannot respect." Mr. Lovell thought that that was good—from her. "He is a man who is extremely *difficile*, Monsieur. I do not think you have a word which expresses what I would say in English. He is extremely jealous; he is enraged that his wife should use the eyes which are in her head! The very day on which we arrived at Spa we had a dreadful quarrel. I will not speak of the treatment to which I was subjected; it is enough to say that he locked the door so that I should not leave the room—he wished to make of me a prisoner. Monsieur, directly he was gone, I perceived that there were two doors to the room—the one which he had locked, and another, which I tried. I found that it was open. Monsieur, when a prisoner desires to escape, he escapes by any road which offers. I was a prisoner; I desired to escape; I made use of the only road which I could find. I entered the door;

I found myself in a room in which there was—how shall I say it?—in which there was a man asleep. Monsieur, it was you!"

It must be owned that at this point the lady certainly did look down.

"I was, that night, in a wicked mood. I glanced at you; I perceived that you were but a boy"—Mr. Lovell flushed: he did not consider himself a boy—"but a handsome boy." She peeped at him with malicious laughter in her eyes. "I regarded myself as your mother, or your sister, or your guardian angel. Monsieur will perceive how much I am the elder." Again, a glance of laughing malice from those bewitching eyes. "I am afraid it is

too true that I approached the sleeping lips." There was silence. Then, so softly that her listener was only just able to catch the words: "I pray that Monsieur will forgive me."

"There is nothing for which Madame needs forgiveness."

"Monsieur but says so to give me pleasure. But one thing Monsieur must permit me to observe: If every woman were to be rewarded, as I have been, for

what I did, half the women in France would commit—a similar little indiscretion." Mr. Lovell was silent; he did not know exactly what to say. "Monsieur will permit me to regard him, from this day forward, as my friend? Mr. Gerald Lovell, permit me to introduce to you—the Vicomtesse d'Humières!"

The lady favoured him with another sweeping curtsey.

"I have already the pleasure of being acquainted with Madame's name."

"From whom did you learn it? From the people at the hotel?"



"A VISION OF THE NIGHT."

"I but learned it a few minutes before Madame herself came here."

"So! From whom?"

"I learnt it from the Vicomte d'Humières."

"The Vicomte d'Humières! My husband! Are you acquainted with him, then?"

"I can scarcely claim to be acquainted with the Vicomte. It seems, Madame, that this has been a morning of coincidences. It would appear that just before Madame perceived my little picture at the Academy, the Vicomte d'Humières perceived it too."

"Truly! But how magnificent!"

The lady clasped her hands in a little ecstasy.

"The Vicomte d'Humières did not seem to consider it magnificent. He took a distinctly contrary view."

"But that is certain!"

"He requested me to furnish him with your address. When I informed him that I was not acquainted with Madame, he desired to know who had authorized me to send your portrait to a public exhibition. I observed that I was not aware that it was the portrait of Madame, since the face in the picture was but the study of a face which I had seen in a dream."

"In a dream! You did not tell him—the little history?"

"I entered into no particulars."

"I entreat you, Monsieur, not to tell him the little history. There will be a scandal; he is so quick to misconceive."

"I will endeavour to observe Madame's wishes."

"It is like a little romance, is it not, Monsieur? Perhaps I should explain myself a little further. *That night*"—she emphasized the *that*—

"I left my husband. In effect, he had become unbearable. I have seen and heard nothing of him since. But I am beginning to become conscious of a desire to meet with him again. I know not why! I suppose, when one loves one's husband truly, one wishes to meet him—once a year. I do not wish our reconciliation to be inaugurated by a quarrel—no, I entreat

you, Monsieur, not to recount to him that little history."

"I should inform Madame that I expect the Vicomte d'Humières to return."

"Return? Where? Here? When?"

"Very shortly—with a friend. In fact, unless I am mistaken, he comes already."

The lady listened.

"It is Philippe's voice! *Mon Dieu!* He must not find me here."

But, Madame——"

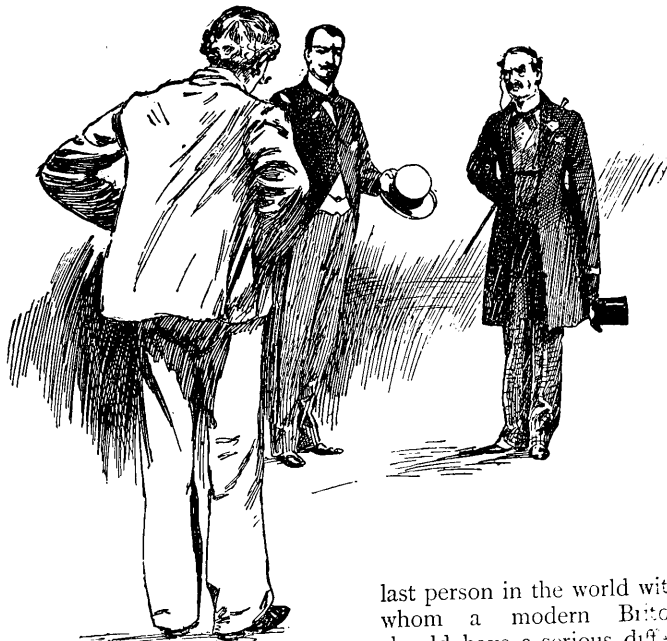
"Ah, the screen! It is like a farce at the Palais Royale—is it not a fact? I will be your model, Monsieur, behind the screen!"

"Madame!"

Before he could interpose to prevent her, the lady vanished behind the screen. The door of the studio opened, and the Vicomte d'Humières entered, accompanied by his friend.

II.

THE Vicomte's friend was a gentleman of a figure which is not uncommon in France, even to-day. His attitude suggested a ramrod, he breathed powder and shot; and he bristled—what shall we say?—with bayonets. The



"THE VICOMTE'S FRIEND."

last person in the world with whom a modern Briton should have a serious difference of opinion. The ideas of that sort of person upon matters which involve a difference of opinion are in such contrast to ours. The Vicomte performed the ceremony of introduction.

"Mr. Gerald Lovell, permit me to introduce

to your courteous consideration my friend, M. Victor Berigny!"

M. Berigny bowed, ceremoniously. Mr. Lovell only nodded—his thoughts were behind the screen. The Vicomte turned to his friend.

"Victor, I have explained to you that I have already had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Gerald Lovell." M. Berigny bowed. "I have also explained to you that I have desired him to inform me by whose authority he exhibits a portrait of my wife in a public exhibition. To that he has replied that his picture, 'A Vision of the Night,' is not a portrait of my wife. I request you, Victor, to state, in Mr. Gerald Lovell's presence, whether that picture, in your opinion, is or is not a portrait of my wife."

"Certainly, it is a portrait."

M. Berigny's accent was more marked than the Vicomte's, but still he did speak English.

"I thank you, Victor. It remains for me to once more request, in your presence, Mr. Gerald Lovell to explain how it was that he happened to dream of the face of my wife last August, in the Hôtel de Flandre, at Spa. Mr. Gerald Lovell, I have the honour to await your explanation."

The Vicomte, his arms crossed upon his chest, his left foot a little protruding, his head thrown back, awaited the explanation.

Mr. Lovell's thoughts ran screenwards.

"What the deuce shall I do if he discovers he: behind the screen?"

"Monsieur, I am waiting."

"If he does discover her—there'll be a row."

"I still am waiting, Mr. Gerald Lovell."

With each repetition of the statement the Vicomte's tone became more acidulated. The artist arrived at a sudden resolution.

"Then I am afraid, Vicomte, that you will have to wait."

The Vicomte looked at the artist with an evident inclination to add a cubit to his own stature.

"Is it possible that I understand your meaning, Mr. Gerald Lovell?"

"My language is sufficiently simple."

"In France, Mr. Gerald Lovell, an artist is supposed to be a gentleman."

"And so in England, Vicomte. And therefore, when an artist is interrupted at his work by another gentleman, he feels himself at liberty to beg that other gentleman—to excuse him."

Mr. Lovell waved his hand, affably, in the direction of the door. The Vicomte's countenance assumed a peculiar pallor.

"You are a curious person, Mr. Gerald Lovell."

His friend interposed.

"Philippe, you had better leave the matter to me."

M. Berigny approached the painter—with a ramrod down his back.

"I have the honour, Monsieur, to request from you the name of a friend."

"Of a friend? What for?"

"Ah, Monsieur—to arrange the preliminaries!"

"What preliminaries?"

"Is it that Monsieur amuses himself?"

"Is it possible that you suppose that I am going to fight a duel?"

"Monsieur intends, then, to offer an explanation to my friend?"

"M. Berigny, I do not wish to say to you anything uncourteous, or anything unworthy an English gentleman; but I do beg you to believe that, because you choose to be an idiot, and your friend chooses to be an idiot, it does not follow that I choose to be an idiot, too."

"Monsieur!"

"One other observation. I have not seen much of you, M. Berigny, but that little has not disposed me to see more. May I therefore ask you—to leave my studio?"

"Monsieur!"

"Or—must I turn you out?"

"Turn me out!"

The Vicomte had been listening to this little dialogue. He now turned towards his friend.

"Ah, my friend, it is as he says! He will turn you out, neck and crop, as the English say. He will throw you down the stairs, he will heave half a brick at your head, to help you on your way. Then, when you require satisfaction, he will refer you to a magistrate. You will summon him—it will be in the papers—he will be fined half-a-crown! That is how they manage these affairs in England. It is true!"

"But—among gentlemen!"

"Ah, *mon ami*, *voilà!* In England, nowadays, there are no gentlemen!"

Mr. Lovell moved a step towards M. Berigny.

"I have asked you, as a gentleman, to leave my studio."

"Monsieur, you are a coward!"

The painter's eyes gleamed. But he kept his temper pretty well, considering.

"You appear to have been taught singularly ill manners in your native country, sir. I will endeavour to teach you better manners

here. Are you going? Or must I eject you?"

"*Polisson!*"

That was M. Berigny's answer. There was just a momentary hesitation. Then, grasping M. Berigny firmly by the shoulders, Mr. Lovell began to move him, more rapidly than gently, in the direction of the door.



"IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DOOR."

The Vicomte came forward, with the evident intention of interposing. There would probably have been a slightly undignified scramble had not a diversion been created by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Mr. Warren. That gentleman glanced from one person to another.

"I beg your pardon," he observed. "I hope I don't intrude!"

Mr. Lovell laughed, a little forcedly. His complexion was distinctly ruddy.

"Not at all! I wish you had come in sooner. The most ridiculous thing has happened."

"Indeed! I have an eye for the ridiculous."

"You know that picture of mine, 'A Vision of the Night'?"

"I've heard of it."

"This gentleman says that it's a portrait of his wife."

Mr. Lovell pointed to the Vicomte d'Humières.

"No? Then, in that case, this gentleman's wife came into your bedroom in the middle of the night, and—kissed you, wasn't it?"

Mr. Warren spoke in the innocence of his heart, but, at that moment, Mr. Lovell could have struck his boyhood's friend. There was a listener behind the screen. The young gentleman's cheeks grew crimson, as the lady's had done a few minutes before. He was conscious, too, that the Vicomte's unfriendly eyes were fixed upon his face.

"So! That is it! You—you——" The Vicomte moved a step forward then checked himself. "Tell me, where is my wife at this instant?"

Mr. Lovell could have told him, but he refrained.

"I decline to give you any information of any kind whatever."

"You decline?"

The Vicomte raised his hand. He would have struck the artist. Mr. Warren interposed to avert the blow.

"He declines for the very simple reason that he has never seen your wife; isn't that so, Gerald?"

Mr. Lovell hesitated. He scarcely

saw his way to a denial while the lady was behind the screen.

"You see! He does not even dare to lie!"

"Don't talk nonsense, sir! Gerald, why don't you tell the man that you have never seen the woman in your life?"

"I repeat that I decline to give this person any information of any kind whatever."

"You decline?"

The Vicomte uttered the words in a kind of strangled screech. His patience was exhausted. He seemed to think that he was being subjected to treatment which was more than flesh and blood could bear. He rushed at Mr. Lovell. Mr. Lovell, probably forgetting himself on the impulse of the moment —

or he would have been more careful—swung the Vicomte round against the screen. It tottered, reeled, and, raising a cloud of dust, it fell with a bang to the floor!

It was a leaf out of Sheridan.

For an instant the several members of that little party did not distinctly realize what it was that had happened. Then they saw. There was a pause—a curious pause. Their attitudes betrayed a charming diversity of emotions. The Vicomte, his coat a little disarranged, owing to the somewhat rough handling which he had just received, stood and glared. M. Berigny, more ramrodly than ever, stared. Mr. Warren gasped. Mr. Lovell's quickened breathing, crimsoned cheeks, and flashing eyes seemed to suggest that his breast was a tumult of conflicting feelings.



The lady, whose presence had been so unexpectedly revealed, stood behind the fallen screen, with the most charming air of innocence in the world, and she smiled.

It was she who broke the silence. She held out her hand to the Vicomte.

"Bon jour, Philippe!"

"Ah-h-h!" The Vicomte drew himself

away with a sort of shuddering exclamation. "Antoinette! It is you! It cannot be!"

"My dear Philippe—why not?"

"Why not? She asks why not!" The Vicomte held out his hands, as though he appealed to the eternal verities. "*Traitresse!* Once more is woman false and man betrayed!"

The Vicomte's gesture was worthy of the tragic stage—in France. The lady still held out her hand, and still she smiled.

"My dear Philippe—try comedy!"

"Comedy? Ah, yes, I will try comedy—the comedy of r-r-revenge!" The Vicomte distinctly rolled his r's. He turned to Mr. Lovell. "I will kill you, even though for killing you, by the law of England, I am hanged. Victor, where is my hat?"

"REVEALED."

The Vicomte put this question to his friend with a peculiar coldness.

M. Berigny shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know? It is not a question of a hat."

"As you say, it is not a question of a hat. It is a question"—the Vicomte moved towards Mr. Lovell—"of that!"

He raised his hand with the intention of

striking the artist on the cheek. Mr. Lovell never flinched; but the lady, rushing forward, caught her husband by the wrist. She looked at him, still with laughter in her eyes.

"Try not to be insane."

The Vicomte glared at her with a glare which, at least, was characteristic.

"Why do I not kill her—why?"

The lady only smiled.

"They say that a woman is devoid of humour. How is it then sometimes with a man? You, Philippe, are always thinking of the Porte St. Martin—I, of the Bouffes Parisien."

The Vicomte turned to his friend.

"Victor, why do I not kill this woman?"

M. Berigny only shrugged his shoulders. Possibly because he was not ready with a more adequate reply. The lady turned to the artist.

"Monsieur, I offer you ten thousand apologies, which my husband will one day offer you himself, as becomes a gentleman of France."

The Vicomte repeated his inquiry:

"Victor, why do I not kill this woman?"

Only a shrug in reply. The lady went on:

"You have immortalized my poor face, Monsieur; my husband insults you in return."

The Vicomte folded his arms across his chest.

"It is certain, Victor, that she still lives!"

"One night, Monsieur, my husband locked me in my room. He designed to make of me a prisoner. Why? Ah, do not ask me why! When he had left me, I escaped, not by the door which he had locked, but by a door he had not noticed. This door led into an apartment in which there was a stranger sleeping. I was but an instant in that apartment—but the instant in which it was necessary to pass through. The sleeper never spoke to me; he never saw me with his waking eyes. But, even in his sleep, my poor, frightened face so flashed upon his brain that, even in his waking hours, it haunted him so that he made of it a picture—a picture of that vision of the night!"

The Vicomte approached closer to his friend. He addressed him in a sort of confidential, but still distinctly audible, aside:

"Victor, is it possible that this is true?"

"I beg, my friend, that of me you will ask nothing."

"Monsieur, this morning I was at your Academy. I saw my own countenance looking at me from the walls. For the first time I learned that my poor, frightened

woman's face had appeared to a sleeping stranger in a vision of the night. Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur!"

The lady covered her face with her hands. It would, perhaps, be rash to say that she cried; but, at least, she seemed to cry, and if it was only seeming, she did it very well.

"Victor," again inquired the Vicomte of his friend, "is it possible that this is true?"

M. Berigny wagged his finger in the Vicomte's face.

"D'Humières, it now becomes a question of hats."

The Vicomte laid his hand on his companion's arm.

"One instant, Victor—still one instant more."

The lady, uncovering her eyes—which actually were sparkling with tears—continued to address the artist:

"Monsieur, I will not speak to you of my love for my husband—my Philippe! I will not speak to you of how we have been parted for a year—a whole, long year—*mon Dieu, Monsieur, mon Dieu!* I will not speak to you of how, every instant of that long, long year I have thought of him, of how I have yearned for him, of how I have longed for one touch of his hand, one word from his lips, one glance from his eyes. No, Monsieur, I will not speak to you of all these things. And for this reason: That, with me, all things are finished. I go, never to return again. My face—you have made immortal; the rest of me—will perish. For the woman whose heart is broken there remains but one place—the grave. It is to that place I go!"

The lady had become as tragic as her husband—even more so, in her way. She moved across the room with the air of a tragedy queen—Parisian. The Vicomte was visibly affected. He fastened a convulsive clutch upon M. Berigny's arm.

"Victor, tell me, what shall I do? Advise me, oh, my friend! This is a critical moment in my life! It is impossible that I should let her go. Antoinette!"

The Vicomte advanced, just in time, between the lady and the door.

"Monsieur, I entreat of you this last boon, to let me go. You have insulted me in the presence of a stranger; for me, therefore, nothing else remains. You have inquired if you should kill me. No, Philippe, you need not kill me; it is myself I will kill!"

"Antoinette!"

"I am no longer Antoinette: I am the

woman whose happiness you have destroyed. It is only when I am dead that you will learn what is written on my heart for you."

"Antoinette," the strong man's voice faltered, "Antoinette, am I never, then, to be forgiven?"

There was a momentary pause. Then the lady held out both her hands. "Philippe!"

"My heart! my soul! thou treasure of my life! thou star of my existence! Is it possible that a cloud should have interposed itself between thy path and mine?"

He took her in his arms. He pressed her to his breast. M. Berigny turned away. From his attitude it almost seemed as if the soldier—the man of ramrods and of bayonets!—wiped away a tear.

"Philippe! Take care, or you will derange my hat!"

"Antoinette! My beautiful, my own!"

"Philippe, do you not think you should apologize—take care, my friend, or you certainly will derange my hat!—to the stranger who has made immortal the face of the woman who loved you better than her life—my friend, take care!—who has made her appear on canvas so much more beautiful than she is in life?"

"No, Antoinette, that I will not have. It is impossible. Beauty such as yours is not to be rendered by a painter's brush!"

"If that be so, all the more reason why

we should be grateful to Mr. Lovell for endeavouring the impossible."

The lady peeped at Mr. Lovell with the quaintest malice in her eyes.

"Certainly, Antoinette, there is something in what you say. And, after all, it is a charming painting. I said, Victor, when I saw it, there can be no doubt, as a painting, it is charming—did I not say so?" M. Berigny inclined his head. With his handkerchief the Vicomte smoothed his moustache. He advanced towards Mr. Lovell: "Monsieur, a Frenchman—a true Frenchman—seldom errs. On those rare occasions on which he errs he is always willing, under proper conditions, to confess his error. Monsieur, I perceive that I have done you an injustice. For the injustice which I have done you—I desire to apologize."

Mr. Lovell smiled. He held out his hand.

"My dear fellow! There's nothing for which you need apologize."

The Vicomte grasped the artist's hand in both of his.

"My dear friend!" he cried.

"Philippe," whispered the lady into her husband's ear, "do you not think that you would like Mr. Lovell and his friend to favour us with their company at luncheon?"

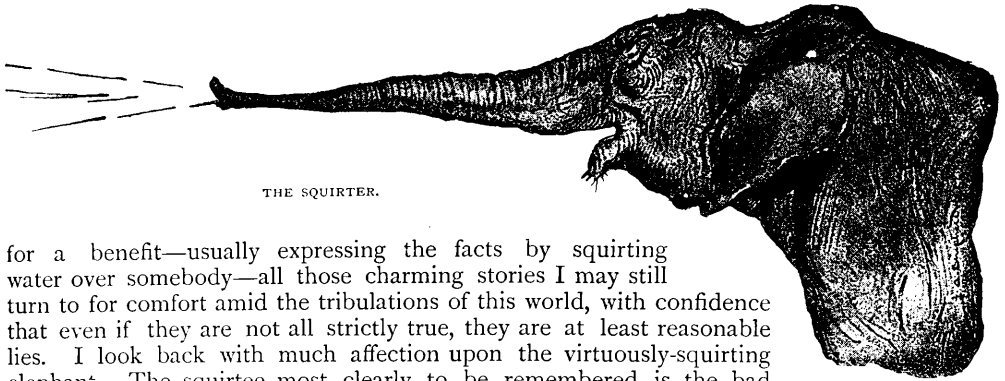
The Vicomte seemed to think he would. They lunched together—all the five! Why not?





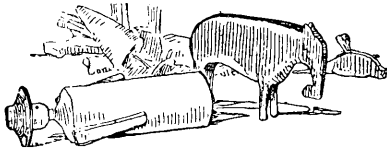
UFFA CULLI, Jung Perchad, Jingo, and Solomon—where are their enemies? What human thing so base as nurse ill-will for the genial elephant? The jolly elephant—the meek, all-obedient elephant—the elephant, who provides the world with ivory, and

Sunday-school anecdotes, and rides for twopence! Though I turn from my fellow-man—having found him out—though every other thing that crawls, runs, or flies revolt me, still may I keep my faith in the elephant; for assuredly he will be worthy thereof. He, almost alone among living creatures, has never betrayed my trust. I believed in the lion—the picture-books of infancy taught me of his valour, his magnanimity, and all the rest; but the lion has turned out an impostor. I believed in the camel—his intelligence, his long-suffering docility; but the camel is a humbug. In the elephant I may still believe. All those charming stories, wherein the elephant never forgets an injury, nor is ungrateful



THE SQUIRTER.

for a benefit—usually expressing the facts by squirting water over somebody—all those charming stories I may still turn to for comfort amid the tribulations of this world, with confidence that even if they are not all strictly true, they are at least reasonable lies. I look back with much affection upon the virtuously-squirting elephant. The squirtee most clearly to be remembered is the bad tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk.



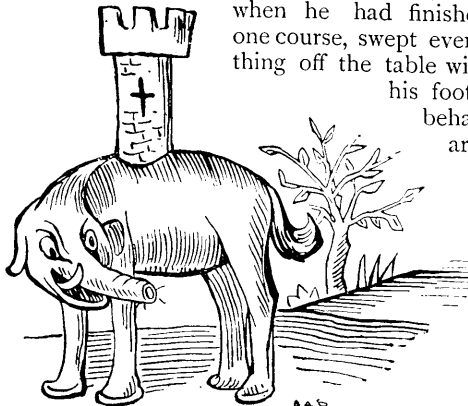
THE NOAH'S ARK ELEPHANT.

The squirter was, I believe, the first elephant whose acquaintance I made. I certainly knew him long before I knew that other virtuous elephant who broke a man's head with a cocoonut, to compensate the man for breaking a cocoonut with his head. I almost think I knew him before I first met the Noah's Ark elephant. The Noah's Ark elephant was my most confidential playmate, and tasted rather of garden-mould till the paint came off, when he lost his grittiness and became a pig, having broken his trunk. He was not very broad in the back, it is true, having been made of a flat piece of wood, but he was a very interesting animal before he was a pig. I was much more intimate with him than with Noah, who was a little stiff, not to say stuck-up. As a pig his career ended suddenly in a memorable maritime disaster—when a vessel in my ownership, chartered at the time as a cattle-boat, foundered in the duck pond with most of the farmyard and a good deal of the ark.

It was while the Noah's Ark elephant was a pig that I first saw the circus elephant. He was not altogether a fair specimen. He was rude. He rang an immense railway bell for his dinner, and when he had finished one course, swept everything off the table with



THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT.



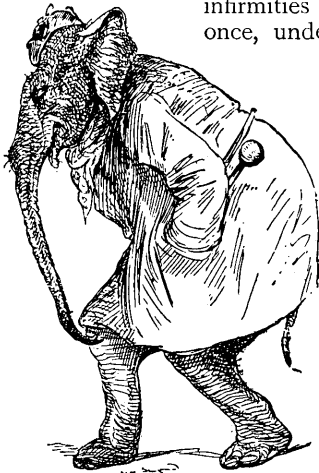
MAUNDEVILE'S "OLIFAUNT."

his foot. None of the elephants in this place would behave like that. Even Jingo and Solomon, who are young—mere boys—know better than that, and take buns and apples most respectfully. The circus elephant, too, played low practical jokes with the clown, and danced on a tub at a fatal sacrifice of dignity.

In Sir John Maundevile I still have a dear friend among what that charming old truth-monger called the "olifaunts." He has curly tusks and a bushy tail, and carries a very tall castle on his back, with mighty battlements. He is more startling even than our old friend of the Surrey side, once igno-

miniously cleped the "Pig and Tinder-box." When first I met the pantomime elephant I cannot remember. But I have often met him since, and more than once I have been permitted to refresh one or both ends of him with half-and-half. He is the only elephant of my acquaintance whose magnificence has turned out to be hollow. Anatomically, he is simple, his viscera consisting almost entirely of two convenient handles, whereby his trunk and tail may be made to swing. I knew an exceptionally talented fore-legs, who drew extra pay for his ability to knock off a stage policeman's helmet with the trunk.

But he was subject to the infirmities of genius, and once, under an exceptional



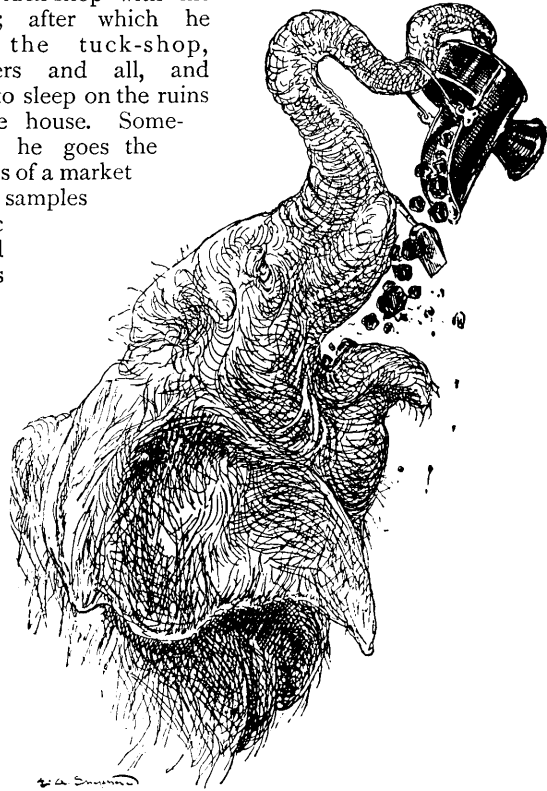
THE BURGLAR.

burden of half-and-half, fell ruinously down a trap-door with all the front half of the structure and the Great Mogul, who was in the howdah. Also, I knew a hind-legs—but that is another story. The late Albert Smith once knew a sponge-cake elephant—but that also is another story. There is moreover another story still—any number of other stories—about the burglar-elephant. He is always in the papers. He gets away from a menagerie and shoves in the front of a tuck-shop with his head; after which he eats the tuck-shop, shutters and all, and goes to sleep on the ruins of the house. Sometimes he goes the rounds of a market and samples

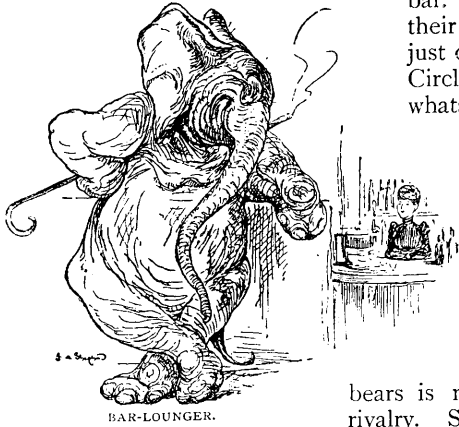
things in general. He is very catholic in his tastes, and will toss off a scuttleful of coals or a suit of ready-made clothes with equal freedom and good humour. He has also been known to break into a pill factory, being afterwards used as an advertisement for the pills. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems to have had no means of preventing the perpetration of this form of revenge. Here, at the Zoo, the elephants are much too respectably brought up for this sort of thing. Still they are not muffs, and will take their beer and 'bacca in all good-fellowship. Leave no unprotected pocket wherein cigars within the sweep of Jung Perchad's trunk. For 'bacca he will chew and beer drink, if Iles, his keeper, but leave him for two minutes to his wicked devices. Here we have the elephant's one little vice. He will hang about a



THE PANTOMIME ELEPHANT.



STOKING.

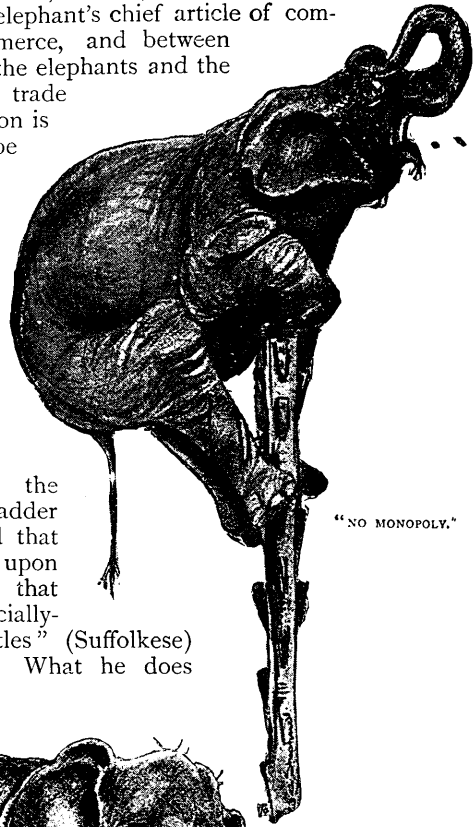


bar. See here, on summer days when all four leave their work of carrying childhood in two-penny worths; just on the home side of the tunnel under the Outer Circle stands a refreshment bar. With any excuse whatsoever, but usually with no excuse at all, Jung Perchad, Suffa Culli, Jingo, and Solomon will linger wistfully about this bar. Buns are their ostensible object, but I know they covet beer. Even a bun, however, will be taken in good part, and it takes a vast number of buns to offend an elephant. Buns, indeed, are the civilized elephant's chief article of commerce, and between the elephants and the

bears is much trade rivalry. Solomon is understood to be

agitating for a pole, to place the establishment upon an equal footing with the opposition.

Bank Holiday is a terrible day for these elephants. No reasonable elephant can refuse a bun, or an apple, or a lead-pencil, or a boy's hat, when it is offered. It might hurt the donor's feelings; further, some day, in the winter, when nobody comes, he might want just such refreshment. But it is sad to think of the faithful elephant towards the end of the day, weighed down to the very earth with the offerings of an injudicious public, helplessly contemplating the last bun, with no inch of storage left. And sadder to know that, when the struggle is done, and that last bun deposited, with dolor and affliction, upon the varied accumulation which he envelops, that elephant will proceed indoors to face the officially-provided supper—a barn full of "cow's wittles" (Suffolkese) and a serried company of pails full of mash. What he does



with the supper in the circumstances is a matter of speculation, but none is ever left over for breakfast. More sadness, too, one might look for on the morning after a Bank Holiday, in the bilious and dissipated face, the boiled eye, of Jung Perchad, greatest of all the takers of the cake. But the bilious face, the boiled eye, is not there. No elephant has a liver. Anatomists may profess to have discovered a liver in a dead elephant, but that is only said to astonish the ignorant. Proof plain is there that no living elephant

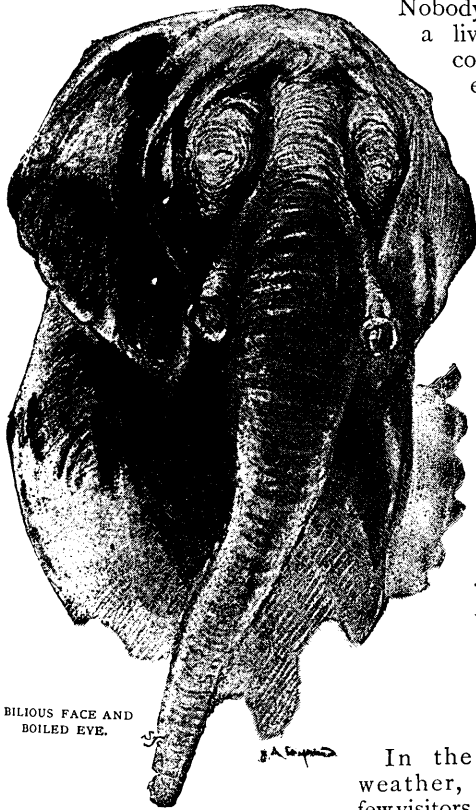


OFFICIAL SUPPER.

is so afflicted.

Nobody with

a liver may light-heartedly eat pencils and pocket-combs and purses and plum-cake as does an elephant. Suffa Culli has swallowed a purse with six guineas in it, gaining less discomfort by the transaction than the owner, who had to walk home. The lamented Jumbo once purloined and swallowed a box of blister ointment from the pocket of a veterinary surgeon with perfect impunity; anybody who has lunched off blister ointment might well spend the few remaining minutes of his life in admiration for Jumbo's digestive works. So that the excesses of Bank Holiday never leave any seeds of subsequent discomfort with either Jung Perchad, Suffa Culli, Jingo, or Solomon. Staggering outside a mammoth load of everything, either may lean pantingly against a tree for a few minutes—you may see their favourite tree between the elephant and parrot houses, forced from the perpendicular and bare of bark—but to-morrow he will be equal to beginning again.



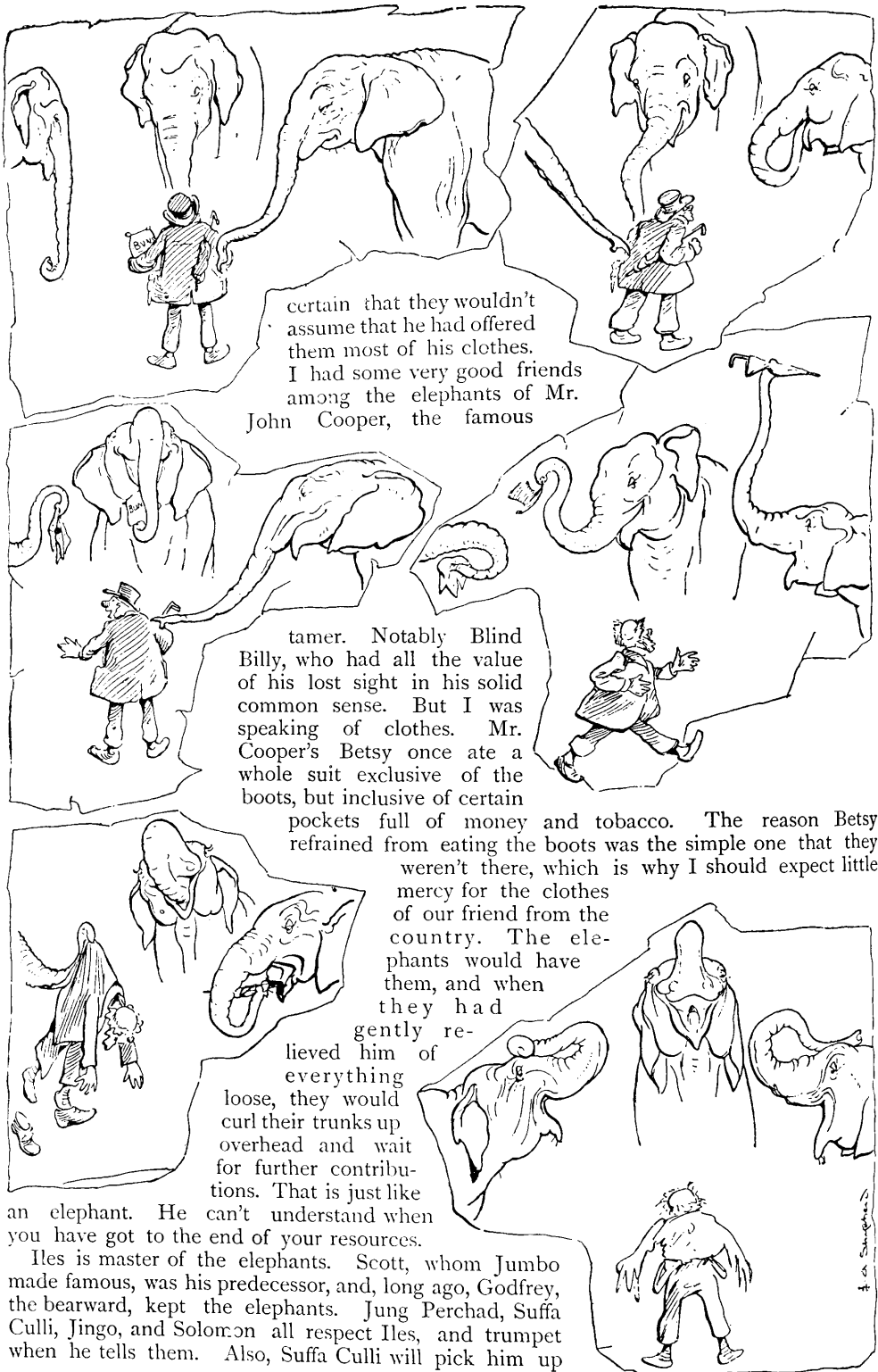
BILIOUS FACE AND BOILED EYE.

In the bad weather, when few visitors come, the elephants

are kept indoors. This is as well, upon the whole. If they were all let loose, with very few people about the grounds, awkward things might happen. In the summer, and especially on Bank Holidays, there are quite as many offers of refreshment as can easily be attended to, and the elephantine belief that the entire outside world is intended to be eaten does not get free play. An unfortunate country visitor meeting several elephants at once after a long estrangement from buns, might have disconcerting adventures. His pockets would certainly be rifled and his umbrella eaten, at once; also his hat. I am not quite



OUTSIDE A LOAD OF EVERYTHING.



certain that they wouldn't assume that he had offered them most of his clothes. I had some very good friends among the elephants of Mr. John Cooper, the famous

tamer. Notably Blind Billy, who had all the value of his lost sight in his solid common sense. But I was speaking of clothes. Mr. Cooper's Betsy once ate a whole suit exclusive of the boots, but inclusive of certain pockets full of money and tobacco. The reason Betsy refrained from eating the boots was the simple one that they weren't there, which is why I should expect little

mercy for the clothes of our friend from the country. The elephants would have them, and when they had

gently relieved him of everything loose, they would curl their trunks up overhead and wait for further contributions. That is just like

an elephant. He can't understand when you have got to the end of your resources.

Iles is master of the elephants. Scott, whom Jumbo made famous, was his predecessor, and, long ago, Godfrey, the bearward, kept the elephants. Jung Perchad, Suffa Culli, Jingo, and Solomon all respect Iles, and trumpet when he tells them. Also, Suffa Culli will pick him up

A. S. SARGENT

carefully with her trunk, and plant him on her neck; then—gentle soul!—she will pass him up the whip. Have I, or have I not, detected on these occasions a certain twinkle of the eye, and a certain playful flourish of that whip? I believe I have. “Here, take it, my friend,” Suffa Culli might be saying, “take it, and play with it as much as you like. It seems to please you, and it doesn’t hurt me. But if I began on you with it—” and she chuckles quietly. But she will obey the crack of that whip, and presently kneel down as gently as you please for Iles to alight. Moreover, on request, she will raise her voice (and her trunk) and trumpet most tremendously. I fear that the repetition of this sort of thing has



MASTER OF THE ELEPHANTS.

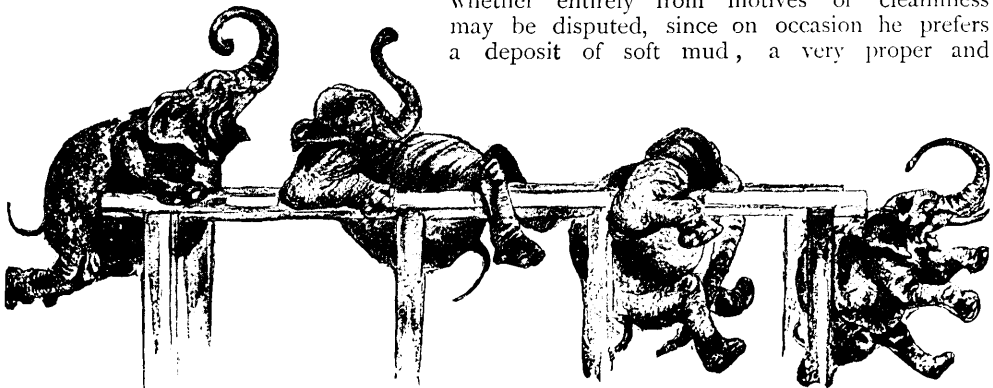


SUFFA CULLI CHUCKLES.

made Suffa Culli unwarrantably vain of her voice.

Now, their winter shutting-in may preserve these elephants from colds, and may preserve private property from the elephants; but it deprives them of exercise. I must make a suggestion of some sort on behalf of these elephants when next I see Iles—some means of healthy recreation and “keeping in form”; something, in fact, in the way of a gymnasium. I do not go so far as to recommend the horizontal bar in Jung Perchad’s case—it would come expensive in bars. But they all have tastes which would lead them to prefer a bar of some sort, even with nothing to drink on it.

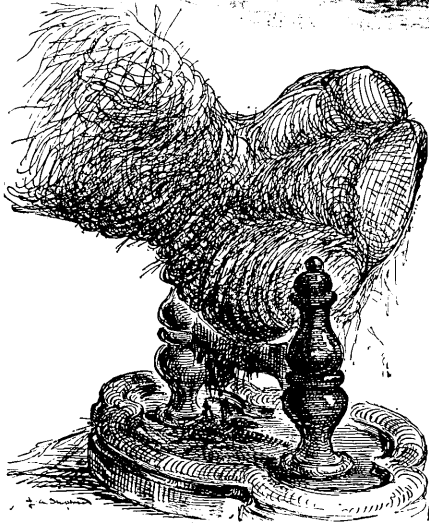
Even the swimming bath at the back, wherein is found much cool refreshment during summer, is largely out of the question in winter. Possible rheumatism and the chance of being frozen in makes that delectable pond useless till spring. An elephant has a great fondness for wallowing in water, although whether entirely from motives of cleanliness may be disputed, since on occasion he prefers a deposit of soft mud, a very proper and



KEEP THE POT A-BILING.



THE BATH.

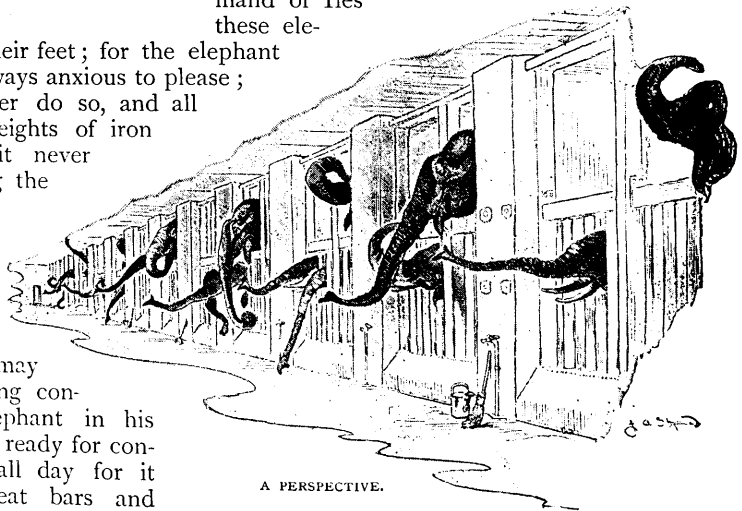


A SCRAPER.

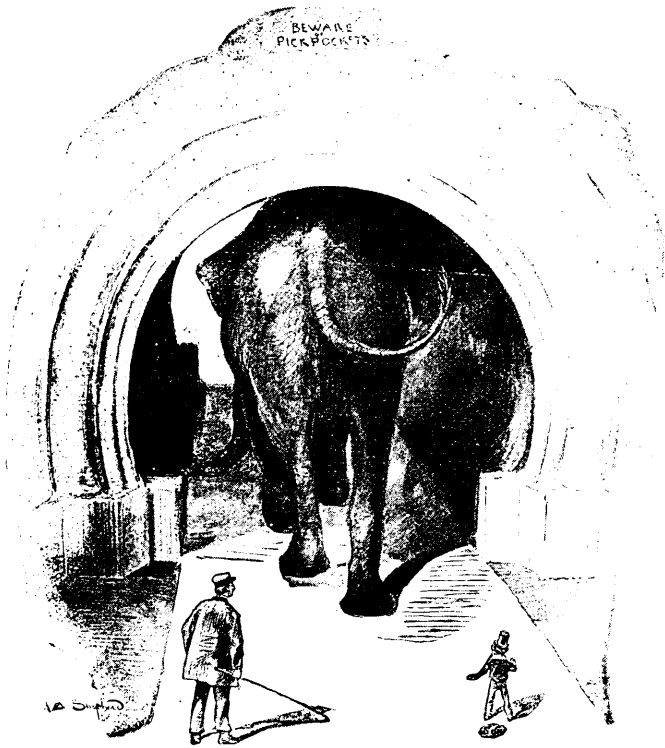
natural preference, I believe, for any creature in a state of imperfect civilization, as may be judged from the tastes of the human boy. Mud, argues the human boy, is soft, mild, and soothing to the touch; also it is warm and comforting, equally in its liquid or semi-liquid state, and when forming a solid extra-cutaneous deposit. Wherefore the human boy, following his proper instincts, mudlarks. Is it this predilection for mud which leads all these four elephants persistently to ignore the foot-scrapers placed at the doors of the elephant-house for their accommodation? Look at them. They are obviously intended for the use of elephants, and for that of no lesser creature in this world. I have no doubt that at the absolute command of Iles these ele-

phants would scrape their feet; for the elephant is a placable fellow, always anxious to please; but as it is they never do so, and all those many hundredweights of iron stand useless; for it never strikes a man entering the house to use an article of convenience so obviously intended for an elephant.

But in the winter, though one may not meet him outside, one may hold quite an improving conversation with the elephant in his house. He is always ready for conversation. He waits all day for it behind a row of great bars and



A PERSPECTIVE.



THROUGH THE GAUGE.

curling trunks. I do not know whether any nervous, short-sighted strangers ever at a first lengthwise glance take this elephant-house for the abode of serpents, all loose and looking for victims, but it might be excusable—especially if the house were made a great deal longer, and less well-lighted, and more elephants provided. But it is unlikely that this expense will be incurred for the purpose. Short-sighted people make enough mistakes about elephants already, in the manner of the American in blue spectacles who lately hailed Suffa Culli and her juvenile

load under the impression that she was an omnibus carrying passengers to and from the Gardens; and in the manner of the historical gentleman of bad sight, who offered a biscuit to Jung Perchad's tail. By-the-by, was this gentleman an historical personage or a mere figment of a funny man's imagination? I have heard of him, often—had heard of him before I knew Jung Perchad—but I cannot get Iles to admit having seen him.

The arch under the Outer Circle stands for ever a memorial of the stature of the late lamented Jumbo. Jumbo could just get through that arch, and then by aid only of a certain shrinking within himself—a sort of gigantic shrugging of the shoulders. If the Society had thoughtlessly repaved under that arch with thicker stone, Jumbo would have been kept out all night. Now, this arch and the constant talk of Jumbo is a lifelong grief and tribulation unto Jung Perchad. Nothing would please Jung Perchad so much as to get a sore back against the top of that arch. But he can't. He is exactly three inches too short. He might get the sore back, of course, by rubbing against the side, but Jung Perchad is an honourable elephant, and a sportsman—never condescending to a mean trick; besides which, nobody would accept



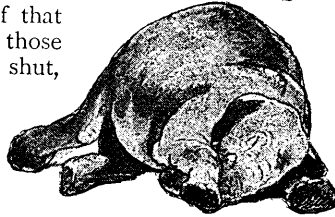
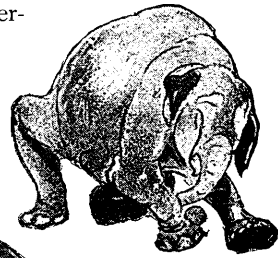
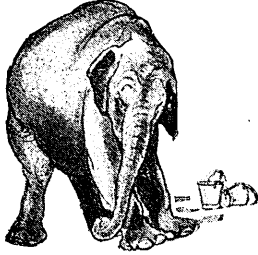
THREE INCHES.

any sore as evidence of record height except one at the very top. Those three inches make a gloomy creature of Jung Perchad—when there are no buns, and he has leisure to brood. The despicable atom of measurement is being continually hurled at his wrinkled head, and even Iles shows him no mercy. "Oh, dear," says the young lady visitor, "what a great elephant!" And Jung Perchad feels the sinful pride rise within him. Then the young lady says, "Is he as big as Jumbo was?" and Jung Perchad's heart is ready to break, for well he knows

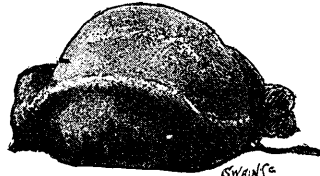
Iles's too truthful reply. *Three inches less.* Oh, that three inches! Where is the glory of being the biggest elephant in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London only to be for ever reminded of an insignificant inferiority to a perfect stranger, who is dead?—

and serve him right, probably. Jung Perchad grinds his teeth—lucky he hasn't tusks—no matta—r—r, a time will come!

And he broods, and resolves to eat every earthly thing he meets, till he finds something that makes him grow; and matures mechanical plans for getting his back nearer the crown of that arch, until the last inquirer after those three inches has left, the gates are shut,



and night falls; and his legs grow unsteady beneath him, and give way; and poor Jung Perchad and all his sorrows sink into a grey, grunting heap of slumber.



Geo. Sneyd

SWANSON

*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.**

XIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF SILVER BLAZE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



AM afraid, Watson, that I shall have to go," said Holmes, as we sat down together to our breakfast one morning.

"Go! Where to?"

"To Dartmoor—to King's Pyland."

I was not surprised. Indeed, my only wonder was that he had not already been mixed up in this extraordinary case, which was the one topic of conversation through the length and breadth of England. For a whole day my companion had rambled about the room with his chin upon his chest and his brows knitted, charging and re-charging his pipe with the strongest black tobacco, and absolutely deaf to any of my questions or remarks. Fresh editions of every paper had been sent up by our newsagent only to be glanced over and tossed down into a corner. Yet, silent as he was, I knew perfectly well what it was, over which he was brooding. There was but one problem before the public which could challenge his powers of analysis, and that was the singular disappearance of the favourite for the Wessex Cup and the tragic murder of its trainer. When, therefore, he suddenly announced his intention of setting out for the scene of the drama, it was only what I had both expected and hoped for.

"I should be most happy to go down with you if I should not be in the way," said I.

"My dear Watson, you would confer a great favour upon me by coming. And I think that your time will not be mis-spent, for there are points about this case which promise to make it an absolutely unique one. We have, I think, just time to catch our train at Paddington, and I will go further into the matter upon our journey. You would oblige me by bringing with you your very excellent field-glass."

And so it happened that an hour or so later I found myself in the corner of a first-class carriage, flying along, en route for

Exeter, while Sherlock Holmes, with his sharp, eager face framed in his earflapped travelling cap, dipped rapidly into the bundle of fresh papers which he had procured at Paddington. We had left Reading far behind us before he thrust the last of them under the seat, and offered me his cigar case.

"We are going well," said he, looking out of the window, and glancing at his watch. "Our rate at present is fifty-three and a half miles an hour."

"I have not observed the quarter-mile posts," said I.

"Nor have I. But the telegraph posts upon this line are sixty yards apart, and the calculation is a simple one. I presume that you have already looked into this matter of the murder of John Straker and the disappearance of Silver Blaze?"

"I have seen what the *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle* have to say."

"It is one of those cases where the art of the reasoner should be used rather for the sifting of details than for the acquiring of fresh evidence. The tragedy has been so uncommon, so complete, and of such personal importance to so many people that we are suffering from a plethora of surmise, conjecture, and hypothesis. The difficulty is to detach the framework of fact of absolute, undeniable fact from the embellishments of theorists and reporters. Then, having established ourselves upon this sound basis, it is our duty to see what inferences may be drawn, and which are the special points upon which the whole mystery turns. On Tuesday evening I received telegrams, both from Colonel Ross, the owner of the horse, and from Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case, inviting my co-operation."

"Tuesday evening!" I exclaimed. "And this is Thursday morning. Why did you not go down yesterday?"

"Because I made a blunder, my dear Watson—which is, I am afraid, a more common occurrence than anyone would think who only knew me through your memoirs.

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The fact is that I could not believe it possible that the most remarkable horse in England could long remain concealed, especially in so sparsely inhabited a place as the north of Dartmoor. From hour to hour yesterday I expected to hear that he had been found, and that his abductor was the murderer of John Straker. When, however, another morning had come and I found that, beyond the arrest of young Fitzroy Simpson, nothing had been done, I felt that it was time for me to take action. Yet in some ways I feel that yesterday has not been wasted."

"You have formed a theory then?"

"At least I have got a grip of the essential facts of the case. I shall enumerate them to you, for nothing clears up a case so much as stating it to another person, and I can hardly expect your co-operation if I do not show you the position from which we start."



"HOLMES GAVE ME A SKETCH OF THE EVENTS."

I lay back against the cushions, puffing at my cigar, while Holmes, leaning forward, with his long thin forefinger checking off the points upon the palm of his left hand, gave me a sketch of the events which had led to our journey.

"Silver Blaze," said he, "is from the

Isonomy stock, and holds as brilliant a record as his famous ancestor. He is now in his fifth year, and has brought in turn each of the prizes of the turf to Colonel Ross, his fortunate owner. Up to the time of the catastrophe he was first favourite for the Wessex Cup, the betting being three to one on. He has always, however, been a prime favourite with the racing public, and has never yet disappointed them, so that even at those odds enormous sums of money have been laid upon him. It is obvious, therefore, that there were many people who had the strongest interest in preventing Silver Blaze from being there at the fall of the flag, next Tuesday.

"This fact was, of course, appreciated at King's Pyland, where the Colonel's training stable is situated. Every precaution was taken to guard the favourite. The trainer,

John Straker, is a retired jockey, who rode in Colonel Ross's colours before he became too heavy for the weighing chair. He has served the Colonel for five years as jockey, and for seven as trainer, and has always shown himself to be a zealous and honest servant. Under him were three lads, for the establishment was a small one, containing only four horses in all. One of these lads sat up each night in

the stable, while the others slept in the loft. All three bore excellent characters. John Straker, who is a married man, lived in a small villa about two hundred yards from the stables. He has no children, keeps one maid-servant, and is comfortably off. The country round is very lonely, but about half a mile to

the north there is a small cluster of villas which have been built by a Tavistock contractor for the use of invalids and others who may wish to enjoy the pure Dartmoor air. Tavistock itself lies two miles to the west, while across the moor, also about two miles distant, is the larger training establishment of Mapleton, which belongs to Lord Backwater, and is managed by Silas Brown. In every other direction the moor is a complete wilderness, inhabited only by a few roaming gipsies. Such was the general situation last Monday night when the catastrophe occurred.

"On that evening the horses had been exercised and watered as usual, and the stables were locked up at nine o'clock. Two of the lads walked up to the trainer's house, where they had supper in the kitchen, while the third, Ned Hunter, remained on guard. At a few minutes after nine the maid, Edith Baxter, carried down to the stables his supper, which consisted of a dish of curried mutton. She took no liquid, as there was a water-tap in the stables, and it was the rule that the lad on duty should drink nothing else. The maid carried a lantern with her, as it was very dark, and the path ran across the open moor.

"Edith Baxter was within thirty yards of the stables when a man appeared out of the darkness and called to her to stop. As he stepped into the circle of yellow light thrown by the lantern she saw that he was a person of gentlemanly bearing, dressed in a grey suit of tweed with a cloth cap. He wore gaiters,

and carried a heavy stick with a knob to it. She was most impressed, however, by the extreme pallor of his face and by the nervousness of his manner. His age, she thought, would be rather over thirty than under it.

"'Can you tell me where I am?' he asked. 'I had almost made up my mind to sleep on the moor when I saw the light of your lantern.'

"'You are close to the King's Pyland training stables,' she said.

"'Oh, indeed! What a stroke of luck!' he cried. 'I understand that a stable boy sleeps there alone every night. Perhaps that is his supper which you are carrying to him. Now I am sure that you would not be too

proud to earn the price of a new dress, would you?' He took a piece of white paper folded up out of his waistcoat pocket. 'See that the boy has this to-night, and you shall have the prettiest frock that money can buy.'

"She was frightened by the earnestness of his manner, and ran past him to the window through which she was accustomed to hand the meals. It was already open, and Hunter was seated at the small table inside. She had begun to tell him of what had happened, when the stranger came up again.

"'Good evening,' said he, looking through the window, 'I wanted to have a word with you.' The girl has sworn that as he spoke she noticed the corner of the little paper packet protruding from his closed hand.

"'What business have you here?' asked the lad.



"A MAN APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS."

“‘It’s business that may put something into your pocket,’ said the other. ‘You’ve two horses in for the Wessex Cup—Silver Blaze and Bayard. Let me have the straight tip, and you won’t be a loser. Is it a fact that at the weights Bayard could give the other a hundred yards in five furlongs, and that the stable have put their money on him?’”

“‘So you’re one of those damned touts,’ cried the lad. ‘I’ll show you how we serve them in King’s Pyland.’ He sprang up and rushed across the stable to unloose the dog. The girl fled away to the house, but as she ran she looked back, and saw that the stranger was leaning through the window. A minute later, however, when Hunter rushed out with the hound he was gone, and though the lad ran all round the buildings he failed to find any trace of him.”

“One moment!” I asked. “Did the stable-boy, when he ran out with the dog, leave the door unlocked behind him?”

“Excellent, Watson; excellent!” murmured my companion. “The importance of the point struck me so forcibly, that I sent a special wire to Dartmoor yesterday to clear the matter up. The boy locked the door before he left it. The window, I may add, was not large enough for a man to get through.

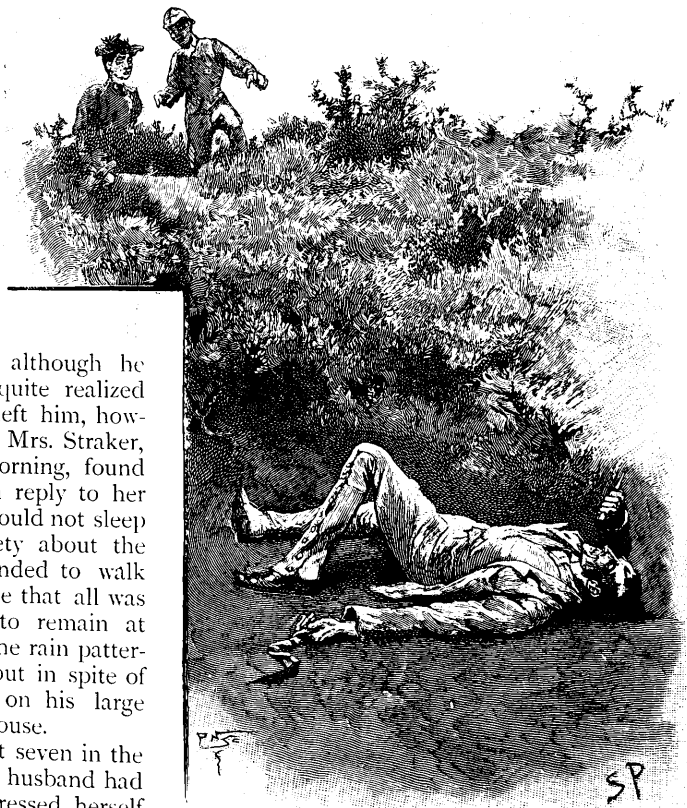
“Hunter waited until his fellow grooms had returned, when he sent a message up to the trainer and told him what had occurred. Straker was excited at hearing the account, although he does not seem to have quite realized its true significance. It left him, however, vaguely uneasy, and Mrs. Straker, waking at one in the morning, found that he was dressing. In reply to her inquiries, he said that he could not sleep on account of his anxiety about the horses, and that he intended to walk down to the stables to see that all was well. She begged him to remain at home, as she could hear the rain pattering against the windows, but in spite of her entreaties he pulled on his large mackintosh and left the house.

“Mrs. Straker awoke at seven in the morning, to find that her husband had not yet returned. She dressed herself hastily, called the maid, and set off for

the stables. The door was open; inside, huddled together upon a chair, Hunter was sunk in a state of absolute stupor, the favourite’s stall was empty, and there were no signs of his trainer.

“The two lads who slept in the chaff-cutting loft above the harness-room were quickly aroused. They had heard nothing during the night, for they are both sound sleepers. Hunter was obviously under the influence of some powerful drug; and, as no sense could be got out of him, he was left to sleep it off while the two lads and the two women ran out in search of the absentees. They still had hopes that the trainer had for some reason taken out the horse for early exercise, but on ascending the knoll near the house, from which all the neighbouring moors were visible, they not only could see no signs of the favourite, but they perceived something which warned them that they were in the presence of a tragedy.

“About a quarter of a mile from the stables, John Straker’s overcoat was flapping from a



“THEY FOUND THE DEAD BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE TRAINER.”

furze bush. Immediately beyond there was a bowl-shaped depression in the moor, and at the bottom of this was found the dead body of the unfortunate trainer. His head had been shattered by a savage blow from some heavy weapon, and he was wounded in the thigh, where there was a long, clean cut, inflicted evidently by some very sharp instrument. It was clear, however, that Straker had defended himself vigorously against his assailants, for in his right hand he held a small knife, which was clotted with blood up to the handle, while in his left he grasped a red and black silk cravat, which was recognised by the maid as having been worn on the preceding evening by the stranger who had visited the stables.

"Hunter, on recovering from his stupor, was also quite positive as to the ownership of the cravat. He was equally certain that the same stranger had, while standing at the window, drugged his curried mutton, and so deprived the stables of their watchman.

"As to the missing horse, there were abundant proofs in the mud which lay at the bottom of the fatal hollow, that he had been there at the time of the struggle. But from that morning he has disappeared; and although a large reward has been offered, and all the gipsies of Dartmoor are on the alert, no news has come of him. Finally an analysis has shown that the remains of his supper, left by the stable lad, contain an appreciable quantity of powdered opium, while the people at the house partook of the same dish on the same night without any ill effect.

"Those are the main facts of the case, stripped of all surmise and stated as baldly as possible. I shall now recapitulate what the police have done in the matter.

"Inspector Gregory, to whom the case has been committed, is an extremely competent officer. Were he but gifted with imagination he might rise to great heights in his profession. On his arrival he promptly found and arrested the man upon whom suspicion naturally rested. There was little difficulty in finding him, for he inhabited one of those villas which I have mentioned. His name, it appears, was Fitzroy Simpson. He was a man of excellent birth and education, who had squandered a fortune upon the turf, and who lived now by doing a little quiet and genteel bookmaking in the sporting clubs of London. An examination of his betting-book shows that bets to the amount of five thousand pounds had been registered by him against the favourite.

"On being arrested he volunteered the statement that he had come down to Dartmoor in the hope of getting some information about the King's Pyland horses, and also about Desborough, the second favourite, which was in charge of Silas Brown, at the Mapleton stables. He did not attempt to deny that he had acted as described upon the evening before, but declared that he had no sinister designs, and had simply wished to obtain first-hand information. When confronted with his cravat he turned very pale, and was utterly unable to account for its presence in the hand of the murdered man. His wet clothing showed that he had been out in the storm of the night before, and his stick, which was a Penang lawyer, weighted with lead, was just such a weapon as might, by repeated blows, have inflicted the terrible injuries to which the trainer had succumbed.

"On the other hand, there was no wound upon his person, while the state of Straker's knife would show that one, at least, of his assailants must bear his mark upon him. 'There you have it all in a nutshell, Watson, and if you can give me any light I shall be infinitely obliged to you.'

I had listened with the greatest interest to the statement which Holmes, with characteristic clearness, had laid before me. Though most of the facts were familiar to me, I had not sufficiently appreciated their relative importance, nor their connection to each other.

"Is it not possible," I suggested, "that the incised wound upon Straker may have been caused by his own knife in the convulsive struggles which follow any brain injury?"

"It is more than possible: it is probable," said Holmes. "In that case, one of the main points in favour of the accused disappears."

"And yet," said I, "even now I fail to understand what the theory of the police can be."

"I am afraid that whatever theory we state has very grave objections to it," returned my companion. "The police imagine, I take it, that this Fitzroy Simpson, having drugged the lad, and having in some way obtained a duplicate key, opened the stable door, and took out the horse, with the intention, apparently, of kidnapping him altogether. His bridle is missing, so that Simpson must have put this on. Then, having left the door open behind him, he was leading the horse away over the moor, when he was either met or overtaken by the

trainer. A row naturally ensued, Simpson beat out the trainer's brains with his heavy stick without receiving any injury from the small knife which Straker used in self-defence, and then the thief either led the horse on to some secret hiding-place, or else it may have bolted during the struggle, and be now wandering out on the moors. That is the case as it appears to the police, and improbable as it is, all other explanations are more improbable still. However, I shall very quickly test the matter when I am once upon the spot, and until then I really cannot see how we can get much further than our present position.

It was evening before we reached the little town of Tavistock, which lies, like the boss of a shield, in the middle of the huge circle of Dartmoor. Two gentlemen were awaiting us at the station; the one a tall fair man with lion-like hair and beard, and curiously penetrating light blue eyes, the other a small alert person, very neat and dapper, in a frock-coat and gaiters, with trim little side-whiskers and an eye-glass. The latter was Colonel Ross, the well-known sportsman, the other Inspector Gregory, a man who was rapidly

making his name in the English detective service.

"I am delighted that you have come down, Mr. Holmes," said the Colonel. "The Inspector here has done all that could possibly be suggested; but I wish to leave no stone unturned in trying to avenge poor Straker, and in recovering my horse."

"Have there been any fresh developments?" asked Holmes.

"I am sorry to say that we have made very little progress," said the Inspector. "We have an open carriage outside, and as you would no doubt like to see the place before the light fails, we might talk it over as we drive."

A minute later we were all seated in a comfortable landau and were rattling through the quaint old Devonshire town. Inspector Gregory was full of his case, and poured out a stream of remarks, while Holmes threw in an occasional question or interjection. Colonel Ross leaned back with his arms folded and his hat tilted over his eyes, while I listened with interest to the dialogue of the two detectives. Gregory was formulating his theory, which was almost exactly what

Holmes had foretold in the train.

"The net is drawn pretty close round Fitzroy Simpson," he remarked, "and I believe myself that he is our man. At the same time, I recognise that the evidence is purely circumstantial, and that some new development may upset it."

"How about Straker's knife?"

"We have quite come to the conclusion that he wounded himself in his fall."

"My friend Dr. Watson made that suggestion to me as we came down. If so, it would tell against this man Simpson."

"Undoubtedly. He has neither a knife nor any sign of a wound. The evidence against him is certainly very strong. He had a great interest in the



"I AM DELIGHTED THAT YOU HAVE COME DOWN, MR. HOLMES."

disappearance of the favourite, he lies under the suspicion of having poisoned the stable boy, he was undoubtedly out in the storm, he was armed with a heavy stick, and his cravat was found in the dead man's hand. I really think we have enough to go before a jury."

Holmes shook his head. "A clever counsel would tear it all to rags," said he. "Why should he take the horse out of the stable? If he wished to injure it, why could he not do it there? Has a duplicate key been found in his possession? What chemist sold him the powdered opium? Above all, where could he, a stranger to the district, hide a horse, and such a horse as this? What is his own explanation as to the paper which he wished the maid to give to the stable-boy?"

"He says that it was a ten-pound note. One was found in his purse. But your other difficulties are not so formidable as they seem. He is not a stranger to the district. He has twice lodged at Tavistock in the summer. The opium was probably brought from London. The key, having served its purpose, would be hurled away. The horse may lie at the bottom of one of the pits or old mines upon the moor."

"What does he say about the cravat?"

"He acknowledges that it is his, and declares that he had lost it. But a new element has been introduced into the case which may account for his leading the horse from the stable."

Holmes pricked up his ears.

"We have found traces which show that a party of gipsies encamped on Monday night within a mile of the spot where the murder took place. On Tuesday they were gone. Now, presuming that there was some understanding between Simpson and these gipsies, might he not have been leading the horse to them when he was overtaken, and may they not have him now?"

"It is certainly possible."

"The moor is being scoured for these gipsies. I have also examined every stable and outhouse in Tavistock, and for a radius of ten miles."

"There is another training stable quite close, I understand?"

"Yes, and that is a factor which we must certainly not neglect. As Desborough, their horse, was second in the betting, they had an interest in the disappearance of the favourite. Silas Brown, the trainer, is known to have had large bets upon the event, and he was no friend to poor Straker. We have, however, examined the stables, and there is nothing to connect him with the affair."

"And nothing to connect this man Simpson with the interests of the Mapleton stables?"

"Nothing at all."

Holmes leaned back in the carriage and the conversation ceased. A few minutes later our driver pulled up at a neat little red-brick villa with overhanging eaves, which stood by the road. Some distance off, across a paddock, lay a long grey-tiled out-building. In every other direction the low curves of the moor, bronze-coloured from the fading ferns, stretched away to the sky-line, broken only by the steeples of Tavistock, and by a cluster of houses away to the westward, which marked the Mapleton stables. We all sprang out with the exception of Holmes, who continued to lean back with his eyes fixed upon the sky in front of him, entirely absorbed in his own thoughts. It was only when I touched his arm that he roused himself with a violent start and stepped out of the carriage.

"Excuse me," said he, turning to Colonel Ross, who had looked at him in some surprise. "I was day-dreaming." There was a gleam in his eyes and a suppressed excitement in his manner which convinced me, used as I was to his ways, that his hand was upon a clue, though I could not imagine where he had found it.

"Perhaps you would prefer at once to go on to the scene of the crime, Mr. Holmes?" said Gregory.

"I think that I should prefer to stay here a little and go into one or two questions of detail. Straker was brought back here, I presume?"

"Yes, he lies upstairs. The inquest is to-morrow."

"He has been in your service some years, Colonel Ross?"

"I have always found him an excellent servant."

"I presume that you made an inventory of what he had in his pockets at the time of his death, Inspector?"

"I have the things themselves in the sitting-room if you would care to see them."

"I should be very glad."

We all filed into the front room and sat round the central table, while the Inspector unlocked a square tin box and laid a small heap of things before us. There was a box of vestas, two inches of tallow candle, an A.D.P. briar-root pipe, a pouch of sealskin with half an ounce of long-cut Cavendish, a silver watch with a gold chain, five sovereigns in gold, an aluminium pencil-case, a few papers, and an ivory-handled knife with a

very delicate inflexible blade marked Weiss and Co., London.

"This is a very singular knife," said Holmes, lifting it up and examining it minutely. "I presume, as I see bloodstains upon it, that it is the one which was found in the dead man's grasp. Watson, this knife is surely in your line."

"It is what we call a cataract knife," said I.

"I thought so. A very delicate blade devised for very delicate work. A strange thing for a man to carry with him upon a rough expedition, especially as it would not shut in his pocket."

"The tip was guarded by a disc of cork which we found beside his body," said the Inspector. "His wife tells us that the knife had lain for some days upon the dressing-table, and that he had picked it up as he left the room. It was a poor weapon, but perhaps the best that he could lay his hand on at the moment."

"Very possibly. How about these papers?"

"Three of them are receipted hay-dealers' accounts. One of them is a letter of instructions from Colonel Ross. This other is a milliner's account for thirty-seven pounds fifteen, made out by Madame Lesurier, of Bond Street, to William Darbyshire. Mrs. Straker tells us that Darbyshire was a friend of her husband's, and that occasionally his letters were addressed here."

"Madame Darbyshire had somewhat expensive tastes," remarked Holmes, glancing down the account. "Twenty-two guineas is rather heavy for a single costume. However, there appears to be nothing more to learn, and we may now go down to the scene of the crime."

As we emerged from the sitting-room a woman who had been waiting in the passage took a step forward and laid her hand upon

the Inspector's sleeve. Her face was haggard, and thin, and eager; stamped with the print of a recent horror.

"Have you got them? Have you found them?" she panted.

"No, Mrs. Straker; but Mr. Holmes, here, has come from London to help us, and we shall do all that is possible."

"Surely I met you in Plymouth, at a garden party, some little time ago, Mrs. Straker," said Holmes.

"No, sir; you are mistaken."



"HAVE YOU FOUND THEM?" SHE PANTED.

"Dear me; why, I could have sworn to it. You wore a costume of dove-coloured silk, with ostrich feather trimming."

"I never had such a dress, sir," answered the lady.

"Ah; that quite settles it," said Holmes; and, with an apology, he followed the Inspector outside. A short walk across the moor took us to the hollow in which the body had been found. At the brink of it was the furze bush upon which the coat had been hung.

saw him waving his hand to me. The track of a horse was plainly outlined in the soft earth in front of him, and the shoe which he took from his pocket exactly fitted the impression.

"See the value of imagination," said Holmes. "It is the one quality which Gregory lacks. We imagined what might have happened, acted upon the supposition, and find ourselves justified. Let us proceed."

We crossed the marshy bottom and passed over a quarter of a mile of dry, hard turf. Again the ground sloped and again we came on the tracks. Then we lost them for half a mile, but only to pick them up once more quite close to Mapleton. It was Holmes who saw them first, and he stood pointing with a look of triumph upon his face. A man's track beside the horse's.

"The horse was alone before," I cried.

"Quite so. It was alone before. Halloa, what is this?"

The double track turned sharp off and took the direction of King's Pyland. Holmes whistled, and we both followed along after it. His eyes were on the trail, but I happened to look a little to one side, and saw to my surprise the same tracks coming back again in the opposite direction.

"One for you, Watson," said Holmes, when I pointed it out; "you have saved us a long walk which would have brought us back on our own tracks. Let us follow the return track."

We had not to go far. It ended at the paving of asphalt which led up to the gates of the Mapleton stables. As we approached a groom ran out from them.

"We don't want any loiterers about here," said he.

"I only wished to ask a question," said Holmes, with his finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket. "Should I be too early to see your master, Mr. Silas Brown, if I were to call at five o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"Bless you, sir, if anyone is about he will be, for he is always the first stirring. But here

he is, sir, to answer your questions for himself. No, sir, no; it's as much as my place is worth to let him see me touch your money. Afterwards, if you like."

As Sherlock Holmes replaced the half-crown which he had drawn from his pocket, a fierce-looking, elderly man strode out from the gate with a hunting-crop swinging in his hand.

"What's this, Dawson?" he cried. "No gossiping! Go about your business! And you—what the devil do you want here?"

"Ten minutes' talk with you, my

good sir," said Holmes, in the sweetest of voices.

"I've no time to talk to every gadabout. We want no strangers here. Be off, or you may find a dog at your heels."

Holmes leaned forward and whispered



"BE OFF!"

"There was no wind that night, I understand," said Holmes.

"None, but very heavy rain."

"In that case the overcoat was not blown against the furze bushes, but placed there."

"Yes, it was laid across the bush."

"You fill me with interest. I perceive that the ground has been trampled up a good deal. No doubt many feet have been there since Monday night."

"A piece of matting has been laid here at the side, and we have all stood upon that."

"Excellent."

"In this bag I have one of the boots which Straker wore, one of Fitzroy Simpson's shoes, and a cast horseshoe of Silver Blaze."

"My dear Inspector, you surpass yourself!" Holmes took the bag, and descending into the hollow he pushed the matting into a more central position. Then stretching himself upon his face and leaning his chin upon his hands he made a careful study of the trampled mud in front of him.

"Halloa!" said he, suddenly, "what's this?"

It was a wax vesta, half burned, which was so coated with mud that it looked at first like a little chip of wood.

"I cannot think how I came to overlook it," said the Inspector, with an expression of annoyance.

"It was invisible, buried in the mud. I only saw it because I was looking for it."

"What! You expected to find it?"

"I thought it not unlikely." He took the boots from the bag and compared the impressions of each of them with marks upon the ground. Then he clambered up to the rim of the hollow and crawled about among the ferns and bushes.

"I am afraid that there are no more tracks," said the Inspector. "I have examined the ground very carefully for a hundred yards in each direction."

"Indeed!" said Holmes, rising, "I should not have the impertinence to do it again after what you say. But I should like to take a little walk over the moor before it grows dark, that I may know my ground to-morrow, and I think that I shall put this horseshoe into my pocket for luck."

Colonel Ross, who had shown some signs of impatience at my companion's quiet and systematic method of work, glanced at his watch.

"I wish you would come back with me, Inspector," said he. "There are several points on which I should like your advice, and especially as to whether we do not owe

it to the public to remove our horse's name from the entries for the Cup."

"Certainly not," cried Holmes, with decision: "I should let the name stand."

The Colonel bowed. "I am very glad to have had your opinion, sir," said he. "You will find us at poor Straker's house when you have finished your walk, and we can drive together into Tavistock."

He turned back with the Inspector, while Holmes and I walked slowly across the moor. The sun was beginning to sink behind the stables of Mapleton, and the long sloping plain in front of us was tinged with gold, deepening into rich, ruddy brown where the faded ferns and brambles caught the evening light. But the glories of the landscape were all wasted upon my companion, who was sunk in the deepest thought.

"It's this way, Watson," he said at last. "We may leave the question of who killed John Straker for the instant, and confine ourselves to finding out what has become of the horse. Now, supposing that he broke away during or after the tragedy, where could he have gone to? The horse is a very gregarious creature. If left to himself his instincts would have been either to return to King's Pyland, or go over to Mapleton. Why should he run wild upon the moor? He would surely have been seen by now. And why should gipsies kidnap him? These people always clear out when they hear of trouble, for they do not wish to be pestered by the police. They could not hope to sell such a horse. They would run a great risk and gain nothing by taking him. Surely that is clear."

"Where is he, then?"

"I have already said that he must have gone to King's Pyland or to Mapleton. He is not at King's Pyland, therefore he is at Mapleton. Let us take that as a working hypothesis and see what it leads us to. This part of the moor, as the Inspector remarked, is very hard and dry. But it falls away towards Mapleton, and you can see from here that there is a long hollow over yonder, which must have been very wet on Monday night. If our supposition is correct, then the horse must have crossed that, and there is the point where we should look for his tracks."

We had been walking briskly during this conversation, and a few more minutes brought us to the hollow in question. At Holmes' request I walked down the bank to the right and he to the left, but I had not taken fifty paces before I heard him give a shout, and

something in the trainer's car. He started violently and flushed to the temples.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "An infernal lie!"

"Very good! Shall we argue about it here in public, or talk it over in your parlour?"

"Oh, come in if you wish to."

Holmes smiled. "I shall not keep you more than a few minutes, Watson," he said. "Now, Mr. Brown, I am quite at your disposal."

It was quite twenty minutes, and the reds had all faded into greys before Holmes and the trainer reappeared. Never have I seen such a change as had been brought about in Silas Brown in that short time. His face was ashy pale, beads of perspiration shone upon his brow, and his hands shook until the hunting-crop wagged like a branch in the wind. His bullying, overbearing manner was all gone too, and he cringed along at my companion's side like a dog with its master.

"Your instructions will be done. It shall be done," said he.

"There must be no mistake," said Holmes, looking round at him. The other winced as he read the menace in his eyes.

"Oh, no, there shall be no mistake. It shall be there. Should I change it first or not?"

Holmes thought a little and then burst out laughing. "No, don't," said he. "I shall write to you about it. No tricks now or—"

"Oh, you can trust me, you can trust me!"

"Yes, I think I can. Well, you shall hear from me to-morrow." He turned upon his heel, disregarding the trembling hand which the other held out to him, and we set off for King's Pyland.

"A more perfect compound of the bully, coward and sneak than Master Silas Brown I have seldom met with," remarked Holmes, as we trudged along together.

"He has the horse, then?"

"He tried to bluster out of it, but I described to him so exactly what his actions had been upon that morning, that he is convinced that I was watching him. Of course, you observed the peculiarly square toes in the impressions, and that his own boots exactly corresponded to them. Again, of course, no subordinate would have dared to have done such a thing. I described to him how when, according to his custom, he was the first down, he perceived a strange horse wandering over the moor; how he went out to it, and his astonishment at recognising from the white forehead which has given the

favourite its name that chance had put in his power the only horse which could beat the one upon which he had put his money. Then I described how his first impulse had been to lead him back to King's Pyland, and how the devil had shown him how he could hide the horse until the race was over, and how he had led it back and concealed it at Mapleton. When I told him every detail he gave it up, and thought only of saving his own skin."

"But his stables had been searched."

"Oh, an old horse-faker like him has many a dodge."

"But are you not afraid to leave the horse in his power now, since he has every interest in injuring it?"

"My dear fellow, he will guard it as the apple of his eye. He knows that his only hope of mercy is to produce it safe."

"Colonel Ross did not impress me as a man who would be likely to show much mercy in any case."

"The matter does not rest with Colonel Ross. I follow my own methods, and tell as much or as little as I choose. That is the advantage of being unofficial. I don't know whether you observed it, Watson, but the Colonel's manner has been just a trifle cavalier to me. I am inclined now to have a little amusement at his expense. Say nothing to him about the horse."

"Certainly not, without your permission."

"And, of course, this is all quite a minor point compared to the question of who killed John Straker."

"And you will devote yourself to that?"

"On the contrary, we both go back to London by the night train."

I was thunderstruck by my friend's words. We had only been a few hours in Devonshire, and that he should give up an investigation which he had begun so brilliantly was quite incomprehensible to me. Not a word more could I draw from him until we were back at the trainer's house. The Colonel and the Inspector were awaiting us in the parlour.

"My friend and I return to town by the midnight express," said Holmes. "We have had a charming little breath of your beautiful Dartmoor air."

The Inspector opened his eyes, and the Colonel's lip curled in a sneer.

"So you despair of arresting the murderer of poor Straker," said he.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders. "There are certainly grave difficulties in the way," said he. "I have every hope, however, that

your horse will start upon Tuesday, and I beg that you will have your jockey in readiness. Might I ask for a photograph of Mr. John Straker?"

The Inspector took one from an envelope in his pocket and handed it to him.

"My dear Gregory, you anticipate all my wants. If I might ask you to wait here for an instant, I have a question which I should like to put to the maid."

"I must say that I am rather disappointed in our London consultant," said Colonel Ross, bluntly, as my friend left the room. "I do not see that we are any further than when he came."

"At least, you have his assurance that your horse will run," said I.

"Yes, I have his assurance," said the Colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I should prefer to have the horse."

I was about to make some reply in defence of my friend, when he entered the room again.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am quite ready for Tavistock."

As we stepped into the carriage one of the stable-lads held the door open for us. A sudden idea seemed to occur to Holmes, for

he leaned forward and touched the lad upon the sleeve.

"You have a few sheep in the paddock," he said. "Who attends to them?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you noticed anything amiss with them of late?"

"Well, sir, not of much account; but three of them have gone lame, sir."

I could see that Holmes was extremely pleased, for he chuckled and rubbed his hands together.

"A long shot, Watson; a very long shot!" said he, pinching my arm. "Gregory, let me recommend to your attention this singular epidemic among the sheep. Drive on, coachman!"

Colonel Ross still wore an expression which showed the poor opinion which he had formed of my companion's ability, but I saw by the Inspector's face that his attention had been keenly aroused.

"You consider that to be important?" he asked.

"Exceedingly so."

"Is there any other point to which you would wish to draw my attention?"



"HOLMES WAS EXTREMELY PLEASED."

"To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time."

"The dog did nothing in the night-time."

"That was the curious incident," remarked Sherlock Holmes.

Four days later Holmes and I were again in the train bound for Winchester, to see the race for the Wessex Cup. Colonel Ross met us, by appointment, outside the station, and we drove in his drag to the course beyond the town. His face was grave and his manner was cold in the extreme.

"I have seen nothing of my horse," said he.

"I suppose that you would know him when you saw him?" asked Holmes.

The Colonel was very angry. "I have been on the turf for twenty years, and never was asked such a question as that before," said he. "A child would know Silver Blaze with his white forehead and his mottled off fore leg."

"How is the betting?"

"Well, that is the curious part of it. You could have got fifteen to one yesterday, but the price has become shorter and shorter, until you can hardly get three to one now."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Somebody knows something, that is clear!"

As the drag drew up in the inclosure near the grand stand, I glanced at the card to see the entries. It ran:—

Wessex Plate. 50 sovs. each, h ft, with 1,000 sovs. added, for four and five-year olds. Second £300. Third £200. New course (one mile and five furlongs).

1. Mr. Heath Newton's The Negro (red cap, cinnamon jacket).
2. Colonel Wardlaw's Pugilist (pink cap, blue and black jacket).
3. Lord Backwater's Desborough (yellow cap and sleeves).
4. Colonel Ross's Silver Blaze (black cap, red jacket).
5. Duke of Balmoral's Iris (yellow and black stripes).
6. Lord Singleford's Rasper (purple cap, black sleeves).

"We scratched our other one and put all hopes on your word," said the Colonel. "Why, what is that? Silver Blaze favourite?"

"Five to four against Silver Blaze!" roared the ring. "Five to four against Silver Blaze! Fifteen to five against Desborough! Five to four on the field!"

"There are the numbers up," I cried. "They are all six there."

"All six there! Then my horse is running," cried the Colonel, in great agitation. "But I don't see him. My colours have not passed."

"Only five have passed. This must be he."

As I spoke a powerful bay horse swept out from the weighing inclosure and cantered past us, bearing on its back the well-known black and red of the Colonel.

"That's not my horse," cried the owner. "That beast has not a white hair upon its body. What is this that you have done, Mr. Holmes?"

"Well, well, let us see how he gets on," said my friend, imperturbably. For a few minutes he gazed through my field-glass. "Capital! An excellent start!" he cried suddenly. "There they are, coming round the curve!"

From our drag we had a superb view as they came up the straight. The six horses were so close together that a carpet could have covered them, but half way up the yellow of the Mapleton stable showed to the front. Before they reached us, however, Desborough's bolt was shot, and the Colonel's horse, coming away with a rush, passed the post a good six lengths before its rival, the Duke of Balmoral's Iris making a bad third.

"It's my race anyhow," gasped the Colonel, passing his hand over his eyes. "I confess that I can make neither head nor tail of it. Don't you think that you have kept up your mystery long enough, Mr. Holmes?"

"Certainly, Colonel. You shall know everything. Let us all go round and have a look at the horse together. Here he is," he continued, as we made our way into the weighing inclosure where only owners and their friends find admittance. "You have only to wash his face and his leg in spirits of wine and you will find that he is the same old Silver Blaze as ever."

"You take my breath away!"

"I found him in the hands of a faker, and took the liberty of running him just as he was sent over."

"My dear sir, you have done wonders. The horse looks very fit and well. It never went better in its life. I owe you a thousand apologies for having doubted your ability. You have done me a great service by recovering my horse. You would do me a greater still if you could lay your hands on the murderer of John Straker."

"I have done so," said Holmes, quietly.

The Colonel and I stared at him in amazement. "You have got him! Where is he, then?"

"He is here."

"Here! Where?"

"In my company at the present moment."

The Colonel flushed angrily. "I quite recognise that I am under obligations to you, Mr. Holmes," said he, "but I must regard what you have just said as either a very bad joke or an insult."

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "I assure you that I have not associated you with the

entirely unworthy of your confidence. But there goes the bell; and as I stand to win a little on this next race, I shall defer a more lengthy explanation until a more fitting time."

We had the corner of a Pullman car to



HE LAID HIS HAND UPON THE GLOSSY NECK.

crime, Colonel," said he: "the real murderer is standing immediately behind you!"

He stepped past and laid his hand upon the glossy neck of the thoroughbred.

"The horse!" cried both the Colonel and myself.

"Yes, the horse. And it may lessen his guilt if I say that it was done in self-defence, and that John Straker was a man who was

ourselves that evening as we whirled back to London, and I fancy that the journey was a short one to Colonel Ross as well as to myself, as we listened to our companion's narrative of the events which had occurred at the Dartmoor training stables upon that Monday night, and the means by which he had unravelled them.

"I confess," said he, "that any theories

which I had formed from the newspaper reports were entirely erroneous. And yet there were indications there, had they not been overlaid by other details which concealed their true import. I went to Devonshire with the conviction that Fitzroy Simpson was the true culprit, although, of course, I saw that the evidence against him was by no means complete.

"It was while I was in the carriage, just as we reached the trainer's house, that the immense significance of the curried mutton occurred to me. You may remember that I was distraught, and remained sitting after you had all alighted. I was marvelling in my own mind how I could possibly have overlooked so obvious a clue."

"I confess," said the Colonel, "that even now I cannot see how it helps us."

"It was the first link in my chain of reasoning. Powdered opium is by no means tasteless. The flavour is not disagreeable, but it is perceptible. Were it mixed with any ordinary dish, the eater would undoubtedly detect it, and would probably eat no more. A curry was exactly the medium which would disguise this taste. By no possible supposition could this stranger, Fitzroy Simpson, have caused curry to be served in the trainer's family that night, and it is surely too monstrous a coincidence to suppose that he happened to come along with powdered opium upon the very night when a dish happened to be served which would disguise the flavour. That is unthinkable. Therefore Simpson becomes eliminated from the case and our attention centres upon Straker and his wife, the only two people who could have chosen curried mutton for supper that night. The opium was added after the dish was set aside for the stable-boy, for the others had the same for supper with no ill effects. Which of them, then, had access to that dish without the maid seeing them?"

"Before deciding that question I had grasped the significance of the silence of the dog, for one true inference invariably suggests others. The Simpson incident had shown me that a dog was kept in the stables, and yet, though someone had been in and had fetched out a horse, he had not barked enough to arouse the two lads in the loft. Obviously the midnight visitor was someone whom the dog knew well.

"I was already convinced, or almost convinced, that John Straker went down to the stables in the dead of the night and took out Silver Blaze. For what purpose? For a dishonest one, obviously, or why should he

drug his own stable-boy? And yet I was at a loss to know why. There have been cases before now where trainers have made sure of great sums of money by laying against their own horses, through agents, and then preventing them from winning by fraud. Sometimes it is a pulling jockey. Sometimes it is some surer and subtler means. What was it here? I hoped that the contents of his pockets might help me to form a conclusion.

"And they did so. You cannot have forgotten the singular knife which was found in the dead man's hand, a knife which certainly no sane man would choose for a weapon. It was, as Dr. Watson told us, a form of knife which is used for the most delicate operations known in surgery. And it was to be used for a delicate operation that night. You must know, with your wide experience of turf matters, Colonel Ross, that it is possible to make a slight nick upon the tendons of a horse's ham, and to do it subcutaneously so as to leave absolutely no trace. A horse so treated would develop a slight lameness which would be put down to a strain in exercise or a touch of rheumatism, but never to foul play."

"Villain! Scoundrel!" cried the Colonel.

"We have here the explanation of why John Straker wished to take the horse out on to the moor. So spirited a creature would have certainly roused the soundest of sleepers when it felt the prick of the knife. It was absolutely necessary to do it in the open air."

"I have been blind!" cried the Colonel. "Of course, that was why he needed the candle, and struck the match."

"Undoubtedly. But in examining his belongings, I was fortunate enough to discover, not only the method of the crime, but even its motives. As a man of the world, Colonel, you know that men do not carry other people's bills about in their pockets. We have most of us quite enough to do to settle our own. I at once concluded that Straker was leading a double life, and keeping a second establishment. The nature of the bill showed that there was a lady in the case, and one who had expensive tastes. Liberal as you are with your servants, one hardly expects that they can buy twenty-guinea walking-dresses for their women. I questioned Mrs. Straker as to the dress without her knowing it, and having satisfied myself that it had never reached her, I made a note of the milliner's address, and felt that by calling there with Straker's photograph, I could easily dispose of the mythical Darbyshire."

"From that time on all was plain. Straker

had led out the horse to a hollow where his light would be invisible. Simpson, in his flight, had dropped his cravat, and Straker had picked it up with some idea, perhaps, that he might use it in securing the horse's leg. Once in the hollow he had got behind the horse, and had struck a light, but the creature, frightened at the sudden glare, and with the strange instinct of animals feeling that some mischief was intended, had lashed out, and the steel shoe had struck Straker full on the forehead. He had already, in spite of the rain, taken off his overcoat in order to do his delicate task, and so, as he fell, his knife gashed his thigh. Do I make it clear?"

"Wonderful!" cried the Colonel. "Wonderful! You might have been there."

"My final shot was, I confess, a very long one. It struck me that so astute a man as Straker would not undertake this delicate tendon-nicking without a little practice. What could he practise on? My eyes fell upon the sheep, and I asked a question

which, rather to my surprise, showed that my surmise was correct."

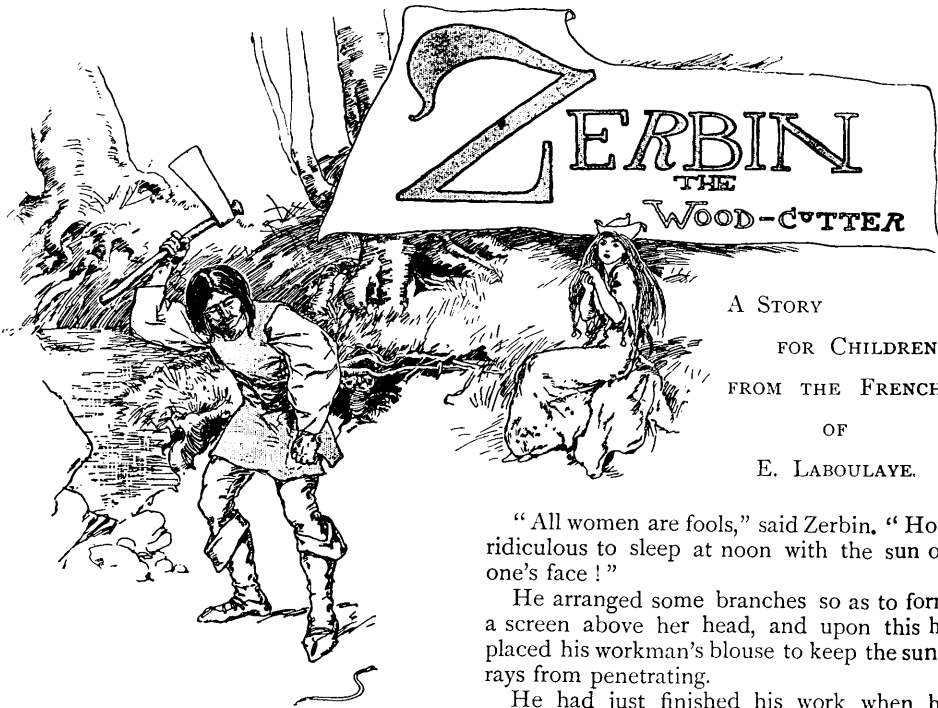
"You have made it perfectly clear, Mr. Holmes."

"When I returned to London I called upon the milliner, who at once recognised Straker as an excellent customer, of the name of Darbyshire, who had a very dashing wife with a strong partiality for expensive dresses. I have no doubt that this woman had plunged him over head and ears in debt, and so led him into this miserable plot."

"You have explained all but one thing," cried the Colonel. "Where was the horse?"

"Ah, it bolted and was cared for by one of your neighbours. We must have an amnesty in that direction, I think. This is Clapham Junction, if I am not mistaken, and we shall be in Victoria in less than ten minutes. If you care to smoke a cigar in our rooms, Colonel, I shall be happy to give you any other details which might interest you."





A STORY
FOR CHILDREN,
FROM THE FRENCH
OF
E. LABOULAYE.

“All women are fools,” said Zerbin. “How ridiculous to sleep at noon with the sun on one’s face !”

He arranged some branches so as to form a screen above her head, and upon this he placed his workman’s blouse to keep the sun’s rays from penetrating.

He had just finished his work when he was startled by perceiving near the fair sleeper a viper, with protruding tongue, crawling towards her.

“Ha !” said Zerbin, “so small and already so venomous.” And with two blows from his hatchet he slashed the serpent into three pieces.

The noise of this awoke the fairy, who started to her feet, her eyes sparkling with delight.

“Zerbin !” she cried “Zerbin ! you have saved more than my life.”

“I have done nothing at all,” replied Zerbin, with his usual courtesy. “Take my advice, another time be careful not to sleep upon the grass without looking for serpents. Now leave me in peace, I am going to sleep.”

He then stretched himself upon the grass and closed his eyes.

“Zerbin,” said the fairy, “have you nothing to ask of me ?”

“Nothing, except to leave me alone,” said Zerbin. “When people have no desires, they have everything they want; when they have what they want, they are happy. Good-night.” And the boor began to snore.

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I.



AT one time there lived at Salerno a young wood-cutter of the name of Zerbin. Poor, and an orphan, he had no friends, sullen and uncouth, he shrank from all observation. As he held himself so much aloof from the concerns of others, he was generally taken for a fool. He had been nicknamed the “Savage,” a name that suited him well.

At daybreak, when all in the town were still asleep, he started off for the mountain with his hatchet on his shoulder ; he spent the whole day alone in the woods, returning only at dusk, dragging after him a wretched bundle of wood, which he sold for a supper.

One day, after cutting down the branches of an old tree, Zerbin became so exhausted that he was glad to take a rest beside a pool fringed with fine trees. To his surprise, he saw lying upon the grass a young girl of most exquisite beauty, whose robe was composed of the plumes of the swan. Her face looked troubled, and she moved her hands restlessly as if some frightful dream were oppressing her.

the attendants of the Princess to lead her back to her apartments."

At these words Aleli threw up her arms and burst into tears. Then she fell sobbing at the King's feet. Shortly after, the two maids of honour appeared, still in peals of laughter.

"Silence, fools, silence!" shouted King Honeybee, indignant at this lack of respect. But the more the King shouted "Silence!"



"THE TWO MAIDS OF HONOUR."

the more the two ladies laughed, regardless of all etiquette.

"Guards," said the King, beside himself with anger, "seize these insolent creatures, and off with their heads."

"Sire," cried Aleli, clasping her hands, "remember, you have made your reign illustrious by abolishing capital punishment."

"You are right, my daughter. We are civilized people. These women shall be spared; we will content ourselves by having them shut up in a dungeon, and they will then be sure to die a natural death, weary of hearing no other tongue but their own."

"Oh, my father!" sobbed poor Aleli.

"Mercy, sire! We will cease laughing," cried the two ladies, falling upon their knees. "We implore your Majesty to pardon us; we are the victims of a sorcerer who has bewitched us."

"A sorcerer in my kingdom," said the King; "that is impossible. How can there be any when I do not believe in them?"

"Sire," said one of the ladies, "is it natural for a bundle of wood, ridden by a wood-cutter, to trot and prance like a circus horse? We have just seen one do that on the palace square."

"A bundle of wood!" replied the King; "that certainly looks like sorcery. Guards, seize the man and his fagot, and burn both of them together. And then, I hope, I shall have a little peace."

"Burn my beloved!" cried the Princess. "Sire, that noble cavalier is to be my husband. If a hair of his head were touched, I should die."

"My house is possessed," said poor King Honeybee, in dismay. "What is the use of being King if I cannot even rest in peace? But what is the good of tormenting myself? Call Mistigris. Since I have a minister, the least he can do is to tell me what I think and what I wish to do."

Mistigris soon appeared. He was a little, fat, round man, who seemed to roll along like a ball rather than walk. He had eyes like a ferret's, a low forehead, a hooked nose, fat cheeks, and three chins; such is the portrait of the celebrated minister of King Honeybee. He appeared smiling and puffing, with mincing steps.

"Here you are at last," said the King. "How is it that unheard-of things happen in my empire, and I, the King, am the last to hear of them?"

"Everything is in proper order," replied Mistigris. "I have here the police reports;

"Poor fellow," said the fairy, "your soul is still sleeping; but whatever you may be, I will not be ungrateful. If it had not been for you I should have fallen into the hands of a cruel genie, my bitter enemy; if it had not been for you I should have become a snake for a hundred years; it is to you I owe one hundred years of youth and beauty. In future, Zerbin, all your wishes shall be gratified, and you shall have reason to bless the water fairy."

She then made three circles in the air with her wand, and entered the pool with a step so light that the surface was not even ruffled. The reeds bowed their heads at the approach of their Queen, and the water-lilies opened their loveliest buds; the trees and even the wind seemed to participate in the joy of the fairy. She raised her wand for the last time, and the sparkling waters parted to receive their young Sovereign, who slowly sank, illuminating the depths like a golden shaft of light. Then the surface grew dim and shadowy, and silence reigned once more.

The sun had reached its height when the wood-cutter awoke from his slumbers. He quietly resumed his task of cutting down the tree he had been working at in the morning. The hatchet struck the wood with great force, until the blows rang again and the perspiration ran down Zerbin's face, but all his efforts were in vain.

"Ha!" he said, looking at the blunted edge of his hatchet, "what a pity no instrument has been invented that can cut wood like butter. I wish I had one like that."

He drew back two steps, and swinging his hatchet above his head, he let it fall with such force that he lost his balance, and fell forward on his face with outstretched arms.

"By Bacchus!" he exclaimed, "my aim was crooked."

But Zerbin was soon reassured, for at the same instant the tree fell, and so close to him that he narrowly escaped being crushed.

"What a fine blow!" he cried. "That is a wonderful help. How beautifully it is cut. After all, there is not another wood-cutter to equal myself."

Upon which he gathered together the branches that he had cut in the morning, and taking a cord he had fastened round his waist, he sat astride upon the bundle to draw the ends closer together.

"What a pity it is," he said, "that fagots have not four legs like horses. I should prance into Salerno like a handsome cavalier who rides at his leisure. How delightful that would be."

At the same moment the fagot rose and began to trot at a good pace. Without showing the least astonishment, our worthy Zerbin let himself be carried along by this new steed, pitying as he went those wretched creatures who had to walk for lack of a fagot.



"THE FAGOT BEGAN TO TROT."

II.

IN the time of which we speak there existed in the centre of Salerno a large square, on which stood the King's palace. As everyone is aware, this monarch was the famous King Honeybee.

Every afternoon the King's daughter Aleli might have been seen seated pensively upon the balcony. In vain her attendants endeavoured to divert her by their songs, their tales, or their flatteries; Aleli was absorbed in her own thoughts. For three years the King had been trying to wed her to some of the barons of the neighbourhood, but Princess Aleli refused all suitors. Upon the

afternoon of which we speak, Aleli, yet more dreamy than usual, was startled by the sudden apparition of Zerbin riding his fagot

across the square with all the majesty of an imperial Cæsar. At this sight the two attendants of the Princess burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and having some oranges at hand, they pelted the rider so adroitly that he received two straight in his face.

"You may laugh," he cried; "I only wish you might never cease laughing." And here the two women began to laugh immoderately in spite of the commands of the Princess, who had taken pity on the poor wood-cutter.

"What a charming Princess!" said Zerbin regarding Aleli; "so lovely, yet so sad. I wish you every blessing, Princess, and may you love him who is the first to make you laugh, and may he become your husband." Upon which he bowed most graciously to the Princess.

As a rule it is better to salute no one, not even a Queen, when riding a fagot; but, unfortunately, Zerbin forgot this. In order to bow to the Princess he had unfastened the cord that bound the branches together, whereupon the bundle burst apart and the worthy Zerbin fell backwards in the most ridiculous fashion, with his legs in the air. He picked himself up by turning head over heels as he did so.

Philosophy has not yet explained why people laugh at seeing others fall. Princess Aleli did as everyone else did, and burst into a loud peal of laughter. Soon after she rose, glanced at Zerbin with a strange expression, and, pressing her hand to her heart, entered the palace in great agitation.

In the meantime Zerbin picked up his branches and returned home on foot, like an ordinary wood-cutter. Prosperity had not dazzled him; misfortune troubled him as little.

Whilst these grave events were taking place, four o'clock struck in the Salerno

Tower. The heat was stifling, silence reigned in the streets. King Honeybee, in a chamber far removed from the heat and noise, was sleeping and dreaming of the welfare of his people. He awoke suddenly with a start; the fair Aleli, in an access of tenderness, was clinging round his neck, whilst burning tears fell upon his face.

"What is this?" asked the King, surprised at this unwonted show of affection. "What are all these tears and kisses? I suppose there is something you wish me to do for you."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear father," said Aleli; "I wish to do whatever pleases you. I have found the son-in-law you have been longing for, and I am ready to give him my hand."

"Oh," said King Honeybee, "is that the end of your obstinacy? Who is it to be? Is it the Prince of Cava? No? The Count of Capri, then, or the Marquis of Sorrento? No? Well, who is it, then?"

"I do not know who he is, my dear father."

"You do not know him? How is that? You must have seen him."

"Yes, I have seen him—a little while ago, on the palace square."

"And did he speak to you?"

"No, father. When hearts understand each other, is there any need to speak?"

King Honeybee made a grimace,

scratched his ear, and, looking fixedly at his daughter, said: "Of course, he is a Prince?"

"I do not know; it matters little," replied Aleli.

"It matters much, my daughter; you understand little of politics. Where is this fine lover hidden, whom you have never spoken to and who adores you?"

"I do not know," said Aleli.

"This is too much," cried King Honeybee. "My time is too precious to be wasted in listening to such nonsense! Slaves! call



"SHE ENTERED THE PALACE IN GREAT AGITATION."

the kingdom is peaceful and contented as usual." And unfolding a huge parchment, he read as follows:—"Town of Salerno,—Prosperity and morality continue to improve. Two women died of starvation ; ten children forsaken ; three husbands have beaten their wives ; ten wives have beaten their husbands ; thirty robberies ; two murders, three cases of poisoning. Nothing new."

"Is that all you have to tell me?" said King Honeybee, in a tone of irritation. "Well, I know much more, though I do not profess to know State affairs. A man has crossed the palace square, riding a fagot, and he has bewitched my daughter. She wishes to marry him !"

"Sire," replied Mistigris, "I was aware of this little event—a minister knows everything ; but why trouble your Majesty with these petty details? The man shall be hanged, and that settles the matter."

"And can you tell me where this rascal is?"

"Of course I can," answered Mistigris. "A minister sees and hears everything, and is everywhere."

"Well, sir, if this rogue is not here within a quarter of an hour, I will give your place to someone who will not merely see, but act. Now you may go."

Mistigris left the room smiling, but when he reached the antechamber, he turned purple with rage, and was obliged to seize the arm of the first friend he met. This happened to be the town magistrate. Mistigris grasped him by the collar.

"Sir," he said, "if within ten minutes you do not bring me a rogue who rides about Salerno on a bundle of sticks, you

shall suffer for it. Remember this. Now you may go."

Leaving the magistrate to carry out these orders, the clever Mistigris returned to the King's chamber, resuming as he went the perpetual smile that played about his lips.

III.

GLORY is a splendid thing, but it has its inconveniences. Farewell to the pleasure of being unknown. Zerbin's triumphant entry into Salerno had hardly been accomplished before every child in the place knew all about the mode of living and the abode of the wood-cutter, so that the officials had little trouble in finding the man they were looking for. Zerbin was kneeling in his yard, sharpening his famous hatchet, when he felt himself suddenly seized by the neck, and a powerful hand lifted him upon his legs by main force.

Zerbin, as unconcerned as ever, was proceeding to the palace, when on the square he was met by a long procession of gentlemen in embroidered coats and knee-breeches. These were the King's valets, who had come to escort the *fiancé* of the Princess to the King's palace. Having received orders to be polite, each held his hat in his hand and smiled amiably. They bowed to Zerbin ; the wood-cutter, like a well-bred man, returned the bows. Again more bows from the valets, and more bows from Zerbin. This was repeated eight or ten times



"NOW LET ME SEE YOU DANCE."

with great solemnity. Zerbin, not having been born in a palace, was the first to weary of these ceremonies.

"Enough," cried he, "you have done enough bowing, now let me see you dance." And the valets began dancing, and thus they all entered the palace, giving him a welcome worthy of a King.

Wishing to look particularly majestic, King Honeybee sat solemnly gazing at the end of his nose. Aleli was sighing, and Mistigris seemed racking his brain for an idea to give himself the air of a diplomatist, when at last the big door opened and, to the great surprise of the Court, the whole procession came dancing in.

The wood-cutter walked behind the valets, as little astonished at the Royal magnificence as if he had been born in a palace. On seeing the King, however, he stopped short, took off his hat, and bowed three times. He then replaced his hat upon his head and calmly took possession of an armchair, where he sat rocking his foot up and down.

"Father," cried the Princess, throwing herself into her father's arms, "here is my husband. How handsome, how noble he is! You will love him, will you not?"

"Mistigris," whispered King Honeybee, "question this man very cautiously. Remember, it concerns my daughter as well as myself. What an adventure, to be sure! How happy fathers would be if they had no children!"

"Your Majesty need not fear," said Mistigris. "Humanity is my duty and my pleasure. Get up, rascal, and answer at once if you wish to save your skin," he said to Zerbin. "Are you a Prince in disguise? You are a sorcerer. You are silent."

"I am no more a sorcerer than you are, old fellow," replied Zerbin, without rising from his chair.

"Knave!" cried the minister, "your silence proves your guilt."

"If I admit it I shall then be innocent," answered Zerbin.

"Sire," said Mistigris, "let

justice pursue its course. Rid the earth of this monster. Death is too good for such a miscreant."

"Go on; snarl as much as you like, old chap, but do not bite," said Zerbin.

"Sire," cried Mistigris, breathlessly, "humanity demands that you should protect your subjects from this sorcerer. Let him be hanged or burned. You are a father, but you are a King, and the father must give place to the King."

"Mistigris," said the King, "you speak with great ease, but your manner is odious. Not so much affectation, please. Conclude."

"Sire," gasped Mistigris. "Death, rope, fire!"

Whilst all this was going on, Aleli quitted abruptly her father's side and placed herself close to Zerbin.

"Give your orders, sire — this is my



"SIRE," SAID MISTIGRIS, "RID THE EARTH OF THIS MONSTER."

husband. His fate shall be mine," she said.

The ladies of the Court were scandalized at this, and hid their faces in their hands; even Mistigris felt obliged to blush.

"Miserable being," cried the furious King. "In dishonouring yourself you have pronounced your own condemnation. Guards! arrest these two persons, and let them be married without further delay; then take possession of the first boat you see in the port, and after placing the guilty couple in it, abandon it to the mercy of the waves."

"Oh, sire," cried Mistigris, whilst the Princess and Zerbin were being dragged away, "you are the mightiest monarch in the world. Your kindness, your mildness, your indulgence will be an example and astonishment to posterity. As for ourselves, we are dumfounded at such magnanimity; we can only admire it in silence."

"My poor daughter," said the King, "what will become of her without her father? Guards! seize Mistigris and put him also on board the boat. It will be a consolation to me to know that this clever man is near my dear Aleli. Besides, the idea of a new minister is rather pleasant—it will divert my thoughts from my troubles. Good-bye, my good Mistigris."

Mistigris stood gaping with astonishment; he had barely recovered breath to rave against monarchs and their ingratitude, when he was borne out of the palace. In spite of his tears, threats, and prayers, he was cast into the boat, and the three friends soon found themselves alone in the midst of the waves.

As to good King Honeybee, he wiped away a tear, and retired into his chamber to finish the nap so unpleasantly interrupted.

IV.

THE night was fine and calm; the moon shed its pale beams across the ever-restless sea; the wind blew from the land, and soon

carried the boat far away. Capri was soon in view, rising from the waves like a garden of flowers. Zerbin held the rudder and sang in a minor key some plaintive wood-cutter's or sailor's song. At his feet sat Aleli, silent, but not sad; she was listening to her lover. The past was all forgotten, the future did not trouble her; she was with Zerbin, and that satisfied her.

Mistigris, less sensitive, was also less philosophical. Impatient and furious, he was restless as a lion in its cage. Zerbin sat with bowed head, unconcerned as usual at the sermons Mistigris preached for his benefit. Not being used to official orations, so much talking wearied Zerbin and made him sleepy.

"What will become of us?" cried Mistigris, at last. "If you have any power, wretched sorcerer, now is the time to show it. Can't you make yourself a Prince somewhere, and make me your minister? I must have something to rule. What is the good of your power if you do not make your friends' fortune?"

"I am hungry," said Zerbin, opening one eye.

Aleli rose at once and looked about her.

"Dear Zerbin," she

said, "what should you like?"

"I should like some figs and raisins," said the wood-cutter.

Mistigris uttered a shriek; for a barrel of figs immediately rose between his legs and overturned him.

"Oh!" thought he, as he picked himself up. "I have found your secret, wretched sorcerer. If you have whatever you wish for, my fortune is made; I have not been a minister for nothing, my fine Prince. I will soon make you wish for whatever pleases me."

While Zerbin was eating his figs, Mistigris came forward bowing, his face beaming with smiles.

"Lord Zerbin," said he, "I crave from your Excellency your most esteemed friendship. Perhaps his Highness had not discerned all the devotion that I had hidden under the severity of my words; but I can assure him



"MISTIGRIS."

I have done everything in the interest of his happiness. It was I who hastened his happy marriage."

"I am hungry," said Zerbin, "give me some figs and raisins."

"Here are some, my Lord," said Mistigris, with all the grace of a courtier. "I hope his Excellency is satisfied with all my small attentions, and that he will often put it in my power to serve him. Great boor," he murmured to himself, "he does not understand what I mean. I must get Aleli on my side. The great secret of diplomacy is to please the ladies."

"By the way, my Lord Zerbin," he continued, with a smile upon his lips, "you seem to forget that you are newly-married. Would you not like to make your Royal Princess a wedding present?"

"You bother me, old man," said Zerbin. "A wedding present! Where do you expect me to get it from? From the bottom of the sea, perhaps! Go yourself and ask the fish for it and bring it back to me."

At that instant, as though an invisible hand had knocked him over, Mistigris jumped overboard, and disappeared beneath the billows.

Zerbin continued quietly munching his raisins, while Aleli kept her eyes fixed fondly upon him.

"There is a porpoise coming out of the sea," said Zerbin.

But it was not a porpoise, it was Mistigris, who, rising to the surface, was struggling with the waves. Zerbin grasped him by his hair, and dragged him into the boat. The little fat man held between his teeth a carbuncle as brilliant as a star. As soon as he had recovered his breath, he said:—

"Here is the wedding present that the King of the Fishes offers to charming Princess Aleli. Lord Zerbin, you can see that I am your most faithful and devoted slave. If ever you are in need of a minister——"

"I am hungry," said Zerbin. "Give me some figs and raisins."

Mistigris was in despair, and broke in adroitly.

"My Lord Zerbin, look over there in front of you; how splendid!"

"What?" said the Princess. "I see nothing."

"Nor I," said Zerbin, rubbing his eyes.

"Is it possible?" continued Mistigris, looking very astonished. "You do not see that marble palace glittering in the sun; that great staircase with one hundred steps, on each side of which stand beautiful orange

trees, and which reaches majestically down to the sea?"

"A palace?" said Aleli, "where we should be surrounded with selfish courtiers and valets! I do not wish for that."

"Nor I," said Zerbin; "a cottage would be nicer—we should have more peace."

"But this palace is unlike any other," cried Mistigris, whose imagination was stimulated by fright. "In that fairy dwelling there are neither courtiers nor valets; everything is done by invisible hands. The furniture has hands, and the walls have ears."

"Have they a tongue?" said Zerbin.

"Yes," said Mistigris, "they speak, but they are silent at command."

"Well," said the wood-cutter, "they have more sense than you, then. I should like a palace like that. Where is that wonderful place? I do not see it."

"There it is before you, dear Zerbin," said the Princess.

The vessel was making for the land, and the anchor was about to be cast in a harbour where the water was shallow enough to allow of a safe landing. Before them rose a wide staircase which led to a terrace; upon this stood the most enchanting palace that can be imagined.

The three friends ascended gaily, Mistigris leading the way and puffing at every step. On arriving at the palace gate he wished to ring, but he could see no bell, so he shouted and the gate itself replied.

"What do you want, stranger?" it asked.

"I want to speak to the owner of the palace," said Mistigris, rather taken aback at being spoken to by an iron gate.

"The owner of this palace is Lord Zerbin," replied the gate. "When he arrives I shall open."

And at the sight of Zerbin, having on his arm the fair Aleli, the gate opened to let the bridal couple, followed by Mistigris, enter.

On finding herself upon the terrace, Aleli gazed upon the splendid view which extended before her eyes; the mighty ocean lay sparkling in the morning sun.

"How beautiful it is here," she said, "and how nice it would be to rest under these laurels in full blossom."

"Yes," said Zerbin, "let us sit down."

"But there are no armchairs," said Mistigris.

"Here we are, here we are!" cried the armchairs, and they came running up as quickly as their four legs would allow.

"It would be nice to breakfast here," said Mistigris.

"Yes," said Zerbin, "but where is the table?"

"Here I am, here I am!" replied a mellow voice. And a fine mahogany table marched in with all the dignity of a matron, and placed itself before the guests.

"This is charming," said the Princess, "but where are the plates?"

"Here we are, here we are!" cried the little tinkling voices, as thirty dishes, with their sisters, the plates, and their cousins, the knives and forks, and their aunts, the salt-cellars, all took their places in admirable order round the table, upon which stood already game, fruits of all kinds, and flowers.

"My Lord Zerbin," said Mistigris, "you see what I have done for you. All this is my work."

"Story-teller!" cried a voice.

Mistigris looked around, but could see no one; it was the voice of one of the pillars.

"Your Highness," he said, "I think no one can accuse me of insincerity. I have always spoken the truth."

"Story-teller," said the voice.

"This palace is hateful," thought Mistigris. "If walls speak the truth I shall never be minister. I must alter this."

"My Lord Zerbin," he continued, "rather than live in this lonely place, would you not prefer to be surrounded by people who would be your devoted soldiers, and upon whom you could levy taxes."

"What! be a King!" said Zerbin.

"What for?"

"Dear Zerbin," said Aleli, "let us remain here; we are both of us very happy."

"All of us," said Mistigris.

"I am the

happiest of men; when I am with you, I wish for nothing better."

"Story-teller," said the voice.

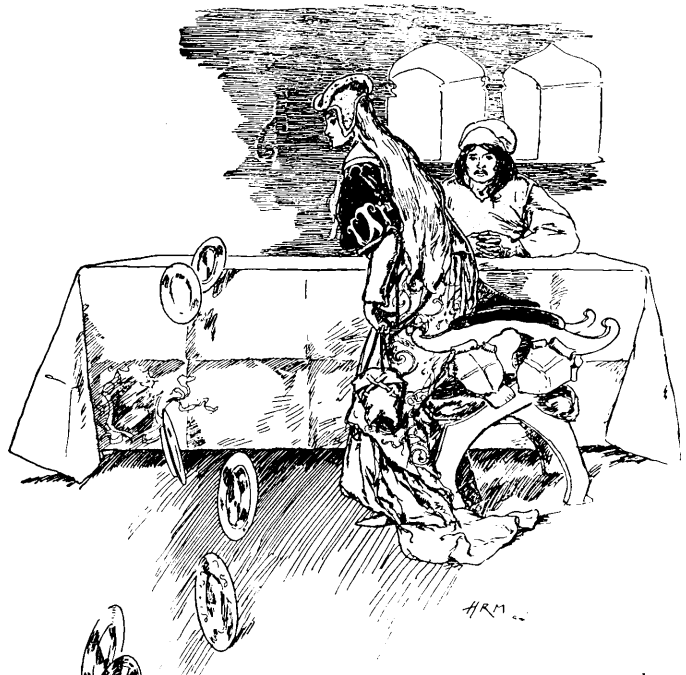
"Do not listen to this, my Lord," cried Mistigris. "I esteem and respect you, believe me."

"Story-teller," replied the voice, relentlessly.

"Oh, if all you say is untrue," said Zerbin, "be off to the moon, it is the country of lies."

These words were no sooner uttered than Mistigris flew up in the air like an arrow and disappeared above the clouds.

We do not know whether he has ever returned, though certain historians assure us that he has, under another name. One thing



"HERE WE ARE!"

is certain, and that is, that he has never been seen in a palace where even the walls speak the truth.

V.

THEY were now left to themselves. Zerbin folded his arms and gazed upon the sea, whilst Aleli gave herself up to sweet day-dreams and castles in the air. What dream can be sweeter than to live in an enchanted solitude by the side of one whom you love? Aleli took Zerbin's arm, and set off to inspect her new home. The palace was surrounded with beautiful meadows, through which flowed sparkling

brooks. Mossy oaks, purple beeches, feathery larches, and plane trees with their golden leaves cast their long shadows upon the grass. From the foliage came the song of a finch, whose melody expressed joy and peace. Aleli smiled with pleasure, and turned to Zerbin.

"Dear Zerbin," she asked, "are you not happy here? Could you wish for anything more?"

"I never wished for anything," said Zerbin. "To-morrow I shall take my axe and I shall work hard; there is some fine wood here. I could make at least a hundred fagots."

"Oh!" said Aleli, with a sigh; "I see you do not love me."

"Love you!" said Zerbin; "what does that mean? I would do you no harm, certainly—rather the contrary. We have a palace which appears to have fallen from the clouds; it is yours; send to your father, and ask him to come; I shall be glad. As for me, I was born a wood-cutter—a wood-cutter I will die. That is my sphere—in it I will remain. Do not weep; I do not wish to grieve you."

"Oh, Zerbin," cried poor Aleli, "why do

you treat me thus? Am I then so disagreeable and ugly that you cannot love me?"

"Love you? That is not my business. Do not weep; be reasonable. What! Fresh tears! Well then, if it gives you any pleasure, I will wish to love you."

And poor Aleli raised her eyes dimmed with tears to his face, and in the eyes which met her own she beheld the reflection of her strong and deep love, which would endure for ever. At this sight she smiled through her tears.

Then appeared the water fairy, leading by the hand the worthy King Honeybee, who had been very unhappy since the departure of his daughter and his minister.

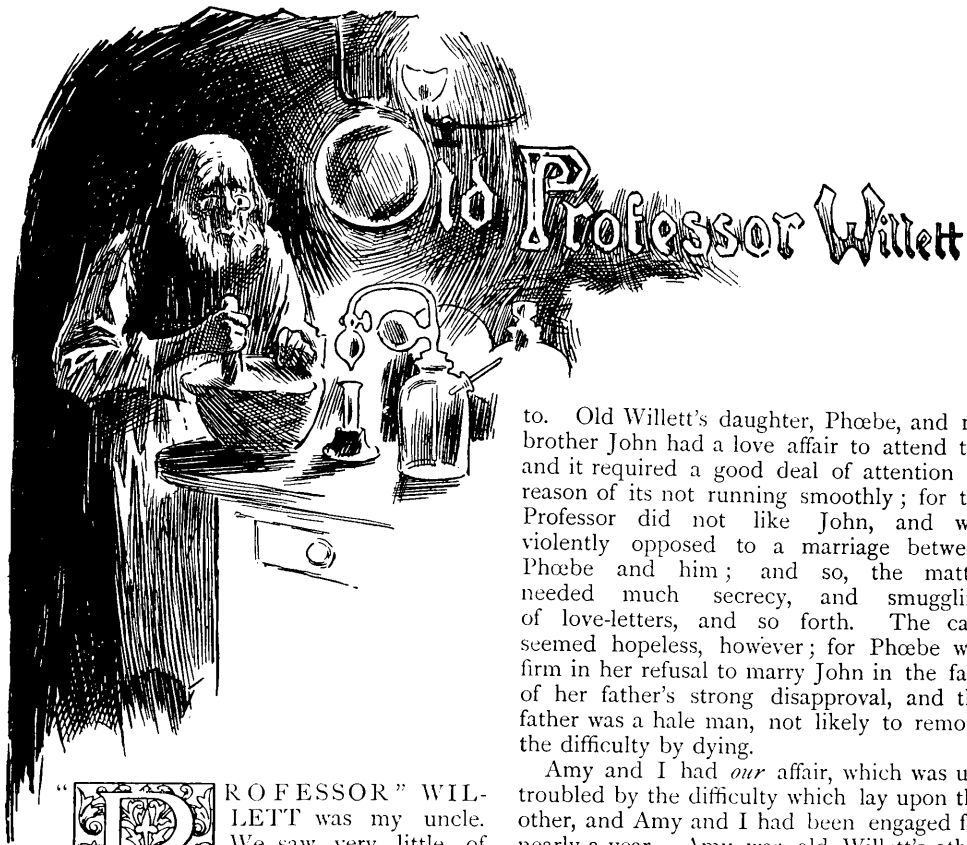
He tenderly embraced his children and gave them his blessing, and then returned to rule over his own kingdom.

The water fairy continued to watch over the welfare of the happy couple, who dwelt long in their beautiful palace, content to forget the world, and still more content to be forgotten by it.

Zerbin's want of sense completely disappeared; or if it did not it was little matter, for in the case of every married couple the wife has always wit enough for two.



The Queer Side of Things.



PROFESSOR WILLET was my uncle. We saw very little of him, for he practically lived in a laboratory which he had fitted up

for himself, and was devoted to some mysterious experiments which were to bring him fame and fortune at the hands of the Government. He allowed no one to enter his laboratory except a confidential assistant, who was supposed to share many of his secrets. For some time my uncle had been giving us to understand that he was perfecting an invention which he intended to offer to the Government for an enormous sum—an incredible sum, which varied on different occasions from half a million to five millions. He did not enlighten us as to the nature of the invention; and, as we had not much belief in the results which he anticipated, we were not sufficiently curious to ask about it; nay, if we had, he, being a very uncommunicative man, would probably not have told us.

Besides, we had our own affairs to attend

to. Old Willett's daughter, Phœbe, and my brother John had a love affair to attend to; and it required a good deal of attention by reason of its not running smoothly; for the Professor did not like John, and was violently opposed to a marriage between Phœbe and him; and so, the matter needed much secrecy, and smuggling of love-letters, and so forth. The case seemed hopeless, however; for Phœbe was firm in her refusal to marry John in the face of her father's strong disapproval, and the father was a hale man, not likely to remove the difficulty by dying.

Amy and I had *our* affair, which was untroubled by the difficulty which lay upon the other, and Amy and I had been engaged for nearly a year. Amy was old Willett's other daughter—*was!* That terrible word "was"—it is the keynote of my whole story; there's no present tense to it.

One of the Professor's crazes was dress-sanitation: he would have none of the all-wool system, nor any other system save his own pet particular system. This system consisted of a mixture of Vicuña wool and the fibre of some South American trailing plant; and the Professor was so persuaded of its being the *only* material in which man could dress himself and live, that he went to a great expense in importing the materials and having them woven into stuffs of various thicknesses and textures for family use. He had a stock of this stuff: most of his own clothes were made of it, as well as such of those worn by his wife and daughters as he could persuade them to have fashioned from it. To tell the truth, these latter articles were not very numerous, as the stuffs were necessarily rather "dowdy" for overwear; while, as underwear, they became impossible, except to cover the

toughest and most callous skin—a skin more correctly described as a hide. These stuffs of his, for all that, permeated the house, and cropped up everywhere; they were of a peculiarly glistening grey colour, and had a very curious odour—another objection to them for clothing in the eyes of the ladies.

Among the few articles of clothing, made of the stuff, which the two girls could be persuaded to wear were hats and long cloaks for wet weather, and for this purpose the material was suitable enough; but when he suggested ball dresses of it, the girls just shuddered and became stonily obdurate. The old gentleman prevailed upon my brother and me to adopt the material for our overcoats and lounge caps, and such-like.

One evening my uncle was in high spirits—quite feverishly jubilant. He had perfected his invention and thoroughly tested it, and on the morrow he intended opening communications with a Government department on the subject. I had never seen him in such high spirits; with a heightened colour, he talked incessantly and at random. He launched into the delights and potentialities of fame and affluence, prattled about the mansion which his daughters should live in and the carriages they should ride in, assured Phœbe (in jest, which was surely not all jest) that she should marry an earl, and much more in the same strain.

While the earl talk was going on, I glanced at John. He did not try to conceal the fact that this talk was distasteful to him, and I contrived to divert the conversation; but the Professor would return to it; and at length John suddenly rose and, excusing himself, left the circle. I soon followed him home with an idea of cheering him up, but the trial was a complete failure. I fancied I had never seen John in so gloomy a mood before; and, when we had parted for the night, I heard him descend the stairs and go out—an unusual

thing for him to do so late at night. Next day my uncle the Professor could not be found. He had come down to breakfast as usual, and then, as usual, had retired to his laboratory; his lunch was placed on a table outside the door, according to custom; the dinner hour came, and my uncle did not go down to the dining-room, but, this being no uncommon thing, his dinner had been kept warm for him.

But when it came to 9 p.m., my aunt went to the laboratory door and knocked. She was answered by the assistant, who said that the Professor was not there; nor had the assistant seen him on arriving at one o'clock that afternoon, nor subsequently. He was

under the impression that the Professor had gone, according to his intention, to Pall Mall in connection with his invention.

They sat up for his return; but 2 o'clock a.m. struck, and he had not returned. Then they sent the boy to call me up; and I did what I could, but failed to find him. He was never found.

There certainly could be no reason for his either committing suicide, or leaving his home; on inquiry at the Government offices, we found that no one answering to his description had been there; ad-

vertisements and inquiries had no fruit whatever. It looked as if he had been made away with; and the question was, "by whom?"

Looking dispassionately at the situation, one could think of but two persons who could possibly have any interest in the removal of my uncle; and these were the assistant and—my brother. Now, the assistant, being presumably a sharer of a secret which *might* be worth many thousands of pounds, would certainly have an incentive to make away with the only person who stood between himself and the reward. No one but my uncle and his assistant knew of this great secret, that was quite certain. But this mere fact of an incentive was hardly sufficient,



"JUBILANT."

when unsupported by any kind of evidence, to warrant a reasonable person in forming suspicions against the man.

My brother—still arguing by cold, stony logic—had an interest in my uncle's removal, inasmuch as the wealth which the Professor felt so confident of attaining could not fail to place an impassable gulf between John and Phœbe; but to suspect my brother of murder on such wildly insufficient grounds as that!

The contents of the laboratory revealed nothing, only a few letters of no importance being found in an old desk which stood in the corner; and the room was locked up and left as it stood.

My brother and I had had some notion of arranging with the assistant on a plan for carrying out our uncle's designs in connection with his invention, the Professor's family and the assistant to divide any profits between them; but to our surprise the assistant denied all knowledge of the nature of the invention, stating that my uncle, although communicating to him many smaller

tion, and had never made any experiment in connection with it in his presence.

This surprised us, and we decided to speak to him again on the subject; but the next week, when we called at his lodgings, he had disappeared.

The search for him was as fruitless as that for my uncle had been. He had gone out after breakfast—the landlady was certain of that, as she had noticed the peculiar texture of the overcoat he was wearing, made of my uncle's pet health-material. The assistant had never returned; and his property was in his room as he had left it. He had gone off, then! This circumstance seemed to give a shadow of plausibility to the unsupported theory of his having made away with the Professor. We made every effort to find him, in vain; and we came to the conclusion that he had resolved to carry the invention to some foreign Government, and secure the entire reward to himself.

The mysterious disappearance of my uncle was a terrible shock to his family. Phœbe in particular appeared to be affected by it,

for she wrote to John a most unhappy letter, in which she said she felt so keenly her disobedience to her father in connection with her engagement that she could not bear to see my brother for a while, if ever again. We decided that it was hysteria caused by the shock; but, nevertheless, John could not get to see her, although he repeatedly called and wrote. She would see no one but her mother and sister.

John grew gloomy and moped, which was not unnatural, perhaps. He took to mooning about by himself—just wandering out for solitary walks—until he was obviously losing flesh and colour: but he *would* do it.

One morning he came home with a wild, haggard look, and sank into a chair. I had never seen him like *that* before, and I asked him what had happened.

"I have seen her—her——"

"Yes," I said, "I am glad of that, but——"



"HE HAD DISAPPEARED."

secrets of little value, had always kept him in entire ignorance of this particular inven-

"Glad?" he echoed, dreamily. "Glad! I have seen her ghost!"

"Pooh, man—don't be foolish!" I said. "Come—you must make an effort, and throw off this childishness. You're getting positively hysterical, too!"

"I have seen her ghost," he repeated, slowly. "I am *not* hysterical. I was crossing the common, in the bright sunshine, and I saw her in the distance; she was coming towards me; she was wearing that grey health-waterproof and hat of hers. She continued to advance until she was as near to me as that table in the next room—and then she was *gone!*"

"Gone?"

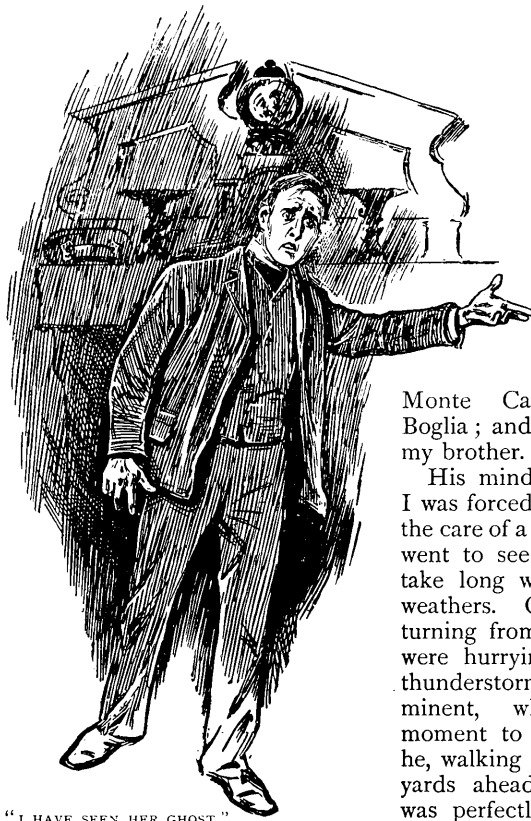
"Vanished—disappeared—gone! Harry, she did not fall down a pit (she was on the hard road), nor jump behind a tree. There was no object larger than a tussock of grass within fifty feet of her, all round. She *vanished!*"

"I shall get the doctor to come and see *you*," I said, putting on my boots.

"Go to him, if you like," said my brother. "On the way you will pass *her* house. *Go in and ask after her.*"

I went. Amy told me that Phoebe had gone by herself for a walk on the common, and was not in yet, although it was past lunch-time.

Phoebe was never seen again. We



"I HAVE SEEN HER GHOST."

searched for her for five months, and then I insisted on my aunt's shutting up the house and going, with Amy, to Switzerland. I took them to Lugano, settled them in a villa with a lovely view over the town and the valley and lake, and away to

Monte Caprino and Monte Boglia; and then I returned to my brother.

His mind was unhinged, and I was forced to place him under the care of a doctor. I constantly went to see him, and we would take long walks together in all weathers. One day we were returning from a long tramp, and were hurrying home to avoid a thunderstorm which was imminent, when I stopped a moment to light my pipe, and he, walking on, got some twenty yards ahead of me. The light was perfectly clear yet, and I was starting again with my eyes

fixed upon his back, when—*he was not there!* I stopped with a jerk and rubbed my eyes; then I ran to the spot where he had been walking a moment ago. There was no



"I RAN TO THE SPOT."

cover; there was only a wide road bordered by short turf; there was no hole in the earth; but John had gone, and I never saw him again.

For days I sat in my room, or paced about it, waiting for the moment when my brain should give way and leave me a muttering idiot; but I must have a strong brain, or a lethargic one, for I retained my reason. Then I *determined* to fathom this horrible mystery; and until that moment I had never known the real meaning of the word "determination."

I went straight to my uncle's house and let myself in; and I went straight to the laboratory and unlocked the door. Dust was upon everything, and I shuddered so as I looked round the place that I had to go away into the dining-room and sit down for a time. Then I returned to the laboratory.

I had come to examine that old desk; for I felt a conviction that it contained a secret drawer, and that this secret drawer contained the clue to the mystery. I may have heard of a secret drawer in the desk in my boyhood; that is quite possible, although I did not remember the circumstance.

Anyhow, I took up that desk and removed its cover, made of a piece of my uncle's craze—the grey cloth—and I pushed and pulled at it on every side, until a faint recollection seemed to come to me, and I pulled out and forcibly depressed the sliding stamp-box in the corner of the desk; and the secret drawer flew open. There was a sheet of foolscap in it, covered with writing in my uncle's hand.

It described the composition of an explosive (many times more potent than dynamite), the rapidity of whose action caused it to be, firstly, inaudible to the human ear by reason of the number of the resultant air-waves; and, secondly, to be extremely local in its action. Another

peculiarity was the centripetal direction of its lines of energy, by means of which the violence of its particles would be exerted towards a common centre. Thus, if an object should be surrounded with a layer of the explosive, the object would be wholly destroyed, while objects in actual contact with the outside of the layer would remain absolutely unaffected. Further, the violence of the inaudible explosion was so intense as to reduce the object surrounded to a gaseous state, and its action caused no visible flash. The process would, therefore, in any place sufficiently open to allow of the free expansion of the destroyed object

into a gaseous state, be absolutely undetectable by the senses of a person a little distance away.

Then were jotted down some convenient methods of using the stuff; and one of these was to saturate any material partly woollen with the explosive in solution, and, having wrapped the material round the object to be destroyed, to explode the substance either by friction, or concussion, or electricity. The writing went on to say that for some weeks, or even months, after being applied to the material, the explosive might be handled, or subjected to shocks,

with impunity, its explosive qualities being slowly developed by exposure to the air.

In certain cases, after a lapse of time, the composition might become so sensitive as to be exploded by an electric condition of the atmosphere, or by a touch even. The solution would in no way affect the colour of a material chemically adapted to receive it, provided that material were frequently exposed to the light; but that, if kept in the dark, the material would soon become yellowish and acquire a pungent odour.

I ran upstairs to the press where, as I knew, a stock of the "health-material" used to be kept, and threw open the door. A strong pungent odour came out; and there



"A SHEET OF FOOLSCAP COVERED WITH WRITING."

lay the remains of a roll of the cloth, quite yellow. Then I went down again to a cupboard in the laboratory where I remembered to have seen some of the cloth; and there was the greater part of a roll, retaining the original grey colour as fresh as ever. My uncle had given out the wrong roll for family use—the roll which he had prepared for his experiments!

I think I must have shrieked as I bounded to the street door, tore it open, and, leaving it so, rushed out towards my own house. I ran all the way as hard as I could go, wild-eyed and hatless; and, bounding up to my room, snatched up a few bank-notes that were in my desk; and then, still running, made for Victoria Station. Such was my state of mind that I had run nearly a mile before it occurred to me that such things as cabs existed; then I hailed one and shouted to him to drive—drive—drive like mad!

As I might have known, there was no Continental train for nearly two hours; and I paced round and round Victoria Station like a caged beast, gnawing at my nails. *Amy had taken that grey waterproof and hat of hers with her to Lugano!*

I was fairly on the way at last; but, from the moment of the train's steaming out of Victoria Station a strange change came over me; I was no longer mad to get forward—I was mad to get back—back to my house, and to the

cupboard where my clothes were hanging, and to the grey overcoat which hung among them. Several times I half opened the door of the flying railway carriage, in a mad impulse to jump out and run back; but

I clenched my teeth and forced myself back into my seat.

All the rest of the journey my thoughts were fixed upon London, and my house, and the grey overcoat hanging in the cupboard; at times I was seized with an insane dread that my housekeeper was at that very moment selling the coat—making away with it in some way or other—and at those times I would find myself in a cold perspiration.

I reached Lugano and dashed down the steep grassy bank where the fireflies gather on warm evenings, and through the open gate of the villa garden. My aunt was sitting on a seat by the house. I stood before her, but she never changed her stare into space; she looked through me and made no sign. Whether she knew I was there or not I cannot say; I knew she was there—and *alone!*

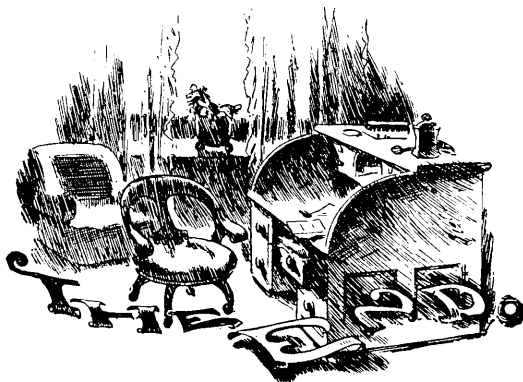
I left her there without a word, and came back here to my own house; I had no mad longing or uneasiness on the return journey—I *knew* my grey coat was here, and ready for me; and here it is, hanging as I left it. Yes, it fits me as comfortably as ever—as

comfortably as ever. "Either by friction, or concussion, or electricity." I wonder at what hour Amy—

JAS. F. SULLIVAN.



"SEVERAL TIMES I HALF OPENED THE DOOR.





"PA, WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE MEAN?"
"THAT REPRESENTS DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, MY SON!"



"ARE THE LIONS GOING TO EAT HIM, PA?"
"CERTAINLY THEY ARE, MY SON—ER—THAT IS, OF COURSE NOT; OF COURSE NOT!"



"WHY AIN'T THE LIONS GOING TO EAT HIM, PA?"
"HE WAS TOO TOUGH—TOO GOOD, I MEAN!"



"HOW GOOD WAS HE, PA?"
"VERY GOOD, INDEED!"



"WOULD A LION EAT ME, PA?—I'M GOOD!"
"OH, THUNDER! THIS IS TERRIBLE! I DUNNO, MY SON; I'M BUSY!"



"BUT, PA, WHAT MADE DANIEL GO INTO THE——"



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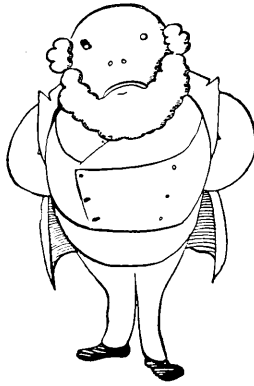
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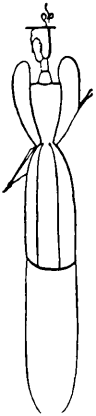
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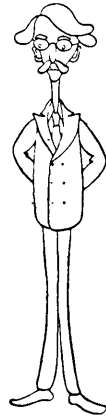
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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1892.

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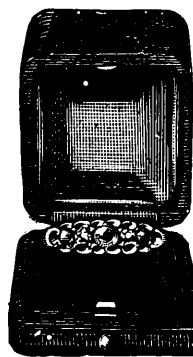
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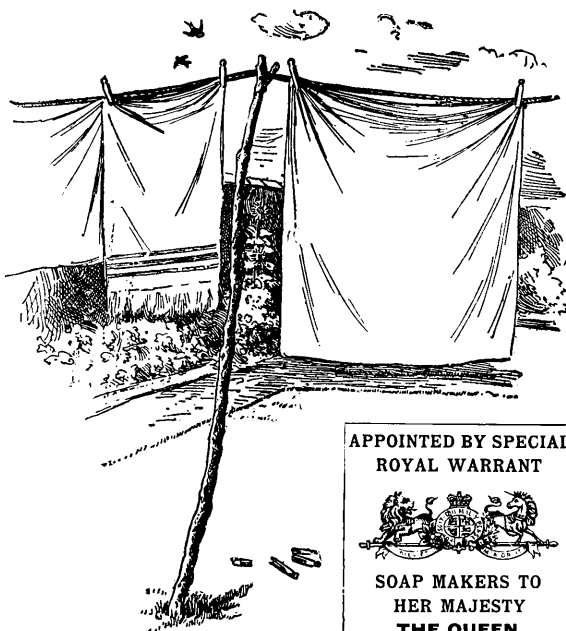
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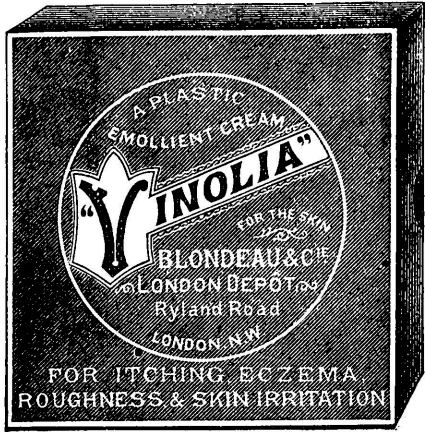


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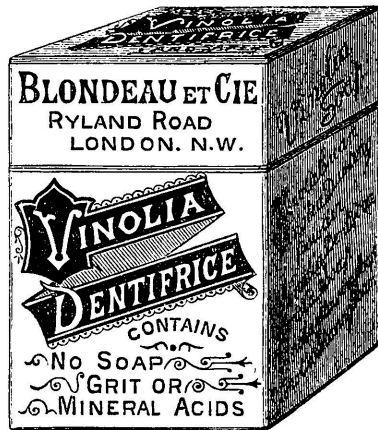


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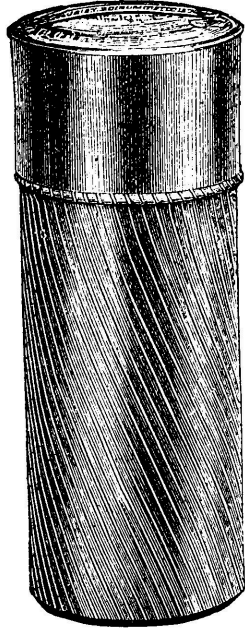
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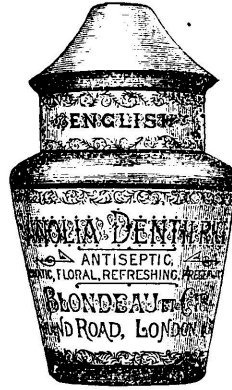
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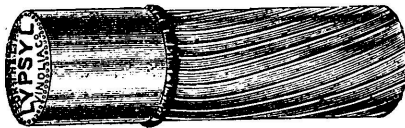
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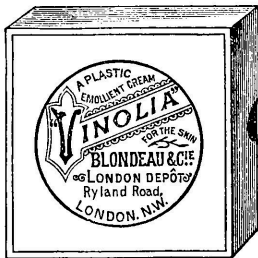
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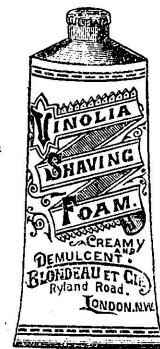
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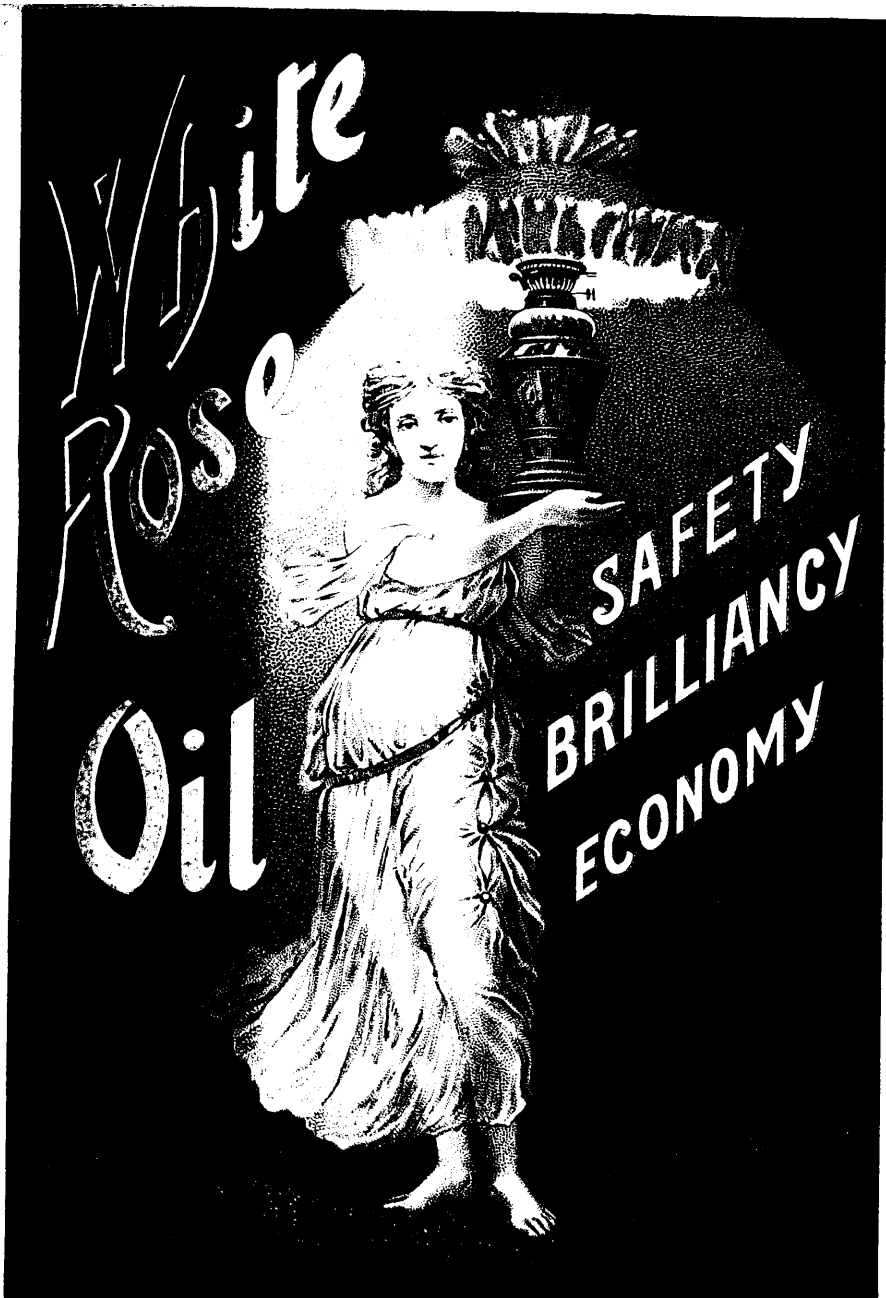
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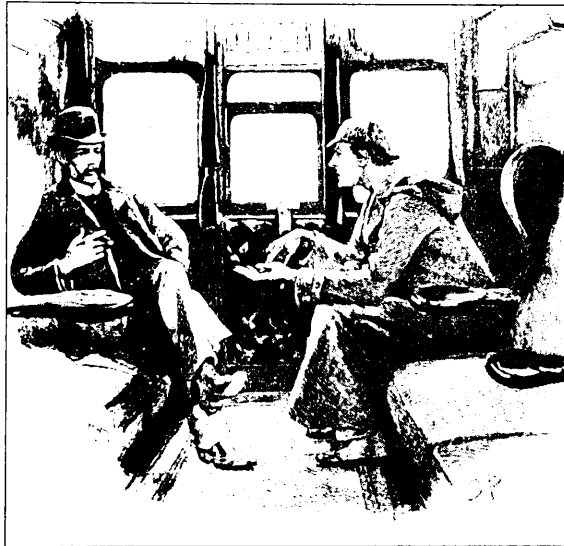
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